

THE
POEMS
OF
JOHN DONNE, D. D.

THE
LIFE OF DONNE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

DR. DONNE was born in the city of London in 1573. His father was descended from a very ancient family in Wales, and his mother was distantly related to sir Thomas More, the celebrated and unfortunate lord chancellor, and to judge Rastall, whose father, one of the earliest English printers, married Elizabeth, the chancellor's sister. Ben Jonson seems to think that he inherited a poetical turn from Haywood, the epigrammatist, who was also a distant relation by the mother's side.

Of his father's station in life we have no account, but he must have been a man of considerable opulence, as he bequeathed to him three thousand pounds, a large sum in those days. Young Donne received the rudiments of education at home under a private tutor, and his proficiency was such, that he was sent to the university at the early, and perhaps unprecedented, age of eleven years. At this time, we are told, he understood the French and Latin languages, and had in other respects so far exceeded the usual attainments of boyhood, as to be compared to *Picus Mirandula*, one that was "rather born, than made wise by study." He was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, where at the usual time he might have taken his first degree with honour, but having been educated in the Roman Catholic persuasion, he submitted to the advice of his friends, who were averse to the oath usually administered on that occasion. About his fourteenth year, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies for three years with uncommon perseverance and applause; but here likewise his religious scruples prevented his taking any degree.

In his seventeenth year, he repaired to London, and was admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intention to study law; but what progress he made we are not told, except that he continued to give proofs of accumulated knowledge in general science. Upon his father's death, which happened before he could have been regularly admitted into the society of Lincoln's Inn, he retired upon the fortune which his father left to him, and had nearly dissipated the whole before he made choice of any plan of life. At this time, however, he was so young and so submissive as to be under the guardianship of his mother and friends, who provided him with tutors in the mathematics, and such other branches of knowledge as formed the accomplishments of that age; and his love of learning, which was ardent and discursive, greatly facilitated their labours, and furnished

his mind with such intellectual stores as gained him considerable distinction. It is not improbable also that his poetical attempts contributed to make him more known.

It was about the age of eighteen that he began to study the controversy between the protestants and papists. His tutors had been instructed to take every opportunity of confirming him in popery, the religion of his family, and he confessed that his mother's persuasions had much weight. She was a woman of great piety, and her son, in all the relations of life, evinced a most affectionate heart. Amidst these allurements, however, he entered on the inquiry with much impartiality, and with the honest intention to give way to such convictions only as should be founded in established truth. He has recorded, in his preface to *Pseudo-Martyr*, the struggles of his mind, which he says he overcame by frequent prayer, and an indifferent affection to both parties. The result was a firm, and, as it afterwards proved, a serious adherence to the doctrines of the reformed church.

This inquiry, which terminated probably to the grief of his surviving parent and his friends of the Romish persuasion, appears to have occupied a considerable space of time, as we hear no more of him until he began his travels in his twenty-first year. He accompanied the earl of Essex in his expedition, in 1596, when Cadiz was taken, and again in 1597; but did not return to England until he had travelled for some time in Italy, from whence he meant to have penetrated into the Holy Land, and visited Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre. But the inconveniences and dangers of the road in those parts appeared so insuperable that he gave up this design, although with a reluctance which he often repeated. The time, however, which he had dedicated to visit the Holy Land, he passed in Spain, and both there and in Italy studied the language, manners, and government of the country, allusions to which are scattered throughout his poems and prose works.

Not long after his return to England, he obtained the patronage of sir Thomas Egerton, lord Ellesmere, lord chancellor of England, and the friend and predecessor of the illustrious Bacon. This nobleman appears to have been struck with his accomplishments, now heightened by the polish of foreign travel, and appointed him to be his chief secretary, as an introduction to some more important employment in the state, for which he is said to have pronounced him very fit. The conversation of Donne, at this period, was probably enriched by observation, and enlivened by that wit which sparkles so frequently in his works. The chancellor, it is certain, conceived so highly of him, as to make him an inmate in his house, and a constant guest at his table, where he had an opportunity of mixing with the most eminent characters of the age, and of obtaining that notice, which, if not abused, generally leads to preferment.

In this honourable employment he passed five years, probably the most agreeable of his life. But a young man of a disposition inclined to gaiety, and in the enjoyment of the most elegant pleasures of society, could not be long a stranger to love. Donne's favourite object was the daughter of sir George Moor, or More, of Loxly Farm in the county of Surrey, and niece to lady Ellesmere. This young lady resided in the house of the chancellor, and the lovers had consequently many opportunities to indulge the tenderness of an attachment which appears to have been mutual. Before the family, however, they were probably not very cautious. In one of his elegies he speaks of spies and rivals, and her father either suspected, or from them had some intimation of a connection which he chose to consider as degrading, and therefore removed his daughter to his own house at Loxly. But this measure was adopted

too late, as the parties, perhaps dreading the event, had been for some time privately married.

This unwelcome news, when it could be no longer concealed, was imparted to sir George Moor, by Henry, earl of Northumberland, a nobleman who, notwithstanding this friendly interference, was afterwards guilty of that rigour towards his youngest daughter, which he now wished to soften in the breast of sir George Moor. Sir George's rage, however, transported him beyond the bounds of reason. He not only insisted on Donne's being dismissed from the lord chancellor's service, but caused him to be imprisoned, along with Samuel Brook, afterwards master of Trinity College, and his brother Christopher Brook, who were present at the marriage, the one acting as father to the lady, the other as witness.

Their imprisonment appears to have been an act of arbitrary power, for we hear of no trial being instituted, or punishment inflicted, on the parties. Mr. Donne was first released¹, and soon procured the enlargement of his companions; and, probably at no great distance of time, sir George Moor began to relent. The excellent character of his son-in-law was so often represented to him, that he could no longer resist the intended consequences of such applications. He condescended therefore to permit the young couple to live together, and solicited the lord chancellor to restore Mr. Donne to his former situation. This, however, the chancellor refused, and in such a manner as to show the opinion he entertained of sir George's conduct. His lordship owned that "he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners." Lady Ellesmere also probably felt the severity of this remark, as her unwearied solicitations had induced the chancellor to adopt a measure which he supposed the world would pronounce capricious and inconsistent with his character.

Whatever allowance is to be made for the privileges of a parent, the conduct of sir George Moor, on this occasion, seems entitled to no indulgence. He neither felt as a father, nor acted as a wise man. His object in requesting his son-in-law to be restored to the chancellor's service, was obviously that he might be released from the expense of maintaining him and his wife, for, when disappointed in this, he refused them any assistance. This harshness reduced Mr. Donne to a situation the most distressing. His estate, the three thousand pounds before mentioned, had been nearly expended on his education and during his travels; and he had now no employment that could enable him to support a wife, accustomed to ease and respect, with even the decent necessaries of life. These sorrows, however, were considerably lessened by the friendship of sir Francis Wooley, son to lady Ellesmere by her first husband, sir John Wooley of Pitford in Surrey, knight. In this gentleman's house Mr. and Mrs. Donne resided for many years, and were treated with an ease and kindness which moderated the sense of dependence, and which they repaid with attentions, that appear to have gratified and secured the affection of their benevolent relation.

It has already been noticed that, in his early years, he had examined the state of the controversy between the popish and protestant churches, the result of which was his firm

¹ He dates a letter to sir H. Goodere, June 13, 1607, in which he expresses some hopes of obtaining a place at court in the queen's household. This may have been soon after his release, but his biographer, Walton, gives few dates, and takes no notice of this circumstance. Donne's Letters, p. 81. In another letter he makes interest for the place of one of his majesty's secretaries in Ireland, but this has no date. *Ibid.*, p. 145. 'C.

attachment to the latter. But this was not the only consequence of a course of reading in which the principles of religion were necessarily to be traced to their purer sources. He appears to have contracted a pious turn of mind, which, although occasionally interrupted by the intrusions of gay life, and an intercourse with foreign nations and foreign pleasures, became habitual, and was probably increased by the distresses brought on his family in consequence of his imprudent marriage. That this was the case, appears from an interesting part of his history, during his residence with sir Francis Wooley, when he was solicited to take orders. Among the friends whom his talents procured him was the learned Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, who first made this proposal, but with a reserve which does him much honour, and proves the truest regard for the interests of the church. The circumstance is so remarkable, that I hope I shall be pardoned for giving it in the words of his biographer.

The bishop "sent to Mr. Donne, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spoke to Mr. Donne to this purpose:—'Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I saw you last; which, nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition—that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me.' This request being granted, the doctor expressed himself thus: 'Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities: I know your expectation of a state employment, and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court promises; and let me tell you, that my love, begot by our long friendship, and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes and enter into holy orders: which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request: the king hath yesterday made me dean of Gloucester; and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery. I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance, (who am and resolve to die a single man) and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it (which the patron is willing I shall do) if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education, or parts, make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory; that God who, by a wife death, opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution.'

"At hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect: 'My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but that it cannot do, and more I cannot return you; and that I do with an heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer. But, sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for

which kings, if they think so, are not good enough; nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling; and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last, without a violation of my conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience whether it be reconcilable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, sir, who says, happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does. To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This transaction, which, according to the date of Dr. Morton's promotion to the deanery of Gloucester, happened in 1607, when our poet was in his thirty-fourth year, is not unimportant, as it displays that character for nice honour and integrity which distinguished Donne in all his future life, and was accompanied with a heroic generosity of feeling and action which is, perhaps, rarely to be met with, unless in men whose principles have the foundation which he appears to have now laid.

Donne and his family remained with sir Francis Wooley until the death of this excellent friend, whose last act of kindness was to effect some degree of reconciliation between sir George Moor and his son and daughter. Sir George agreed, by a bond, to pay Mr. Donne eight hundred pounds on a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or twenty pounds quarterly, for their maintenance, until the principal sum should be discharged. With this sum, so inferior to what he once possessed, and to what he might have expected, he took a house at Mitcham for his wife and family, and lodgings for himself in London, which he often visited, and enjoyed the society and esteem of many persons distinguished for rank and talents. It appears, however, by his letters, that his income was far from adequate to the wants of an increasing family, of whom he frequently writes in a style of melancholy and despondence which appear to have affected his health. He still had no offer of employment, and no fixed plan of study. During his residence with sir Francis Wooley, he read much on the civil and canon law, and probably might have excelled in any of the literary professions which offered encouragement, but he confesses that he was diverted from them by a general desire of learning, or what he calls, in one of his poems, "the sacred hunger of science."

In this desultory course of reading, which improved his mind at the expense of his fortune, he spent two years at Mitcham, whence sir Robert Drury insisted on his bringing his family to live with him, in his spacious house in Drury Lane; and, sir Robert afterwards intending to go on an embassy, with lord Hay, to the court of France, he persuaded Donne to accompany him. Mrs. Donne was at this time in a bad state of health, and near the end of her pregnancy; and she remonstrated against his leaving her, as she foreboded "some ill in his absence." Her affectionate husband determined, on this account, to abandon all thoughts of his journey, and intimated his resolution to sir Robert, who,

for whatever reason, became the more solicitous for his company. This brought on a generous conflict between Donne and his wife. He urged that he could not refuse a man to whom he was so much indebted, and she complied, although with some reluctance, from a congenial sense of obligation. It was on this occasion, probably, that he addressed to his wife the verses, "By our first strange and fatal interview, &c." She had formed, if this conjecture be allowed, the romantic design of accompanying him in the disguise of a page, from which it was the purpose of these verses to dissuade her.

Mr. Donne accordingly went abroad with the embassy; and two days after their arrival at Paris, had that extraordinary vision which has been minutely detailed by all his biographers. He saw, or fancied he saw, his wife pass through the room in which he was sitting alone, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This story he often repeated, and with so much confidence and anxiety, that sir Robert sent a messenger to Drury House, who brought back intelligence, that he found Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child, which event happened on the day and hour that Mr. Donne saw the vision. Walton has recorded the story on the authority of an anonymous informant; and has endeavoured to render it credible, not only by the corresponding instances of Samuel and Saul, of Bildad, and of St. Peter, but those of Julius Cæsar and Brutus, St. Austin and Monica. The whole may be safely left to the judgment of the reader.

From the dates of some of Donne's letters, it appears that he was at Paris with sir Robert Drury in 1612²; and one is dated from the Spa, in the same year; but at what time he returned is not certain. After his return, however, his friends became more seriously anxious to fix him in some honourable and lucrative employment at court. Before this period he had become known to king James, and was one of those learned persons with whom that sovereign delighted to converse at his table. On one of those occasions, about the year 1610, the conversation turned on a question respecting the obligation on Roman Catholics to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; and Donne appeared to so much advantage in the dispute, that his majesty requested he would commit his sentiments in writing, and bring them to him. Donne readily complied, and presented the king with the treatise published in that year, under the title of *Pseudo-Martyr*. This obtained him much reputation, and the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of master of arts, which he had previously received from Cambridge.

The *Pseudo-Martyr* contains very strong arguments against the pope's supremacy, and has been highly praised by his biographers. Warburton, however, speaks of it in less favourable terms. It must be confessed that the author has not availed himself of the writings of the judicious Hooker, and that in this, as well as in all his prose-writings, are many of those far-fetched conceits which, however agreeable to the taste of the age, have placed him at the head of a class of very indifferent poets.

At this period of our history, it was deemed expedient to select such men for high offices in the church as promised, by their abilities and zeal, to vindicate the reformed religion. King James, who was no incompetent judge of such merit, though perhaps too apt to measure the talents of others by his own standard, conceived, from a perusal of

² It may be necessary to mention, that the dates of some of his letters do not correspond with Walton's narrative, and it is now too late to attempt to reconcile them. C.

the Pseudo-Martyr, that Donne would prove an ornament and bulwark to the church, and, therefore, not only endeavoured to persuade him to take orders, but resisted every application to exert the royal favour towards him in any other direction. When the favourite earl of Somerset requested that Mr. Donne might have the place of one of the clerks of the council, then vacant, the king replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him."

Such an intimation must have made a powerful impression; yet there is no reason to conclude, from any part of Mr. Donne's character, that he would have been induced to enter the church merely by the persuasion of his sovereign, however flattering. To him, however, at this time, the transition was not difficult. He had relinquished the follies of youth, and had nearly outlived the remembrance of them by others. His studies had long inclined to theology, and his frame of mind was adapted to support the character expected from him. His old friend, Dr. Morton, probably embraced this opportunity to second the king's wishes, and remove Mr. Donne's personal scruples; and Dr. King, bishop of London, who had been chaplain to the chancellor when Donne was his secretary, and consequently knew his character, heard of his intention with much satisfaction. By this prelate he was ordained deacon, and afterwards priest; and the king, although not uniformly punctual in his promises of patronage, immediately made him his chaplain in ordinary, and gave him hopes of higher preferment.

Those who had been the occasion of Mr. Donne's entering into orders, were anxious to see him exhibit in a new character, with the abilities which had been so much admired in the scholar and the man of the world. But at first, we are told, he confined his public services to the churches in the vicinity of London; and it was not until his majesty required his attendance at Whitehall on an appointed day, that he appeared before an auditory capable of appreciating his talents. Their report is stated to have been highly favourable. His biographer, indeed, seems to be at a loss for words to express the pathos, dignity, and effect of his preaching; but in what he has advanced, he no doubt spoke the sentiments of Donne's learned contemporaries. Still the excellence of the pulpit oratory of that age will not bear the test of modern criticism; and those who now consult Mr. Donne's sermons, if they expect gratification, must be more attentive to the matter than the manner. That he was a popular and useful preacher is universally acknowledged; and he performed the more private duties of his function with humility, kindness, zeal, and assiduity.

The same month, which appears to have been March 1614, in which he entered into orders, and preached at Whitehall, the king happened to be entertained, during one of his progresses, at Cambridge, and recommended Mr. Donne to be made doctor in divinity. Walton informs us, that the university gave their assent as soon as Dr. Harnet, the vice-chancellor, made the proposal. According, however, to two letters from Mr. Chamberlain to sir Dudley Carlton, it appears that there was some opposition to the degree, in consequence of a report that Mr. Donne had obtained the reversion of the deanery of Canterbury. Even the vice-chancellor is mentioned among those who opposed him. It is not very easy to reconcile these accounts, unless by a conjecture that the opposition was withdrawn when the report respecting the deanery of Canterbury was proved to be untrue. And there is some probability this was the case, for that deanery became vacant in the following year, and was given to Dr. Fotherby, a man of much less fame and interest.

But whatever was the cause of this temporary opposition at Cambridge, it is certain that Dr. Donne became so highly esteemed as a preacher, that within the first year of his ministry, he had the offer of fourteen different livings, all of which he declined, and for the same reason, namely, that they were situated at a distance from London, to which, in common with all men of intellectual curiosity, he appears to have been warmly attached.

In 1617 his wife died, leaving him seven children. This affliction sunk so deep into his heart that he retired from the world and from his friends, to indulge a sorrow which could not be restrained, and which for some time interrupted his public services. From this he was at length diverted by the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn, who requested him to accept their lecture, and prevailed. Their high regard for him contributed to render this situation agreeable, and adequate to the maintenance of his family. The connection subsisted about two years, greatly to the satisfaction of both parties, and of the people at large, who had now frequent opportunities of hearing their favourite preacher. But on lord May being appointed on an embassy to Germany, Dr. Donne was requested to attend him. He was at this time in a state of health which required relaxation and change of air, and after an absence of fourteen months he returned to his duty in Lincoln's Inn, much improved in health and spirits, and about a year after, in 1620, the king conferred upon him the deanery of St. Paul's.

This promotion, like all the leading events of his life, tended to the advancement of his character. While it amply supplied his wants, it enabled him at the same time to exhibit the heroism of a liberal and generous mind, in the case of his father-in-law, sir George Moor. This man had never acted the part of a kind and forgiving parent, although he continued to pay the annual sum agreed upon by bond, in lieu of his daughter's portion. The time was now come when Dr. Donne could repay his harshness by convincing him how unworthily it had been exerted. The quarter after his appointment to the deanery, when sir George came to pay him the stipulated sum, Dr. Donne refused it, and after acknowledging more kindness than he had received, added, "I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is such as not to need it. I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract," which he immediately gave up.

To his deanery was now added the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, and another ecclesiastical endowment not specified by Walton. These, according to his letters, (p. 318) he owed to the friendship of Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset, and of the earl of Kent. From all this he derived the pleasing prospect of making a decent provision for his children, as well as of indulging to a greater extent his liberal and humane disposition. In 1624, he was chosen prolocutor to the convocation, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration, which is printed in the London edition of his poems, 1719.

While in this full tide of popularity, he had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the king, who had been informed that in his public discourses he had meddled with some of those points respecting popery which were more usually handled by the puritans. Such an accusation might have had very serious consequences, if the king had implicitly confided in those who brought it forward. But Dr. Donne was too great a favourite to be condemned unheard, and accordingly his majesty sent for him and represented what he had heard, and Dr. Donne so completely satisfied him as to his principles in church and state, that the king, in the hearing of his council, bestowed high praise on him, and declared that he rejoiced in the recollection that it was by his persuasion Dr. Donne had become a divine.

About four years after he received the deanery of St. Paul's, and when he had arrived at his fifty-fourth year, his constitution, naturally feeble, was attacked by a disorder which had every appearance of being fatal. In this extremity he gave another proof of that tenderness of conscience, so transcendently superior to all modern notions of honour, which had always marked his character. When there was little hope of his life, he was required to renew some prebendal leases, the fines for which were very considerable, and might have enriched his family. But this he peremptorily refused, considering such a measure, in his situation, as a species of sacrilege. "I dare not," he added, "now upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it."

This illness, however, he survived about five years, when his tendency to a consumption again returned, and terminated his life on the 31st day of March 1631. He was buried in St. Paul's, where a monument was erected to his memory. His figure may yet be seen in the vaults of St. Faith's under St. Paul's. It stands erect in a window, without its niche, and deprived of the urn in which the feet were placed. His picture was drawn sometime before his death, when he dressed himself in his winding sheet, and the figure in St. Faith's was carved from this painting by Nicholas Stone. The fragments of his tomb are on the other side of the church. Walton mentions many other paintings of him executed at different periods of his life, which are not now known.

Of his character some judgment may be formed from the preceding sketch, taken principally from Zouch's much improved edition of Walton's Lives. His early years, there is reason to think, although disgraced by no flagrant turpitude, were not exempt from folly and dissipation. In some of his poems we meet with the language and sentiments of men whose morals are not very strict. After his marriage, however, he appears to have become of a serious and thoughtful disposition, his mind alternately exhausted by study, or softened by affliction. His reading was very extensive, and we find allusions to almost every science in his poems, although unfortunately they only contribute to produce distorted images and wild conceits.

His prose works are numerous, but, except the Pseudo-Martyr and a small volume of devotions, none of them were published during his life. A list of the whole may be seen in Wood's Athenæ and in Zouch's edition of Walton. His sermons have not a little of the character of his poems. They are not, indeed, so rugged in style, but they abound with quaint allusions, which now appear ludicrous, although they probably produced no such effect in his days. With this exception, they contain much good sense, much acquaintance with human nature, many striking thoughts, and some very just biblical criticism.

One of his prose writings requires more particular notice. Every admirer of his character will wish it expunged from the collection. It is entitled *Biathanatos*, a Declaration of that Paradox, or Thesis, that Self-homicide is not so naturally Sin, that it may never be otherwise. If it be asked what could induce a man of Dr. Donne's piety to write such a treatise, we may answer in his own words, that "it is a book written by Jack Donne and not by Dr. Donne." It was written in his youth, as a trial of skill on a singular topic, in which he thought proper to exercise his talent against the generally received opinion. But if it be asked why, instead of sending one or two copies to friends with an injunction not to print it, he did not put this out of their power by destroying the manuscript, the answer is not so easy. He is even so inconsistent as to desire one of his correspondents neither to burn it, nor publish it. It was at length

published by his son in 1644, who certainly did not consult the reputation of his father ; and if the reports of his character be just, was not a man likely to give himself much uneasiness about that or any other consequence.

Dr. Donne's reputation as a poet was higher in his own time than it has been since. Dryden fixed his character with his usual judgment ; as " the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation." He says afterwards, that " he affects the metaphysics, not only in his Satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love." Dryden has also pronounced that if his Satires were to be translated into numbers, they would yet be wanting in dignity of expression. The reader has now an opportunity of comparing the originals and translations in Pope's works, and will probably think that Pope has made them so much his own as to throw very little light on Donne's powers. He every where elevates the expression, and in very few instances retains a whole line.

Pope, in his classification of poets, places Donne at the head of a school, that school from which Dr. Johnson has given so many remarkable specimens of absurdity, in his life of Cowley, and which, following Dryden, he terms the metaphysical school. Gray, in the sketch he sent to Mr. Warton, considers it as a third Italian school, full of conceit, begun in queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles I. by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

Donne's numbers, if they may be so called, are certainly the most rugged and uncouth of any of our poets. He appears either to have had no ear, or to have been utterly regardless of harmony. Yet Spenser preceded him, and Drummond, the first polished versifier, was his contemporary ; but it must be allowed that before Drummond appeared, Donne had relinquished his pursuit of the Muses, nor would it be just to include the whole of his poetry under the general censure which has been usually passed. Dr. Warton seems to think that if he had taken pains he might not have proved so inferior to his contemporaries ; but what inducement could he have to take pains, as he published nothing, and seems not desirous of public fame ? He was certainly not ignorant or unskilled in the higher attributes of style, for he wrote elegantly in Latin, and displays considerable taste in some of his smaller pieces and epigrams.

At what time he wrote his poems has not been ascertained ; but of a few the dates may be recovered by the corresponding events of his life. Ben Jonson affirmed that he wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. His Satires, in which there are some strokes levelled at the Reformation, must have been written very early, as he was but a young man when he renounced the errors of popery. His poems were first published in 4to. 1633, and 12mo. 1635, 1651, 1669, and 1719. His son was the editor of the early editions.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well as they might) upon the author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury, but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy 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 and 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 royal amphitheatre, to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find 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 judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry, than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests' likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who, profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel, which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition, these learned sisters are fled over to beg your lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness. So that although these poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your lordship's statue upon; where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his poems, that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord,

your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.

HEXASTICON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet ; in Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone ;
And sure his body in the grave hath one :
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR.

