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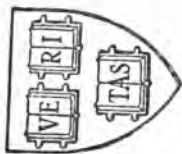
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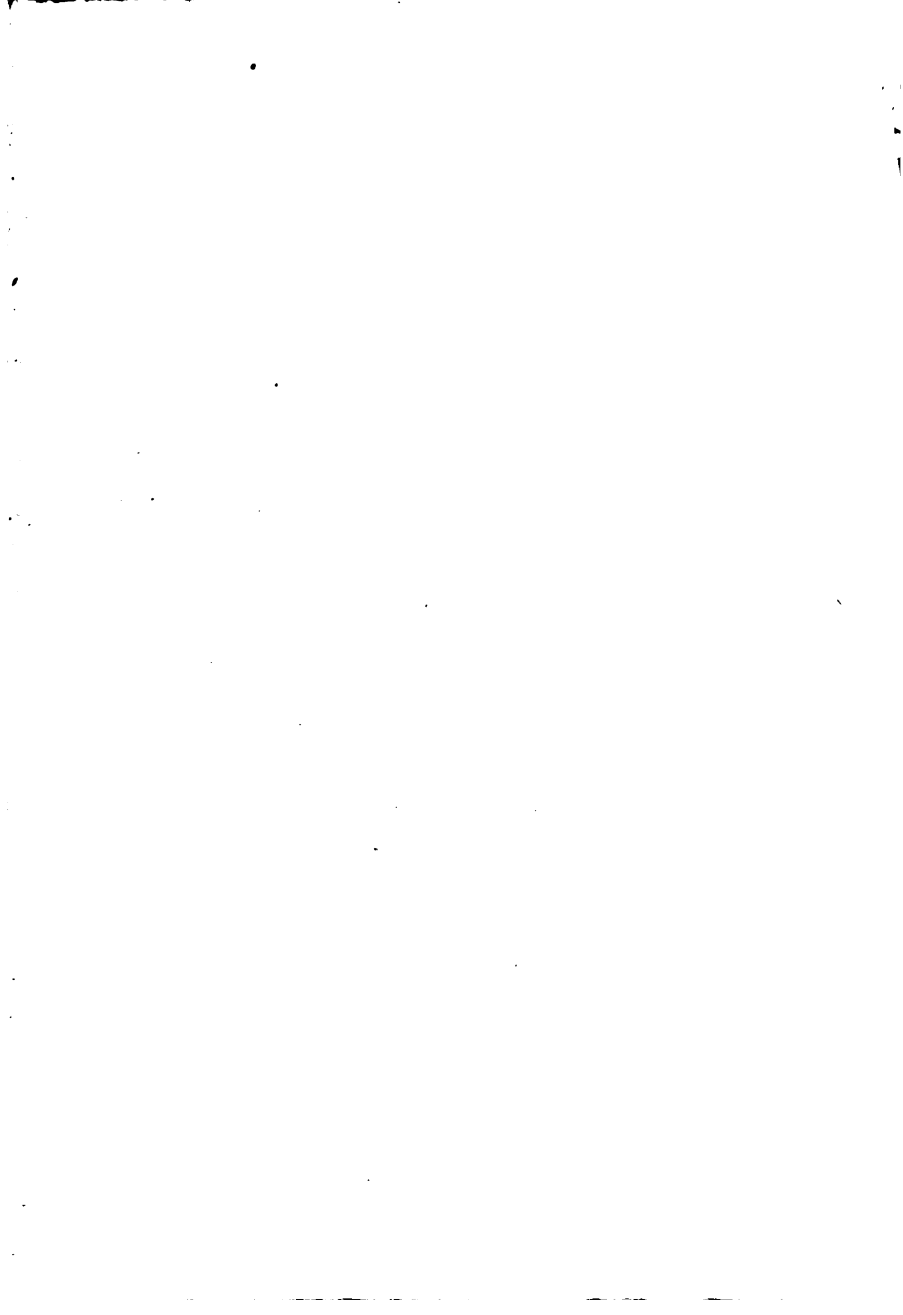


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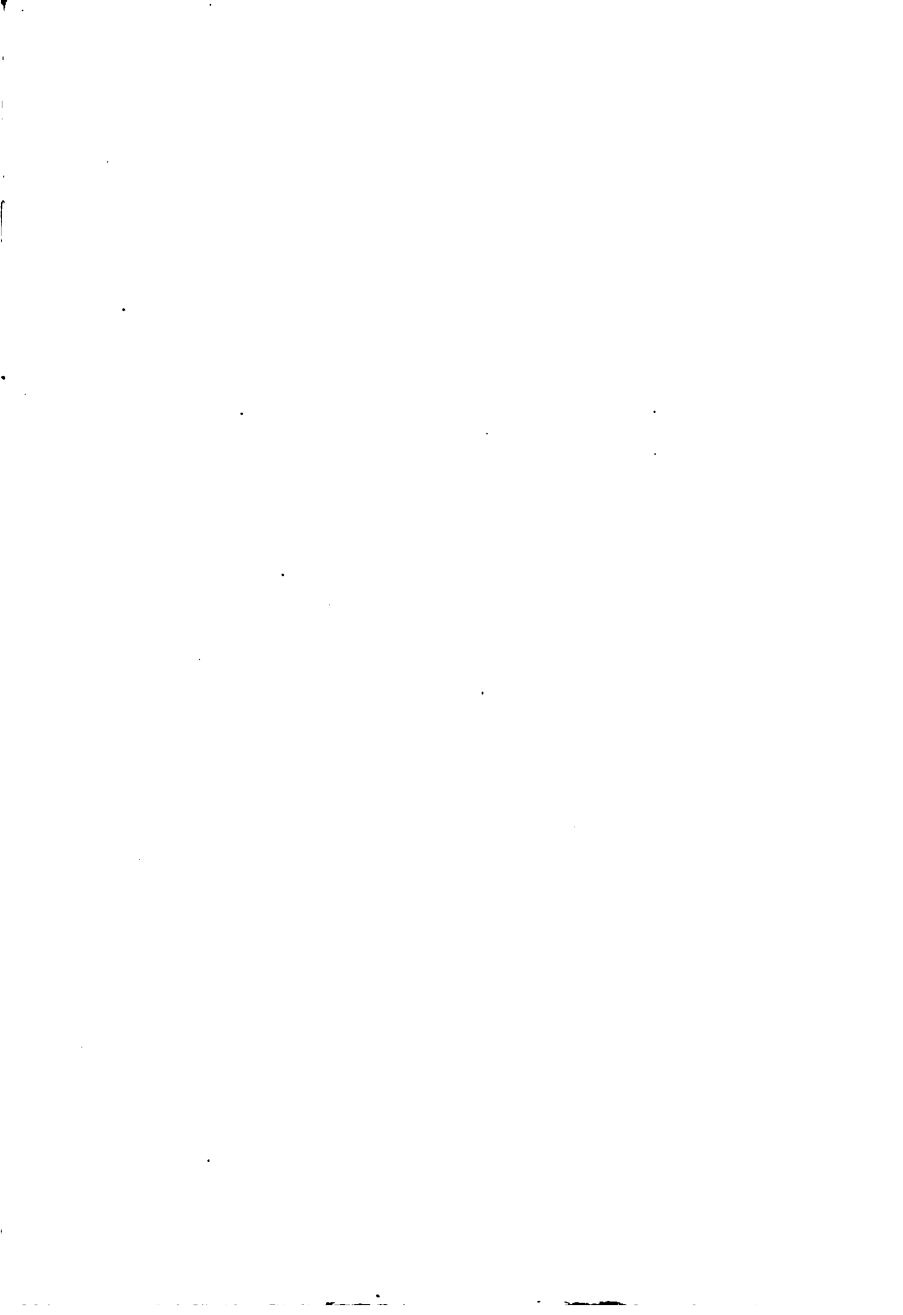


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THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.







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1591



JOHN DONNE.

*This was for youth, Strength, Merit and wit
that Time Mock count their golden Age.* J.W.A.



S. J. P. m. j. n. v. t. l. Aqua forti. An. 1795.





**THE
POEMS OF JOHN DONNE**

FROM THE TEXT OF THE EDITION OF 1633

**REVISED BY
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL**

**WITH THE VARIOUS READINGS
OF THE OTHER EDITIONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND
WITH A PREFACE, AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON**

VOLUME I



**NEW-YORK
THE GROLIER CLUB
1895**

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PREFACE.

DONNE'S Poems were, from an early period of his life, among Mr. Lowell's favorite books. In 1855 an edition of them was included, I believe at his instance, in the series of "British Poets" then in course of publication by Little, Brown & Company, in Boston. It was, apparently, a reprint, without material change, from one of the later English editions, and, like all previous editions, it stood greatly in need of editorial revision.

Few of Donne's poems were printed during his lifetime. In the first collection of them, which appeared in 1633, two years after his death, they were jumbled together in no intelligible order, and with no regard to the dates of their composition, while the text shows that indifference to correct punctuation and to uniformity of spelling which was characteristic of much of the writing and presswork of those days. No poems require more care in printing, for the thought is often intricate, the diction often involved, so that for understanding them every help is needed that can be given by the press. Even with such help many passages remain difficult, and some seem corrupt.