HEXASTICON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

INSERT.

In thy impression of Doone's poems rare,
For his eternity thou hast ta'en care :
'T was well and pious ; and for ever may
He live : yet I show thee a better way ;
Print but his sermons, and if those we buy,
He, we, and thou, shall live t' eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Downe, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remain so yet :
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live ;
And which no' affection praise enough can give !
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife ;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would ;
But leave, because I cannot as I should !

BEN JONSON.

POEMS

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that, which thou deny'st me, is;
He's suck'd my blood, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;
Consume it. This cannot be said
A sinne, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys, before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas! is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, ~~say~~ more than marry'd are,
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, ~~will~~ ^{are} met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet,
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now;
'T is true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I ~~women~~, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures silly?
Or stumber'd we in the seven-sleepers den?
'T was so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever say beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 't was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an every-where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot.
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders, that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.

Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

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WOMAN'S 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 oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?

Or, your own end to justify

For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lustic, against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to doe,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

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THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing,
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

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

Be he, who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he, who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the he and she;

And if this love, though plac'd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing,
Than all the worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

Bevy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains, look on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Sawcy pedantic wretch, go, chide
Late school-boys, or sour prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen, that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor climate,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rage of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong,
Dost thou not think

I could eclipse, and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long?

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indies of spice and mine
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me;
Ask for those kings, whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She 's all states, and all princes I,
Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour 's mimic; all wealth alchymy;

Thou Sun art half as happy 's we,

In that the world 's contracted thus.

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that 's done in warming us;
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

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THE INDIFFERENT.

"I CAN love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
betrays; [plays;
Her who loves loneliness best, and her who sports and
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, 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?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find
out others?

Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you?
Oh, we are not, be not you so;
Let me; and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go;
Must I, who came to travel through you,
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?"

Venus heard me sing this song,
And by love's sweetest sweet, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, "Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to establish dangerous constancy,
But I have told them; since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who 're false to you."

LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my grey hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last years' relic: think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay,
Only let me love none, no not the sport,
From country grass to constitures of court,
Or city's queisne-clozes, let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if, when I' am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame, or pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee;
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortunes stout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour or his grace,
Or the king's real 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 merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the haunts, which my reins fill,
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another sy;
W' are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it:
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
And if such for dumb or hearing
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
VOL. V.

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms.
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs;
And by those hymns all shall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize;
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry;
But where 's that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th' Earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
But when I have done so,
Some man, his art or voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases, when 't is read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

Is yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move;
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine, whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
 He that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit [store;
 New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it;
 Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart
 It stays at home, and then with losing sav'st it.
 But we will love a way more liberal,
 Than changing hearts, to join us, so we shall
 Be one, and one another's an

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 't is best,
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feigned death to die;

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way:
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall!
 But come, had chance,
 And we join to 't our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st;
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil;
 But think that we
 Are but laid aside to sleep:
 They, who one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

When last I dy'd (and, dear, I die
 As often as from thee I go,
 Though it be but an hour ago,
 And lovers' hours be full eternity)

I can remember yet, that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
 Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, tell her anon,
 That myself, that is you, not I,
 Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
 I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
 But I, alas! could find there none. [lie,
 When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should
 It kill'd me again, that I, who still was true
 In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 For colours it and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was entire to none, and few had part:
 As good, as could be made by art,
 It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad,
 I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
 But oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

On do 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 behind is death;
 But when thou from this world wilt go,
 The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,
 It stay, 't is but thy carcass then,
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost;
 But corrupt worms, the worstiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
 Shall burn this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her fever might be it!

And yet she cannot waste by this,
 Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
 For more corruption needful is,
 To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee soon is spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are an unchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
 Though it in thee cannot persevere;
 For I had rather own'er be
 Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
 Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be:
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
 Some lovely glorious nothing did I see;

But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now,
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily 't have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration
I saw, I had Love's pinnace overfraught;
They every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

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 infancy.

'T is true, 't is day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 't is light?
Did we lie down, because 't was night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hi-
ther,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that 's the worst disease of love;
Tha poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun itself (which makes times, as they pass)
Is older by a year now, than 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 keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas! as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above, [remove.
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves

And then we shall be thoroughly bless'd:
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon Earth we' are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME,

IN THE WINDOW.

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

'T is much that glass should be
As all confessing and through-shine as I,
'T is more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo,
Here you see me, and I see you.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same;
You this entireness better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you still.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's-head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

Then as all my souls be
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 vein,
Which tile this house, will come again.

Till my return, repair
 And recompact my scatter'd body so,
 As all the virtuous powers, which are
 Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
 Into such characters as grav'd be,
 When those stars had supremacy,

So since this name was cut,
 When love and grief their exaltation had,
 No door 'gainst this name's influence shut;
 As much more loving, as more sad,
 'T will make thee; and thou should'st, till I return,
 Since I die daily, daily mourn.

When thy inconsiderate hand
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
 To look on one, whose wit or land
 New battery to thy heart may frame,
 Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offend'st my genius.

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,
 His letter at thy pillow bath laid,
 Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage.
 If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this,
 May my name step in, and hide his.

And if this treason go
 To an overt act, and that thou write again;
 In superscribing, my name flow
 Into thy fancy from the pen,
 So in forgetting thou rememberest right,
 And unaware to me shalt write.

But glass and lines must be
 No means our firm substantial love to keep;
 Near death inflicts this lethargy,
 And thus I murmur in my sleep;
 Impute this idle talk to that I go,
 For dying men talk often so.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears
 Receive such balm as else cures every thing:
 But O, self-traitor, 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.

'T were wholesomer for me, that winter did
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
 But since I cannot this disgrace
 Endure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
 Some senseless piece of this place be;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
 And take my tears, which are love's wine,
 And try your mistress' tears at home,
 For all 'are false, that taste not just like mine;
 Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,

Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
 Than by her shadow, what she wears.
 O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
 Who 's therefore true, because her truth kills us.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I 'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
 To anger destiny, as she doth us;
 How I shall stay, though she euloigne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too;
 How thine may out-endure
 Sibly's glory, and obscure
 Her, who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
 And her, whose book. (they say) Homer did find:
 and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
 Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
 Thence write our annals, and in them will be
 To all, whom love's subliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found;
 There, the faith of any ground
 No schismatic 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 book, as long liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the world's form, (this all-grav'd tomb,
 In cipher writ, or new made idiom;
 We for love's clergy only' are instruments;
 When this book is made thus,
 Should again the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths invade us,
 Learning were safe in this our universe, [verse.
 Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels

Here love's divine (since all divinity
 Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
 Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
 Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see;
 Or loath so to amuse
 Faith's infirmities, they chuse
 Something, which they may see and use;
 For though mind be the Heaven, where love doth
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it. [sit,

Here more than in their books may lawyers find,
 Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devour,
 Transferr'd from Love himself to womankind:
 Who, though from heart and eyes
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forsake him, who on them relies,
 And for the cause honour or conscience give;
 Chimeras, vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here statesmen, (or of them they which can read)
 May of their occupation find the grounds,
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider, what 't is, one proceed,
 In both they do excel,
 Who the present govern well,
 Whose weakness none doth or dares tell;
 In this thy book such will there something see,
 As in the Bible some can find out alchymy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
 As he removes far off, that great heights takes:
 How great love is, presence best trial makes,
 But absence tries, how long this love will be?
 To take a latitude,
 Sun, or stars, are fittest view'd
 At their brightest; but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we,
 But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

✓ COMMUNITY.

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still;
 But these are things indifferent,
 Which we may neither hate nor love,
 But one, and then another prove;
 As we shall find out fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
 But since she did them so create,
 That we may neither love nor hate,
 Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen,
 Good is as visible as green,
 And to all eyes itself betrays;
 If they were bad, they could not last,
 Bad doth itself and others waste,
 So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours, as fruits are ours,
 He that but tastes, he that devours,
 And he that leaves all, doth as well;
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat;
 And when he hath the kernel eat,
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

✓ LOVE'S GROWTH

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude and season, as the grass;
 Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more.

But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not only be no quintessence,
 But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
 And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
 Love's not so pure an abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no mistress 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 grown;
 As in the firmament
 Stars by the Sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
 Gentle love decays, as blossoms on a bough,
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those, like so many spheres, but one Heaven make,
 For they are all concentric unto thee;
 And though each spring do add to love new heat,
 As princes do in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

✓ LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love, any devil else but you
 Would for a giv'n soul give something too;
 At court your fellows every day
 Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanship, or play,
 For them, which were their own before;
 Only I've nothing, which gave more,
 But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsify a tear, a sigh, a vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw
 A non obstante on Nature's law;
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear,
 Except that he Love's minion were,

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
 Both ways, as thou, and thine, in eyes and mind:
 Love! let me never know that this
 Is love, or that love childish is.
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knows my pains, lest that so
 A tender shame make me mine own new woo.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'rt just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust:
 Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
 Enforce them, by war's law condition not;
 Such in love's warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
 And change th' idolatry of any land;
 This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
 And melt both poles at once, and store
 Deserts with cities, and make more
 Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this Love is enrag'd with me,
 Yet kills not; if I must example be
 To future rebels; if th' unborn
 Must learn, by my being cut up and torn;
 Kill and dissect me, Love! for this
 Torture against thine own end is,
 Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

✓ CONFINED LOVE.

Some man, unworthy to be possessor,
 Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
 Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
 If on womankind he might his anger wreak,

And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are Sun, Moon, or stars, 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 all night?
Beasts do no jointures lose,
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
Only to look up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM.

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme

For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continu'd'st it:
Thou'art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truth, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight,
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou
knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then;
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;
'T is not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have,
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear:
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee;

Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more;
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers
shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my Heav'n
dissolved so.

O more than *Moon*,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon;
Let not the wind
Example find

To do me more harm than it purposeth:
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastes the
other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 't is imposture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play!
That loving wretch that swears,
'T is not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they're but mummy possess.

THE CURSE.

Whosoevr guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse;
Him only for his purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others, what to her h' hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting torn.

Madness his sorrow; gout his cramp may be
Make, by bad thinking who hath made them such:
- And may be feet no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and he
Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One, that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
And no record tell why:

His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venom of all step-dames, gamester's gall
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all ill, which all
Prophets or poets spake; and all, which shall
B' annex'd in schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
Nature before hand hath out-curs'd me.

THE MESSAGE.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there 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 harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
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 dost now.

NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCIE'S DAY,

BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmake;
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;

The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-foot, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring:

For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchemy.
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which art not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that 's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two chaises, when he did show
Care to aught else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown;
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know; I should prefer,
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 sun renew:
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil and her eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I fix mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I spy;
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill;
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will!

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I'll depart:
My picture vanished, vanish all fears,
That I can be endamag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
 With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
 Warm'd by thine eyes more than the Sun:
 And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loath
 By Sun or Moon, thou darken'st both;
 And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset,
 With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
 Or curious traitors leave silk flies,
 Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
 For thou thyself art thine own bait;
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
 And thou shalt think thee free

Of all solicitation from me,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee feign'd vestal in worse arms shall see;
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
 And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think

Thou call'st for more,
 And in a false sleep eyeu from thee shrink.
 And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie

A verier ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,
 I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,
 Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

THE

BROKEN HEART.

HE is stark mad, whoever says
 That he hath been in love an hour,
 Yet not that love so soon decays,
 But that it can ten in less space devour;

Who will believe me, if I swear
 That I have had the plague a year?
 Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
 I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into Love's hands it come!
 All other griefs allow a part
 To other griefs, and ask themselves but some-
 They come to us, but us Love draws,
 He swallows us and never chaws:
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
 He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
 I brought a heart into the room,
 But from the room I carried none with me:
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to show
 More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I think my breast hath all
 Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
 And now as broken glasses show
 A hundred lesser faces, so
 My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such love can love no more.

VALEDICTION

FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No;"

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-words, nor sigh-tempers move,
 'T were profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' Earth brings harms and fears,
 Men reckon what it did, and meant;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
 The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I began.

THE
ECSTASY.

Waxes, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sat we ~~upon~~ another's breast.
Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string:
So to engrave our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal armies fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day—
If any, so by love rebr'd,
That he souls' language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake, the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not ~~gay~~.
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still and multiplies.
When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lowliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres—
We owe them thanks because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their sense's sense to us,
Nor are dress to us, but allay.
On man Heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man;
So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies;
T' our bodies turn we then, and so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book;
And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature custom lets it be;
I must love her that loves not me.

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, correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to command,
All is the peritieu of the god of love.
Oh, were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worst that Love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loath to see;
Falseness is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unworldliness
And burthenous corpulence my love had grown;
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep 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 mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'T was neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd her's, I let him know
'T was not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Here eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever she would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters, which she writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I said, "If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?"

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

Bronze I sign my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; 't'ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who 'd twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence 't' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare.
My patience let gamblers share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes:
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do
but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give:
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them, which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying; because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
'T' invent and practise this one way, 't' annihilate all
three.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto Heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and
art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manac'd, when they're con-
demn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 't was humility
'T afford to it all that a soul can do;
So 't is some bravery,
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some
of you.

THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
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 find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor 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 stiffness by long siege to bow :)
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Must with this Sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, will say,
"Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart?"

Well, then, stay here: but know,
When thou hast staid and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost;
How shall she know my heart; or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But, take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London then:
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom you shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE;

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON THE HILL ON
WHICH IT IS SITUATE.

Upon this primrose hill,
(Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so;
And where they form and their infinite
Make a terrestrial gallaxie,
As the small stars do in the sky).
I walk to find a true lore; and I see
That 't is not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish, a six, or four;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce any thing; and then should she

Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; since there must reside
Falseness in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art than 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 half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE.

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies?
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay!

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the bishop, or the king,
To make us reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
You think a sudden damp of love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure is the conquest have,
 First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain,
 And let th' enchastress Honour next be slain;
 And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
 Deface records and histories
 Of your own acts and triumphs over men:
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
 My giants and my witches too,
 Which are vast Constancy, and Secretaess,
 But these I neither look for nor profess.
 Kill me as woman; let me die
 As a mere man; do you but try
 Your passive valour, and you shall find them
 Naked you've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

She's dead, and all, which die,
 To their first elements resolve;
 And we were mutual elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth her's involve,
 And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow and burthenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.
 My fire of passion, sighs of air,
 Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
 Which my materials be,
 (But near worn out by love's security)
 She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
 And I might live long wretched so,
 But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
 Now as those active kings,
 Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,
 This (which I'm amaz'd that I can speak)
 This death hath with my store
 My use increas'd.
 And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outstrip her's: as bullets flown before
 A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
 Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art;
 What would'st thou say? shall both our properties
 by thee be spake?
 Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
 Oh why should ought less precious, or less tough,
 Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
 bid it say, "I'm away."
 "I'm cheap, and bought but fashion, fling

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
 Circle this finger's top, which did'st her thumb:
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
 dwell with me; and I'll dwell with thee.
 She that, oh! broke her faith, would soon break

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I never stoop'd so low as they,
 Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
 Seldom to them, which soar no higher
 Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
 For sense and understanding may
 Know what gives fuel to their fire:
 My love, though silly, is more brave,
 For may I miss, where'er I crave,
 If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
 Which can by no means be express'd
 But negatives, my love is so.
 To all which all love, I say No.
 If any, who deciphers best,
 What we know not (ourselves) can know,
 Let him teach me that nothing. This
 As yet my ease and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

Take heed of loving me,
 At least remember, I forbid it thee;
 Not that I shall repair my unthriftly waste
 Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
 But so great joy our life at once unwears:
 Then lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
 If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
 Or too much triumph in the victory;
 Not that I shall be mine own officer,
 And hate with hate again retaliate:
 But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
 So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
 Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
 Hate me, because thy love's too great for me:
 Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
 So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
 Then lest thy love thou hate, and me undo,
 O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
 Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
 Turn thou, ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
 And let ourselves bright our happiest day;
 As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
 Any so cheap a death, as saying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
 Or if it have, let my word work on me,
 And a just office on a murderer do.
 Except it be too late to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, Go.

THE COMPUTATION.

From my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past, [last.
And forty on hopes, that thou would'st they might
Tears drown'd our hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal: can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
That any loves but he:
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday:
Love with excess of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold;
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
He that saith twice, doth lie:
For though he seem to move, and stir awhile,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set;
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo, here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light:
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wouder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit beweepe
Words, but grieve deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss:
Poets have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits such away,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WILT yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so,
As they wax lesser, fall, as they size grow.

But from late fair
His highness (sitting in a golden chair)
Is not less cov'd for after three days
By children, than the thing, which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamety, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dullness to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things, which had endamag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do, when the summer Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fall,
'T is but applying worm-seed to the tail.

SONG.

DEAR love, continue nice and chaste,
For if you yield, you do me wrong;
Let duller wits to love's end haste,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring less annoy:
Than fear, 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 wit nor beauty see,
They man's affections only move;
Beasts other sports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love, prolong my suit; for thus
By losing sport, I sport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spy some ill,
And now the world is giv'n to scoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say, I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourselves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich, oh! be not poor,
Give me not all, yet something lend;
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more.
But if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your godhead end.

LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in love's philosophy.
These three hours, that we have spent
Walking here, to shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd;
But now the Sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread:
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did and shadows flow
From us and our cares: but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others; these, which come behind,
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline;
To me thou falsely thin,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day:
But oh! love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TWO by themselves each other love and fear,
Stain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

NIobe.

By children's birth and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

O'ur of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescu'd from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foe's ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL.

UNDER an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall,
A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A LANE BEGGAR.

"I AM unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To stand or move;" if he say true, he lies.

A SELF-ACCUSER.

YOUR mistress, that you follow whores, still taroeth
you;
'T is strange, that she should thus confess it, though 't
be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

THY sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY.

IF in his study 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 poor; thou hast good title still.

PHYRNE.

THY flattering picture, Phyrne, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

PHILO with twelve years study hath been griev'd
To b' understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy house, that he dares not go home.

RADERUS.

Why this man gelded Martial, I amuse;
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Cath'rine, for the court's sake, put down stew's.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Esop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Esop's self, which nothing; I confess,
I should have had more faith, if thou had'st less;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 't is sin to do,
In this case, as thou would'st be done unto,
To believe all: change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

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

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

JEALOUSY.

Foote woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy:
If swoln with poison he lay in 's last bed,
His body with a screechto lay covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
The nimblest crocheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His soul out of one Hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a slave which to morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he 's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us;
We must not, as we us'd, scout openly
In scoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor, at his board together being eat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor, when he swoln and pamper'd with high fare
Sits down and soorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
Now do I see my danger; for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there)
We play in another's house, what should we fear?
There will we scorn his household policies,
His silly plots and pensionary spies;
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's may or; or Germans the pope's pride.

ELEGY II.

THE ANAGRAM.

Many, and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things, whereby others beautiful be;

For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
Though their's be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
Sh' hath yet the anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song; others will undertake,
By the same gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She 's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not 'lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
Choose this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'T is less grief to be foil, than t' have been fair.
For one night's revel silk and gold we choose,
But in long journeys cloth and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
There is best land, where there 's foulest way.
Oh, what a sovereign plaster will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoset.
Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and so for thee,
Who, forc'd by business, absent oft must be;
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem
white;

Whom, though seven years she in the stews had laid,
A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
And though in childbirth's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany;
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III.

CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undo,
Yea though thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fowler, using those means as I,
May catch the same bird; and as these things be,
Women are made for man, not him, nor me.

Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
 Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
 Idly make them apter t' endure than men?
 They're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free. [there,
 Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed-corn
 And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
 By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
 Thou lov'st, but oh! can'st thou love it and me?
 Likeness glues love; and if that thou so do,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More than thy hate, I hate't; rather let me
 Allow her change, than change as oft as she;
 And so not teach, but force my opinion,
 To love not any one, nor every one.
 To live in one land is captivity,
 To run all countries a wild roguery;
 Waters stink soon, if in one place they 'bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrify'd:
 But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
 Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
 Then are they purest; and change is the nursery
 Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV.

THE PERFUME.

Once, and but once, found in thy company,
 All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me;
 And as a thief at bar is question'd there
 By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
 So am I (by this traitorous means surpris'd)
 By the hydroptic father catechis'd.
 Though he had went to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
 Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
 Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen;
 Yet close and secret, as our toms, we've been.
 Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
 Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light,
 And watch thy entries and returns all night;
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
 Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing lest thou 'rt swoll, doth thee embrace;
 And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
 And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,
 And politely will to thee confess
 The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;
 Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move
 Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
 Oft skipp'd into our chamber those sweet nights,
 And kiss'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
 Were brib'd next day; or tell what they did see:
 The grim eight foot high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
 He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
 Which, if in Hell no other pains there were,
 Makes me fear Hell, because he must be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witness any touch or kiss.

But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
 That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
 A load perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
 E'en at thy father's nose, so were we spy'd.
 When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shiver'd;
 Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
 That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought.
 But as we in our isle imprisoned,
 Where cattle only, and divers dogs are bred,
 The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
 So thought he sweet strange, that had none at all.
 I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
 E'en my oppress'd shoes dumb and speechless were:
 Only, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next me, me traitorously hast betray'd,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly
 At once fled unto him, and stay'd with me.
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
 Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
 By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
 By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
 By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
 Though you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
 There things, that seem, exceed substantial.
 Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
 Because you're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
 You're loathsome all, being ta'en simply alone,
 Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one?
 If you were good, your good doth soon decay;
 And you are rare, that takes the good away.
 All my perfumes I give most willingly
 To embalm thy father's corse. What! will he die?

ELEGY V.

HIS PICTURE.

Hæu take my picture; though I bid farewell:
 Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell,
 'T is like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,
 When we are shadows both, than 't was before.
 When weather-beaten I come back; my hand
 Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
 My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
 With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
 My body a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin:
 If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
 So foul and coarse, as, oh! I may seem then,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 "Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
 Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
 Should now love less, what he did love to see?
 That which in him was fair and delicate,
 Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
 Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
 To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough."

ELEGY VI.

Oh! let me not serve so, as those men serve,
 Whom honour's smokes at once flatter and starve:
 Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks:
 Nor so write my name in thy loving books;

As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their prince's styles which many names fulfill,
 Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves, I hate dead names: oh, then let me
 Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite be.
 When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my purgatory, faithless thee;
 Thy heart seem'd wax, and steal thy constancy:
 So careless flowers, strew'd on the water's face,
 The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
 Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
 Yet burns his wings; and such the Devil is,
 Scarce visiting them who 're entirely his.
 When I behold a stream, which from the spring
 Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
 And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
 Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
 Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
 The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long-kept course,
 And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
 In battering eddies promising return,
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
 Then say I, "that is she, and this am I."
 Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
 Careless despair in me, for that will whet
 My mind to scorn; and, oh! love dull'd with pain
 Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd, as disdain.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye:
 Though hope breed 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 me to be excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
 Too subtle! Fool, thou did'st not understand
 The mystic language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the air
 Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
 Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
 Desperately hot, or chapping feverously.
 I had not taught thee then the alphabet
 Of flowers, how they, deviously being set
 And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
 Deliver errands metely and mutually.
 Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
 To every sutor, "I, if my friends agree;"
 Since household charms thy husband's name to teach
 Were all the love tricks that thy wit could reach:
 And since an hear'd discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill-array'd
 In broken proverbs and torn sentences;
 Thou art not by so many duties his,
 (That, from the world's common having sever'd thee,
 Inaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)

VOL. V.

As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blissful paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:
 Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
 Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
 Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
 And leave him then being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII.

THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
 As that, which from chaf'd musk's pores doth trill,
 As the almighty balm of the early east,
 Such are the sweet drops of my mistress' breast;
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets.
 Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defles,
 Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous bills.
 Or like the skum, which by need's lawless law
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboil'd shoes and boots, and all the rest,
 Which were with any sovereign fatness blem'd;
 And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or wheels, it hangs upon her skin.
 Round as the world 's her head, on every side,
 Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide:
 Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce

set:

Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when the Earth's shadows her embrace.
 Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
 Thine 's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's
 skin,

Or grave, that 's dust without, and stink within.
 And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
 The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands.
 Like rough-bark'd elm boughs, or the russet skin
 Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sin;
 Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate.
 Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state:
 And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
 The short swoll fingers of thy mistress' hand.
 Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,
 Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inspire
 Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best-lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine 's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Etna,
 Where round about the grass is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy and more,
 As a worm sucking an envenom'd sore?
 Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
 As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth reap?
 So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
 A priest is in his handling sacrifice,
 And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss:
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She and comparisons are odious.