After the publication of the Boston edition, Mr. Lowell scored the margins of the volume with emendations, mainly of the punctuation, amounting to many hundreds in number. It seemed a pity that this work should be lost, and the Grolier Club undertook the present edition for the sake of preserving it. In order to give to this issue still further value, a comparison has been made of the texts of all the editions of the seventeenth century, from the first in 1633 to the last in 1669, and the various readings noted. This was done by Mrs. Burnett, the daughter of Mr. Lowell, and by myself, with the result which is shown in the foot-notes.

The text of the edition of 1633 forms the basis of the present text, with the addition of some poems which first appeared in subsequent editions. To these the date of their first publication has been prefixed.

Some differences exist in different copies of the edition of 1633, showing, what seems to have been a not uncommon practice in the printing of that time, that changes were made in the type-setting in the course of the striking off of the edition. Thus, on page 8, in the fourteenth stanza of "The Progress of the Soul," some copies read, "To see the Prince," others, correctly, "To see the Princess"; and on page 327, in the "First Satire," the "Charitably warm'd of thy sins" of some copies is corrected in others to "Charitably warn'd of thy sins."

The spelling, which often varies in the editions collated, has been made uniform, and practically modernized. There seems to be no sufficient reason for preserving forms of spelling which have no importance in illustrating the history of the language, and which only serve to indicate the common disregard of uniform orthography in the seventeenth century. In some cases the rhyme has required the retention of an archaic form, as *then* for *than*, *bin* for *been*; and in some other cases a peculiar form which seemed noteworthy has been retained.

A few accents have been inserted where Donne has made an arbitrary change in the common accent of a word, and occasionally to assist the reader in regard to the rhythm or rhyme of the verse.

Though much care has been taken in the collation of the texts, and in the printing of the present edition, it is possible that some variant readings and some errors may have escaped notice. But I trust it will appear that, in general, the text as here presented is more nearly correct and more intelligible than any hitherto printed, while such means as the early editions supply for determining the right readings are here afforded.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
January, 1895.



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INTRODUCTION.

No name of a contemporary occurs more frequently than that of Donne in Drummond of Hawthornden's *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations*, on the occasion of Jonson's famous visit to him in 1618. He reports Jonson as declaring that "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things," but also as asserting that "Donne for not being understood would perish," and that "for not keeping of accent he deserved hanging." Jonson, when his judgment was not warped by jealousy or dislike, was a sound critic, and there is truth in each of these sayings about Donne. In some things Donne was indeed the first poet of his time, Shakespeare alone excepted, and yet this place is not generally accorded to him, because, if he do not wholly perish, he does suffer neglect for not being understood, and is hard to read for not keeping of accent. More than this, few poets are so unequal as Donne; few, capable of such high reaches as he, sink lower than he at times descends. His verse must be sifted with a coarse sieve; much of it will

run through the meshes, but when all that is worthless or worse has been sifted out, there remains a residue of the pure grain of poetry, of poetry rich in imagination, fancy, wit, passion, and reflection, and in strong and often not unmusical verse.

Donne's time was an age of poetry. Spenser was born in 1553, Chapman in 1559, Shakespeare in 1564, Marlowe in the same great year, Donne in 1573, and Ben Jonson in 1574. To enter fully into the understanding of Donne's verse it is not, however, enough to know the general conditions of his times, but it is needful to know the special conditions of his life, and, fortunately, the means for this are sufficient. After his death, in 1631, his friend Sir Henry Wotton undertook to write a memoir of him, but before the work was accomplished Wotton himself died, in 1639. The material which he had collected for the purpose was transferred to the hands of their common friend, Izaak Walton, and in 1640 Walton printed his *Life of Donne* prefixed to a volume of Donne's sermons. It was a happy chance that thus brought Walton to this work, for, as Mr. Lowell points out in his essay on Walton, "He [thus] learned by accident where his true talent lay, and was encouraged to write those other Lives which, with this, make the volume that has endeared him to all who choose that their souls should keep good company,"—good company alike of the author and of the friends concerning

whom he writes.¹ For in these biographies Walton portrays the characters and recounts the fortunes of his friends with a natural sweetness and a delicate and exquisite art which, while giving a true likeness, suffuse it with the glow of his own affectionate and pure nature. His *Life of Donne*, however, as a mere narrative leaves many blanks, and these have been recently well supplied by Dr. Jessopp in an excellent *Life of the poet* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which affords most of the information that a student of Donne may require. To these sources the reader must turn who desires to gain such light as may be thrown upon his poetry by the circumstances and experiences of his life.

It was not till two years after Donne's death that a collection of his poems was published. Many of his verses had had a wide circulation in manuscript, but only some occasional pieces had been printed during his lifetime; and when, in 1633, the first edition of his poems appeared, they received, as I have already had occasion to state in the Preface, no proper editing, but were thrown out, shuffled together in no chronological or other natural order, and only partially grouped according to their respective subjects. It would have been well for Donne's fame, and fortunate for the lovers of his poetry, had he himself overseen its publication, for

¹ Dr. King, the Bishop of Chichester, in a letter to Walton prefixed to the first edition (1666) of Walton's *Life of Hooker*, says: "I am thus far glad that the first *Life* was imposed on you, because it gave an unavoidable Cause of Writing the second [that of Sir Henry Wotton]; if not, 't is too probable we had wanted both, which had been a prejudice to all Lovers of Honour and ingenious Learning."

much of it required the revision which only the author could give. But to the fate of a great part of it he was more than indifferent. "It is a truth," says Walton in his Life of him, "that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that he had witnessed their funerals."

Moreover, he never was a poet by profession. Poetry was, for him, but an occasional resource, and for the greater part of his life he was much more scholar than poet. His zeal for acquisition was unbounded, and his stores of learning were immense. In one of his letters he speaks of himself as diverted from obvious duties "by the worst voluptuousness, which is an immoderate, hydroptic desire of humane learning and languages." The number of authors cited in his sermons runs far into the hundreds, and ranges from Plato and Aristotle to the Doctors and Saints of the Church, from the Schoolmen to the Talmud, from Pindar and Virgil and other classic poets to Machiavel and Pico della Mirandula, from the Popes to Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and Melancthon, from Galen to Paracelsus. "He left," says Walton, "the resultance of fourteen hundred authors, most of them analyzed by his own hand." He left, too, "more than six score sermons," long, elaborate, full of thought; and he wrote much else in prose, treatises for the most part now antiquated, but of note and influence at their time.

It is mainly as poet, however, and not as scholar, preacher, or controversialist, that Donne holds his place in English literature. His better poetry is the revelation of a curiously interesting and complex nature, of a soul with rare capacity of intense feeling, of an intelligence at once deep and subtle, and of a varied experience of life.

His nature was essentially a product of the Elizabethan age. The growth and consciousness of national power and the jealous pride of national independence in England, during the last half of the sixteenth century, had quickened the imagination of her people. The vast discoveries of the world combined with the new learning to animate the intelligence alike of men of affairs and of men of thought with fresh and stimulating inspiration. The tremendous debate of the Reformation, with the social and material changes to which it led, called forth constant discussion of the deepest problems, not as mere abstract subjects of controversy, but as bearing directly on the lives and fortunes of the disputants. The debate was at fire heat with passion. The conditions of the world, moreover, afforded unwonted variety of opportunity for the display of strong individualities, yet society was gaining the settled order and the established form requisite for the higher development of intellectual life. The language itself had just reached that stage in its evolution which made it responsive to the new demands of widening thought and more varied emotion,

and, in answering them, it was shaping itself into the most serviceable instrument of expression which man has ever had at his command.

Another influence also was deeply affecting the intellectual life of England, that of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Donne was a child of this spirit. He shared in its exaltations and debasements, in its confusion of the sensual and the supersensual, in its love of physical and its adoration of spiritual beauty, in its poetic fervor, its ardor for experience and for learning, its rapid changes of mood, its subjection to the things of the flesh, its ascetic aspiration for the things of the spirit. The keen, penetrating breath which had blown westward from Italy was a mingling of the purest and most vivifying air with a poisonous malaria. All Western Europe had felt it. It had refined manners, it had corrupted the moral sense; it had quickened life, it had spread mortal contagion. A nature so susceptible as Donne's was subject to its full effect. He and Lord Herbert of Cherbury are among the striking illustrations which the England of 1600 affords of the force which this Italian spirit still exerted after its native source had run almost dry. In the next generation Milton, though directly exposed to the influence of the Italy of his own day, shows the recovery from its control and the revival of the healthier genius of England.

The moods and conditions of this period are displayed in

Donne's poetry in such degree as to make it a sort of epitome and school of them all. Putting Shakespeare out of the question, as forming a class by himself, there is no poet of the time who surpasses Donne in the occasional power of his imagination, in easy flight of fancy, in sincerity of passionate utterance, in sweetness and purity of sentiment, in depth and substance of reflection, in terse expression of thought. But, on the other hand, his poems equally reflect the poetic age in its gross sensuality and coarse obscenity; in studied obscurity, fantasticality of conceit, exaggeration of affected feeling, harshness of diction, and cumbersome construction. The mingling of good and bad is often intricate. The sensualism of the verses of his youth is now and then lifted by a stroke of the wing of imagination out of the lower into the higher regions of life. The dreariness of a long stretch of labored and intricate conceits is not seldom lighted up by a flash of wit, or the illumination of an original and impressive thought. The extravagance of eulogy is here and there stoned for by a passage full of natural feeling, expressed with penetrating simplicity.

Much of his poetry seems to have been rapidly composed, and never subjected to considerate revisal. To this no doubt are due something of its obscurity, as well as those grave faults of art in his verse which show not so much a defect of poetic capacity, as carelessness, and in-

difference to perfection of rhythmical form. "Donne," says Mr. Lowell in his *Shakespeare Once More*, "is full of salient verses that would take the rudest March winds of criticism with their beauty, of thoughts that first tease us like charades, and then delight us with the felicity of their solution; but these have not saved him. He is exiled to the limbo of the formless and the fragmentary." And yet, one may add, if he be adjudged to this limbo, he is one "of the people of great worth who are suspended there."

In another essay Mr. Lowell, citing Drayton's fine words about Marlowe, says: "As a poet Donne had in him 'those brave translunary things that our first poets had.' To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses, as he could sometimes do, is the supreme function of poetry."

The result of all his poetic faults has not been, as Jonson prophesied, that Donne has perished, but that his merits have been largely overlooked, or falsely measured. Dryden, who was not ashamed to borrow from Donne upon occasion without acknowledgment, in the dedication of his *Eleonora* calls him "the greatest wit though not the greatest poet of our nation," and, again referring to him in his famous dedication of the translation of Juvenal to the Earl of Dorset, asks, "Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers?" and still again, he says, with

some excess of severity, "Were he (Donne) translated into numbers and English he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression." Pope tried what Dryden here suggested, and "versified," as he called it, two of Donne's Satires. But though his lines flow more smoothly than those of Donne, they lack the conciseness and sincerity of his original. "Sense passed through him no longer is the same," and he often adds coarseness to what was gross enough before. The opening verses of the second Satire afford a good example of what Donne suffers in being translated into Pope's numbers and English. Donne begins:

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 it breeds pity toward the rest;

and Pope, transmuting this into more flowing lines, vulgarizes it as follows:

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This town, I had the sense to hate it too.
 Yet here, as e'en in Hell, there must be still
 One giant-vice so excellently ill
 That all beside one pities not abhors,
 As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

Parnell, whose name as a poet survives, rather than his verses, did for Donne's third Satire what Pope had done for the second and fourth; and in his hands this Satire, one of the most direct, serious, and masculine of Donne's poems,

full of real emotion and the expression of sincere conviction, becomes a piece of artificial diction, feeble in substance and poor in form. For instance, Donne says, with fine, characteristic compression,

Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her,—

a passage which Parnell accommodates to the taste of his times by rendering thus :

Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins allied,
There 's eldership on Truth's delightful side.
Her seek with heed.

One more sample of this transmuting of gold to clay will answer. Donne says :

On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must and about must go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.

This is rough, but strong and imaginative. It suggested to Mr. Parnell that

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the summit mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

Obviously the genius of Parnell had a horror of these "shorter ways." But he is not to blame for sharing in the incapacity of appreciation which was common in his own and the next generation. Even Hume could declare as the verdict of history that "in Donne's Satires, when carefully inspected, there appear some flashes of wit and ingenuity; but these totally suffocated and buried by the hardest and most uncouth expression that is anywhere to be met with."¹

Dr. Johnson, who had read Donne's poetry with some thoroughness, seems not to have found much pleasure in it. He gives Donne credit as the first of what he calls "the metaphysical poets," of whom he says, "they were of very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts."²

Even Coleridge, gifted as he was with sensibility and acute critical perceptions, does imperfect justice to its quality in his quatrain *On Donne's Poetry*:

With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreath iron pokers into true-love knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.

¹ *History of England*. Appendix to the reign of James I.

² *Life of Cowley*.

And Southey, with a somewhat characteristic want of taste and appreciation of poetic excellence, goes so far as to say, "Nothing, indeed, could have made Donne a poet, unless as great a change had been worked in the structure of his ears as was wrought in elongating those of Midas."¹

Surely it could only be the ears of Midas himself that would not find music and poetry in,—

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
 Whom I have watched 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 fallen, or not at all.

And in *The Relic* there is a metrical felicity which corresponds with the intimate poetic sentiment and gives perfect expression to it:

When my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 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?

¹ *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, 1807, 1, xxiv.

I have omitted two verses of this stanza in which Donne's fondness for quips and his lack of refinement are characteristically displayed, but the number of single stanzas fine as this which might be chosen from his earlier poems is very large, and it is surprising that any lover of poetry should fail to take delight in the audacious, picturesque fancy of such a poem as *The Sun-rising*, the brilliant wit of *The Will*, the depth of sentiment in *Love's Growth*, *The Ecstasy*, *The Anniversary*, and *The Shadow*, the subtle delicacy of *The Undertaking*, and the exquisite imagery and true feeling of *A Valediction forbidding Mourning*, in all of which, as well as in many others, there is no defect of measure to interfere with the poetic charm.

I do not impugn Ben Jonson's opinion that Donne deserved hanging for not keeping of accent. His sins in this respect are, indeed, unpardonable and unaccountable. He puts accent where he likes, forcing it from one syllable to another as if it had no settled place of its own. Some of the transpositions are astounding, as, for instance :

Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears.

As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them.

At their best
Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummy possess.

Accent seems as indifferent to him as spelling, and he writes *cómplaint*, *éxtreme*, *úsurpers*, *tortúre*, *pictúre*, *answér*, *papér*, *giánt*, *prisón*, *kingdóm*, *preséncé*, and more than fifty other words, with similar disregard of English usage. I say English usage, for it is obvious that in many of these words Donne was following the French accentuation.¹

Even when the accent is correct his lines are often harsh, and he employs slurs and elisions to a degree that makes his verse difficult to a reader whose eyes and ears are not accustomed to the freedom in this respect which the poets of Donne's time allowed themselves, and who thus lies open to the charge which Holophernes brings against Sir Nathaniel's reading of Biron's sonnet: "You find not the apostrophes and so miss the accent."

It is hardly worth while to cite examples. The instances are so numerous that the reader soon gains skill by practice, and learns (to alter a phrase of Donne's own) to "redress rough lines and make verse song." In fine, Coleridge says truly: "To read Dryden, Pope, etc., you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure *time*, and discover the time of each word by the sense of passion. . . . In poems where the writer *thinks*, and expects the reader to do so, the sense must be understood to ascertain the metre."²

¹ The same fact is noticeable occasionally in Shakespeare's verse. Donne's use of *tríumph* and *tríumphér* may be compared with Shakespeare's "So ridest thou *tríumphing* in my woe." Dryden, too, has *tríumphs*.

² *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous*, 1853, pp. 249, 250.

In Donne's longer poems there are few passages of many continuous verses of sustained excellence, but single verses or couplets are frequent which express a striking thought or a profound reflection with epigrammatic terseness. Some few of them have become familiar quotations, as, for example :

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks and so divinely wrought
That one might almost say her body thought ;

and,

No Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face ;

and again,

In laborers' ballads oft more piety
God finds than in Te Deums' melody.

But there are many others, less commonly known, which are not less memorable ; for instance :

Whose twilights were more clear than our midday,
Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray.

The diocis
Of every exemplar man the whole world is.
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath none.

To admit
No knowledge of your worth is some of it.

Why Love among the virtues is not known
Is that Love is them all, contracted one.

Whose name refines coarse lines and makes prose song.
And even those tears which should wash sin are sin.

For marriage though it doth not stain doth dye.¹

We are scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.

And man so great that all that is is his,
Oh, what a trifle and poor thing he is !

We see in authors too stiff to recant
A 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.

We must
Still stay and vex our great grandmother, Dust.

As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and man need no further look.

But it is, perhaps, doing the poet wrong thus to choose out these verses. For, as Donne himself said, "Sentences in authors, like hairs in horsetails, concur in one root of beauty and strength ; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springes and snares." Donne's better poems deserve to be read not only complete, but over and over again. They allure and hold the lover of poetry with an abiding charm. They have secure place in the small volume of immortal verse.

C. E. N.

¹ Dryden's Epitaph *On the Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady who died at Bath*, which is mainly taken from Donne, changes this verse, much for the worse, to

"For marriage, tho it sullies not, it dies."

LIST AND COLLATION OF THE EDITIONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

No. 1. Poems, | *By* J. D. | With | Elegies | On The Au-
thor's | Death | London. | Printed by *M. F.* for John
Marriot, | and are to be sold at his shop in St. *Dunstons* |
Church-yard in *Fleet Street*. 1633.

COLLATION: Sm. 4to. Title, pp. viii (not paged), pp. 406, with
errors in the numbering. Facing the title-page in some copies is a por-
trait of Donne (Lombart Sculp. A Londre), with the inscription:

Viri Seraphici Joannis Donne. Qua-
dragenarii Effigies vera, Qui post
eam ætatem Sacris initiatus Ec-
clesiæ Sti Pauli Decanus obiit

Año { Döm 1631^o.
 { Ætatis suæ 59^o.

In some copies sheet A was misplaced by the binder, so that A 3
and 4 follow the title-page. They contain the prose introduction to
"The Progress of the Soul," headed "Infinitati Sacrum, 16 Augusti
1601. Metempsychosis. *Poëma Satyricon*.—Epistle." The other
unnumbered pages contain "The Printer to the Understanders," and
on the last page these verses:

Hexastichon Bibliopolar.