I.

ELEGY IX.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring, nor summer's beauty, bath such grace,
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that 's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame:
Affections here take reverence's name.
Were her first years the golden age; that 's true.
But now she 's gold oft try'd, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from
He in a fever wishes pestilence. [hence,
Call not these wrinkles graves: if graves they were,
They were Love's graves; or else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorite.
And here, till her's, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; though he sojourn ev'ry where
In progress, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils sit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory—barrenness.
If we love things long sought; age is a thing,
Which we are fifty years in compassing:
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack;
Lank, as an unthrif's purse, but a soul's sack:
Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than
made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
To vex the soul at resurrection;
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these not ancient but antique be:
I hate extremes: yet I had rather stay
With touns than cradles, to wear out the day.
Since such Love's natural station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb on with them, who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her, whom I love more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then Fantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you:
For all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruitless I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repeat;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
But, dearest heart, and, dearer image, stay,
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough;
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away:
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI.

DEATH.

LANGUAGE, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears and lessens, that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mute at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant in th' fifth and greatest monarchy,
Was 't that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'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 won,
But thou must raise it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too saphire and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be:
Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'er saw crystal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Th' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine and die,
Since she first went, that were not misery:
She chang'd our world with her's: now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity's oppression:
For of all moral virtues she was all,
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
Her soul was paradise: the cherubin
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree:
God took her hence, lest some of us should love.
Her, like that plant, hits and his laws above:
And when we tear, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to Heav'n's, where now she is:
Whom if her virtues would have let her stay,
We 'd had a saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, whose sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire.

Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here in devout taste
The rest of her high sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her body's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from less virtues and less beauteousness
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses;
The ravenous Earth, that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree,
That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond:
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a stoic's heart.

ELEGY XII.

UPON THE

LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR WHICH HE
MADE SATISFACTION.

Nor, that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armalets of that thou may'st still let me wear:
Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kies'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I mis'd:
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit, our loves should be;
Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
Nor for the lock's sake; but the bitter cost.
O! shall twelve righteous angels; which as yet
No leaven of vile soulder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, 't appease old enemies;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise:
Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
Sentences (dread judge) my sin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that Hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
Nor most of them their natural country rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howso'er French kings most Christian be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfill'd pistols,
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course.
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins run through th' Earth's ev'ry
Vast: all countries, and have eily made [part,
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 chymics from each mineral

Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead
Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou, love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone;
And be content, that some lewd squeaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare goat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full paper;
Which hath divided Heaven in tenements, [rents
And with whores, thieves, and murderers, stuff'd his
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities; but now must urse thy pride:
And they are still bad angels; fine are none:
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet: their dignities
Pass virtues, powers, and principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.

But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hand'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing, thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain:
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.

May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All mischief, that all devils ever thought;
Went after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travellers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy sworn sins themselves to thee present.

But I forgive: repent, thou honest man:
Gold is restorative, restore it then:
But if that from it thou be'st loth to part,
Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart,

ELEGY XIII.

COME, Fates; I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
Are paid but you. Then 'rest me ere I go.
But chance from you all sovereignty hath got,
Love wounded none but those, whom Death dares not:
True if you were and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.
Else lovers should not brave death's pains, and live:
But 't is a rule, "death comes not to relieve."
Or pale and wan death's terrors, are they laid
So deep in lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?

Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay
For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake,
Still in her turn, he doth a lover take.
And if Death should prove false, she fears him not,
Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
That fatal night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
Like lambs that see their teats, and must eat hay,
A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent;
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus, till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep:
And then I dream, how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may: he pities my state,
But says, I therein no revenge shall find;
The Sun would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love show'd me your tear;
And I had dy'd, had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to look, I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss.
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength;
And what is lost in force, is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, 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 feel, for fear 't should not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of chastity was naked seen:
And in bed not to feel the pain, I took,
Was more than for Actæon not to look.
And that breast, which lay open, I did not know,
Ere for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIV.

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 magic cannot do it,
And that great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
I could lend them obscurity now, and say
Out of myself, there should be no more day.
Such is already my self-want of sight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mix'd,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fix'd!
Is 't because thou thyself art blind, that we
Thy martyrs must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual right,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite?
No, no. The fault is mine, imputes it to me,
Or rather to conspiring Destiny;
Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed,
That I should suffer, when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore sooner now, than I can say
I saw the golden fruit, 't is wrapt away:
Or as I'd watch'd one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love, thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss:
And, where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Justice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their fa-
vourites all.
Was 't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
And mad'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and
burn,
And then thyself into our flames didst turn?
Was 't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes-
Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in constancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy?
Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by?
Stoll'n (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embraces, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of beck, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And after all this passed purgatory,
Must sad divorces make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
Oh Fortune, thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
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 quick'ning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
 The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
 Waters 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 enripens'd the year;
 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 she.
 And, dearest friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of day; but thence well borne are light.
 The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
 Yet Phoebus equally lights all the sphere.
 And what we cannot in like portion pay,
 The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
 Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so
 Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,
 No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
 That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
 And this to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
 My deeds shall still be, what my deeds 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 Heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire:
 Much more I could; but many words have made
 That oft suspected, which men most persuade:
 Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XV.

JULIA.

HARK, news! O Envy, thou shalt hear descri'd
 My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
 With calumny, that Hell itself disdain,
 Is her continual practice, does her best,
 To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
 Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
 Scapes not the show'rs of envy: to repeat
 The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
 Dear reputation. Would to God she were
 But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
 My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
 That female mix'd to limn with his pen
 This she-Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
 Burning with anger, (anger feeds desire)
 Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries.
 Her breath like to the juice in Tenebras,
 That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous.
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others, than herself to fill.
 But, oh! her mind, that throns, which includes
 Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
 Of former curses; projects unmade up,
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mismatchen cavils, palpable untruths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths:
 These, like those storms swarming in the sea,
 Throng in her bosom for oration.
 I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
 No poet's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XVI.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I am no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
 To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
 Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
 Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
 I am no libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many:
 I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
 Nor count nor counsellor will red or pale.
 A citizen and his wife th' other day,
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat:
 I saw the fecherous citizen turn back
 His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack.
 Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 Riding before to kiss his wife behind,
 To get acquaintance with him I began,
 And sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
 I ask'd the number of the plaguy bill,
 Ask'd if the custom-farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffic of the midland seas had marr'd;
 Whether the Britain Burse did fill space,
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace;
 Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moorfield crosses,
 Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,
 I urged him to speak; but he (as mute
 As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
 Replies with only yeas and nays; at last
 (To fit his element) my theme I cast
 On tradesmen's gains; that set his tongue a going,
 "Alas, good sir," quoth he, "there is no doing
 In court nor city now." She smil'd, and I,
 And (in my conscience) both, gave him the lie
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,
 And at the present times with such a face
 He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
 To any but my lord of Essex' days:
 Call'd those the age of action. "True," quoth he,
 "There 's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay down;
 For put to push of pay, away they run:
 Our only city-trades of hope now are
 Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and scrivener;
 The much of privileg'd kinsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections, make the rest all poor:
 In the first state of their creation
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
 A righteous pay-master." Thus ran he on
 In a continual rage: so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
 And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise lord mayor
 And his wise brethren's worship, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
 (In happy time) an angel did appear,
 The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn,
 Where many citizens with their wives had been
 Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way.
 Look, how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
 And at 's return found nothing but a rope;

So he on me; refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
 I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
 But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVII.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman 's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
 And must she needs be false, because she 's fair?
 Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to study truth?
 Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
 Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
 Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
 Whereof they 're made, that they are writ in water,
 And blown away with wind? 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 meet,
 As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
 Sprinkled among (all sweet'ned by our fears)
 And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, who 'ld wish you just?
 O, I profane: though most of women be
 This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
 My dearest love; though froward jealousy
 With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
 Sooner I 'll think the Sun will cease to cheer
 The teaming Earth, and that forget to bear:
 Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
 Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late, 't was he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
 Whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word
 We spake unto the cunning of a third.
 Curs'd may he be, that so our love hath slain,
 And wander on the Earth, wretched as Cain,
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
 In plaguing him let misery be witty.
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noisome as his infamy;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
 And after all self-torment, when he dies
 May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes;
 Swine eat his bowels; and his false tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
 And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
 To the king's dogs, than any other beast.
 Now I have curs'd, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive;
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
 Of my life's lease; like painters, that do take
 Delight, not in made works, but whilst 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 masks and plays
 Commend the self-same actors, the same ways;
 Ask how you did, and often, with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft-pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease;
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get:
 And ought not be profan'd on either part,
 For though 't is got by chance, 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVIII.

Whoever 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'er-lick
 Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
 Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
 Perfection is in unity: prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilness, the application,
 The wholesomness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 't is because 't is made
 By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.
 All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women than to say
 They love them for that, by which they 're not they?
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
 Till I both be, and find one, wise and good?
 May barren angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she:
 As beauties, no, nor wealth: he that strays thus
 From her to hers, is more adulterous
 Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
 And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
 He 's an infernal god, and under ground,
 With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound;
 Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
 Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes:
 Although we see celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
 So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
 And virtues; but we love the centric part.
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, than this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they err, that set out at the face!
 The hair a forest is of ambushes,
 Of springs and snares, fetters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us, when 't is smooth and plain;
 And when 't is wrinkled, shipwrecks us again.
 Smooth, 't is a paradise, where we would have
 Immortal stay; but wrinkled, 't is a grave.
 The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere
 On either side, and then directs us where
 Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
 Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial.
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
 We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,

For they seem all: there syrens' songs, and there
 Wise Delphic oracles do fill the ear;
 Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
 The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These and (the glorious promontory) her chin
 Being past the straits of Hallespout, between
 The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
 (Not of two lovers, but two loves the nests)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
 And sailing towards her India, in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay;
 Though there the current be the pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another forest set,
 Where many shipwreck and no further get.
 When thou art there, consider what this chase
 Mispent, by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practise my art;
 Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the emblem, that hath figur'd
 Firmness; 't is the first part that comes to bed.
 Civility we see refin'd: the kiss,
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to th' 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 than can
 Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
 Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
 Than if at beauty's enemies he stay.
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths adversely 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 gives the stomach meat.

ELEGY XIX.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in sight
 Is tir'd with standing, though he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like Heaven's zone glittering,
 But a far fairer world encompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear,
 That th' eyes of busy fools may he stopp'd there.
 Unless yourself, for that harmonious chime
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed-time.
 Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
 That still can be, and still can stand, so nigh.
 Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
 As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow
 steals.
 Off with that wiry coronet, and show
 The bairy diadem, which on your head doth grow:
 Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
 In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes Heaven's angels us'd to be
 Reveal'd to men: thou angel bring'st with thee.

A Heav'n like Mahomet's paradise; and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
 By this these angels from an evil sprite;
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
 License my roving hands, and let them go
 Before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America! my Newfoundland!
 My kingdom's safest when with one man man'd.
 My mine of precious stones: my empery,
 How am I bless'd 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 joys are due to thee;
 As souls unbodied, bodies unclod'd must be,
 To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
 Are like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views;
 That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
 His earthly soul may count that, and not them:
 Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings, made
 For laymen, are all women thus array'd.
 Themselves are only mystic books, which we
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
 As liberally as to thy midwife show
 Thyself: cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
 There is no penance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why, then,
 What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

AN EPITHALMIUM

ON

FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHINE,
AND THE LADY ELIZABETH,

BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

HAIL bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
 All the air is thy diocese,
 And all the chirping choristers
 And other birds are thy parishioners:
 Thou marry'st every year
 The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
 The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
 The household bird with the red stomacher;
 Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
 As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
 The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
 And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
 This day more cheerfully than ever shine.
 This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

Till now thou warm'st with multiplying loves
 Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
 All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day couplest two phoenixes.
 Thou mak'st a taper see
 What the Sun never saw, and what the ark
 (Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
 Did not contain, one bed contains through thee
 Two phoenixes, whose joined breasts
 Are unto one another mutual nests;
 Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
 Young phoenixes, and yet the old shall live:
 Whose love and courage never shall decline,
 But make the whole year through thy day, O Val-
 entine.

Up then, fair phoenix bride, frustrate the Sun ;
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'th warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.

Up, up, fair bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all :
And by their blazing signify,
That a great princess falls, but doth not die :
Be thou a new star, 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 day, Valentine.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the same :
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable wno go ;
Since separation

Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but once, and disunite ;
You 're twice inseparable, great, and one.

Go then to where the bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways
Must be effected ; and when all is past,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast ;
You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine,
Besides this bishop's knot, of bishop Valentine.

But oh ! what ails the Sun, that hence he stays
Longer to day than other days ?

Stays he new light from these to get ?
And finding here such stars, is loath to set ?

And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession ?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk ?

The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
The maskers come late, and I think will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas ! did not antiquity assign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine ?

They did, and night is come : and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.

What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride ?

A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed ;
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.

But now she 's laid : what though she be ?
Yet there are more delays ; for where is he ?
He comes and passeth through sphere after sphere ;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon there,
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so

They unto one another nothing owe ;
And yet they do, but are

So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear 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 occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

And by this act of these two phoenixes
Nature again restored is ;

For since these two are two no more,
There 's but one phoenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and we
(As satyrs watch the Sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desir'd, because your face we see ;

Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing then whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, her's or his ;
This will be tried to morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGUE,

DECEMBER, 26, 1613.

ALLOPHANES FINDING IDIOS IN THE COUNTRY IN CHRISTMAS TIME, REPRESENTING HIS ABSENCE FROM COURT, AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET ; IDIOS GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PURPOSE THEREIN, AND OF HIS ACTIONS THERE.

ALLOPHANES.

UNREASONABLE MEN, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepid time ?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous flocks tail through their sea, the air.
What dehcacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear ?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Having tak'n cold, and their sweet murmurs 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 Sun stays longer up ; and yet not his
The glory is ; far other, other fires ;
First zeal to prince and state ; then love's desires
Burn in one breast, and like Heav'n's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall ;
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright
eyes,

At every glance a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres 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 dark plots fire without light doth dwell :
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual but artificial heat ;

Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our court an everlasting east.
And canst thou be from thence?

IDIOS.

..... No, I am there:
As Heav'n, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are those courts, whose princes animate,
Not only all their house, but all their state.
Let no man think, because he 's full, h' hath all,
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulness but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of Heav'n's glory, than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no further look;
So 's the country of courts, where sweet peace
doth
As their own common soul, give life to both.
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES.

..... Dreamer, thou art.
Think'st thou, fantastic, that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
The Earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold:
But never shall, except it chance to lie
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion springs;
Wisdom and honour from the use of kings:
Then unbegulle thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on Earth employ'd they be,
Are still in Heav'n; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come:
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books be-
Hast thou a history, which doth present [wray:
A court, where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that, that kings are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, 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;
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man!

IDIOS.

..... I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave

Of his own 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.
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But since I am dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old Year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And should'st within five days expire;
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the west or east would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the northern 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 her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tried by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that many courage they be try'd,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance on envy's art
Divide these two, whom Nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the
loving heart.

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To show to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving
heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in bed so long;
Since soon thou liest down first, 't is fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quench'd, thou may'st impart,
To us that come, thy' inflaming eyes; to him, thy
loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
 Who can the Sun in water see.
 So doest thou, when in silk and gold
 Thou cloud'st at thyself; since we, which do behold,
 Are dust and worms, 't is just
 Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
 Let every jewel be a glorious star;
 Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are.
 And though thou stoop, t' appear to us in part,
 Still in that picture thou entirely art, [ing heart.
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lov-

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
 As men, which through a cypress see
 The rising Sun, do think it two;
 So, as you go to church, do think of you:
 But that veil 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 God's recorder art,
 Do from his dictates to these two impart
 All blessings which are seen, or thought, by angel's
 eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDECTION.

Bless'd pair of swans, oh may you interbring
 Daily new joys, and never sing:
 Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
 Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
 That new great heights to try,
 It must serve your ambition, to die,
 Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live
 Heirs from this king to take thanks, you, to give.
 Nature and grace do all, and nothing art;
 May never age or error overthwart [this heart.
 With any west these radiant eyes, with any north

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-bless'd. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groan, as though this feast
 Would, as the food, destroy all fowl and beast.
 And were the doctrine new
 That the Earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
 For every part to dance and revel goes,
 They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
 Though six hours since the Sun to bed did part,
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart
 A sun-set to these weary eyes, a centre to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep?
 To sit up, till thou fain would sleep?
 Thou may'st not, when thou 'rt laid, do so,
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertain,
 And do all this day's dances o'er again.
 Know, that if Sun and Moon together do
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
 Therefore thou may'st, fair bride, to bed depart,
 Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
 And finds a gelly in the place,
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
 Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.
 And as friends may look strange
 By a new fashion, or apparel's change:
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part [or heart.
 As freely, as each to each before gave either hand

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
 Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
 May these love-lamps, we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
 But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
 For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
 This is joy's bonfire then, where Love's strong arts
 Make of so noble individual parts [hearts.
 One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving

IDIOS.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

ALLOPHANES.

No, sir, this paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt incense the perfume is not
 His only, that presents it, but of all;
 Whatever celebrates this festival
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
 Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
 Such altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMIUM

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sun-beams in the east are spread,
 Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you return to it alone,
 It nurseth sadness; and your body's print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
 You and your other you meet there anon:
 Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing
 thigh, [smother,
 Which when next time you in these sheets will
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be oft more sigh;
 Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
 To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
 Our golden mines, and furnish'd treasury;
 You which are angels, yet still bring with you
 Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
 Help with your presence, and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due;

Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indes;
So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection; and a woman's name.

And you, frolic patricians,
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits,
Ye countrymen, who but your beasts love none,
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he 's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodites,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
Lo, in you path which store of strow'd flow'rs graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight fail, 't is no other thing.
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leaf'd gates, fair temple, unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till, mystically join'd, but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starv'd womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might these two dissever,
Always all th' other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other sports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; noon point he hath attain'd,
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the western hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the Heav'n's half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star enclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? release your strings,
Musicians, and dancers, take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toil'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispens'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girlie now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity
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 be," but "I am,"
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content,
That this life for a better should be spent;
So she a mother's rich style doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' embow her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, O light
Of Heav'n, to morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she, which had no name,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away, thou chageling motley humourist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Concocted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I die:
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love here, in earnest,
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost
Not though a captain do come in thy way [meet];
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh! monstrous, superstitious puritan
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
Dost search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that race,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That wilt consort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company.
Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire and love,
The nakedness and barrenness t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy;) Hate
Virtue, though she naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And, till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished:
Man's first bless'd state was naked; when by sin
He lost that, he was cloth'd but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.

But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities and giddinesses, lo
I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many several men in sin,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
Name her child's right true father amongst all
those:

Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth Heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can
show

Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou would'st go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sin'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidentally proud, creeps to the wall;
And so imprison'd, and hemm'd in by me;
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch en-
dures,

As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stoop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do,
When any names the king of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, "Do you
see

Yonder well-favour'd youth?" — "Which?" —
"Oh! 't is he

That dances so divinely." — "Oh," said I,
"Stand still, must you dance here for company?"
He droop'd; we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, "Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not, truly I do."
He hears not me, but on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, "Him, whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in handsooming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, pannes, print, cut, and plait,
Of all the court to have the best conceit."

"Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
But oh! God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?"
"Why, he hath travai'd long; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian." I reply'd,
"So is the pox." He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts, and qualities;
At last his love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhald' he flings from me
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of
door,

Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly awhile must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry indeed be such a sin,
As I think that brings death and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out, yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him, which stands next, and cannot
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means, (read,
(Starving himself) to live by 's labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms,

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who (beggarily) doth chew
Others wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-speak,
As his own things; and they're his own, 't is true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known:
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
* * * * * and out-usure Jews,

'T' out-drink the sea, 't' out-swear the fitzroy,
Who with sin's all kinds as familiar be
As confessor, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make:
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coacus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which, alas! of late
But scarce a poet; jollier of this state,
Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
His title of barrister, on every wench,
And woe in language of the pleas and bench.
A motion, lady: speak, Coacus. "I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the queen.

Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hillary term I went;
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits." Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Solovonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbies rear.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Mease
Thou wast and read, I hepd; but then, which choose
Law practise for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than embrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
New like an owl-like watchman he must walk
His hand still as a bill, now he must talk

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and, more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge: for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and sodomy in church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land:
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Saturn will not joy at their sins, as he.
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuff,
And harrelling the droppings, and the scruff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Relicly kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurance; big, as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
Short *pater noster*, saying as a friar
Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause:)
But when he sells or changes land, he impairs
His writings, and, unwatch'd, leaves out *see heirs*,
And slyly, as any commentor goes by
Hard words or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
Where are those spread words, which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthensian feasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean'th' bless'd. In rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none sarfeit so. But, (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statute laws.

SATIRE III.

Know pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise;
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of our soul's devotion,
As virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not Heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as Earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? And shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in Heav'n, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear, great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid ravenous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey

To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to death?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north discoveries, and thrice
Colder than salamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain, and the line,
Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not, "Goddess," to thy mistress, draw;
Or eat the poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
The fair his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
Seek true religion: O where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhours'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago:
He loves the rags so, as we here obey
The state-cloth, where the prince sat yesterday.
Grants to such brave loves will not be enthral'd,
But loves her only, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandsome: as among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome, but course country drudges.
Grajus stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us, is only perfect; he
Embraceth her, whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay value. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one,
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so,
As women do in divers countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
So doth, so is religion; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,
And the right; ask thy father which is she,
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T'adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he, that will
Reach her, about must and about it go;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.

Keep the truth, which thou hast found; men do not
In an ill case, that God hath with his hand [stand
Sign'd kings blank-charters, to kill whom they hate,
Nor are thy vicars, but hangmen, to fate,
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin taught me this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so? [know;
That thou may'st rightly obey power, her bounds
Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is; those bless'd flowers, that
dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare, which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monstres, Guisaa's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one, who for a Dane
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, 't whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are."
His clothes were strange, though coarse; and black
though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuffaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and faith speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what 't all states belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displeas,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldiers bombast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw

Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay addresses,
Make men speak treason, cosen subtilst wheres,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and cometh to me; I whisper, "God!
How have I sin'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me." He saith, "Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the best linguist?" and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd; here
He stopp'd me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, so Panurgus was;
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travel;" then, as if he would have said
His tongue, he praiz'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you had liv'd, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tow'r had stood."
He adds, "If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneliness." I said, "Not alone
My loneliness is; but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaunts;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue." ["O, sir,
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeak'd,
'T is sweet to talk of kings."—"As Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes
Kings only; the way to it is King's Street." (meet
He smack'd, and cry'd, "He 's base, mechanic
course;
So 're all your English men in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat?)" "Mime, as yet
I have but one, sir, look, he follows me." [see,
"Certes they 're neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your gogaram."
"Not so, sir, I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: so I, fool, found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my silliness,
He to another key his style doth dress:
And asks, what news; I tell him of new plays,
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Hollandsends, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows; he knows
When the queen frow'd or smil'd, and he knows
what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence old iron, boots, and shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter or blow point, but shall pay
Toil to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows, what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloy's me. I belch, spew, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet

He thrusts on more; and as he 'd undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amynon.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this macaron talk in vain; for yet,
 Either my honour or his own to fit,
 He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He smith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse he notes;
 Who loves whores, * * * * *
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves twn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw
 To suck me in, for hearing him; I found
 That as burnt venomous leeches do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefather's sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stabbishly I bear this cross; but th'
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring [hour
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing, [lingly;"
 And says, "Sir, can you spare me?" I said, "Wit-
 "Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?" Thank-
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers still, [fully I
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
 With his long complemental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown: scant
 His thanks were ended when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one,
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at court to return, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw Hell, did advance
 Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser. Then
 Shall I, some's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns? and, my mistress Truth, betray thee
 To th' huffing, baggart, puff'd nobility?
 No, no; thou, which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sea, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our courtiers, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
 'T is ten o'clock and past; all whom the Meuse,
 Balcan, tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning hold, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in socks are found
 In the presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be

The fields they sold to buy them. "For a king
 These hose are," cry the flatterers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At stage, as court: all are players; who'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
 That there came west ships fraught with cochineal,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think)
 well [bought.
 Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This causes these men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds, which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fomentate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thigha.
 So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety,
 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 've thrown
 Ten cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
 Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away,
 For saying our lady's psalter. But 't is fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him, he rushes in, as if, Arm, Arm,
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tis'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so,
 As men from jails to execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
 Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers, which are
 Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: although I yet
 (With Machabees, modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen: yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my wits canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they,
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay

Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
 Frees from the sting of jests, all, who in extreme
 Are wretched or wicked, of these two a theme,
 Charity and liberty, give me. What is he
 Who officer's rage, and suitor's misery
 Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
 As I think; since all, which were, are, and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing each thing implies or represents.
 Then, man is a world; in which officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and suitors
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
 That, which drowns them, run: these self-reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which officers
 Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
 Th' procurements, which they void. All men are dust,
 How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
 Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms'
 meat!