I see in his last preach'd and printed booke
His picture in a sheete; in *Pauls* I looke
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Little method is observable in the arrangement of the poems in this edition. Poems of the same general character are imperfectly grouped, and there is no attempt at chronological order. Pp. 351-372 are occupied by Letters in prose to Sir Henry Goodere, with one to the Countess of Bedford. Pp. 373-406 contain Elegies upon the Author.

No. 2. 1635. Same title and preliminary matter as in No. 1, date of title only being changed.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. x unnumbered, pp. 388, and pp. 32 unpagéd, containing the Elegies on the Author. Portrait of Donne in oval frame. Will. Marshall, sculpsit. In upper left-hand corner the words, Anno Dñi 1591 Ætatis Suae 18. In the opposite corner the author's coat of arms, with a sheaf of snakes for crest, and the motto, *Antes muerto que mudado*. Under the portrait this inscription:

This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refind
From youths Drosse, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.

Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sins.

IZ: WA:

On p. vi (unpagéd), after *Hexastichon Bibliopolae*, are the following verses:

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

In thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care;
'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may
He live: Yet shew I thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
Hee, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Then follows the *Infinitati Sacrum*, misplaced as in 1633, the poem to which it is the introduction being found at p. 301. In this edition the poems were arranged in an order which was followed, with slight variations, in all the subsequent editions of the seventeenth century. The following poems appear for the first time in this edition: To the Countess of Huntingdon; A Dialogue between Sir H. Wotton and Mr. Donne; To Ben Jonson 6 Jan. 1603 (not by Donne); To Ben Jonson 9 Novembris 1603; To Sir T. Rowe 1603; Epitaph on Himself (twice); four additional Holy Sonnets; On the Blessed Virgin Mary; On the Sacrament (not by Donne); Upon the translation of the Psalms by Sir Ph. Sidney; Ode, To Mr. Tilman, after he had taken orders; Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness; Elegy on the L. C.; Song, "Souls Joy"; Song, "Dear Love" (probably neither of these songs was by Donne); Farewell to Love; A Lecture upon the Shadow; Elegies xi-xv, xvii; Elegy on his Mistress; Elegy on Mistress Boulstred; Satire 6th; Latin Poem to Dr. Andrews. The Epitaph on Shakespeare (not by Donne) is omitted.

The following document, first printed from the original in the Record Office by the Rev. A. B. Grosart in his edition of Donne's Poems, in "The Fuller Worthies' Library," 1873, Vol. ii, p. lii, is of interest as showing the unauthorized character of the edition of 1635.

To ye most Reuerende father in God
William Lorde Arch-Bishop of
Canterburie Primate and
Metropolitan of all Eng-
lande his Grace.

The humble Petition of John Donne, Clerck,
Doth show unto your Grace that since ye death of his Father (latly Deane of Pauls) there hath bene manie scandalous Pamfflets printed and published vnder his name, which were none of his, by seuerall Boocksellors, without anie leaue or Autoritie; in particuler one entituled Juenilia, printed for Henry Seale; another by John Marriott and William Sheares, entituled Ignatius his Conclau, as allsoe certaine Poems by ye sayde John Marriote: of which abuses they have

bene often warned by your Petitioner and tolde that if thay desisted not, thay should be proceeded against beefore your Grace, which thay seeme so much to slight, that thay professe suddainly to publish new impressions, verie much to the greife of your petitioner and the discredite of ye memorie of his Father.

Wherefore your Petitioner doth beeseech your Grace that you would bee pleased by your Commaunde to stopp their farther proceedinge herein and to call the forenamed boocksellers beefore you to give an account for what they have allreadie done; and your Petitioner shall pray, etc.

I require ye Partyes whom this Petition concernes not to meddle any farther with ye Printing or Selling of any ye pretended workes of ye late Deane of St. Paules saue onely such as shall be licensed by publike authority, and approued by the Petitioner, as they will answer ye contrary at theyr perill. And of this I desire Mr Deane of ye Arches to take care. W. CANT.

Dec 16 1637.

The injunction of the Archbishop seems to have had no effect, for the editions of 1639 and 1649 are practically reissues of that of 1635.

No. 3. 1639.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. vi unpagéd, pp. 388, and pp. 32 unpagéd, containing the Elegies on the Author. Same portrait, title-page, and preliminary matter as in No 2, except that the introduction to "The Progress of the Soul" is inserted on unnumbered pages in its proper place before the poem. The pagination is the same as in No. 2. The variations in the text are few and slight.

No. 4. 1649.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. vi unpagéd, pp. 368, and pp. 32 unpagéd. Same portrait, title-page, etc., as in preceding. Same arrangement of poems. Two are added: Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities, and Sonnet, The Token. The text shows some mostly unimportant variations from that of preceding editions.

No. 5. 1650. Poems. | By J. D. | with | Elegies | on the |
 Author's Death | To which | *Is added divers Copies*
under his own hand | *never before in print.* | London, |
 Printed for *John Marriot*, and are | to be sold by *Rich-*
ard Marriot at his shop | by *Chancery* lane end over
 against the Inner | Temple gate. 1650.

COLLATION: Portrait by Marshall, as in the preceding. Following the title-page is an Epistle Dedicatory, by John Donne, son of the poet, addressed To the Right Honourable William Lord Craven, Baron of Hamsted-Marsham. On the back of the last page of the Epistle, besides the verses printed in the three preceding editions, is the following Epigram:

TO JOHN DONNE.

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

B. JONS.

As far as p. 368, this corresponds, with the exception of the preliminary matter noted above, with the edition of the preceding year, and is printed from the same type. Then come the "Divers copies never before in print," occupying pp. 369-392, as follows: "Newes from the very Countrey" (prose); "Amicissimo et meritissimo Ben. Jonson. In Vulponem."; a satirical epistle in Latin prose, without title, addressed to a courtier, accompanying a *Catalogus Librorum*, a catalogue of supposititious works by noted authors; "In sacram anchoram Piscatoris. G. Herbert"; the translation of the preceding; "To Mr. George Herbert, with one of my Seal, of the Anchor and

Christ," in Latin, followed by a translation; a discourse in Latin addressed to Convocation; "Vota Amico facta. Translated out of Gazaeus"; "To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with M. Donne's Satyres" (by Ben Jonson); "To John Donne" (by Ben Jonson), beginning, "The heavens rejoice in motion"; Poem, beginning, "He that cannot choose but love." After this follow the unpagéd *Elegies* as in the preceding edition.

No. 6. 1654.

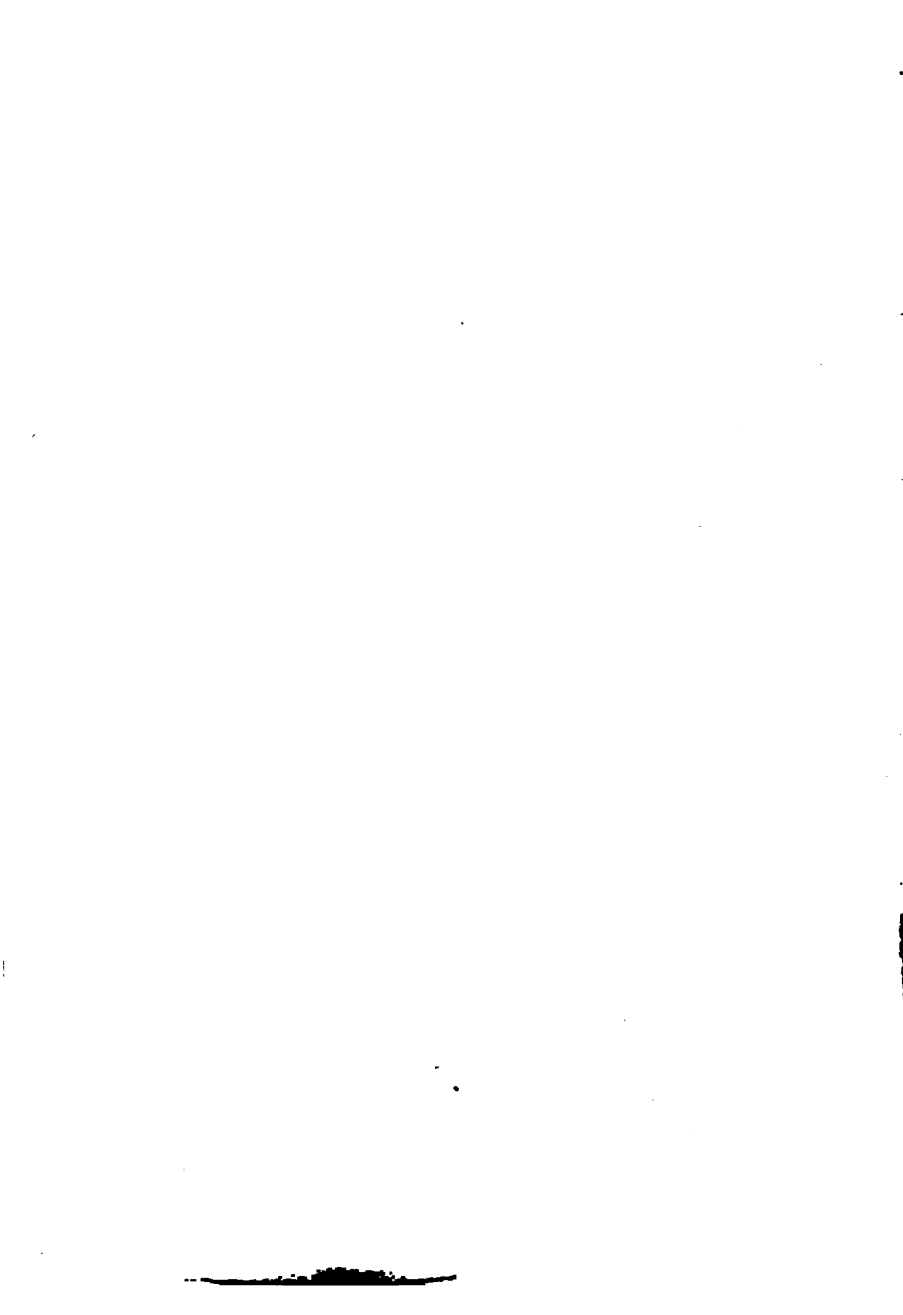
COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. A reissue of the preceding. Same portrait and title-page, except for a change in the publisher, as follows: London | Printed by J. Flesher, and are to be sold | by John Sweeting, at the Angel in | Popeshead Alley. 1654. The Epistle Dedicatory by John Donne 2d is omitted, also the Epigram by Jonson.

No. 7. 1669. Poems, &c. | By | John Donne | *late*
Dean of St. Pauls | With | *Elegies* | on the | Authors
 Death. | To which is added | *Divers Copies under his*
own hand, | Never before Printed. | In the Savoy, |
 Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the sign of |
 the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the | *New Exchange*.
 1669.

COLLATION: 8vo. No portrait. Title. Pp. iv unpagéd, pp. 414. Following the title-page is the Epistle by John Donne 2d, and the three sets of verses, as in No. 5. This edition contains two additional *Elegies*, and adds to a third; also a seventh *Satire*. The matter which appeared for the first time in No. 5, beginning at "Newes from the very Countrey," is in this volume placed at the end, after the *Elegies* on the Author. There are many variations in the text from that of preceding editions.

Note.

In the foot-notes to the present edition, the various readings are given with the dates of the editions in which they appear, except that when all the editions subsequent to that of 1633 agree in a variant, the dates are omitted.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,¹
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be ;
Thou know'st that² this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss³ of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas ! is more than we would⁴ do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea,⁵ more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage-bed and marriage-temple is ;
Though parents grudge, and you, we 're met
And cloistered 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.

¹ Me it sucked first, and now it sucks thee, 1669. ² Confess it, *ibid.*
³ or shame, or loss, *ibid.* ⁴ could, *ibid.* ⁵ nay, *ibid.*

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
 Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence ?
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,
 Except in that drop¹ which it sucked 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 WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
 Did till we loved ; were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures childishly ?²
 Or snorted³ we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?
 'T was so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be :⁴
 If ever any beauty I did see
 Which I desired 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 everywhere.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,

¹ blood, 1669. ² childish pleasures silly, *ibid.*
³ slumbered, *ibid.* ⁴ but as all pleasures fancies be, *ibid.*

Let maps to other, worlds on worlds¹ 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 better² hemispheres
 Without sharp north, without declining west?
 Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
 If our two loves be one, or³ thou and I
 Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.⁴

SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past years⁵ 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 to⁶ see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,

¹ to other worlds our world, 1669. ² fitter. ³ both. ⁴ Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die. ⁵ times past, 1669. ⁶ go, 1669.

Till age snow white hairs on thee ;
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 Nowhere
 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 I¹ come, to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast loved 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 ?

¹ she, 1660.

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

THE UNDERTAKING.¹

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 learned 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 :

¹ Without title in 1633.

But 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 attired in woman see,¹
 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.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
 Why dost thou thus
 Through windows and through curtains call² on us ?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?

¹ Virtue in woman see. ² look, 1660.



Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
 Late school-boys and ¹ sour 'prentices,
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the King will ride,
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend and strong,
 Why should'st thou think ?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long.²
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to-morrow late tell me
 Whether both the Indias of spice and mine
 Be where thou left'st³ 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 is all states, and all princes I ;
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us ; compared to this,
 All honour 's mimic, all wealth alchemy.
 Thou sun art half as happy as 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 everywhere ;
 This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

¹ or, 1669. ² Dost thou not think . . . so long ? ³ left.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CAN love both fair and brown,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,
 Her who loves liveness¹ best, and her who masks² and plays,
 Her whom the country formed, 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 spent,³ 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 thorough you,
 Grow your fixed subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sigh⁴ this song,
 And by love's sweetest part,⁵ variety, she swore
 She heard not this till now ; and that⁶ it should be so no
 more.

1 lovers, 1669. 2 sports, *ibid.* 3 worn, *ibid.* 4 sing, *ibid.* 5 sweetest sweet, *ibid.*

6 "and that" omitted.

She went, examined, and returned ere long,
 And said, Alas! some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy;
 But I have told them, Since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them who are 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 gray hairs equal be;
 Till then, Love, let my body reign,¹ and let
 Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last year's relic,² 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 that³ delay;
 Only let me love none, no, not the sport;
 From country grass to comfitures of court
 Or city's *quelque-chose*, let⁴ report
 My mind transport.

¹ range. ² relic, 1669. ³ her, *ibid.* ⁴ let not, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

This bargain 's good ; if when I am old, I be
 Inflamed by thee,
 If thine own honour, or my shame or ¹ 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 loves² me.

CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love,
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
 My five³ gray hairs, or ruined fortune⁴ flout,
 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 stamp'd face
 Contemplate ; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who 's injured by my love ?
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned ?
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground ?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove ?

¹ and, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ² love, 1635, '39. ³ true, 1685, '39, '49, '54.

⁴ fortunes, 1669.

When did the heats which my veins¹ fill
 Add one more² to the plaguy bill?
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men which³ quarrels move,
 Though⁴ she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another fly;
 We are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
 And we in us find the 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 unfit for tombs and⁵ hearse
 Our legends⁶ be, it will be fit for verse,
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
 We 'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs;
 And by these⁷ hymns all shall approve
 Us canonized 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,

¹ reins, 1609. ² man, *ibid.* ³ whom, *ibid.* ⁴ While, *ibid.*
⁵ tomb or, *ibid.* ⁶ legend. ⁷ those.

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 our¹ love."

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry;
 But where 's that wise² 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 numbers cannot be so fierce,
 For he tames it that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and³ voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain,
 And, by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which verse did restrain.

¹ your, 1669. ² the wiser, *ibid.* ³ or, *ibid.*

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 publish'd,
 And I, which was two fools, do so grow three :
 Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If 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 ¹ at the bargain made was meant :
 If then thy gift of love were ² partial,
 That some to me, some should to others fall,
 Dear, I shall never have thee ³ all.

Or, if then thou gavest ⁴ me all,
 All was but all which thou had'st then ;
 But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
 New love created be by other men

¹ That, 1639, '49, '54. ² was, 1669. ³ it. ⁴ givest, 1669.

Which have their stocks entire and can in tears,
 In sighs, in oaths, and ¹ letters outbid me,
 This new love may beget new fears ;
 For this love was not vowed by thee,
 And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
 The ground, thy heart, is ² 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
 New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in store ;
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
 Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,
 It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it :
 But we will have ³ a way more liberal
 Than changing hearts,— to join them ; ⁴ so we shall
 Be one, and one another's, All.

SONG.

SWEETEST Love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for me ;

¹ in. ² was, 1685, '89, '49, '54. ³ love, 1669. ⁴ join us, *ibid.*

But since that I
 Must die at last, 't is best,
 To use myself in jest
 Thus by feigned deaths to die.¹

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
 Speedier² journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

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

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,³
 But sigh'st my soul away ;

¹ At the last must part, 't is best,
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feign'd deaths to die. 1635, '89, '49, '54.
 Must die at last, 't is best,
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feign'd death to die. 1669.

² Hastier, 1669.

³ no wind.

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;
Thou¹ art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may² thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned³ aside to sleep:
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN I died last⁴ (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 sent⁵ me, I should be⁶
Mine own executor, and legacy.

¹ That, 1635, '39, '49, '54. Which art the life of me, 1669. ² make, 1639, '49, '54. ³ laid, 1669. ⁴ last I died, *ibid.* ⁵ meant, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ⁶ I might be, 1669.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
 That myself, that 's 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 there find none.
 When I had ripped me and searched where
 hearts did lie,¹
 It killed me again that I, who still was true
 In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 But colours it and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was entire to none, and few had part :
 As good as could be made by art
 It seemed, and therefore for our losses sad ;²
 I meant to send this³ heart instead of mine,
 But oh ! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

OH 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.

¹ When I had ripped and searched where hearts should lie.

² loss be sad, 1669. ³ that.