For they eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
 They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
 The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittals, th' issue your own ruin in.
 Greatest and fairest empress, know you this?
 Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know,
 Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'er-
 flow.

You, sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O age of rusty iron! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
 Th' iron age was, when justice was sold; now
 Injustice is sold-dearer far; 'allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, gamblers, anon
 The money, which you sweat and swear for, 's gone
 Into other hands: so converted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
 If law be in the judge's heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist letter or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
 Flows from the first main head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halter. But if th' injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'st
 Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy
 way

Become great seas, o'er which when thou shalt be
 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
 a trace.

Judges are gods; and he who made them so,
 Meant men should be forc'd to them to go
 By means of angels. When applications
 We send to God, to dominions,
 Powers, cherubins, and all Heaven's courts, if we
 Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
 Scarce as kings: so 't is. Would it not anger
 A stoic, a coward, yea a martyr,
 To see a suppliant come in, and call
 All his clothes, copes, books, pinnacs, and all
 His plate, chandises; and mistake them a way
 And ask a fee for coming? Ah! he's a man

Fair Law's white fevred name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established
 Recorder to Destiny on Earth, and she
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be
 Rich, who poor, who in chains, and who in jails;
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
 With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodles
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
 So officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bar'st thou to you officer? Fool, hath he
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now
 hungrily

Begg'rt right, but that dole comes not till these die.
 Thou had'st much, and Law's surim and thummain try
 Thou would'st not for more; and for all heat paper
 Enough to clothe all the great Charrick's peppor.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt lessen
 Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
 O, wretch! that thy fortunes should moralise
 Esop's fables, and make tales prophecies.
 Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
 Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

SATIRE VI.

SLEEP next, society and true friendship,
 Man's best contentment, doth securely slip.
 His passions and the world's troubles rook me.
 O sleep, wean'd from thy dear friend's company,
 In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
 Where poor men lie, for kings asleep do fear.
 Here Sleep's house by famous Ariosto,
 By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many more,
 Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spenser, too parody,
 (Which builded was some dozen stories high)
 I had repair'd, but that it was too rotten,
 As Sleep awak'd by rats from thence was gotten:
 And I will build no new, for by my will,
 Thy father's house shall be the fairest still,
 In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their wit,
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
 Without it there is no sense, only in this
 Sleep is unlike a long parenthesis,
 Not to save charges, but would I had slept
 The time I spent in London, when I kept
 Fighting and untrust gallants' company,
 In which Natta, the new knight, seized on me,
 And offer'd me the experience he had bought
 With great expense. I found him thoroughly taught
 In curing burns. His thing had had more scars
 Than T. himself; like Eggs it often wars,
 And still is hurt. For his body and state
 The phisic and counsel (which came too late
 'Gainst whores and dice) he now on me bestows
 Most superficially he speaks of these.
 I found, by him, least sound him who most knows.
 He swears well, speaks ill, but best of clothes,
 What fits summer, what what winter, what the spring.
 He had living, but now these ways come in
 His whole revenges. Where his whores now dwell,
 And hath dwelt, since his father's death, he tells.
 Yea he tells most cunningly each his cause
 Why whores forsake their beds. To these some
 He knows of the duel, and on his skill
 The least jot in that or these be quarrel will,
 Though sober, but never fought. I know
 What made his labour and his d' windmill go.

Within a point 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 than he, his schools
 Are ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
 Or are for being there; his best books, plays,
 Where, meeting godly scenes, perhaps he prays.
 His first set prayer was for his father's ill,
 And sick, that he might die: that had, until
 The hands 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 Bridewell, he unto the wars, where want
 Hath made him valiant, and a lieutenant
 He is become: where, as they pass space,
 He steps aside, and for his captain's place
 He prays again: tells God, he will confess
 His sins, swear, drink, ditch, and whore thenceforth
 On this condition, that if his captain die [less,
 And he succeed, but his prayer did not; they
 Both cashier'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 had'st as good a friend as thou art one.
 No present want nor future hope made me
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
 But he had cruelly possess'd thee then,
 And as our neighbours the Low-Country men,
 Being (whilst they were loyal, with tyranny
 Oppress'd) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
 Subject to good kings, I found even so
 Wert thou well rid of him, thou 't have no moe.
 Could'st thou but choose as well as love, to none
 Thou should'st be second: turtle and demon
 Should give the place in songs, and lovers sick
 Should make thee only Love's hieroglyphic:
 Thy impress should be the loving elm and vine,
 Where now an ancient oak with ivy twine,
 Embody'd thy symbol is. O dire mischance!
 And, O vile verse! And yet our Abraham France
 Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
 Must pardon me: satires bite when they kiss.
 But as for Natta, we have since fall'n 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; and, Fidus, 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 yet. Sleep bleats him out and takes in thee.
 "The mind, you know, is like a table-book,
 The old unwip'd new writing never took."
 Hear how the butcher's checks, cupboard and fire
 I pass'd: (by which degrees young men aspire
 In court) and how that idle and she-stone
 (When as my judgment char'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 err;
 How they and their lords unworthy men prefer;
 And, as unchrista, had rather give away
 Great sums to flatterers, than small debts pay;

VOL. V.

So they their greatness 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 country's good?
 Or what might be the cause of so much blood?
 He said she stunk, and men might not have said
 That she was old before that she was dead.
 His case was hard to do or suffer; loath
 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-soldiers in a storm at sea,
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
 They told it all the world; his was their wit?
 Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
 And princes must fear favourites more than 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, good
 night.

SATIRE VII.

Mrs write, that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'er saw 't express'd as 't is in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
 But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st, she 's wise and witty, fair and free;
 All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
 By matching her, as she would match her foe:
 And would'st persuade her to a worse offence
 Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
 Reason there's none for thee; but thou may'st ven
 Her with example. Say, for fear her son
 Shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
 How reason e'er can bring that man to thee.
 Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
 Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
 Dry'd with his threats, she 'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And would'st th' have this to choose, thee being free?
 Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff;
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
 In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
 For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath
 sweet:
 Let her see she 'th cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest be.
 If she be a widow, I 'll warrant her
 She 'll thee before her first husband prefer;
 And will wish thou had'st had her maidenhead
 (She 'll love thee so) for then thou had'st been dead.
 But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disagree'd.
 Yet pause awhile, and thou may'st live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
 If thou 't not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee
 now,
 Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast odds of him-shelves, be may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
 Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on 't will be thine.

M

For though thou meet as'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue, as cause above effect can be;
'T is virtue to be chaste, which she 'll make thee.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK, FROM THE ISLAND VOYAGE
WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE STORM.

Thou, which art I, ('t is nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand, or eye,
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd,
My lines are such. 'T is the pre-eminence
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave,
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gainsay,
Honour and misery have one face, one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did lose,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and svolc our sails, when we
So joy'd, as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see:
But 't was but so kind, as our countrymen, [then
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Arundes, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than thou read this line, did the gale,
Like a shot not fear'd till fast, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, now a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil [then:
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not.
I and the Sun, which should teach thee, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there
With hideous gasping to fear away fear.
There note they the ship's sickness, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waste

With a salt dropy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings.
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
Yes even our ordinance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from the sea.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none know what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a quip,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Boy-sold's calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to Heav'n hath chased
light.

All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say,
Another fiat, shall have no more day,
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thin absence starve me, I wish not
thee.

THE CALM.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calm, but nothing it doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now, than a stock before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rage supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanterns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
Earth's hollowiness, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we were not, hover.
Only the calculture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fish's maws;
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that bath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encog'd, the shepherd's scouf;
Or like staak-stew'd Sampson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a mystic
Of ants durst th' emperor's lov'd snake invade.
The crawling galleys, sea-gulls, finny ships,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to dislume me from the queasy pain
Of being below'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out-push'd me first;
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and coward die.

Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies;
Pate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in Hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no sense: I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

See, more than kisses, letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life: but for these,
I could invent nothing at all to please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay, that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways,
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state 's such
That (though than pitch they stain worse) we must
touch.

If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th' adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st, two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there: but, oh! what refuge can'st thou win
Furch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlic be a perfume? Or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if none such there were.
And courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.
The country is a desert, where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born, 's not understood.
These men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
In cities, blocks; and in a lewd court, devils.
As in the first chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in th' other three:
So pride, lust, covetize, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous:
Falseness is desizond; virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, virtue's stony wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive:
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sin began;
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all, but white integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
Utopian youth grown old Italian. [then
Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Lies any where; conscience maketh Hell.
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home:
Follow (for he 's easy pac'd) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world 's thy jail.

And in the world's sea do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound: so closely thy course go,
Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no:
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Court's hot ambitious wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dulceness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymics purge the bad.
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carry'd
forth,
I thoroughly love: but if myself I've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have Donne.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there, is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune rises.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better, her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, t' whom Sun and Moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right,

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite and her digestion mend;
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet; you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your gardeners, if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Heavea. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's Heav'n, and God her
father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you ask'm'd to make your hawk's
praise yours,
Which when herself she lessons in the air,
You then first say, that high enough the tower's.

However, keep the lively tasks you hold
Of God, love him now, but fear him more:
And in your afternoons think what you told
And proudest him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

Like one, who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a nun, ty'd to retiredness,
So affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many, hath shown
How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are grown,
Where seeds of better arts are early sown!

Though to use and love poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds, be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful souls, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves? for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass;

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw, which doth about our hearts adjourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse
Into any of the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to chuse.

So works retiredness in us; to roam
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Men's
Mensures thyself these, to thyself 't improvid.
And wish vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

Here 's no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais, or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still 's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they, whom rugged Fate
(God's commissary) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in th' court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a player's praise,
Plays were not so like courts, as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious guests
Are but dull morals at a game at chess.

But 't is an incongruity to smile,
Therefore I nod; and bid farewell awhile
At court, though from court were the better style.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

Reason is our souls' left hand, faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that 's you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair faith
grew.

But as although a squint left-handedness
'B' ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I (not t' increase, but to express
My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, access, and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon, the reasons why you 're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach,
Then back again t' implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholic voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one heretic
Denies it; if he did, yet you are not
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
 A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
 If 't were not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
 Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.
 But you of learning and religion,
 And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
 A mithridate, whose operation
 Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.
 Yet this is not your physic, but your food,
 A diet fit for you; for you are here
 The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
 That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Makes you are then God's masterpiece, and so
 His factor for our loves; do as you do,
 Make your return home gracious; and bestow
 This life on that; so make one life of two.
 For, so, God help me, I would not miss you there,
 For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have pleas'd me, and to worthiest things,
 Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I see
 Rareness, or use, not nature, value brings;
 And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they be.
 Two ill can ne'er perplex us, sin 't excuse,
 But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
 Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
 Makes her not see, or not show: all my rhyme
 Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
 For as dark texts need notes; some there must be
 To usher virtue, and say, This is she.

So in the country's beauty. To this place
 You are the season, madam, you the day,
 'T is but a grove of spices, till your face
 Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
 Widow'd and rock'd else, her sweets sh' enshrines;
 As China, when the Sun at Brazil dimes.

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 rockings go.
 This shows that you from nature leathly stray,
 That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you 've made the court th' antipodes,
 And wou'd your delegate, the vulgar Sen,
 To do profane autumal offices,
 Whilst here to you we sacrifices run;
 And, whether points or organs, you w' obey,
 We spend your influence, and your dictates try.

Not to that deity which dwells in you,
 Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
 These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
 But that I may survey the edifice.
 In all religions, as much care hath been
 Of temple's dance, and beauty; as the within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
 Esteem religious, and hold fast the best;
 But serve discourse and curiosity
 With that, which doth religion but invest.
 And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
 And make it wit to think the wiser fools.

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you 're Virtue's temple, not as she;
 What walls of tender crystal her infold,
 What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be,
 And after this survey oppose to all
 Builders of chapels, you, th' Escorial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair:
 On these I cast a lay and country eye.
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I find you all record and prophecy.
 Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
 You were the transcript and original,
 The elements, the parent, and the growth;
 And every piece of you is worth their all.
 So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
 Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
 Serves heresy to further or repress)
 Taste of poetic rage, or flattery;
 And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
 Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts
 grow,
 As strange attire alien the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise, and all appeal
 To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
 The mine, the magazine, the common-wealth,
 The story of beauty, in Twickenham is you
 Who hath seen one, would both; as who hath been
 In Paradise, would seek the cherubin.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE STEEP
OF JULYEN.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts needed be,
 Wisdom makes him an stir where all agree;
 The fool, in whom these beasts do live, at last
 Isport to others, and a theatre.
 Nor stapes he so, but is himself their prey;
 All which was man in him, is eat away:
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed:
 How happy 'a he, which hath due place assign'd,
 To his beasts; and disforested his mind!
 Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
 Can sow, and darest trust corn, where they have been;
 Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
 And is not ass himself to all the rest.
 Else man not only is the herd of swine,
 But he 's these devils too, which do incline
 Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse:
 For man can add weight to Heaven's heaviest curse.
 As souls, they say, by ear first touch take in
 The poisonous dust of evil opinions.

So to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste:
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod;
And is his devil, that 'might be his god.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature, to what she was; we're led awry
By them, who man to us in little show;
Greater than due, no form we can bestow
On him; for man into himself can draw
All; all his faith can swallow, or reason chew;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial.
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profession then,
Which you do use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you've dwelt upon
All'worthy books; and now are-such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

I HAVE written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, simony:
And not t' have written then, seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this my debt I seem'd loath to confess,
In that I seem'd to shun beholdness:
But 't is not so. 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, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though profane:
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
In me you've hollow'd a Pagan Muse,
And deuzon'd a stranger, who, mistaught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you.
I have been told, that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suff'ers an ostracism, and departs.
Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being true
Is known 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 be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh, to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse, we know not what we would.

Lightness depresseth us, easiness fills;
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills;
As new philosophy arrests the Sun,
And bids the passive Earth about it run;
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
Only the body's busy, and pretends.
As dead low Earth eclipses and controls
The quick high Moon: so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office: for the ground
We till with them; and them to Heaven we raise;
Who prayer-less labours, or without these prayers,
Doth but one half, that's none; he which said,

"Plow,
And look not back," to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays:
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
These, not engrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls; temples and palaces.
For bodies shall from death redeemed be
Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;
As men to our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
Whate'er the world hath had, or precious,
Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes, in man are
seen:

But who e'er saw, though Nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not Heaven) the dignity
T' increase with ours those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.
Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion.
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
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 common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THIS twilight of two years, not past, nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, (meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex'd,
Whose what and where in disputation is)
If I should call me any thing, should miss.

I seen the years end me, and find me not . . .

Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new ;
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true :
This 'waver' 's since these times show'd me you.

In recompens' I would show future times [such.
What you wove, and teach them t' urge towards
Verse embarks virtue; and tombs or thrones of
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much [rhymes
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's 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 warm and cherish us, do waste;
Keep 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,
With vanish soon, and so possess no place;
And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(Oae corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt, [you good,
And clear those doubts; hide from you, and show
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloisters and in court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,
On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
He will make you, what you did not, possess,
By using others' (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
And 'scape spies, to good ends, and he will show
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a discreet wariness,
And (though to 'scape than to revenge offence
Be better) he shows both, and to repress
Joy, when your state swells; sadness, when 't is less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that 's, he will not) disencroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private gospel, then 't is our new year.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;
Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,
Wonders, because they're rare; but a new star,
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes and sense;
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below:
By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may virtues know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the Sun's fall, which now towards Earth death
bend;

Then we might fear that Virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she 's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to Heav'n, that 's heavenly things, that 's
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then. [you;
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and she
Informed us, but transubstantiates you;
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'T is not as woman, for all are not so;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, 's fain
'T adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As water being into air raref'd,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be;
So for our sakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, (which, being fram'd
Of the most stars, take low names Crab and Hall,
When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things fall.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others see;
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prison far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 't is not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise.
If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poison'd fountain still;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any, 't is not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary; for 't is
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO MR. J. W.

ALL hail, sweet poet! and full of more strong fire,
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly labour'd, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be,
Which be envy'd than pity'd: therefore I,
Because I wish the best, do thee envy:
O would'st thou by like reason pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
(But for thy grace got in the Muse's school)
A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh, how I grieve, that late-born modesty
Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts, [parts
That men may not themselves their own good
Extol, without suspect of surquedry;
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as
The painter's bad god made a good devil,
'T will be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme, as thou dost pass,
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zance.
I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

HARRS thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleasure
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.

Tell him, all questions, which men have despatch'd
Both of the place and pains of Hell, are ended;
And 't is decreed, our Hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this Earth's habitation:
And 't is where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
You are my pawne, or else my testament.

TO MR. T. W.

Precious again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask'd for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace.
Thy love; though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons', which say midst their meat,
They love that best, of which they most do eat.

INCERTO.

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 firm house, though the carpenter
Perish, doth stand: as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger:

So, though I languish, press'd with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me 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 me.

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this inexcusable occasion,
Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love, I bear to both, sustain
No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love, which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain:
But though besides myself I leave behind
Heaven's liberal and the thrice fair Sun,
Going to where starv'd Winter aye doth won;
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
To melt all ice, but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. A. B.

O trace, which to search out the secret parts
Of th' India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast sea of arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not siren-like to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the wits' spirits and their quietness?
Thou wean thyself 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 soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that, which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done:
And I as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then
ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself; the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r doth withhold;
Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had
Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave:
They are profane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted children of poetry,
Except confirm'd and bishopped by thee.

TO MR. E. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me;
Never did Morpheus, nor his brother, wear
Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would ap-
pear;
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind, and
wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my will, myself the legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy;

That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart;
As kindly as any enamour'd patient,
His picture to his absent love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heavens, and ships wing'd angels be,
The which both gospel and stern threastings bring;
Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
As with the Jew's guide God did; he did shew
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done,
Which as the Earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipse the light, which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
But if (as all th' all must) hopes smoke away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

TO MR. J. B.

Or that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, since they depart
Whether in th' English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There's none, that sometimes greets as not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethé, that past, as you forget.
You do not duties of societies,
If from th' embrace of a lord's wife you rise,
View your fat beasts, stryptoid barns, and labour'd
fields,

Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
I, that my love, she, that her gifts on you are spent.

TO MR. J. F.

Bless'd are your north parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
Heaven's Sun, which stay'd so long from us this
year,
Stay'd in your north (I think) for she was there,
And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd yet ever wear
A green, and (when she list) a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
Thy son ne'er ward; thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them at-
tain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

TO E. OF D.

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

See, sir, how as the Sun's hot masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme [same;
(For these songs are their fruits) have wrought the
But though th' engendering force, from whence they
came,

Be strong enough, and nature doth admit
Sev'n to be born at once; I send as yet
But six; they say, the seventh hath still some main:
I choose your judgment, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them to gold;
You are that alchemist, which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

TO

SIR HENRY WOOTTON,

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

AFTER those rev'rend papers, whose soul is [name,
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling Sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream;

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 do;

After those loving papers, which friends send
With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as pray'rs ascend
To Heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for others' vice care.

'T is therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity; (past)
Which fits them (schools and courts and wars o'er-
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

TO MRS. M. H.

Man paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons, whom thy brain did create;
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rage again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do,
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 't is not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

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

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made such to work more)
Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child mispeak half utter'd words,
Or, because majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain?
And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her;
And wit and virtue and honour her attend,
And since they're but her clothes, thou shalt not
err,
If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee.
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run;
A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were sav'd before, and did that Heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
Of favour she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'er-skip the rest,
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
Mark if she mark, whither her woman came.

Mark if slight things b' objected, and o'erblown,
Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies free-will.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him, that shall be lov'd of her:

TO THE
COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is so sublimè perfection,
And so refin'd; that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none;

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed,
And these are heav'n both above our head;

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

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling, this is better done
By sleep'd damp, than by the fire or Sun:

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in th' deum's melody.

And ordinance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' Earth's low vaults in Sicil' isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one: 't is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took soul's stuff, 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 quick soul; that we [see.
May in year-through-shine front our heart's thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were temples; so, and such you are;
Being and seeming is your equal care;
And virtues' whole sum is but know and dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know
How these are one; her yea is not her no.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence:

Nature's first lesson so discretion
Must not grudge seal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor religion.

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

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religion's types the priceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went;
Who so would change, doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Tear unripe side of Earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers as brooks,
And loath younger forms; so to your eye
These, madam, that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere stony.
But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway;
And now must pity them: for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode, nor cross-arm'd elegy.

I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.

I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.

Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.

'T is love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade. [pain,
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pain'd, and show'd his
Was he that first taught women to disdain.

As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but uny'd,
Themselves imprison'd were and purify'd:
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness 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 that day mov'd!
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.

As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place; after, the nearest way;
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, further off, than when we first set out.
It is not love, that sees or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason easy,
And journeys not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
Who strives through woman's scorn women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
It is mere sickness after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sin and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault, if I unsure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The homesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But, madam, I now think on you; and here,
Where we are at our heights, you but appear;
We are but clouds, you rise from our soon-ray,
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
You are at first-hand all that's fair and right;
And others' good reflects but back your light.
You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
For what is more doth what you are restrain;
And though beyond, is down the hill again.
We have no next way to you, we cross to 't;
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 far
We see you move, and here your Zanis are:
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dim notions faintly show:

Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
The soul with body is a Heav'n combin'd
With Earth, and for man's ease nearer join'd.
Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
We guess not their large natures, but command.
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite:
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we find too earthly to ascend;
Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
Able impartial clearness to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him heading back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unfur'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire.
Such may have eye and hand; may sigh, may
speak;

But, like swollen bubbles, when they're highest, they
break.

Though far removed, northmen ideas scarce find
The Sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind.
There is an equal distance from his eye,
Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the fire, heat equal bright
From the rays first, to his last opposite

So happy man, pleas'd with a virtuous love,
Remote or near, or howsoever they thrive;
Their virtue breaks all clouds, that might annoy;
There is no complaisance, but all is joy;
He such profanes: (whom valiant hearts do move)
To stile his wandering rage of passion-love.
Love, that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the soul, not appetite.
Why less among the virtues is not known,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
You do not love;
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free;
And so is mine, so should yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of other's mean,
To mine is stone;
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me.
Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be great,
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdainings can ne'er offend,
Unless self-love take private end.

'T is love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to love's self for love's own sake!

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart,
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May show his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public land?

COUNTRY OF BEDFORD.

Though I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) power enough to give
As oft as these I think myself in bed,
So many moments as I see the dead

That thankfulness your favours have beget
 In me, esteeme me, that I do not ret:
 This season, as 't is Easter, as 't is spring,
 Must both to growth and to confusion 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 pediggally spent
 Your treasure, for since I had never known
 Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
 In you, I should not think or say they shine,
 (So as I have) in any other mine;
 Next I confesse this my confession,
 For 't is some fault: thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where halfrights seem too much,
 And think your mind's sincere complexion blush.
 Next I confesse m' impenitence; for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
 May in less lessons find enough to do,
 By studying copies, not originals;

Desunt cetera.

A LETTER

TO THE LADY CARRY, AND MRS. EMEL RICHE, FROM
 ANON.

MADAM,

Here, where by all all saints invoked are,
 'T were too much schism to be singular,
 And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints should m' humility
 To other saint than you directed be,
 That were to make my schism heresy.