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 with ¹ 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 worthiest 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 bear² this tortúring wrong,
 For much³ corruption needful is
 To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee is soon⁴ spent ;
 Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
 Are⁵ únchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,⁶
 Though it in thee cannot persever ;
 For⁷ I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

¹ in, 1669. ² endure, *ibid.* ³ more. ⁴ soon is, 1669. ⁵ Are an, *ibid.*

⁶ And here as my mind, seizing thee, *ibid.* ⁷ Yet, *ibid.*

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I lovèd thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name ;
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
 Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be :
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did¹ see ;
 But since my soul, whose child love is,
 Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
 More subtile 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 lip, eye, and brow.²

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
 And so more steadily to have gone,
 With wares which would sink admiration
 I saw I had Love's pinnace overfraught ;
 Every thy hair³ 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 ;

1 did I, 1669. 2 thy lips, eyes, and brow, *ibid.* 3 thy every hair, 1649, '54, '69.

Just such disparity
 As is 'twixt air¹ 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.²

'T is true, 't is day ; what though it be ?
 Oh 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 hither,
 Should in despite³ 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 loved my heart and honour so,
 That I would not from him that had them go.

¹ air's, 1669. ² This stanza appears first in 1669.

³ spite, 1685, '89.

Must business thee from hence remove?
 Oh, that 's the worst disease of love;
 The 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 doth¹ woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself (which makes times, as they² pass)
 Is elder 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.

¹ should, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ² these, *ibid.*

But souls where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increas'd, there above,
 When bodies to their graves,¹ souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest ;
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings,² 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.

I.

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

¹ grave, 1635, '39.

² . . . and but we
 None are such kings, 1669.

II.

'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 am you.¹

III.

As no one point nor dash,
 Which are but accessories to this name,
 The showers and tempests² can outwash,
 So shall all times find me the same ;
 You this entireness better may fulfil,
 Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or, if too hard and deep
 This learning be for a scratched 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.

V.

Then, as all my souls be
 Emparadised in you (in whom alone
 I understand and grow and see),
 The rafters of my body, bone,

¹ and I see you, 1699. ² tempest, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repair
And recompact my scattered body so.
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fixed in the stars, are said to flow
Into such characters as gravèd be
When these ¹ stars have ² supremacy,

VII.

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.

VIII.

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 ³ my Genius.

¹ those. ² had, 1669. ³ offends, *ibid.*

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold and ¹ page,
 His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
 Disputed it, and tamed thy rage,
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him for this,²
 May my name step in and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
 To an overt act, and that thou write again ;
 In superscribing, this ³ name flow
 Into thy fancy from the pane ;⁴
 So in forgetting thou remembrest right,
 And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
 No means our firm substantial love to keep ;
 Near death inflicts this lethargy,
 And this ⁵ I murmur in my sleep ;
 Impute this idle talk to that I go ;
 For dying men talk often so.

¹ or, 1669.

² Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage,

If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, *ibid.*

³ my, *ibid.* ⁴ pen. ⁵ thus.

TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,¹
 Receive such balms as else cure² every thing,
 But oh, self-traitor, I do bring
 The spider Love³ 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 that I may not⁴ this disgrace
 Endure, nor yet leave loving,⁵ 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 my⁶ year.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come
 And take my tears, which are Love's wine,⁷
 And try your mistress' tears at home,
 For all are false that taste not just like mine ;

¹ years, 1669. ² balm as else cures. ³ spider's love, 1669. ⁴ But since I cannot, *ibid.* ⁵ nor leave this garden. ⁶ the, 1635, '89, '49, '54. ⁷ lover's wine, 1639.

Alas ! hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge women'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 me.

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 esloign me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too ;
 How thine may out-endure
 Sibyl'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 myriades
 Of letters which have passed '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-lived as the elements
 Or as the world's form, this all-gravèd tome¹
 In cipher writ, or new-made idiome;
 We for Love's clergy only are instruments;
 When this book is made thus,
 Should again the ravenous
 Vandals and the Goths² invade us,
 Learning were safe; in this our universe
 Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels verse.

Here Love's divines (since all divinity
 Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
 Whether abstract³ spiritual love they like,
 Their souls exhaled with what they do not see,
 Or, loath so to amuse
 Faith's infirmity, they choose
 Something which they may see and use;
 For though mind be the heaven where Love doth sit,
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may lawyers find,
 Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devours,
 Transferred 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.

¹ tomb, 1669. ² and Goths, *ibid.* ³ abstracted, *ibid.*

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, one¹ 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 something² see ;
 As in the Bible some can find out alchemy.

Thus vent³ 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 viewed
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we
 But to mark when and where the dark eclipses⁴ be ?

COMMUNITY.⁵

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

¹ what 't is on, proceed, 1669. ² their nothing, 1635, '89, '49, '54.
³ went, *ibid.* ⁴ the eclipses, 1669. ⁵ Without title in 1638.

If then at first wise nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some we might hate and some choose,
 But since she did them so create
 That we may neither love nor hate,
 Only this rests, all all may¹ 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 ;
 Changed loves are but changed 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 ;

¹ all men may, 1669.

Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.
 But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not only be no quintessence
 But mixed of all stuffs paining¹ soul or sense
 And of the sun his working² vigour borrow,
 Love's not so pure and abstract³ 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 enlarged, but shown,
 Gentle love-deeds, as⁴ blossoms on a bough,
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.
 If, as in water stirred, more circles be
 Produced 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 the⁵ spring's increase.

¹ vexing. ² active. ³ an abstract, 1669. ⁴ are, *ibid.* ⁵ this.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

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

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow;¹
 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 woe.²

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust;

¹ a sigh, a vow, 1669. ² mine own woe, *ibid.*

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 this¹ face.

This face, by which he could command
 And change the idolatry of any land ;
 This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
 Can call vowed 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 enraged 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 ;
 Racked carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.²

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,

¹ his, 1669. ² Without title in 1633.

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to heavy noise and low contrast. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document.]

SECRET

[The following text is also faint and illegible, appearing to be a list or a set of instructions.]



My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it :¹
 Thou art so truth,² that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make dreams truths 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, waked me :

 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lovest truth) an angel at first sight ;
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when³ 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 anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee ;
 But rising makes me doubt that now
 Thou art not thou.

That love is weak, where fear 's as⁴ 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'st⁵ to kindle, goest to come: then I
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

¹ thou break'st not, but continuest it, 1660. ² true. ³ then, 1660.

⁴ fears are, *ibid.* ⁵ com'st, *ibid.*

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, embléms 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, world¹ by that impression grow,
 Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
 This world by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolvéd 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

¹ would, 1669.

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 digged love's mine than I,
 Say where his centric happiness doth lie ;

I have loved 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 the 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 any¹ man

Can be as happy as I can, 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,

¹ my.

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, possest.

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
 Who is my mistress, wither by this curse ;
 His only, and only his purse
 May some dull heart to love dispose,
 And she yield then to all that are his foes ;¹
 May he be scorned by one whom all else scorn,
 Forswear to others what to her he hath sworn,
 With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp,² may he
 Make by but thinking who hath made him such ;
 And may he feel no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and be
 Anguished, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she ;
 In early and long scarceness may he rot,
 For land which had been his, if he had not
 Himself incestuously an heir begot.³

¹ Him only for his purse

May some dull whore to love dispose,
 And then yield unto all that are his foes, 1669.

² cramps, *ibid.*

³ 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 recórd 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 circumcised for bread.

The venom of all step-dames, gamester's gall,
 What tyrans and their subjects interwish,
 What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish
 Can cóntribute, all ill which all
 Prophets or poets spake, and all which shall
 Be annexed in schedules unto this by me,
 Fall on that man ; for if it be a she,
 Nature beforehand hath outcurséd me.

THE MESSAGE.¹

SEND home my long-strayed eyes to me,
 Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee ;
 Yet since there they² have learned such ill,
 Such forced fashions
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

¹ Without title in 1638. ² But if they there, 1669.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;
 Which¹ if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 't is none of mine.²

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 art now.³

A NOCTURNAL UPON S. LUCY'S DAY,
 BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
 Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmask's;
 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-feet, life is shrunk,

¹ But. ² Keep it still, 't is none of mine, 1669. ³ dost now, *ibid.*

Dead and interred ; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compared 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 every¹ 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 ruined me, and I am rebegot
Of absence, darkness, death, things which are 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
Drowned the whole world, us two ; oft did we grow
To be two chaoses when we 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 ;

¹ a very.

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 drowned in a transparent tear,
 When I look lower, I espy ;
 Hadst thou the wicked skill,
 By pictures made and marred, to kill,
 How many ways might'st thou perform thy will !

But now I have drunk thy sweet salt tears,
 And though¹ thou pour more, I 'll depart :

¹ Although, 1669.

My picture vanished,¹ vanish fears,²
 That I can be endamaged 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.³

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
 Warmed by thy⁴ eyes, more than the sun ;
 And there the enamoured fish will stay,⁵
 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 be'st loath
 By sun or moon, thou darkenest both ;
 And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

¹ vanish, 1669. ² vanish all fears, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

³ Without title in 1633. ⁴ thine, 1669. ⁵ play, *ibid.*

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset
 With strangling snare or windowy¹ net ;

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks outwrest,
 Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies
 Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes ;

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

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst² thee free
 From³ all sollicitation from me,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see ;
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,⁴
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,

¹ winding, 1669. ² And thou shalt think, *ibid.* ³ Of, *ibid.*

⁴ whose thou art, being tired before, *ibid.*

And in false sleep will from thee shrink.¹
 And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bathed 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 had rather thou should'st painfully repent,
 Than by my threatenings 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 flask² 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 ;

¹ And in false sleep from thee shrink, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

 And in a false sleep even from thee shrink, 1669.

² flask.

They come to us, but us Love draws ;
He swallows us and never chaws ;
By him, as by chained shot, whole ranks do die ;
He is the tyran pike, our hearts the fry.¹

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 be 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.

¹ and we the fry, 1609.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "The breath goes now,"¹ and some say, "No";

So let us melt and make no noise,
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests 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
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.²

But we by a love so much³ refined
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips, hands⁴ to miss.

¹ "Now his breath goes," 1669.

² Of absence, 'cause it doth remove,
 The thing which elemented it, *ibid.*

³ far, *ibid.* ⁴ lips, and hands, *ibid.*

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 fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if the 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 begun.

THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swelled up to rest
 The violet's reclining head,
 Sate we two, one another's best.¹

¹ The violets declining head,
 Sate we on one another's breasts, 1669.

Our hands were firmly cémented
With ¹ a fast balm which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string ;
So to entergraft ² 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 their ³ 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 refined
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knows ⁴ 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 ⁵ unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love ;
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see we saw not what did move ;

¹ By. ² engraft. ³ our. ⁴ knew. ⁵ do, 1660.

But as all several souls contain
 Mixture of things they know not what,
 Love these mixed 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
 Inter-animates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness¹ controls.
 We then, who are this new soul, know
 Of what we are composed and made ;
 For th' atomies² of which we grow,
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.
 But, Oh alas ! so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?
 They are ours, though not we ; we are
 The intelligences, they the spheres.
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us to us at first convey,
 Yielded their senses' force to us,
 Nor are dross 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.

¹ loveliness, 1669. ² the atomes, *ibid.*

As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile 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 ;
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love revealed may look ;
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his¹ 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 are to bodies gone.²

LOVE'S DEITY.

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

¹ the, 1669. ² grown.

Sure they which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practised 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.¹

But every modern god will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove ;
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlieu of the god of Love.
 Oh were we wakened² by this tyranny
 To 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 am loath to see ;
 Falsehood is worse than hate, and that must be,
 If she whom I love should love me.

¹ Love, if I love who loves not me, 1685, '39, '49, '54.

² Were we not weakened, 1669.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
 But that I did, to make it less,
 And keep it in proportiön,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon
 That which Love worst endures, discretiön.

Above one sigh a day I allowed 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 brined it so
 With scorn or shame, that him it nourished not ;
 If he sucked hers, I let him know
 'T was not a tear which he had got,
 His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat ;
 For eyes which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters ; when she writ to me,
 And that that ¹ favour made him fat,
 I said, if any title be

¹ But burnt her letters when she writ to me, And if that, 1635, '39, '49, '54.
 But burnt my letters which she writ to me, And if that, 1669.

Conveyed by this, Ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth name¹ in an entail!

Thus I redeemed² my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I choose;³
Now negligent of sports⁴ I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game killed, or lost, go talk and⁵ sleep.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; here I⁶ bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve⁷ her who had 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;

¹ man, 1669. ² reclaimed. ³ chose, 1669. ⁴ sport. ⁵ or. ⁶ I here, 1669. ⁷ love, *ibid.*

My silence to any who abroad hath¹ been ;
 My money to a Capuchin ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
 To love there where no love received can be,
 Only to give to such as have an incapacity.²

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 patiënce let gamesters 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
 did³ but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
 I give my physic-books ; my written rolls

¹ have, 1669. ² no good capacity, *ibid.* ³ do.

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 gifts¹ 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 sundial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practice this one way to annihilate all three.²

THE FUNERAL

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;³
 The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
 For 't is my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to control
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

¹ gift, 1639, '49, '54. ² annihilate thee, 1669. ³ of hair about mine arm, *ibid.*

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 grew,¹ and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do it; except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are con-
 demned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it by² me;
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
 If into other hands these relics came.
 As 't was humility
 To 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 watched 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

¹ grow, 1649, '54, '69. ² with.

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labours¹ 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 that² sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
Subtile to plague thyself, wilt³ 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 stayed 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.

¹ labourest. ² the. ³ will, 1660.

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 stayed 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 we shall find
 As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.¹

UPON this primrose hill,
 Where if Heaven would distil
 A shower of rain, each several drop might go
 To his own primrose, and grow manna so ;
 And where their form and their infinity
 Make a terrestrial galaxy,
 As the small stars do in the sky,
 I walk to find a true love, 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 anything ; and then, should she

¹ Later editions add, " Being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill
 on which it is situate."

Be more than woman, she would get above
 All thought of sex and think to move
 My heart to study her, and not¹ to love;
 Both these were monsters; since there must
 reside
 Falsehood in woman, I could more abide
 She were by art, than nature falsified.

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 their² turn, since all
 Numbers are odd or even, and³ they fall
 First into this⁴ five, women may take us all.

THE RELIC.

WHEN my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learned that woman-head,
 To be to more than one a bed,)

¹ to study her, not, 1635, '39. ² the, 1649, '54, '69. ³ since. ⁴ into five.

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 mis-devotion¹ doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
 Us to the Bishop and² the King,
 To make us relics; 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 loved well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
 Difference of sex no more we knew³
 Than our guardian⁴ angels do;
 Coming and going, we
 Perchance might kiss, but not⁵ between those meals;
 Our hands ne'er touched the seals

¹ mass devotion, 1669. ² or, *ibid.* ³ we never knew.

⁴ No more than guardian. ⁵ yet, 1669.

Which nature, injured by late law, sets¹ 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,
 When they shall find your picture in my² 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 in your³ conquest have,
 First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain,
 And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain ;
 And, like a Goth and⁴ Vandal rise,
 Deface records and histories
 Of your own arts⁵ 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,

¹ set, 1669. ² mine, 1649, '54, '69. ³ the, 1669. ⁴ or, *ibid.* ⁵ acts, *ibid.*

Which are vast Constancy and Secretness,
 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 valor, and you shall find than,
 In that ¹ you have odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE is 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 hers involve,
 And those things whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.
 My fire of passion, sighs of air,
 Water of tears, and earthly ² sad despair,
 Which my materials be,
 (But ne'er ³ 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,

¹ Naked. ² earthy. ³ near.

EXPLANATION

I have been told that the
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NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stooped so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey ;
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind to admire,
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire ;
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no way¹be exprest
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.

¹ means, 1660.

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,
 At least remember, I forbade it thee;
 Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste¹
 Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
 By being to me then that which thou wast;²
 But so great joy our life at once outwears:
 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 is too great for me;
 Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
 So shall I live thy stay,³ not triumph be:

¹ shall repay in unthrifty a waste, 1669.

² By being to thee then what to me thou wast. ³ stage.

Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,
To let me live, oh love and hate me too.¹

THE EXPIRATION.

So, so,² 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 benight our happiest day ;
We 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 killed thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too ;
Oh ³ 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.

FOR ⁴ the ⁵ first twenty years since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou could'st be gone away ;
For forty more, I fed on favours past,
And forty, on hopes that thou would'st they
might last ;

¹ Then lest thou thy love hate, and me thou undo,
Oh let me live, yet love and hate me too, 1685, '89, '49, '54.
Lest thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
Oh let me live, yet love and hate me too, 1669.
² So, go, *ibid.* ³ Or. ⁴ From, 1669. ⁵ my.

Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew
 out two ;
 A thousand, I did neither think nor do,
 Or not divide,¹ all being one thought of you,
 Or in a thousand more forgot² that too.
 Yet call not this long life ; but think that I
 Am, by being dead, immortal ; can ghosts die ?

THE PARADOX.³

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 loved, for who can say
 He was killed yesterday ?
 Love, with excess of heat, more young than old,
 Death, kills with too much cold ;
 We die but once, and who loved 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.

¹ deemed, 1635, '89, '49, '54. ² forget, 1669.

³ Without title in the edition of 1633.

Once I love and died, 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.

1635.

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 ,
Oh give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words, but sense deep ;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,

Even then our souls shall kiss :
 Fools have no means to meet,
 But by their feet ;
 Why should our clay
 Over our spirits so much sway,
 To tie us to that way ?
 Oh give no way to grief,
 But let belief
 Of mutual love,
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,
 Our bodies, not we, move.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

1635.

WHILST, 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 carèd 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 pleased them all, takes but one sense,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
 A kind of sorrowing dulness 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 endamaged me,
 And when I come where moving beauties be,

As men do, when the summer's sun ¹

Grows great,

Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat ;

Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,

'T is but applying worm-seed to the tail.

¹ the summer sun, 1649, '54, '69.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.¹

1635.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
 A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy.
 These three hours that we have spent
 Walking here, two shadows went
 Along with us, which we ourselves produced ;
 But now the sun is just above our head,
 We do those shadows tread,
 And to brave clearness all things are
 reduced ;
 So whilst our infant loves ² did grow
 Disguises did and shadows flow
 From us and our cares : but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attained 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 loves faint and westwardly decline,
 To me thou, falsely, thine,
 And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

¹ Title simply "A Song," in the editions of 1635, '89. ² love, 1669.

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.

THE TOKEN.

1649.