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 me
 To speak things, which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
 Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent;
 They 're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
 In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
 But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless flat humility
 In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
 'T is but his phlegm that 's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood sometimes; whoever ran
 To danger unimportun'd, he was then
 No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloister'd men, who in pretence of fear
 All contributions to this life forbear,
 Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual cholerie critics, which in all
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
 Have through this need virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel guff; to gold we 're grown,
 When virtue is our soul's complexion:
 Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue 's but aguish, when 't is several,
 By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
 True virtue's soul, always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
 To your soul, found there no infirmity,
 For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you,
 Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
 And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it, that your beauty wounds not hearts,
 As others', with profane and sensual darts,
 But as an influence virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
 Grow capable of this so great a light,
 As to partake your virtues, and their might:

What must I think that influence must do,
 Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
 Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy sister; she,
 Of whom if, what is this my ecstacy
 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 room 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 to th' other, not to stray.

May therefore this b' enough to testify
 My true devotion, free from flattery;
 He that believes himself, doth never lie.

TO THE
 COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

FAIR, great, and good, since seeing you we see
 What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be:
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun,
 Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
 That his dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
 Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
 In lovers' sonnets: you come to repair
 God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
 Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
 All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
 All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Ornaments of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
 Courts, city, church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
 And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;

All trying by a love of littleness
 To make abridgments and to draw to less,
 Even that nothing, which at first we were;
 Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
 And that we learn 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 less mend it,
 (For who can judge or witness of those times,
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
 Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best fantastical:
 Since now you durst be good, and that I do
 Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
 Through your light, largeness, virtue understood:
 If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
 Any small spark of these, call it your own:
 And if things like these have been said by me
 Of others; call not that idolatry.
 For had God made man first, and man had seen
 The third day's fruits and flowers, and various
 green,

He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those fair creatures, which were made that day:
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd
 Earth,

He 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's worthiest, and, that you:
 Yet to say so doth not condemn a man,
 If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
 How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
 We first have souls of growth, and sense; and
 those,

When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
 Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
 The power and praise of both them on the last;
 No more do I wrong any, if I adore
 The same things now, which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
 In a low constable and in the king
 I reverence; his power to work on me:
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
 From having found their walks, to find their
 home.

And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
 For my last soul 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 do.
 Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
 In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie;
 For as your fellow angels, so you do
 Illustrate them, who come to study you.
 The first, whom we in histories do find
 To have profess'd all arts, was one born blind:
 He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
 Not those, by which angels are seen and sec;
 So, though I 'm born without those eyes to live,
 Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
 Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I do;
 I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
 And, though I burn my library, be learn'd.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You that are she god you, that 's double she,
 In her dead face half of yourself shall see;
 She was the other part; for so they do,
 Which build their friendships, become one of two;
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet
 Twins, though their birth Cusco and Musco take,
 As divers stars one constellation make;
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
 Both but one means to see, one way to go.
 Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been;
 And we your rich tomb in her face had seen.
 She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend, but th' other half 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 we 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 re-collect, and in one all unite:
 So madam, as her soul to Heav'n is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
 Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
 Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
 As perfect motions are all circular;
 So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
 She was all spices, you all metals; so
 In you two we did both rich Indias know.
 And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
 One dram of gold, but what was first shall last;
 Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
 So to yourself you may additions take,
 But nothing can you less or changed make.
 Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without;
 But let some faithful book in her room be,
 Yet hut of Judith no such book as she.

SAPPHO TO PHILEAS.

Where is that holy fire, which verse is said
 To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
 Verse, that draws Nature's works from Nature's law,
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire;
 Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
 Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee;
 But I, their maker, want their liberty:
 Only thine image in my heart doth sit;
 But that is wax, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
 And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome memory:
 Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
 That tells how fair thou art: thou art so fair,
 As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; and to make blind men see,
 What things gods are, I say they 're like to thee.

For if we justly call each silly man
 A little world, what shall we call thee then?
 Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
 As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies are;
 But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never
 As thou wast, art, and oh! may'st thou be ever.
 Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
 That I am such; but grief discolours me:
 And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
 Plays some soft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
 A mutual feeling, which about sweeten it.
 His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness,
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
 Thy body is a natural paradise,
 In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs perfection; why should'st thou then
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behind them that, which their sin shows,
 And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows;
 But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
 Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air.
 And between us all sweetness may be had;
 All, all that nature yields, or art can add.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
 But so, as thine from one another do:
 And, oh! no more; the likeness being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip nose denies;
 Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
 Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
 That touching myself, all seems done to thee.
 Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
 And amorously thank myself for this.
 Me in my glass I call thee; but, alas!
 When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
 O cure this loving madness, and restore
 Me to me; thee my half, my all, my more.
 So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet die,
 And their white whiteness of the galaxy;
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
 Envy in all women, and in all men love;
 And so be change and sickness far from thee,
 As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me.

TO BEN JONSON.

JAN. 6, 1603.

The state and upon's affairs are the best plays
 Next yours; 't is not more nor less than due praise:
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
 As but themselves none think them usurpers:
 It is no fault in thee to suffer them.
 If the queen mask, or king a hunting go,
 Though all the court follow, let them. We know
 Like them in goodness that court no'er will be,
 For that were virtue, and not flattery.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but this
 God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; and when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worst stung
 Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's

Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I then tell
 As to my friend, and myself as counsel:
 Let for awhile the time's unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
 Let them scorn Hell, they will a serjeant fear,
 More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
 But creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess, as their means cease;
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His grace, but love the whore, who hath undone
 Them and their souls. But, that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enow
 For the queen's mask, and their husbands, for more
 Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
 Well, let all pass, and trust him, who nor cracks
 The bruised reed, nor quencheth smoking fax.

TO BEN JONSON.

NOV. 9, 1603.

Is great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
 If mean, I will spare them; I know, the self,
 Which is ill got, the owner doth upbraid;
 It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
 And a jury: but 't will revenge in this,
 That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
 What care I though of weakness men tax me?
 I'd rather suffer than doer be;
 That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgment is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? though less, yet some of both have
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery. [we,
 Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt, that's done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should think me) careless,
 It would but force me 't a stricter goodness.
 They have great gain of me, who gain do win
 (If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
 The standing of great men's lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell his word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
 How unlike they are that they're likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like gods; the naught are so like devils.

TO SIR THO. HOWE.

1603.

DEAR TOM.

Tell her, if she to hired servants show
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace;
 For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask.
 Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
 'T would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for me?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go?
 I think the best, and love so faithfully,
 I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructify.

Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
Then he, whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
Howe'er, I'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.
I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
If what I have was given, I've enough,
And all 's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
All my friends' hate; for now departing sad
I feel not that: yet as the rack the goat
Cares, so hath this worse grief that quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (I dare foresee) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart less
Willing than those which die, and not confess.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF
MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND DECAY OF
THE WHOLE IS REPRESENTED.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the praise of the dead, and the anatomy.

Well dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his anatomy:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Beside their father's tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss: while thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than while this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eye,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task, which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch:
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gaze,
And gain, 't is safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians went to lay
More on their tombs than houses; those of clay,
But those of brass or marble were: so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profus'd all due, where 't is repaid.

So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy maker's praise and thine;
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angels' tongues can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich soul, which to her Heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they've one,
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he, who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 't is not his)
When that queen ended here her progress time,
And as t' her standing house to Heav'n did climb;
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir and song:
This world in that great earthquake languish'd;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fit; it mourn'd;
And as men think that agues physic are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care:
So thou, sick world, mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargy:
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or man.
That wound was deep; but 't is more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'T was heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made;
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead, (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determin'd)
But long th' hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us, who it is that 's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they're loath it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general law,
A strong example gone, equal to law,

The cement, which did faithfully compact
 And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
 Thought it some blasphemy to say sh' was dead,
 Or that our weakness was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
 Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee,
 Sick world, yea dead, yea putrified, since she,
 Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try
 What we may gain by thy anatomy.
 Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
 Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
 'T is labour lost to have discovered
 The world's infirmities, since there is none
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there 's a kind of world remaining still;
 Though she, which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
 Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
 A faint weak love of virtue, 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 carcass of the old world free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures be
 Produc'd: the matter and the stuff of this
 Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented arm
 These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,
 (For all assum'd unto this dignity,
 So many weedless paradises be,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
 Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
 Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
 And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
 This new world may be safer, being told
 The dangers and diseases of the old:
 For with due temper men do then forego
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
 There is no health; physicians say that we
 At best enjoy but a neutrality.
 And can there be worse sickness than to know,
 That we are never well, nor can be so?
 We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
 That children come not right nor orderly,
 Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruin, how importunate
 Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
 Even God's purpose; and made woman, sent
 For man's relief, cause of his languishment;
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principal in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funeral:
 One woman at one blow them kill'd us all,
 And singly one by one they kill us now,
 And we delightfully ourselves allow
 To that consumption; and, profanely blind,
 We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
 And yet we do not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankind, which was then,
 When as the Sun and man did seem to strive,
 (Joint-tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When stag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
 When, if a slow-gal'd star had stol'n away
 From the observer's tracking, he might stay

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Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
 And then make up his observation plain;
 When as the age was long, the size was great;
 Man's growth confess'd and recompens'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every soul
 Did a fair kingdom and large realm control;
 And when the very stature thus erect
 Did that soul a good way towards heav'n direct:
 Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
 Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
 Old grandaiores talk of yesterday with sorrow:
 And for our children we reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length, is man,
 Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
 For had a man at first in forests stray'd
 Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an elephant or whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assail
 A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
 The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
 As credible; mankind decays so soon,
 We're scarce our father's shadows cast at noon:
 Only death adds 't our length: nor are we grown
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this, were light, did our less volume hold
 All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
 Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was:
 But 't is not so: we're not retir'd, best damp'd;
 And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp'd;
 'T is shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
 In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
 We seem ambitious God's whole work 't undo;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
 To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
 Do what we can, to do 't as soon as he:
 With new diseases on ourselves we war,
 And with new physic, a worse engine far.
 This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appear,
 They're but man's ministers and legats there,
 To work on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to civility and to man's use:
 This man, whom God did woo, and, loth 't attend
 Till man came up, did down to man descend:
 This man so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is!
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
 Help, or at least some time to waste allow
 'T his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom th' ancients seem'd to prophesy,
 When they call'd virtues by the name of she;
 She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
 That for allay unto so pure a mind
 She took the weaker sex; she, that could drive
 The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
 Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
 All by a true religious alchymy;
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernatural food, religious,

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Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou 'rt less than an ant.
 Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame:
 For before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best:
 It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And torn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
 Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
 Both beasts, and plants, curs'd in the curse of man;
 So did the world from the first hour decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day;
 And now the springs and summers, which we see,
 Like sons of women after fifty be.
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
 The element of fire is quite put out:
 The Sun is lost, and th' Earth; and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it.
 And freely men confess that this world's spent,
 When in the planets and the firmament
 They seek so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
 'T is all in pieces, all coherence gone,
 All just supply, and all relation:
 Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinks he hath got
 To be a phoenix, and that then can be
 None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
 This is the world's condition now, and now
 She, that should all parts to reunion bow;
 She, that had all magnetic force alone
 To draw and fasten sunder'd 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 world's sea, stray,
 And needed a new compass for their way;
 She, that was best and first original
 Of all fair copies, and the general
 Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
 Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
 Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
 Spice on those isles, and bad them still smell so;
 And that rich India, which doth gold inter,
 Is but as single money coin'd from her:
 She, to whom this world must itself refer,
 As suburbs, or the microcosm of her;
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this
 Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That this world's general sickness doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certain part;
 But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
 Of the whole substance not to be control'd;
 And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
 The world's infection, to be none of it.
 For the world's subt'lt immaterial parts
 Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
 For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
 Beauty, that 's colour and proportion.
 We think the Heav'n's enjoy their spherical,
 Their round proportion embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
 Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure form: it tears
 The firmament in eight and forty shares,

And in these constellations then arise
 New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes: [war,
 As though Heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or
 When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
 They have impal'd within a zodiac
 The free-born Sun, and keep twelve signs awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control
 And fright him back, who else to either pole
 (Did not these tropics fetter him) might run:
 For his course is not round, nor can the Sun
 Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
 Steals by that point, and so is serpentine:
 And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now fall'n nearer us.
 So of the stars, which boast that they do run
 In circle still, none ends where he begun:
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
 For of meridians and parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the Heav'n's; and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
 To go to Heav'n, we make Heav'n come to us.
 We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
 They 're diversely content t' obey our pace.
 But keeps the Earth her round proportion still?
 Doth not a Taurus or higher hill
 Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
 The floating Moon would shipwreck there and sink?
 Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to day,
 Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
 Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly think, that there would rise
 At end thereof one of th' antipodes:
 If under all a vault infernal be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a strait hot room be thrust)
 Then solidness and roundness have no place:
 Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
 Of th' Earth? think so: but yet confess, in this
 The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
 That those two legs, whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
 And, oh! it can no more be questioned,
 That beauty's best proportion is dead,
 Since even grief itself, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She, by whose lines proportion should be
 Examin'd, measure of all symmetry, [made
 Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls
 Of harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was she, and thence infer
 That souls were but resuitances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies go,
 As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
 She, who, if those great doctors truly said,
 That th' ark to man's proportion 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 civil war to cease:
 She, after whom what form soe'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity;
 She, she is dead, she's dead! when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee:

And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They're loathsome too by this deformity.
For good and well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate turcoise, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When Nature was most busy, the first week
Swadling the new-born Earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: Summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unweav'd Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'T is now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in aught more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the Heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, all are tombs;
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For Heav'n gives little, and the Earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.

If this commerce 'twixt Heav'n and Earth were not
Embar'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, 're med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot;
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotences lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some princes have some temperance;
Some counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity.
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That 't is in vain to dew or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
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 world's carcass would not last, if I
Were punctual in this anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell [well
Them their disease, who fain would think they're
Here therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, [song,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd Earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth;
That is thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 't is born but then,
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, Death directs it home;
And you her creatures whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse;
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:

Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her?
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; Heav'n keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'T is loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest,
Alas! what 's marble, jeat, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she 's demolish'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short liv'd, abortive be
Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrap'd; or when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
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 pieces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and the
Being spent, the world must needs decrepitate:
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itself; so great was she,
Thus brave and confident may nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she 's dead? may 't not be said,
That as a sundred clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand,
Repolish'd, without error then to stand;
Or, as the Afric Niger stream entwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May 't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heav'n may say this, and joy in 't; but can we,
Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne, or cherubin?
We lose by 't: and as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had;
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;

One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within;
'T was but a through-light scarf her maid 't enroll;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul:
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, whoe'er had worth enough, desir'd.
As, when a temple 's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But as when Heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise;
What place they should assign to them, they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she:
But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
Rather 't adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon.
Woman, she went away before sh' was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as serv'd for opium;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
Sh' hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of Destiny,
How fair and chaste, humble and high, sh' had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book;
But 't is not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die;
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate,
'T accomplish that which should have been her fate.
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of fate and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 't is in Heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her on Earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF
MRS. ELIZABETH DEURY, THE INCOMMODITIES OF THE
SOUL IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EXALTATION IN THE NEXT,
ARE CONTEMPLATED.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The harbinger to the progress.

Two souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration and of love.
Thy soul (dear virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal sphere to lively bliss;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree:
Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still mov'd are:

No soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.
But now thou art as high in Heaven flown,
As Heav'n's from us; what soul besides thine own
Can tell thy joys, or say, he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
I envy thee (rich soul) 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 far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own;
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not besem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress, whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays:
And since thy Muse her head in Heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds:
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best,
Which praise those awful pow'rs, that make them
bleas'd.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess,
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sun's sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all
Did set; 't were blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship, which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force, which before it won:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two red seas, which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul; 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 she is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
So after this Sun's set some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,

Forgetting her, the main reserve of all;
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seemest me strive for life; my life shall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great grand-children of thy praises grow;
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrify with vice.
For thus man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may increase so long,
As till God's great venite change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptic so,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be;
Be not concern'd: study not why, or when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;
And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection?
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have beat memory.
Look upward, that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack what'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in then, when she was in it.
She, that first try'd indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She, to whose person paradise adher'd;
As courts to princes: she, whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light enough, t' have made the south control
(Had she been there) the star-full northern pole;
She, she is gone; she's gone: when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth Heav'n make in death:
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic; chide the slackness of the fit.

Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
 So this to the triumphant church calls thee.
 Think Satan's serjeants round about thee be,
 And think that but for legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy pride, t' another give thy lust:
 Give them those sins, which they gave thee before,
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
 Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
 Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
 That they confess much in the world amiss,
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
 Which they from God and angels cover not.
 Think that they shroud thee up, and think from
 They re-invest thee in white innocence. [thence,
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
 Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
 Think that they bury thee, and think that right
 Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night.
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Drowsy, or slack, remember then that she,
 She, whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade
 The other three, no fear, no art could guess;
 So far were all remov'd from more or less:
 But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes
 To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
 Only because all were, no part was best;
 And as, though all do know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoin,
 And say, this is a line, or this a point;
 So though the elements and humours were
 In her, one could not say, this governs there;
 Whose even constitution might have won
 Any disease to venture on the Sun,
 Rather than her; and make a spirit fear,
 That he too disuniting subject were;
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, they're unstable; circles, angular;
 She, who was such a chain as Fate employs
 To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think
 No accident could threaten any link;
 She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
 The purest blood and breath that e'er it eat;
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to Heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heav'n was content to suffer violence;
 Yea, though he plead a long possession too, [do)
 (For they're in Heav'n on Earth, who Heav'n's works
 Though he had right, and pow'r, and place before,
 Yet Death must usher and unlock the door.
 Think further on thyself, my soul, and think
 How thou at first was made but in a sink;
 Think, that it argued some infirmity,
 That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
 Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both
 My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
 Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
 This curdled milk, this poor unletter'd whelp,
 My body, could, beyond escape or help,
 Infect thee with original sin, and thou
 Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.

Think, that no stubborn sullen anchorit,
 Which fix'd t' a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
 So foully, as our souls in their first-built cells:
 Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
 After enabled but to suck, and cry;
 Think, when 't was grown to most, 't was a poor inn,
 A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
 And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or, their true mother, age:
 But think that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty.
 Think, that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
 And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
 Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but
 now,
 And think this slow-pac'd soul, which late did cleave
 T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
 Twenty perchance or thirty miles a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth; she stays not in the air,
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th' air's middle region be intense;
 For th' element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live and die.
 Venus retards her not, t' inquire how she
 Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be;
 He, that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
 Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
 Nor is by Jove, nor by his father, barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at and through the firmament.
 And as those stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those spheres, as through those beads
 a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
 As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
 So by the soul doth Death string Heav'n and Earth;
 For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second-grace)
 Heaven is near and present to her face;
 As colours are and objects in a room,
 Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
 This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
 T' advance these thoughts; remember then that she,
 She, whose fair body no such prison was,
 But that a soul might well be pleas'd to pass
 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;
 She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
 This low world to so high a mark as she)
 The western treasure, eastern spicery,
 Europe, and Africa, and the unknown east
 Were easily found, or what in them was best;
 And when we've made this large discovery
 Of all, in her some one part then will be
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
 She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
 The tutelar angels, and assigned one both

To nations, cities, and to companies,
 To functions, offices, and dignities,
 And to each several man, to him and him,
 They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
 She, of whose soul if we may say, 't was gold,
 Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; we understood
 Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought;
 She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
 And chides us, slow-pac'd snails, who crawl upon
 Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well,
 Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
 But 't were but little to have chang'd our room,
 If, as we were in this our living tomb
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
 Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 Thou know'st thyself 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 poison of man's sin;
 Nor dost thou (though thou know'st that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortal, know.
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Even thyself, yea, though thou would'st but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
 For many ages, that our body 's wrought
 Of air, and fire, and other elements?
 And now they think of new ingredients.
 And one soul thinks one, and another way
 Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
 Know'st thou hut how the stone doth enter in
 T' be bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
 flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
 And for the putrid stuff 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 nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
 Know not the least things, which for our use be?
 We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
 An hundred controversies of an ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but catechisms and alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
 How others on our stage their parts did act:
 What Cæsar did, yea, or what Cicero said.
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto;
 In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
 Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
 Of being t'wight by sense and fantasy?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem
 great
 Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
 And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
 Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
 By circuit or collections to discern;
 In Heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
 Perchance as learned, and as full as she;
 She, who all libraries had thoroughly read
 At home in her own thoughts, and practis'd

So much good, as would make as many more:
 She, whose example they must all implore,
 Who would, or do, or think well, and confess
 That all the virtuous actions they express,
 Are but a new and worse edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action:
 She, who in th' art of knowing Heav'n was grown
 Here upon Earth to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to Heav'n she came,
 (In a far fairer print) but read the same;
 She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-freight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well 't enjoy as get perfection;
 And calls us after her, in that she took
 (Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
 Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy,
 And meditation of what thou shalt be,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
 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 drink in thine?
 Shalt thou not find a spongy slack divine
 Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
 And for the word of God vent them again?
 Are there not some courts (and then no things be
 So like as courts) which in this let us see,
 That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
 Because they do more ill than these can speak?
 The poison 's gone through all, poisons affect
 Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
 In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements will show;
 So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
 Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
 Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
 Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid
 Joy in not being that which men have said;
 Where she 's exalted more for being good,
 Than for her interest of motherhood;
 Up to those patriarchs, which did longer sit
 Expecting Christ, than they 've enjoy'd him yet:
 Up to those prophets, which now gladly see
 Their prophecies grown to be history:
 Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
 All the Sun's course, with more light than the Sun:
 Up to those martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oil to th' apostle's lamps, dew to their seed:
 Up to those virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his temple give:
 Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
 She, who hath carry'd thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities:
 She, who being to herself a state, enjoy'd
 All royalties, which any state employ'd;
 For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will:
 And she made peace; for no peace is like this,
 That beauty and chastity together kiss:
 She did high justice, for she crucify'd
 Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride:
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only herself except, she pardon'd all:
 She coin'd, in this, that her impression gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have:
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
 As these prerogatives, being met in one,
 Made her a sovereign 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 than all the world was ill)
 She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
 All this in Heav'n; whither who doth not strive
 The more, because she 's there, he doth not know
 That accidental joys in Heav'n do grow.
 But pause, my soul; and study, ere thou fall
 On accidental joys, th' essential.
 Still before accessories do abide
 A trial, must the principal be try'd.
 And what essential joy canst thou expect
 Here upon Earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthiest is to move)
 Poor cozen'd cozener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now.
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay.
 Nor are (although the river keep the name)
 Yesterday's waters and to day's the same.
 So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now
 That saint, nor pilgrim, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
 Constant, you 're hourly in inconstancy.
 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 inferiors flow,
 (For they do give it; princes do but show
 Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
 On such opinions and capacities
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less,
 Alas! 't is but a casual happiness.
 Hath ever any man t' himself assign'd
 This or that happiness t' arrest his mind,
 But that another man, which takes a worse,
 Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
 They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
 Might have consider'd, that for that effect
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow,
 Nor furnish forth materials enow;
 And that his centre, to raise such a place,
 Was far too little to have been the base:
 No more affords this world foundation
 T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
 But as the heathen made them several gods
 Of all God's benefits, and all his rods,
 (For as the wine, and corn, and onions are
 Gods unto them, so agues be, and war)
 And as by changing that whole precious gold
 To such small copper coins, they lost the old,
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
 So much mankind true happiness mistakes;
 No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
 Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again;
 Know that all lines, which circles do contain,
 For once that they the centre touch, do touch
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such,
 Double on Heav'n thy thoughts, on Earth employ'd;
 All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
 The sight of God in fulness, can think it;
 For it is both the object and the wit.
 This is essential joy, where neither he
 Can suffer diminution, nor we;

'T is 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,
 She, whom we celebrate, is gone before:
 She, who had here so much essential joy,
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any natural stone or tree,
 Better than when in images they be:
 Who kept by diligent devotion
 God's image in such reparation
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
 Was her first parents' fault, and not her own:
 Who, being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract:
 Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
 Who dream'd devotlier than most use to pray:
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
 Both where more grace and more capacity
 At once is given: she to Heav'n is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A Heav'n, and here became unto us all,
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
 But could this low world joys essential touch,
 Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.
 How poor and lame must then our casual be?
 If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
 My lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
 By being greater, grown to be less man.
 When no physician of redress can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous apostem in thy breast;
 And whilst thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'er was casual, may ever be:
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual when it came?
 All casual joy doth lood and plainly say,
 Only by coming, that it can away.
 Only in Heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
 And accidental things are permanent.
 Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays;
 (For that soul ever joys, and ever stays)
 Joy, that their last great consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestial
 Shall be than angels were; for they could fall;
 This kind of joy doth every day admit
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 't is no small part that she,
 She, in whose goodness he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; ('t is loss to be call'd best,
 There where the stuff is not such as the rest;)
 She, who left such a body as even she
 Only in Heav'n could learn, how it can be
 Made better; for she rather was two souls,
 Or like to full on both sides-written rolls,
 Where minds might read upon the outward skin
 As strong records for God, as minds within:
 She, who, by making full perfection grow,
 Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for 't, to Heav'n is gone,
 Where she receives and gives addition.
 Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
 A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
 The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
 And where what laws of poetry admit,

Laws of religion have at least the same,
 Immortal maid, 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 year's true rent,
 Did this coin bear any other stamp than his,
 That gave thee power to do, me to say this:
 Since his will is, that to posterity
 Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
 And that the world should notice have of this,
 The purpose and th' authority is his.
 Thou art the proclamation; and I am
 The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON

THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE
 HENRY.

Look on me, Faith, and look to my faith, God;
 For both my centres feel this period.
 Of weight one centre, one of greatness is;
 And reason is that centre, faith is this;
 For into our reason flow, and there do end
 All, that this natural world doth comprehend;
 Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
 Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
 But for th' enormous greatness, which are
 So disproportion'd, and so angular,
 As is God's essence, place, and providence,
 Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence;
 These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike:
 Yet neither all, nor upon all alike.
 For reason, put to her best extension,
 Almost meets faith, and makes both centres one.
 And nothing ever came so near to this,
 As contemplation of that prince we miss.
 For all that faith might credit, mankind could,
 Reason still seconded, that this prince would.
 If then least moving of the centre make
 More, than if whole Hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What must this do, centres distracted so,
 That we see not what to believe or know?
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
 Whose reputation was an ecstasy,
 On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
 For whom, what princes angled, when they try'd,
 Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd;
 And other's studies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great father's greatest instrument,
 And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
 This soul of peace unto Christianity?
 Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
 This general peace th' eternal overtake,
 And that his times might have stretch'd out so far,
 As to touch those of which they emblems are?

For to confirm this just belief, that now
 The last days came, we saw Heav'n did allow,
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peaceful times rumours of wars should arise.
 But now this faith is hereby: we must
 Still stay, and vex our great grandmother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
 Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
 And will not let 's enjoy our curse, to die?
 As for the Earth, thrown lowest down of all,
 'T were an ambition to desire to fall;
 So God, in our desire to die, doth know
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
 Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth and generation done,
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustains in us, Earth, which griefs animate?
 Nor hath our world now other soul than that.
 And could grief get so high as Heav'n, that quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
 (With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
 To rectify our errors they foreknow.
 Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
 Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
 For if our reason be our connection
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as if all the substances were spent,
 'T were madness to inquire of accident;
 So is 't to look for reason, he being gone,
 The only subject reason wrought upon.
 If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
 When miracle doth come, and so steal in
 A new link, man knows not where to begin:
 At a much deader fault must reason be,
 Death having broke off such a link as he.
 But now, for us with busy proof to come,
 That we've no reason, would prove we had some;
 So would just lamentations: therefore we
 May safer say, that we are dead, than he.
 So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
 We've double excuse; he's not dead, we are.
 Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
 Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
 (Our souls' best baiting and mid-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 hear,
 That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
 I pardon Fate, my life; whoe'er thou be,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she:
 I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
 By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
 By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you two mutual Heav'ns were here,
 I were an angel, singing what you were.

OBSEQUIES

ON

THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any coat upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir; I do not therefore send this paper to your ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude; if that were to be judged by words, which must express it. But, madam, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours: so his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

your ladyship's
most humble and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

FAIR soul, which wast not only as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of Heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead-low water, when all minds divest
To morrow's business, 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 client, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
Again by death) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep;
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that Sun rises to me, midnight's noon;

All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; 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 ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as, if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently
Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone:
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on; virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure nature, virtue, and destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he
Which says they have no parts, but simple be:
So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entireer than a million.
And had Fate meant 't have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome:
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from Heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun, [run,
Now through the Moon, now through the air doth
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and air;
And as this angel in an instant knows;
And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so; [go
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B;

So in short-liv'd good men is not understood
 Each several virtue, but the compound good.
 For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
 As angels go, and know, and as men read.
 O why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
 Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And to make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O, soul! O, circle! why so quickly be
 Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In Heav'n, the other might securely 've pac'd
 In the most large extent through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment,
 hath.

Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
 (Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of th' equinoctial;
 Yet when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there, the Sun affected is;
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
 Only great circles then can be our scale:
 So though thy circle to thyself express
 All tending to thy endless happiness;
 And we by our good use of it may try
 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 ambition, irreligion's ice,
 Zeal's agues, and hydroptic avarice,
 (Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust and ignorance of youth;)
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to do?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel;
 Whose hands gets shaking palsies; and whose string
 (His sinews) slackens; and whose soul, the spring,
 Expires or languishes; and whose pulse, the flee,
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
 Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
 Or idle, as men which to their last hour come;
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will;
 So youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole towns, t' employ their time,
 And error doth more harm, being general,
 When small clock's faults only on th' wearer fall:
 So work the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the state rely;
 Why would'st not thou then, which hadst such a
 soul,

A clock so true, as might the Sun control,
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such, as it could never be
 Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
 And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
 Oh, why would'st thou be an instrument
 To this unnatural course? or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
 That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
 Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
 Though her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
 All is at once sunk in the whirl-pool, death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, also a desert, grown a court by thee.

Now I am sure that if a man would have
 Good company, his entry is a grave.
 Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
 Where when the several labourers I see
 For children, house, provision, taking pain, [grain:
 They're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and
 And church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repair, that are in goodness rich;
 There is the best concourse and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins God's city, new Jerusalem,
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them:
 At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
 Begin thy triumph. But since laws allow
 That at the triumph-day the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the triumpher say,
 Let me here use that freedom, and express
 My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
 By law to triumphs none admitted be,
 Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
 Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsels might get victory,
 And so in that capacity remove
 All jealousies 'twixt prince and subject's love,
 Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on Death, usurp a grave,
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine own affections, with the heat
 Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
 Both envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For both these engines equally defeat,
 Though by a divers mine, those which are great)
 Till then thy war was but a civil war,
 For which to triumph none admitted are;
 No more are they, who, though with good success,
 In a defensive war their power express.
 Before men triumph, the dominion
 Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battles were to win
 Thyself from those straits Nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
 (Which is thy soul and body) as entire
 As he, who takes indentures, doth require;
 But didst not stay, t' enlarge his kingdom too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to do; [more
 Why should'st thou triumph now, when Heav'n no
 Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
 For Heav'n and thou, even when thou livest here,
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from triumph most disables thee,
 That that place, which is conquered, must be
 Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to break out:
 And hath he left us so? or can it be
 This territory was no more than he?
 No, we were all his charge; the diocese
 Of every exemplar man the whole world is:
 And he was joined in commission
 With tutelar angels, sent to every one.
 But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
 Him who triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the senate, who this triumph gave;
 Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
 At that authority, by which he got

Leave to triumph, before by age he might ;
 So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write
 Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus
 That thou so early would'st abandon us ;
 Yet I am far from daring to dispute
 With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
 'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugners be
 Of early triumph : and I (though with pain)
 Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
 Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
 That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
 Though then in our times be not suffered
 That testimony of love unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French soldiari did ;
 And though in no degree I can express
 Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
 Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
 Their walls and bulwarks, which became them best :
 Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
 That in thy grave I do inter my Muse ;
 Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ON

THE LADY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This sea environs all, and though as yet
 God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it roar, and growl, and still pretend
 To break our bank, whene'er it takes a friend :
 Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent ;
 Our waters then above our firmament,
 (Tears, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
 Take all a brackish taste, and funeral.
 And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
 We, after God, new drown our world again.
 Nothing but man, of all envenom'd things,
 Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
 Tears are false spectacles ; we cannot see
 Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach ;
 But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
 And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
 As men of China, after an age's stay
 Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay ;
 So at this grave, her limbec (which refin'd
 The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,
 Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
 Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompense, it shall
 Make and name them th' elixir of this all.
 They say, the sea, when it gains, loatheth too ;
 If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
 Usurp the body ; our soul, which subject is
 To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this ;
 They perish both, when they attempt the just ;
 For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
 So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both ;
 For none to death sins, that to sin is loath.
 Nor do they die, which are not loath to die ;
 So hath she this and that virginity.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.

Of what small spots pure white complains ! Aims,
 How little poison cracks a crystal glass !
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, *all sinners be*.
 So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
 That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie ;
 Making omissions acts ; laying the touch
 Of sin on things, that sometime may be such.
 As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
 Surpass all speed, by him are winged too :
 So would her soul, already in Heav'n, seem them
 To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speak, that Death his vain haste 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 heresy,
 That women can no parts of friendship be ;
 How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
 Lest they, that hear her virtues, think her old ;
 And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ON

MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH, I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 Whatever hath slipt, that might diminish thee :
 Spiritual treason, atheism 't is, to say,
 That any can thy summons disobey.
 Th' Earth's face is but thy table ; there are set
 Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws :
 Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last :
 Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him ; he sinks the deep,
 Where harmless fish monastic silence keep ;
 Who (were Death dead) the rows of living sand
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
 In birds' Heav'n's choristers, organic throats ;
 Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
 A tenth rank in the Heavenly hierarchy.
 O strong and long-liv'd Death, how can'st thou in ?
 And how without creation didst begin ?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dy'st,
 All the four monarchies, and antichrist.
 How could I think thee nothing, that see now
 In all this all, nothing else is, but thou ?
 Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
 Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
 For we to live our bellows wear, and breath,
 Nor are we mortal, 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 he
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
 One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own ;
 She was more stories high : hopeless to come
 To her soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.
 Her soul and body was a king and court :
 But thou hast both of captain mis'd and fort.

As houses fall not, though the kings remove;
 Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
 Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
 As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
 Both work a separation, no divorce:
 Her soul is gone to usher up her corpse,
 Which shall be almost another soul, for there
 Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
 Because in her her virtues did outgo
 Her years, would'st thou, O emulous Death, do so,
 And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
 Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of
 youth?

Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold;
 Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd; and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
 Had she persever'd just, there would have been
 Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
 Such as would call her friendship love, and feign
 To sociableness a name profane;
 Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou 've slain more souls, had'st thou
 not cross'd

Thyself, and, to triumph, thine army lost.
 Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
 But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
 Our tears are due, because we are not such.
 Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chain is broke; though no link lost.

ON HIS WIFE.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
 By our long striving hopes, by that remorse,
 Which my words masculine persuasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
 I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
 By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
 And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
 I here unswear, and overwear them thus;
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair love! love's impetuous rage,
 Be my true mistress, not my feigned page;
 I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
 Thirst to come back; O, if thou die before,
 My soul from other lands to thee shall soar;
 Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
 Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
 Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 Fair Oritha, whom he swore he lov'd.
 Fall ill or good, 't is madness 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 body's habit, nor mind; be not strange

To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace.
 Richly cloth'd apes, are call'd apes; and as soon
 Eclips'd, as bright we call the Moon, the Moon,
 Men of France, changeable chameleons,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company
 Of players, which upon the world's stage be,
 Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
 Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage,
 As Lot's fair guests were ver'd. But none of these,
 Nor spongy hydropic Dutch, shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O, stay here; for, for thee
 England is only a worthy gallery,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me; nor bless, nor curse
 Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse
 With midnight's startings, crying out, "Oh! oh!
 Nurse, O! my love is slain; I saw him go
 O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die."
 Augure me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me t' have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
 When we are speechless grown to make stones speak:
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside see'st what thou art now:
 Yet thou 'rt not yet so good; till Death us lay
 To ripe and mellow here we're stubborn clay.
 Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
 Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
 Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses;
 So we ourselves miraculously destroy,
 Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
 Such privileges, enabled here to scale
 Heav'n, when the trumpet's air shall them exale.
 Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
 By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
 And think me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

ELEGY.

MADAM,

THAT I might make your cabinet my tomb,
 And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
 Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
 Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.
 Others by wills give legacies, but I
 Dying of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
 When we are senseless grown, to make stones speak:
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside see, what thou art now:

Yet thou 'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we 're stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here-to grow gold we lie ;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses.

ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH, be not proud ; thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow ;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terror, anguish, grief denounces ;
Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in Heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought ;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt Heav'n and it, when life did knock.

Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay ;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures ;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curs'd before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears :
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams wash'd should
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb, [be ;
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine ;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet
sound,

Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound ;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost hersight,
Taught thus, our after-stay 's but a short night :
But by all souls, not by corruption choked,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invoked ;
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever bless'd.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, oh ! heir of it, our all is his pay.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus. [us
'T is well, his life's loud speaking works deserve,
And give praise too ; our cold tongues could not
serve :

'T is well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.

Oh, if a sweet-briar climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise ;
As we for him dead : though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heav'n's discovery,
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their 'states, with him in joy to share.
We lose, what all friends lov'd, him ; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow ;
If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
All virtues, whose name subtle school-men knew.
What ease can hope, that we shall see him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet ?
His children are his pictures ; oh ! they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone ;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

UPON

MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

O to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative ? [them
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and would'st seeek
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtazan.
That inland sea having discover'd well,
A cellar gulf, where one might sail to Hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see : and-thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work ! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'T is no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic ?
Not till thou exceed the world ? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose ?
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show ;
Mount now to Gallo-belgicus ; appear
As deep a statesman as a garretteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrificcs send ;
The West sent gold, which thou did'st freely spend,
Meaning to see 't no more upon the press :
The East sends hitber her deliciousness ; [hence,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves ; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels ; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men ;
If for vast tuns of currants, and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs,

If *omni-pregnant* there, upon warm stalls
 They hatch all wares, for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kind of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means, which th' ancients never took,
 A pandect mak'st, and universal book.
 The bravest heroes, for their country's good,
 Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and blood;
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do public good, cut in anatomies;
 So will thy book in pieces, for a lord,
 Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
 Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
 For friends to pass 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 pills, and save a friend's life so;
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
 So much, as once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
 All in one bottom, in one library.
 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 Sibil's was, your book is mystical,
 For every piece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine impotency I confess,
 The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less:
 Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
 And, rather than read all, I would read none.

I. D.

SONNET.

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,
 Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
 Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
 That in my passions I may hope the best.
 I beg nor ribbon wrought with thy own hands,
 To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
 Of new-touch'd youth; nor ring, to show the stands
 Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
 So should our loves meet in simplicity;
 No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desir'd, 'cause 't is like the best;
 Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
 Within the writings, which thou hast address'd.
 Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score;
 But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

THE
PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

MTEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings
 set their arms; I, my picture; if any colours can
 deliver a mind so plain, and flat, and through-
 light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt,
 and stick, and do not say quickly, Good. I cen-
 sure much, and tax; and this liberty costs me
 more than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious
 against myself, as not to do 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 me, they must pardon
 me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him
 that, like the Trent council, forbids not books, but
 authors, damning whatever such a name hath or
 shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not
 something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when
 I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into
 any man's debt; how my stock will hold out, I
 know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in
 use. If I do borrow any thing of antiquity, be-
 sides that I make account that I pay it to posterity,
 with as much, and as good, you shall still find me
 to acknowledge it; and to thank not him only, that
 hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath
 lighted me 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 Pythagorean
 doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to
 man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants
 also: and therefore you must not grudge to find
 the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and
 in a maceron; since no unreadiness in the soul,
 but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And
 therefore, though this soul could not move when it
 was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now
 tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served:
 and though it could not speak, when it was a spider,
 yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it
 for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies
 have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath
 ever been her own; which makes me so seriously
 deliver you by her relation all her passages from
 her first making, when she was that apple which
 Eve eat, to this time when she is she, whose life
 you shall find in the end of this book.

FIRST SONG.

I SING the progress of a deathless soul,
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,
 Plac'd in most shapes; all times, before the law
 Yok'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing;
 And the great world t' his aged evening,
 From infant morn, though manly noon I draw;
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,

Greek brass, or Roman iron, 'is in this one ;
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

These, eye of Heav'n, this great soul envies not ;
By thy male force is all, we have begot.
In the first east thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'at early balm, and island spices there ;
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine ;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be ;
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
outlive thee.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
The church, and all the monarchies did float ;
That swimming college, and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
Us and our latest nephews did install ;
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this all)
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So divers shapes into that floating park, [spark.
As have been mov'd, and inform'd by this heav'nly

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing ; who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou, whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look,
And show my story, in Thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal, this my life's race is spann'd.

To my six lustres, almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more ;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets ;
O ! let me not lanch out, but let me save
Th' expense of brain and spirit ; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may have.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
Itself ; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold in sad lone ways a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy poem light, and light
For, though through many straits and lands I roam,
I lanch at Paradise, and sail towards home :
The course, I there began, shall here be stay'd ;
Sails hoisted there, struck here ; and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates
weigh'd.

For the great soul, which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
brow,
Which, as the Moon the sea, moves us ; to hear
Whose story with long patience you will long ;
(For 't is the crown, and last strain of my song)
This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh ; this soul, which oft did tear,

And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less,
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That 'all, which always was all, every where ;
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear ;
Which could not die, yet could not choose but die ;)
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree ;
For on that tree hung in securitie [free
This soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
That apple grew, which this soul did enlive ;
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
Took 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 eat :
So perished the eaters and the meat ; [sweat.
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and

Man all at once was there by woman slain ;
And one by one we 're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, rivulets ;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their nets :
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners judges, 't would seem rigorous ;
She sinn'd, we bear ; part of our pain is thus [us.
To love them, whose fault to this painful love yok'd

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so ;
Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept ? Or can
His creature's will cross 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 worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

But snatch me, heav'nly spirit, from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity ; less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill, [toys
Though with good mind ; their reason's like those
Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
Arguing is heretic's game, and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them : not liberties [resies.
Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end he-

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
'T is so soon gone, (and better proof the law
Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
T' a dark and foggy plot ; her, her fates threw
There through th' Earth's pores, and in a plant
hour'd her anew.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place, where no place was; by nature's course
As air from water, water floats away
From thicker bodies; by this root thong'd so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the prince, and so fill up the way, [near,
That vessels scarce could pass; when she comes
They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings; these fingers were:
And as a slumb'ring stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
To show, that in love's business he should still
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindly; his leaves force of conception kill.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears;
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs;
A young Colossus there he stands upright:
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafy garland wears he on his head
Enchar'd with little fruits, so red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place possess'd,
Did this soul's second inn, built by the guest
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

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

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she,
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and engag'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blue shell; the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overspreads.
A mouth he ope, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him; and so feeds then
One, that within a month will beat him from his
hen.

In this world's youth wise Nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last;

VOL. V.

Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen;
He asks her not who did so taste, nor when;
Nor if his sister or his niece she be,
Nor doth she pyle for his inconstancy,
If in her sight he change; nor doth refuse
The next, that calls; both liberty do use;
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely
choose.

Men, till they took laws, which made freedom less,
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 't was not;
So jolly, that it can move this soul: is
The body so free of his kindnesses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And sleek'neth not the soul's and body's knot,
Which temperance straitens: freely on his ho- friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himself in three-years ends.

Elas might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feign'd calls, his nets, or cawrapping snare
The free inhabitants of th' pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leava:
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three; then straitned twenty years,
To live, and to increase his race, himself outwears.

This coal with overblowing quenched and dead,
The soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leav'd was,
For they had intertouch'd, as they did pass;
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul inform'd; and able it to row
Itself with finny oars, 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,

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd:
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd; and yet, before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This, and much such; and, unblam'd, devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this soul in double walls was shut;
Till, melted with the swan's 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 again retire
T' another fish, to any new device
Made a new prey: for he, that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journeys with her towards the glassy deep,

O

But oft retarded; once with a hidden net, [taught
Though with great windows, (for when need first
These tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greediness, to let [wrought,
None 'scape, but few, and fit for use to get)
As in this trap a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distress'd, would fain have slain
This wretch: so hardly are ill habits left again.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpass,
Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast;
The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breath,
And suck in air, or find it underneath;
Or working parts like mills, or limbecs hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but safe the place she 's come unto,
Where fresh with salt waves meet; and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities,
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spy'd through his traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted she 'a but to th' exalter's good,
(As are by great ones men, which lowly stood).
It 's rais'd to be the raiser's instrument and food.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither do, nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon:
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator: at last
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That leagués o'erpass'd at sea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies:
The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fish I follow, and keep no calendar
Of th' other: he lives yet in some great officer.

Into an embryo fish our soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness; as if unmanac'd
From Greece, Morea were, and that, by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swam;
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the hopeful promontory's head,
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or without sail [whale.
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broil'd sea they make,
Than cannon's voices, when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were

Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing,
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity [must die?
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
He justles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat;
'T is greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest: there 's no pause at perfection;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not thoroughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence outstreak)
Conspir'd against him; and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

The flail'd-flun'd thresher, and steel-beak'd sword-
Only attempt to do, what all do wish: [fish
The thresher backs him, and to beat begins;
The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
And, t' hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink; the sword-fish upward spins,
And goes him with his beak; his staff-like fins
So wells the one, his sword the other pierces,
That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obsequies forget;
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he 's now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy of subject's love, that of their own
They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince
shown.

This soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation,
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle: and having for her house
Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great,
Than they, who good repos'd estates possess)
This soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

Nature's great stultified, an eloquent,
 (The only harmless great thing) the giant
 Of beasts; who thought none had, to make him wise,
 But to be just and thankful, both t' offend
 (Yet Nature hath giv'n him no losses to bend)
 Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
 And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stood; next not his fantasy
 Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
 His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
 Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
 And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
 And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
 Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down;
 With him the murd'rer dies, whom envy sent
 To kill, not 'scape (for only he, that meant
 To die, did ever kill a man of better room).
 And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
 Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

Next bous'd this soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
 To issue: it could kill, as soon as go.
 Abel, as white and mild, as his sheep were,
 (Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
 Was the first type) was still infested so
 With this wolf, that it bred his lam and woe;
 And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
 That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

He took a course, which since successfully
 Great men have often taken, to espy
 The comings, or to break the plots of foes;
 To Abel's tent he stealthily in the dark,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept: ere she could bark,
 Attack'd her with strait grips, yet he call'd those
 Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
 Where deeds more than words; nor doth she
 show,
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
 His prey, for were she loose, she would not bark
 nor go.

He hath engag'd her; his she wholly bides:
 Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.
 If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
 She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not;
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
 At last a trap, of which some every where
 Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear,
 By the wolf's death; and now just time it was,
 That a quick soul should give life to that mass
 Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot;
 But in the lives of emperors you shall not
 Read of a lust, the which may equal this:
 This wolf begot himself, and finished,
 What he began alive, when he was dead.
 Son to himself, and father too, he is
 A riding lust, for which schoolmen would miss
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
 And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new

For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
 And; as his sire, he made them his own prey.
 Five years he liv'd, and cozen'd with his trade;
 Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
 Himself by sight, and, by all followed,
 From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
 And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and so
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
 From tent to tent, and with the children play;
 His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
 That, why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
 With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatoecia:
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass;
 And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

He was the first, that more desir'd to have
 One than another; first, that e'er did crave
 Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak;
 First, that could make love-faces, or could do
 The vaulter's somersaults, or us'd to woo
 With boiting gambols, his own bones to break,
 To make his mistress merry; or to wreak
 Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
 They can't do, that can let feed their mind
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boys and
 beasts do find.

By this misled, too low things men have provid'
 And too high; beasts and angels have been lov'd:
 This ape, though else through-vain, 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 toys prevail not, liker means he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
 And up-lifts subtly with his russet paw
 Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
 Of nature; nature hath no goal, though she hath
 law.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant:
 That virtue, by his touches chafed and spent,
 Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
 And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
 Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
 Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
 After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
 This house thus batter'd down, the soul possess'd a
 new.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
 She comes out next, where th' ape would have gone
 in.

Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
 Like chymic's equal fires, her temperate womb
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become
 A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduct on a high hill's brow,
 Like-keeping moisture unto every part;
 Part hard'ned itself to a thicker heart,
 Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence

Those sinew-strings, which do our bodies tie,
Are ravel'd out; and, fast there by one end,
Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend;
And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust; and ills enough
To be a woman: Temech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain, that first did-plough.

Whoe'er 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 me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed Cain's race invented be,
And bless'd Seth vex'd us with astronomy.
There's nothing simply good nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison
The only measure is, and judge opinion.

DIVINE POEMS.

HOLY SONNETS.

I. LA CORONA.

*Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Wear'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou, which of good hast, yea, art treasury,
All changing unchang'd, ancient of days;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our
For at our ends begins our endless rest; [ends,
The first last end now zealously possess,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'T is time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all, that will, is nigh.*

II. ANNUNCIATION.

*Salvation to all, that will, is nigh;
That all, which always is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful virgin, yields himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou [try.
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yet thou'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room
Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb.*

III. NATIVITY.

*Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb,
Now leaves his well-belov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay him in his stall, and from the orient
Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.*

*Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.*

IV. TEMPLE.

*With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joseph, turn back; see where your child doth sit
Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himself on the doctors did bestow;
The world but lately could not speak, and lo
It suddenly speaks wonders: whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow-seeming child should deeply know?
His god-head was not soul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness;
But as for one, which hath a long task, 't is good
With the Sun to begin his business,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.*

V. MIRACLES.

*By miracles exceeding power of man
He faith in some, envy in some begat;
For, what weak 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 th' immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
Measuring self-life's infinite to span,
Nay, to an inch. Lo, where condemned he
Bears his own cross with pain; yet by-and-by,
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul.*

VI. RESURRECTION.

*Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly) be
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard or foul;
And life, by this death abled, shall control
Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death bring misery,
If in thy life's-book my name thou enroll:
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 't was;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sins sleep, and death soon from me pass,
That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
Salute the last and everlasting day.*

VII. ASCENSION.

*Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at th' uprising of this Sun, and Son,
Ye, whose true tears or tribulation
Have purely wash'd or burnt your drossy clay;
Beheld the highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by ascending show alone,
But first he, and he first, enters the way.*

O strong ram, which hast batter'd Heav'n for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd the
path,
Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own just
wrath:
And if thy Holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards Hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself 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 son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the Devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, say, ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose
me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did
rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scutting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement, grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By Sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

V.

I AM a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both parts must die.
You, which beyond that Heav'n, which was moost high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown 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 envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery seal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

THIS is my play's last scene, here Heav'n's appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoin
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then as my soul to Heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the Earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me to Hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the Devil.

VII.

AT the round Earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All, whom th' flood did, and fire shall overthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'T is late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that 's as good,
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

Is faithful souls be alike glorifi'd
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I Hell's wide mouth d'erstride:
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances and by signs, that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And style blasphemous conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul, to God; for he knows best
Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

IX.

Is poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee!
O God, oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethæan flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory:
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st at thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. [men,
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

XI.

SERR in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me:
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be satisfi'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorifi'd.
O let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die.
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue;
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures, and his fess, hath dy'd.

XIII.

WHAT if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright:
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light, [fell.
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto Hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee;
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beautiful form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BATTE my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me; and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurr'd town to another dus,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to ho me!
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the spirit, by angels waited on
In Heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast;
The Father having begot a Son most bless'd,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to his glory, and sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stol'n stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us, whom h' had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'T was much, that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

FARAZI, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His jointure in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath
bleas'd,

Was from the world's beginning slain; and he
Hath made two wills, which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy soas invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet,
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and spirit
Revive again, what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love; O let this last will stand!

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O queen of queens, thy birth was free
From that, which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb thy life receive,
God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee:

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinity,

Cease then, O queens, that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
If men such high respects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of kings,
What honour can unto that queen be done,
Who had your God for father, spouse, and son?

THE CROSS.

SINCE Christ embrac'd the cross itself, dare I,
His image, th' image of his cross deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains, who there did die?
From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken shall this cross withdraw;
It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
Of this cross were to me another cross;
Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross:
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss.
Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on cross'd wings.
All the globe's frame, and spheres, is nothing else
But the meridian's crossing parallels.
Material crosses then good physic be;
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.

These for extracted chymic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd or purg'd by tribulation:
For, when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take:
Let crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft alchemists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love.
And then as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility;
For 't is no child, but monster: therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else 't is double loss;
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking cross the rest,
Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam
And move: to th' others objects must come home,
And cross thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those detorsions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain though bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a cross's form present:
So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall:
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
The cross's pictures much, and with more care
That cross's children, which our crosses are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flow'ry side
We did bide,
From dear Juda far absent,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Soaked, burned, and intrall'd;
And the temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our worthless minds we call'd:

Our mate harps, untoun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On greas willows near beside us;
Where we sitting all forlorn,
This in scorn
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

"Come, and captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins berry;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let 's be merry."

Can, ah! can we leave our moans?
 And our groans
 Under Zion's ruins bury?
 Can we in this land sing lays
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry?

No; dear Son, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joints become
 Stiff and numb,
 To touch warbling harp unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched roof be glew'd;
 If in either harp or voice
 I rejoice,
 Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind,
 Bear in mind,
 In our ruins how they revell'd:
 Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,
 Sack, burn, kill,
 Down with all, let all be levell'd.

And, thou Ebel, when the tide
 Of thy pride,
 Now a flowing, grows to turning;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebb of mourning.

Happy he, who shall these waste,
 As thou hast
 Us without all mercy wasted,
 And shall make these taste and see,
 What poor we
 By thy means have seen and tasted.

Happy, who thy tender barns
 From the arms
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthless stones
 With their brains and blood besmearing.

RESURRECTION.

IMPERFECT.

SLEEK, sleep, old Sun, thou canst not have re-past
 As yet the wound, thou took'st on Friday last;
 Sleep then, and rest: the world may bear thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day;
 Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
 On the Earth's face, as thou enlighten'd Hell;
 And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
 As at thy presences here our fires grow pale:
 Whose body having walk'd on Earth, and now
 Hast'ning to Heav'n, would that he might allow
 Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three days become a mineral.
 He was all gold, when he lay down, but rose
 All tincture; and doth not alone dispose

Lead en and iron wills to good, but is
 Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous piety
 Thought, that a soul one might discern and see
 Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
 And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
 He would have justly thought this body a soul,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt caetera.

HYMN TO THE SAINTS,

AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

TO SIR ROBERT CARE.

SIR,

I PRESUME you rather try what you can do in me,
 than what I can do in verse; you know my utter-
 most 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 be not worthy of him, nor
 of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sa-
 crifice. If you had commanded me to have
 waited on his body to Scotland and preached
 there, I would have embraced the obligation
 with mere alacrity; but I thank you, that you
 would command me that, which I was loath to
 do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to
 the obedience of

your poor friend

and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

WHEREIN that soul, which now comes up to you,
 Fill any former rank, or make a new,
 Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
 Or be a name itself, and order more
 Than was in Heav'n till now; (for may not he
 Be so, if every several angel be
 A kind alone) whatever order grow
 Greater by him in Heav'n, we do not so.
 One of your orders grows by his access;
 But by his loss grow all our orders less:
 The name of father, master, friend, the name
 Of subject and of prince, in one is lame;
 Fair mirth is damp'd, and conversation black,
 The household widow'd, and the garter slack;
 The chapel wants an ear, council a tongue;
 Story a theme, and music lacks a song.
 Bless'd order, that bath him! the loss of him
 Gangren'd all orders here; all lost a limb!
 Never made body such haste to confess
 What a soul was; all former comeliness

Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none:
 So fell our monast'ries, in an instant grown,
 Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
 So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
 Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
 His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
 Anticipate a resurrection;
 For as it is his fame, now his soul 's here,
 So in the form thereof his body's there.
 And if, fair soul, not with first innocents
 Thy station be, but with the penitents;
 (And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou remembrest what sins thou didst find
 Amongst those many friends now left behind,
 And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
 Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail flesh, abstain to day; to day
 My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle emblem is,
 Whose first and last concur; this doubtful day
 Of feast or fast Christ came, and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who 's all;
 She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall:
 Her maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
 She sees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha.
 Sad and rejoic'd she 's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty and at scarce fifteen:
 At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
 Gabriel gives Christ to her, he her to John:
 Not fully a mother, she 's in orbity,
 At once receiver and the legacy.
 All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
 Th' abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
 (As in plain maps the furthest west is east)
 Of th' angel's *ave* and *consummationem est*.
 How well the church, God's court of faculties,
 Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
 As by the self-fix'd pole we never do
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
 Which shows where th' other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
 So God by his church, nearest to him, we know
 And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
 His spirit as his fiery pillar doth
 Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
 This church, by letting those feasts join, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankind are one;
 Or 't was 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 judgment but one period;
 His imitating spouse would join in one
 Manhood's extremes: he shall come, he is gone.
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;

So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
 Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
 This treasure then in gross, my soul, up-lay,
 And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD FRIDAY.

1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

LAR' man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
 Th' intelligence, that moves, devotion is;
 And as the other spheres, by being grown
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own:
 And being by others hurried every day,
 Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit
 For their first mover, and are whir'd by it.
 Hence is 't, that I am carried t'wards the west
 This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
 There I should see a Sun by rising set,
 And by that setting endless day beget.
 But that Christ on his cross did rise and fall,
 Sin had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see,
 That spectacle of too much weight for me.
 Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
 What a death were it then to see God die?
 It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
 It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
 Could I behold those hands, which span the poles,
 And tune all spheres at once, pierc'd with those poles?
 Could I behold that endless height, which is
 Zenith to us and our antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
 The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
 Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
 By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
 If on these things I durst not look, durst I
 On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
 Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Half of that sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They 're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'st to-
 wards me,
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree.
 I turn my back to thee, but to receive
 Corrections; till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
 Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
 Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANY.

THE FATHER.

FATHER of Heav'n, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else for us
 Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
 And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection clay,
 And by self-murder red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I'm dead.

THE SON.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
Sin, and Death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again;
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

THE HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride, and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend; and let
(Though this glass lantern, flesh, do suffer maim)
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar be the same.

THE TRINITY.

O blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which as wise serpents diversely
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd (indistinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge be;
Give me such self different instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumber'd three.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

For that fair blessed mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us (that she-cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
Whose womb was a strange Heav'n, for there
God cloth'd himself and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were,
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

THE ANGELS.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship to these angels be,
Native in Heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' Earth, conceiving by the Sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run:
So let me study, that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy patriarch's desire
(Those great grandfathers of thy church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,
And now in Heav'n still pray, that we
May use our new helps right)
Be satisfy'd, and fructify in me;
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-sighted prophets too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heav'nly poets, which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rhythmic feet) in common pray for me;
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets or poeticeas.

THE APOSTLES.

And thy illustrious zodiac
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom whose'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know,
That their books are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

THE MARTYRS.

And since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more could'st die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body would'st
In Abel die, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with these triumpheth there
A virgin squadron of white confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were;
Tender'd, not taken by those ravishers:
They know, and pray, that that we may know;
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive; a man
Is to himself a Dioclesian.

THE VIRGINS.

The cold white-snowy auntery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean 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 sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood virginity.

THE DOCTORS.

The sacred academ above
Of doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdone,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the Sun.

And whilst this universal choir,
 (That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
 Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
 Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us [thus.
 From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth;
 From thinking that great courts immure
 All or no happiness; or that this Earth
 Is only for our prison fram'd,
 Or that thou 'rt covetous
 To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
 From reaching this world's sweets; who seek thee thus
 With all their might, Good Lord, deliver us.

From needing danger to be good,
 From owing thee yesterday's tears to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope we wound our souls away;
 From bribing thee with alms, t' excuse
 Some sin more burdinous;
 From light affecting in religion news,
 From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
 Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
 By our connivance, or slack company;
 From measuring ill by vicious,
 Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, vanity;
 From indiscreet humility,
 Which might be scandalous,
 And cast reproach on christianity;
 From being spies, or to spies pervious;
 From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

Deliver us through thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent
 T' ungracious us, stay'd'st at her full grace;
 And through thy poor birth, where first thou
 Glorified'st poverty,
 And yet soon after riches didst allow,
 By accepting kings' gifts in th' Epiphany,
 Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

And through that bitter agony,
 Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
 Disputing what distorted thee,
 And interrupted evenness 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
 We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
 Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn;
 All ways, which rage or justice knows,
 And by which thou could'st show, that thou wast born;
 And through thy gallant humbleness,
 Which thou in death didst show,
 Dying before thy soul they could express,
 Deliver us from death, by dying so
 To this world, ere this world dobid us go:

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
 We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
 When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
 And work despair a breach to enter in;
 When plenty, God's image and seal,
 Makes us idolatrous,
 And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
 When we are mov'd to seem religious
 Only to vent wit, Lord, deliver us.

In churches when th' infirmity
 Of him, which speaks, diminishes the word;
 When magistrates do missapply
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
 When plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
 Or wars, thy champions sway;
 When heresy, thy second deluge, gains;
 In th' hour of death, th' eve of last judgment-day,
 Deliver us from the sinister way.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord: to thee
 A sinner is more music, when he prays,
 Than spheres or angels' praises be
 In panegyric hallelujahs;
 Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord,
 We know not what to say:
 Thine ear t' our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice
 and word.
 O thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
 Hear thyself now, for thou, in us, dost pray.

That we may change to evenness
 This intermitting aguish piety;
 That snatching cramps of wickedness,
 And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
 That music of thy promises,
 Not threats in thunder, may
 Awaken us to our just offices;
 What in thy book thou dost of creatures say,
 That we may hear, Lord, hear us, when we pray.

That our ear's sickness we may cure,
 And rectify those labyrinths aright;
 That we by heark'ning not procure
 Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite;
 That we get not a slipperiness,
 And senselessly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jest at kings' excess,
 T' admit the like of majesty divine;
 That we may lock our ears, Lord, open thine.

That living law, the magistrate,
 Which, to give us and make us physic, doth
 Our vices often aggravate;
 That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
 That Satan, and venom'd men,
 Which will, if we starve, dine,
 When they do most accuse us, may see then
 Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
 That we may open our ears, Lord, lock thine.

That learning, thine ambassador,
 From thine allegiance we never tempt;
 That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
 For physic made, from poison be exempt;
 That wit, born apt high good to do,
 By dwelling lazily
 On nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
 That our affections kill us not, nor die;
 Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear, and cry.

Son of God, hear us; and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow;
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE

TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS,

BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE
HIS SISTER.

ETERNAL God, (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises, therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These psalms' first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form;)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two by their bloods, and by thy spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two, that make one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that psalm, "Now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us islanders our joy, our king,
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, Heav'n, Earth, and
spheres;
The first, Heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears;
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does here)
This choir hath all. The organist is he,
Who hath tun'd God and man; the organ we:
The songs are these, which Heav'n's big holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold, that these psalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home;
So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd, until
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 horse, 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 psalms we call
(Though some have other authors) David's all:
So though some have, some may some psalms trans-
We thy Sydnean psalms shall celebrate; [late,

And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hour, 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.

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care;
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
As soon repent, [seen,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

TO MR. TILMAN,

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plow,
Making lay-scurvings of the ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a load-stone, dost new motions feel?
Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance; so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation,
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws;
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?

As if their day were only to be spent
 In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
 Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
 (For such are clothes and beauty, which, though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect;
 But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
 What function is so noble, as to be
 Ambassador to God and Destiny?
 To open life, to give kingdoms to more
 Than kings give dignities; to keep Heav'n's door?
 Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
 'T is preacher's to convey him; for they do,
 As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak;
 And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
 If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
 A new-found star, their optics magnify;
 How brave are those, who with their engine can
 Bring man to Heav'n, and Heav'n again to man?
 These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
 In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
 And so the Heav'ns, which beget all things here,
 And th' Earth, our mother, which these things doth
 Both these in thee are in thy calling knit, [bear,
 And make thee now a bless'd hermaphrodite.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE ASTOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY,

In what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
 Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
 Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
 And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
 When I have put this seed 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but thee, th' eternal root
 Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
 The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
 But thou would'st have that love thyself: as thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
 My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty:
 Oh, if thou can'st not whom I love,
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
 On whom these fainter beams of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
 On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;
 To see God only, I go out of sight:
 And, to 'scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

His was the word that spake it,
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that word did make it,
 I do believe and take it!

THE
LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMBLIIUS.

CHAPTER I.

1. How sits this city, late most populous,
 Thus solitary, and like a widow thus;
 Amplest of nations, queen of provinces
 She was, who now thus tributary is.
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
 Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
 Her lovers comfort her; perfidiously
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.
3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
 Juda is captive led; those nations,
 With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;
 In straits she meets her persecutor's sword.
4. Empty are th' gates of Sion, and her ways
 Mourn, because none come to her solemn days;
 Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless;
 And she 's unto herself a bitterness.
5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace;
 Because, when her transgressions did increase,
 The Lord struck her with sadness: th' enemy
 Doth drive her children to captivity.
6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone;
 Like harts, which seek for pasture, and find none,
 Her princes are: and now before the foe,
 Which still pursues them, without strength they go.
7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
 (Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old sh' esteemed most,
 Whilst her foes laugh at her, for which she hath lost.
8. Jerusalem hath sing'd, therefore is she
 Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:
 Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
 Have seen; herself doth groan, and turn away.
9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
 Remember'd not her end; miraculously
 Therefore she fell, none comforting: behold,
 O Lord, my affliction, for the foe grows bold.
10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
 The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
 Heathen, whom thou command'st should not do so,
 Into her holy sanctuary go.

¹ These lines are in all the editions of Donne's works, but have been usually attributed to queen Elizabeth. G.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread ;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord, behold and weigh.
12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me ;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath ?
13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from Heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown ?
And made me languish all the day alone.
14. His hands hath of my sin framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: the Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.
15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To comfort my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.
16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out: for he, which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far ;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.
17. There's none, though Sion do stretch out her
hand,
To comfort her; it is the Lord's command,
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.
18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear, all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivity.
19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat,
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.
20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah, see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth waste.
21. Of all, which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, 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 wickedness appear to thee,
Do unto them, as thou hast done to me
For all my sins: the sight, which I have had,
Are very many, and my heart is sad.
- CHAPTER II.
1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from Heaven hath flung
To Earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his foot-stool in the day of wrath!
2. The Lord upspringing hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.
3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off, and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire;
But is t'wards Jacob all-devouring fire.
4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in postures of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.
5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel, and his palaces;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughter's lamentations.
6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast down
The place, where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.
7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary; and in the foe's hands 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 level Sion's walls unto the ground;
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together stood.
9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.
10. There Sion's elders on the ground are pier'd,
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.
11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver has
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets do die.
12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers,
"Where
Shall we have bread and drink?" they faint'd there;
And in the street like broken pots lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.
13. Daughter Jerusalem, oh! what may be
A witness, or companion for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?
14. For thee vain foolish things thy prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturb thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.
15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, "Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the Earth, and perfectest of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, "Devour we this;
For this is certainly the day, which we
Expected, and which now we find and see."

17. The Lord hath done that, which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determin'd;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of Zion, let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die,
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all, whom I fear'd,
Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or scape; for those, which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

CHAPTER III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light;
3. And against me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in [skin,
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, lest I scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before. [hath
8. When I cry out, he outshuts my prayer; 9. and
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in secrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver pass
Into my pains. 14. I wish my people was
All the day long, a song, and merrymen.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He
hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19. But when my moanings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction;

20. My soul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is,
22. 'T is God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.

24. The Lord is, saith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him rely,
And to the soul, that seeks him earnestly.

26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

27. 'T is good for one his yoke is youth to bear.

28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it: 29. and his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproach'd still.

31. For aet for ever doth the Lord forsake;

32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth
take

Compassion, as his mercy 's infinite.

33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,

34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be;

35. That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is
In his just causes, the Lord allows not this.

37. Who then will say, that aught doth come to pass,
But that, which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?

40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;

41. To him in Heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'st not; 43. want no clemency;

Pursu't us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;

44. Cover'st thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass; 45. and thou hast made us fall,
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.

46. All our feet gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters at;

49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly;

50. Until the Lord look down from Heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughter's sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'm
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. and thou my voice didst hear:
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear. [thou
58. Thou, Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they 've wrought; [they thought;

61. How they reproach'd, thou 'st heard, and what
62. What their lips utter'd, 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 Heav'n destroy them quite.

CHAPTER IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim? How is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see
Low-rated now, as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand!

3. Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelty,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to the upper jaw:
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5. They, which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they, which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills, which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more,
Than did the town of Sodom sin before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white:
As carbuncles, did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was sapphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness; none can
know

Them by the face, as through the street they go:
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And wither'd is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 't is to die;

And better through-pierc'd than through penny.

10. Women, by nature pitiful, have eat [meat.
Their children (dress'd with their own hand) for

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of the Earth, nor all, which
In the inhabitable world, believe, [live
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13. For the priests' sins, and prophets', which have
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered: [shed
14. Which, when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way [did stray

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching, as they pass;
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not;" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
there.

16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more; no grace

Unto the old men shall their fee afford;
Nor, that they're priests, redeem them from the
sword;

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, 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 we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day;
Eagles of Heav'n are not so swift as they,
19. Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he,
Of whom we said, "Under his shadow we
Shall with more ease under the heathen dwell,"
Into the pit, which these men digg'd, fell."

21. Rejoice, O Eden's daughter; joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O Sion, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter, he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAPTER V.

1. Remember, O Lord, what is fall'n on us;
See and mark, how we are reproach'd thus.

2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.

4. Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.

6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians,
To get us bread; and to th' Assyrians,

7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more;
 But we do bear the sins 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 we gat;
 For in the wilderness the sword did wait.
 10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
 Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In Juda's 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 elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carry'd are,
 And children fell under the wood they bear.
 14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear;
 Gone was our joy; our dancing mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head; and we
 Be unto us, because we 've sinned so.
 16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
 Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is:

17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
 And foxes there do go at liberty.
 18. But thou, O Lord, art ever; and thy throne
 From generation to generation.

19. Why should'st thou forget us eternally;
 Or leave us thus long in this misery?
 20. Restore us, Lord, to thee; that so we may
 Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
 22. And to be utterly crush'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD,

MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

Since I am coming to that holy room,
 Where with the choir of saints for evermore
 I shall be made thy music, as I come,
 I tune the instrument here at the door;
 And, what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
 Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
 That this is my south-west discovery
 Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy, that in these straits I see my west;
 For though those currants yield return to none,
 What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
 In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth teach the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
 The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
 Anvan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
 All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
 Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
 Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
 Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
 As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
 By these his thorns give me his other crown;
 And as to others' souls I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down.

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
 A year or two; but wallow'd in a sore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
 Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore;
 And, having done that, thou hast done;
 I fear no more.

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

DR. DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
 Beyond our lofty't flights, that is, like thee,
 Or t' have had too much merit, is not safe;
 For such excesses find no epitaph.
 At common graves we have poetic eyes,
 Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
 Each quill can drop its tributary verse,
 And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse:
 But at thine, poem or inscription
 (Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.
 Indeed a silence does that tomb best,
 Where is no herald left to blazon it.
 Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
 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 keep her at thy rate,
 Though he the Indies for her dowry estate.
 Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
 In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
 Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
 Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
 Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
 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'd fancy can devise,
 Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.
 Thou, like the dying swan, didst lately sing¹
 Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king:
 When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
 Presented so to life that piece of death,
 That it was fear'd and prophes'd by all,
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
 O! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
 Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
 And in thy high victorious numbers beat
 The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat;
 Thou might'st the poet's service now have mis'd,
 As well as then thou didst prevent the priest;
 And never to the world beholden be,
 So much as for an epitaph for thee.
 I do not like the office. Nor is 't fit
 Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
 Should'st not re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
 That ore to bury thee, which once was thine:

¹ His last sermon at court.

Rather still leave us in thy debt; and knew
 (Exalted soul) more glory 't is to owe
 Unto thy hearse, what we can never pay,
 Than with embased coin those rites defray.

Commit me then thee to thyself: nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
 Leave thee executor: since, but thy own,
 No pen could do thee justice, nor base crown
 Thy vast desert: save that we nothing can
 Depute, to be thy ashes guardian.
 So jewellers no art or metal trust
 To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

B. K.

IN OBITUM VENERABILIS VIRI

JOHANNIS DONNE,

SACRÆ THEOLOGICÆ DOCTORIS, ECCLESIE CATHEDRALIS
 D. PAULI SUPER DECANI; ILLI HONORIS, TIBI (MUL-
 TUM MIHI COLENDE VIR) OBSERVANTIE ERGO HÆC BOO.

CONQUERAR? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
 Sed, lacrymas, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
 Lingua potest proferre piis: ignoscite, manes
 Defuncti, et tacito sinite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in moesta lituræ
 Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
 Coepit, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
 Aversare tuâ non dignam laude poetam.

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
 Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
 Musa; repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
 Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
 Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
 Ridet anhelantes, Parassai et culmina vates
 Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos
 Scribimus audaces numeros, et fæble carmen
 Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
 Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
 Clausit? et immerito mergantur funere virtus
 Et pietas, et, quæ poterant fecisse beatum.
 Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum. [tis
 Quo mihi doctrinam? quorum impallescere char-
 Nocturnis juvat, et totidem officisse lucernas?
 Decolor et longos studii desperdere soles,
 Ut præda, aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
 Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
 Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.

Nam prode te sperare nihil decet: hæc mihi restat,
 Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in aras

Spiritus : O doctis saltem si cognitas umbris
 Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo ;
 Et dulces audire sonos, et verba disert
 Oris, et aeternis dabitur mihi carperere voces :
 Quae ferus infernas tacuisset janitor aulis
 Auditis, Nilisquae minis strapsuisset ; Aeson
 Cederet, et, sylvas qui post se traxerat, Orpheus.
 Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
 Vocesivos potuit ; quis enim tam barbarus ? aut tam
 Facundis nimis infestus, nos metus ut illo
 Horrante, et blando victus sermone sileret ?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat ;
 Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
 Audivi, et stupui, quoties orator in *Ede*
 Paulina stetit, et mira gravitate levantes
 Corda oculoque viros tenuit : dum Nestoris ille
 Fudit verba (omni quanto magis dalcis melle ?)
 Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
 Non concessa prius, nondum intellecta : revolvunt
 Mirantes, taciturne attractis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo formaque loquendi
 Tristia pertractat : fatumque et seibile mortis
 Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quodd corpora primos.
 Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres ;
 Forsitan à lachrymis aliqui non temperat, atque
 Ex oculis largum stillat rorem : aetheris illo
 Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
 Affectuose ciere suos, et ponere notas
 Vocis ad arbitrium ; divinus oracula mentis
 Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror ? andaci et forsitan 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, poeta.
 Et quo nos canimus ? cur hæc tibi sacra ? Poetae,
 Desinite : eo fati certus sibi voce canora
 Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
 Nuper eum, turba et magnatum audiret in Aulâ.

Tunc rex, tunc proceres, clerus, tunc astitit illi
 Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recambit,
 Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi patere : quidni
 Incipiant et amare famem ? Metuere leones
 Sic olim ; sacrosque artus violare prophetas
 Bellea non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, attingue
 Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.

At non hæc de te sperabimus ; omnia carpit
 Predator vermis : nec talis contigit illi
 Præda diu ; forsitan metrico pede serpet abinde.
 Vescere, et exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
 Adamus ; et post te cupiet quis vivere ? Post te
 Quis volet, aut poterit ? nam post te vivere mors est.

Et tamen ingratus ignavi docuimus auras ;
 Sustinet et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere : parce
 Non festinanti aeternum requiescere turba.
 Ipsa satis properat, que aescit parca morari,
 Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
 Quin rursus (venerande) vale, vale : ordise nos te,
 Quo Deus et quo dura volet natura, sequemur.

Depositum interea, lapides, servata fideles.
 Fostices ! illâ queis mdis parte locari,
 Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
 Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
 Verba ; et carminibus, que Domini suggeret Ili
 Spiritus, insolites testari voce calores
 Incipit : (non sic Pyrrhâ jactantem calebat.) (est
 Mole sub hæc tegitur, quicquid mortale reliotum
 De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit sedi huic,
 Formosi peccoris pastor formosior ipse.

Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquela,
 Et que demantur vite, date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum
 tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL BARNELLY.

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

I CANNOT blame those men, that knew thee well,
 Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
 In tuneful elegies ; there 's not language known
 Fit for thy mention, but 't was first thy own.
 The epitaphs, thou writ'st, have so bereft
 Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
 Enough to weep thee ; what henceforth we see
 Of art and nature, must result from thee.
 There may perchance some busy gathering friend
 Steal from thy own works, and that varied lend,
 Which thou bestow'dst on others, to thy hearer ;
 And so thou shalt live still in thine own verse :
 He, that shall venture further, may commit
 A pitied error ; show his zeal, not wit.
 Fate hath done mankind wrong ; virtue may aim
 Reward of conscience, never gain of fame :
 Since her great trumpet 's broke, could only give
 Faith to the world, command it to believe.
 He then must write, that would define thy parts,
 " Here lies the best divinity, all the arts."

EDW. HYDE.

ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. C. B. OF O.

Hæ, that would write an epitaph for thee,
 And do it well, must first begin 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 hurl down,
 Enough, to keep the gallants of the town.
 He must have learning plenty ; both the laws,
 Civil and common, to judge any cause ;
 Divinity great store above the rest ;
 Not of the last edition, but the best.
 He must have language, travail, all the arts ;
 Judgment to use ; or else he wants thy parts.
 He must have friends the highest, able to do ;
 Such as Mæcenas, and Augustus too :
 He must have such a sickness, such a death,
 Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
 Who then shall write an epitaph for thee,
 He must be dead first ; let it alone for me.

AN ELEGY

UPON

THE INCOMPARABLE DR. DONNE.

ALL is not well, when such a one as I
 Dare peep abroad, and write an elegy ;
 When smaller stars appear, and give their light,
 Phebus is gone to bed : were it not night,

And the world witless now that Donne is dead,
 You sooner should have broke than seen my head.
 Dead, did I say? forgive this injury
 I do him, and his worth's infinity,
 To say he is but dead; I dare aver,
 It better may be term'd a massacre,
 Than sleep or death. See how the Muses mourn
 Upon their oaten reeds, and from his urn
 Threaten the world with this calamity,
 They shall have ballads, but no poetry.

Language lies speechless; and Divinity
 Lost such a trump, as ev'n to ecstasy
 Could charm the soul, and had an influence
 To teach best judgments, and please dulcist sense.
 The court, the church, the university,
 Lost chaplain, dean, and doctor, all these three.
 It was his merit, that his funeral
 Could cause a loss so great and general.

If there be any spirit can answer give
 Of such as hence depart to such as live;
 Speak, doth his body there vermiculate,
 Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of fate?
 Methinks corruption; worms, what else is foul,
 Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
 I could believe they do, but that I know,
 What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
 Succeeding ages would idolatrise,
 And as his numbers, so his relics prize.

If that philosopher, which did avow
 The world to be but motes, were living now,
 He would affirm that th' atoms of his mould,
 Were they in several bodies blended, would
 Produce new worlds of travellers, divines,
 Of linguists, poets; sith these several lines
 In him concentr'd were, and flowing thence
 Might fill again the world's circumference.
 I could believe this too; and yet my faith
 Not want a precedent: the phenix hath
 (And such was she) a power to animate
 Her ashes, and herself perpetuate.
 But, hussy soul, thou dost not well to pry
 Into these secrets; grief and jealousy,
 The more they know, the further still advance:
 And find no way so safe as ignorance.
 Let this suffice thee, that his soul which flew
 A pitch, of all admir'd, know but of few,
 (Save those of purer mould) is now translated
 From Earth to Heaven, and there constellated.
 For if each priest of God shine as a star,
 His glory 's as his gifts, 'bove others far.

HEN. VALENTINE.

AN

ELEGY UPON DR. DONNE.

Our Donne is dead; England should mourn, may
 say
 We had a man, where language chose to stay,
 And show a graceful power. I would not praise
 That and his vast wit (which in these vain days
 Make many proud) but as they serv'd t' unlock
 That cabinet, his mind; where such a stock

Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
 (Or should) this general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
 But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
 For his decease; such sad extremities
 May make such men as I write elegies.
 And wonder not; for when a general loss
 Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
 God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
 From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
 Not us'd t' 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
 Thou art not only dull, but had a curse [worse,
 Of black ingratitude; if not, could'st 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 poetry, wherein
 Was all philosophy? was every sin,
 Character'd in his Satires, made so foul
 That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
 Safer by reading verse? did he give days [soul
 Past marble monuments to those, whose praise
 He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
 The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
 And in harmonious holy numbers weave
 A Crown of sacred Sonnets¹, fit to adorn
 A dying martyr's brow; or to be worn
 On that bless'd head of Mary Magdalen,
 After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
 Did he (fit for such penitents as she
 And he to use) leave us a Litany,
 Which all devout men love? and sure it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classical.
 Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
 Equal to those, great grave Prudentius writ?
 Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
 The grounds and use of physic? (but because
 'T was mercenary, wad'd it) went to see
 The blessed place of Christ's nativity?
 Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
 As since St. Paul none did, none could? Those know
 (Such as were bless'd to hear him) this is truth.
 Did he confirm th' aged? convert the youth?
 Did he these wonders? And is this dear loss
 Mour'n'd by so few? (few, for so great a cross.)

But sure the silent are ambitious all
 To be close mourners at his funeral:
 If not, in common pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care;
 Or knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
 Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes
 Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
 T' enlarge the soul from those walls, mud and clay,
 (Materials of this body) to remain
 With Donne in Heav'n; where no promiscuous pains
 Lessens the joy we have: for with him all
 Are satisfy'd with joys essential.

Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call
 Grief back, by thinking of his funeral.
 Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years,
 (Which haste to David's seventy) fill'd with fears
 And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
 Which find a living grave in good men's hearts.
 And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him:

¹ La Corona.

Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his convert. Oh, my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My fows of gratitude should so be broke:
Which can no more be, than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no encomium, but this elegy;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as Donne's matchless worth.

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the grave
Clov'd thy dear ashes, and the tears, 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 streams of verse, which shall lament that day,
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompense of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were;
Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin;
We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for ourselves we shed.
Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears;
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladness separate offence.
All minds at once suck'd grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious dissector, they one hour did treat
The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit;
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtle sin,
Through all the foldings we have wrapp'd it in;
And in thine own large mind finding the way,
By which ourselves we from ourselves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can pass.
He that writes best, can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me must confess,
That fancy finds some check, from an excess
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun;
And truth, as reason's task and theme, doth shun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a body'd truth doth her oppress.
Reason again denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the laws
Of weak comparison; thy virtue slight
Her feeble beam, and her unequal weights.
What prodigy of wit and piety
Hath she else known, by which to measure thee?
Great soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were, than what you are, express.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

ON

DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Low since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, O poet, he did die to you;
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 't is you must weep; the wit he taught.
You do enjoy; the rebels, which he brought
From ancient discord, giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet
He reconcil'd, and bid th' usurper go;
Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.
He show'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's epithalamy.
The altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoke.
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects spring in the giddy mind
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
By colours lead, and drawn to a pursuit
Now once again by beauty of the fruit;
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness,
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd, when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good;
And wish'd our so inconstant eyes exempt
From piety, that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanity; and man grew well
Through the same frailty, by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man! health doth not please
Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
What means our nature to bar virtue place,
If she do come in her own clothes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chew to know?
Sense, the soul's servant, doth it keep us so,
As we might starve for good, unless it first
Do leave a pawn of relish in the gulf?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmity?
Who treats with us, must our affections move
To th' good we fly, by those sweets which we love;
Must seek our palates; and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These trails he knew; and, laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
Appear, the better voice is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetness which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happiness, this soul inherits,

Damns in the other world ; souls, whom no cross
O' th' sense afflicts, but only of the other loss ;
Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
Is not in what they feel, but other's gain ;
Self-executing wretched spirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.
But those high joys, which his wit's youngest flame
Would hurt to choose, shall not we hurt to name ?
Verse-statues are all robbers ; all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give, but take.
As sails, which seamen to a forewind fit,
By a resistance go along with it ;
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left :
A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Must weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH.

AN ELEGY

UPON

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CAREY.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead (great Donne) an elegy,
To crown thy hearse ? Why yet dare we not trust,
Though with unbleaded dough bak'd prose, thy dust ?
Such as the unisair'd churchman from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand, that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day ?
Have we no voice, no tune ? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language, both the words and sense ?
'T is a sad truth ; the pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain ;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures ; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon our will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic choir,
Which, kindled first by the Prometheus breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lies quenched now in thy death.
The Muse's garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee ; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possess'd, or with Amarcree's ecstasy,
Or Pindar's, not their own ; the subtle cheat
Of she-exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,

Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They in each other's dust had rak'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense ; yet thou may'st
From so great disadvantage greater fame, [claim
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our stubborn language bends ; made only fit
With her tough thick ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant-fancy, 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 year ;
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest : yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more,
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Were banish'd nobler poems ; now with these
The silenc'd tales to th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till verse refin'd by thee, in this last age,
Turn ballad-rhyme ; or those old idols be
Ador'd again, with new apostasy.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence, that attends thy hearse,
Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
More than these faint lines, a loud elegy,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the arts ; whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.
So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand ;
But some small time maintains a faint weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force ;
And so whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh, let it crack awhile,
And spit disdain ; till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss ;
Those are too numerous for an elegy,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise.

*Here lies a king, that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit ;
Here lie two flames, and both those, the best ;
Apollo's first, at last, the true God's priest.*

AN

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CAREY.

POETS, attend ; the elegy I sing
Both of a double named priest and king ;
Instead of coats and pendants bring your verse,
For you must be chief mourners at his hearse :
A tomb your Muse must to his fame supply,
No other monuments can never die.

And as he was a twofold priest; in youth,
 Apollo's; afterwards the voice of truth;
 God's conduit-pipe for grace, who chose him for
 His extraordinary ambassador:
 So let his liegers with the poets join:
 Both having shares, both must in grief combine:
 Whilst Jonson foretooth with his elegy
 Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
 (Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gush'd
 From forth the rock, and like a torrent rush'd.)
 Let Laud his funeral sermon preach, and show
 Those virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know;
 Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
 To be Good Friday by the church's tears:
 Yet make not grief too long oppress our powers,
 Lest that his funeral 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 study'd art
 Tell us, our soul is all in every part)
 None was so marble, but, whilst him he hears,
 His soul so long dwelt only in his ears;
 And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
 Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that bless'd food
 Their hearts: his seed in none could fail to grow,
 Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
 No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all
 So catholically a curing cordial.
 Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store,
 His words work'd much, but his example more;
 That preach'd on worky-days his poetry,
 Itself was oftentimes divinity;
 Those anthems (almost second psalms) he writ,
 To make us know the cross, and value it,
 (Although we owe that reverence to that name,
 We should not need warmth from an under-flame.)
 Creates a fire in us so near extreme,
 That we would die for, and upon this theme.
 Next, his so pious Litaney, 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 country his religion;
 And in another would as strongly grow,
 Had but his nurse and mother taught him so:
 Not he the ballast on his judgment hung;
 Nor did his pre-concoit do either wrong.
 He labour'd to exclude whatever sin,
 By time or carelessness had enter'd in;
 Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loath
 A too hot zeal should force him, burn them both;
 Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
 Which, to save blotting, often would blot all;
 Nor did those barbarous opinions own,
 To think the organs sin, and faction none.
 Nor was there expectation to gain grace
 From forth his sermons only, but his face;
 So primitive a look, such gravity
 With humbleness, and both with piety.
 So mild was Moses' count'nance, when he pray'd
 For them, whose satanism his power gainstay'd;
 And such his gravity, when all God's band
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand;
 Which, join'd, did flames of more devotion move,
 Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
 Now, to conclude, I must my reason bring,
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title king;

That kingdom, the philosophers believ'd
 To excel Alexander's, nor were griev'd
 By fear of loss (that being such a prey
 No stronger than one's self can force away)
 The kingdom of one's own life, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authority so well employ'd,
 That never any could before become
 So great a monarch in so small a room.
 He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
 As under-spheres by the first mover go;
 Banish'd so far 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

DR. DONNE'S DEATH;

BY MR. MAYNE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unless
 He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
 And teach his grief that reverence of thy hears,
 To weep lines learned, as thy anniversary;
 A poem of that worth, whose every tear
 Deserves the title of a several year?
 Indeed so far above its reader good,
 That we are thought wise, when 't is understood.
 There that bless'd maid to die who now should
 After thy sorrow, 't were her loss to live; [grieve!
 And her fair virtues in another's line
 Would faintly dawn, which are made saints in thine.
 Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
 Or left some new way for our pen or eye
 To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb
 Had not been speechless, or our Masses dumb;
 But now we dare not write, but must conceal
 Thy epitaph, lest we be thought to steal.
 For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
 That will not say, thy careless hours brought forth
 Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
 Was happier than 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, turns our brain;
 Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain:
 And when we most come near thee, 't is our bias
 To imitate thee, where thou dost amiss.
 Here light your Muse, you, that do only think,
 And write, and are just poets, as you drink;
 In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow,
 Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
 In your whole carriage of your work, that here
 This flash you wrote in wine, and that in beer:
 This is to tap your Muse, which, running long,
 Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
 Poor suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a lord recover, are blown up. [need
 Could you but reach this height, you should not
 To make each meal a project, ere you feed;
 Nor walk in relic's clothes, so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from Ennius were;
 Nor should your love in verse call mistress those,
 Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.
 From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
 A cloister'd coldness, or a vestal love; [move

And would convey such errands to their ear,
 That ladies knew no odds to grant and bear.
 But I do wrong thee, Donne, and this low praise
 Is written only for thy younger days.
 I am not grown up for thy riper parts, [arts,
 Then should I praise thee through the tongues and
 And have that deep divinity to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow;
 Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
 That at thy sermons ear was all our sense.
 Yet I have seen thee in the pulpit stand,
 Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
 And from thy speaking action bear away
 More sermon, than 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 we might see
 An error vanquish'd by delivery:
 Not like our sons of zeal, who, to reform
 Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storm,
 And beat the cushion into worse estate,
 Than if they did conclude it reprobate;
 Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about,
 Till all predestination be run out;
 And from the point such tedious uses draw,
 Their repetitions would make gospel law.
 No, in such temper would thy sermons flow,
 So well did doctrine and thy language show;
 And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
 The court would mend, and a good Christian be.
 And ladies, though unhandsome, out of grace,
 Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
 More I could write, but let this crown thine urn;
 We cannot hope the like, till thou return.

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 being gives fresh flame,
 And, though thou 'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy
 name?
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
 And why-like ran at last in a pale blue)
 May show thee mortal, a dead palsy may
 Seize on 't, and quickly turn it into clay;
 Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
 But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
 This soul of verse in its first pure estate
 Shall live, for all the world to imitate;
 But not come near: for in thy fancy's flight
 Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
 But hovering high in the air 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
 To adorn Earth's face, thou sweetly didst contrive
 To beauty's elements, and thence derive
 Unspotted lily's white; which thou didst set
 Hand in hand with the vein-like violet;
 Making them soft and warm, and by thy power
 Could'st give both life and sense unto a flower.
 The cherries, thou hast made to speak, will be
 Sweeter unto the taste than from the tree;
 And (spite of winter storms) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing rose to grow.

The sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
 Have sent their pearls and rubies from the deep,
 To deck thy love; and plac'd by thee they drew
 More lustre to them, than where first they grew.
 All minerals (that Earth's full womb doth hold
 Promiscuously) thou could'st convert to gold;
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
 That it was much more pure than in the mine.
 The lights, that gild the night, if thou didst say,
 They look like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
 For there would be more virtue in such spells,
 Than in meridians or cross parallels.
 Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
 That art could comprehend, or wit could name,
 Is was thy theme for beauty; thou didst see
 Women was this fair world's epitome.
 Thy nimble Satires too, and every strain,
 (With ivery strength) that issued from thy brain,
 Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
 If they admit of any other's praise.
 But thy diviner poems (whose clear fire
 Purges all dross away) shall by a choir
 Of cherabims with heavenly notes be set
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
 There purest spirits sing such sacred lays,
 In panegyric hallelujas.

ARCH. WILSON,

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

BY ENDY. PORTER.

THAT decent urn a sad inscription wears,
 Of Donne's departure from us to the spheres;
 And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
 The changes of this life, wherein is well
 Express'd a cause to make all joy to cease,
 And never let our sorrows more take ease:
 For now it is impossible to find
 One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
 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 rate parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart
 With envious hand at some plebeian heart;
 And he with pious virtue slept between
 To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
 By thee? O 't was his goodness so to do,
 Which human kindness never reach'd unto.
 Thus the hard laws of death were satisf'd,
 And he left us like orphan friends and dy'd.
 Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
 Whose speech shall send repentant sighs and tears?
 Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
 Who shall hereafter write her elegy?
 Poets, be silent, let your numbers cease;
 For he is gone, that did all fancy keep;
 Time hath no soul, but his exalted verse;
 Which with amusements we may now rehearse.

IN MEMORY OF DR. DONNE,

BY MR. R. B.

Down dead! 't is here reported true, though I
 Ne'er yet so much desir'd to bear a lie;
 'T is too true, for so we find it still,
 Good news are often false, but seldom ill.

But must poor fame tell us his fatal day,
And shall we know his death the common way?
Methinks some comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man; for though of old
'T is hold, that comets princes' deaths 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 sign, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been
Treading on harvest heels; which doth presage
The dearth of wit and learn'g, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much grain in show, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are misers, or, if true want raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty
praises.

Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poetry, (past ravishing of sense)
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poor.

But he is gone! O how will his desire
Torture all those, that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I see him in the pulpit standing,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we, that heard him, to ourselves did feign,
Golden Chrysostome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His boor (and but an boor) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expense
Of time, O spent in beark'ning to nonsense;
With marks also enough, whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or no!

'T is true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r,
They humm'd against him; and with face most swar'
Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a macaroon,
And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.

*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 less understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuff
Both wrought, he was a candle, they the snuff.
Well, wisdom's of her children justifi'd,
Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside;

Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his book should save him; rather ally
I should advise his clergy not to pray;
Though of the learned'st sort, methinks 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, than th' other's ignorance.
It was his fate, I know 't, to be envy'd
As much by clerks, as laymen 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, lest some should say that I
Am stray'd to satire, meaning elegy.
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 not to fear, nor flatter, e'er were bred;
These would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorset's earls,
Huntington, Bedford's countesses (the pearls

Once of each sex.) 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 do I? A diminution 't is
To speak 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 speak to:) When I see 't, I 'll say,
My eye-sight betters, as my years decay.
Mean time a quarrel I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seems, their old authority,
"When verses men immortal make," they cry:
Which had it been a recipe true try'd,
Probatum esset; Donne had never dy'd.

For me, if e'er I had least spark at all
Of that, which they poetic fire do call,
Here I confess it fetched from his hearth;
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flash, a lightning is
Before my Muse's death, as after his.
Farewell (fair soul) and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
I learned more, than from a thousand men;
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH.

HER lies dean Donne: enough; those words alone
Show him as fully, as if all the stone,
His church of Paul's contains, were through inscrib'd;
Or all the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd.
None can mistake him, for one such as he,
Donne, dean, or man, more none shall ever see.
Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole Earth so to over-see.
A bold brave word; yet such brave spirits as knew
His spirit, will say, it is less bold than true.

TO

LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,

WITH MR. DONNE'S SATIRES.

LUCY, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muse's day, their morning star,
If works (not th' author's) their own grace should
look,

Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare
friends.

Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none e'er took that pleasure in *siu's* sense;
But, when they heard 't tax'd, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter's bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask and read,

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR.

And like them too, must needfully, though few,
 Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you,
 Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
 The Muse's evening, as their morning star.

BEN JONSON.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a poet be,
 When I dare send my epigrams to thee?

That so alone canst judge, so alone make:
 And in thy censures evenly dost take
 As free simplicity to disavow,
 As thou hast best authority t' allow.
 Read all I send: and, if I find but one
 Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
 My title's seal'd. Those, that for claps do write,
 Let puny's, porter's, player's praise delight,
 And, till they burst, their backs like asses load:
 A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

BEN JONSON.