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 thine own hands
 To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
 Of new-touched 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 infold,
 Laced up together in congruity,
 To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desired, 'cause 't is like thee ¹ best ;
 Nor witty lines, which are most copious
 Within the writings which thou hast address ;
 Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score ;
 But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

¹ the, 1669.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000). The number of people aged 65 and over is projected to increase to 16.5 million by 2020, and the number of people aged 75 and over to 8.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is due to a combination of factors, including a decline in the birth rate, a decline in the death rate, and an increase in life expectancy.

The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over has led to a corresponding increase in the number of people who are dependent on others for their care. In 1990, there were 1.5 million people aged 65 and over who were dependent on others for their care, and this number is projected to increase to 2.5 million by 2020 (Office for National Statistics 2000).

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ELEGIES.



ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

JEALOUSY.¹

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy !
If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-bark² coverèd,
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can
The nimblest crotcheting musiciän,
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 feigned 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.
Oh give him many thanks, he is courteöus,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.

¹ These elegies have no titles in the editions of 1633 and 1669,
being simply numbered. ² sere-cloth, 1669.

We must not, as we used, flout openly,
 In scoffing riddles, his deformity;
 Nor, at his board together being sat,
 With words, nor touch, scarce looks, adulterate,
 Nor, when he, swoln and pampered with great¹ fare
 Sits down and snorts, caged in his basket-chair,
 Must we usurp his own bed any more,
 Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
 Now I see many dangers;² 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 another³ house, what should we fear?
 There we will scorn his household policies,
 His silly plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
 Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II.

THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for she
 Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
 For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
 Though they⁴ be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;

¹ high, 1669. ² Now do I see my danger, *ibid.* ³ another's, *ibid.*
⁴ theirs, *ibid.*

Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
 And though her harsh hair fall,¹ her skin is rough ;²
 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 perfumed, we ask if there
 Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
 Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
 She hath yet an anagram³ of a good face ;
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In the⁴ 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 changed, 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, changed 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 foul, than to have been fair.

¹ harsh hair's foul, 1669. ² tough, 1635, '89, '49, '54.

³ the anagrams, 1669. ⁴ that.

For one night's revels 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 is 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.
 When Belgia's cities the round countries drown,¹
 That dirty foulness guards and arms the town ;²
 So doth her face guard her ; and so for thee,
 Which, forced 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,
 Who, though seven years she in the stews had laid,
 A nunnery durst receive and think a maid,
 And, though in childbed's³ labour she did lie,
 Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany,
 Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
 Than witches which impossibles confessa.⁴
 One like none, and liked of none, fittest were,
 For things in fashion every man will wear.

¹ Like Belgia's cities when the country is drowned, 1669. ² towns, *ibid.*
³ childbirth's, *ibid.* ⁴ After "confess" the following lines occur in the
 edition of 1669, but not in the other editions :

Whom dildoes, bedstaves, or a velvet glass
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was.

ELEGY III.

CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith and good works¹ too
 Have sealed thy love, which nothing should undo,
 Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy
 Confirm² thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.
 Women are like the arts, forced unto none,
 Open to all searchers, unprized if unknown.
 If I have caught a bird and let him fly,
 Another fowler, using these³ means as I,
 May catch the same bird ; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
 Foxes and goats, all beasts⁴ change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
 Be bound to one man ? and did⁵ nature then
 Idly make them apter to endure than men ?
 They are our clogs, not their own ; if a man be
 Chained to a galley, yet the galley is free.
 Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed-corn there,
 And yet allows his ground more corn should bear ;
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but oh ! can'st thou love it and me ?

¹ word, 1669. ² confirms, *ibid.* ³ those, 1649, '54, '69.

⁴ Foxes, goats and all beasts, 1669. ⁵ *ibid.*

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 it ; 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,¹
 And in the vast sea are more putrefied,²
 But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
 Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
 Then are they purest. 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 escapes are laid on me ;
 And as a thief at bar is questioned there
 By all the men that have been robbed that year,
 So am I (by this traitorous means surprised)
 By thy hydroptic father catechized.³
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a cockatrice ;

¹ abide, 1669. ² purified, 1649, '54. worse purified, 1669.

³ The following two lines are not in the edition of 1633.

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 souls we have been.
 Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
 Takes this advantage to sleep out daylight,
 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 art swoln, doth thee embrace,
 To try¹ if thou long,² doth name strange meats,
 And notes thy paleness, blushing,³ sighs, and sweats,
 And politicly 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 skipped into our chamber those sweet nights,
 And, kissed, and ingled⁴ on thy father's knee,
 Were bribed next day to tell what they did see;
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oaths, and only than,
 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,

¹ And to try. ² To try if thou [do] long. J. R. L.

³ blushes, 1669. ⁴ dandled, *ibid.*

Though by thy father he were hired to this,
 Could never witness any touch or kiss.
 But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
 That which betrayed me to my¹ enemy,
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
 Even at thy father's nose, so were we spied.
 When like a tyran king, that in his bed
 Smelt² gunpowder, the pale wretch shiver'd,
 Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
 That his own feet or breath that³ smell had wrought,
 But as we, in our isle imprison'd,
 Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,
 The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
 So thought he good⁴ strange, that had none at all.
 I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
 Even my oppressed shoes dumb and speechless were,
 Only, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next me, me traitorously hast betrayed,
 And, unsuspected, hast invisibly
 At once fled unto him, and stayed 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 called effeminate.
 Though you be much loved in the Prince's hall,
 There things that seem exceed substantial.

1 mine. 2 Smells, 1669. 3 the, *ibid.*

4 sweet, *ibid.*

Gods, when ye fumed on altars, were pleased well,
 Because you were burnt, not that they liked your smell.
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone ;
 Shall we love ill things joined, 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.

HERE 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 sunbeams tann'd,
 My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
 With care's rash sudden storms being o'erspread,¹
 My body a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin,
 If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man
 So foul and coarse, as, oh ! I may seem than,
 This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,
 Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?

¹ harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread.

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 disused ¹ tastes seems
 tough.

ELEGY VI.

OH! let me not serve so as those men serve,
 Whom honour's smokes at once fatten ² and sterve,
 Poorly enriched 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 realms ³ fulfill
 Whence they no tribute have, and where ⁴ no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves; I hate dead names; oh then let me
 Favorite in ordinary, or no favorite be.
 When my soul was in her own body sheathed,
 Nor yet by oaths betrothed, nor kisses breathed
 Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
 Thy heart seemed wax, and steel thy constancy:
 So careless flowers, strowed on the water's face,
 The curl'd whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,

¹ weak, 1649, '54, '69. ² flatter, 1669. ³ names, *ibid.* ⁴ bear, *ibid.*

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 are 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 then ¹ chide
 And bend her brows and swell, if any bough
 Do but stoop down or ² kiss her upmost ³ 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 flattering eddies promising return,
 She flouts the ⁴ channel who ⁵ 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 ! ⁶ Love dulled with pain,
 Was ne'er so wise, nor well armed, as Disdain.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy ⁷
 Death in thy cheeks and darkness in thine eye :
 Though ⁸ hope bred ⁹ faith and love, thus taught, I
 shall,
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall ;

1 there. 2 to. 3 utmost. 4 her. 5 which. 6 ah ! 1669. 7 survey and spy, *ibid.*
 8 Through, *ibid.* 9 breed.

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! thou dost prove¹
 Too subtile! Fool, thou didst 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 the eye's water call² a malady
 Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
 I had not taught thee then the alphabet
 Of flowers, how they, devicefully being set
 And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
 Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
 Remember, since all thy words used to be
 To every suitor, "Ay,³ 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 hour's discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill-arrayed
 In broken proverbs and torn sentences,
 Thou art not by so many duties his,

¹ how thou dost prove, 1669. ² know. ³ I.

That, from the world's common having severed thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see,
 As mine, who have with amorous delicacies
 Refined thee into a blissful paradise.
 Thy graces and good words¹ 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 others' 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 chafed muskcat's pores doth trill,
 As the almighty balm of th' early East,
 Such are the sweat-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 defiles,
 Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils,
 Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
 Enforced, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboiled shoes and boots, and all the rest
 Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;

¹ works, 1669.

And like vile stones lying¹ in saffroned tin,
 Or warts, or weals, 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 th' 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 clothed in seal's skin,
 Or grave,² 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-barked elm-boughs, or the russet skin
 Of men late scourged for madness or for sin,
 Like sun-parched quarters on the city gate,
 Such is thy tanned skin's lamentable state,
 And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
 The short swollen fingers of her gouty hand.³
 Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,
 Which in the limbec's warm womb doth inspire
 Into th' earth's worthless part⁴ a soul of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best-loved part doth hold ;
 Thine 's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run

¹ vile lying stones, 1685, '89, '40, '54. ² grav'd, 1669.

³ thy gouty hand, 1685, '89, '40, '54 ; thy mistress' hand, 1669. ⁴ dirt.

Into clay moulds, or like to that Aetnâ,
 Where round about the grass is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worm sucking an invenomed 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 where¹ a plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are priests in handling reverend sacrifice,²
 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.

ELEGY IX.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring nor summer³ beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one autumnal face.
 Young beauties force our love,⁴ 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.

¹ when. ² A priest is in his handling sacrifice, 1669.

³ summer's. ⁴ your love, 1685, '89, '49, '54. our loves, 1669.

Were her first years the golden age? that's true ;
 But now they are ¹ gold oft tried, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time ;
 This is her tolerable ² tropic clime.
 Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles graves ; if graves they were,
 They were Love's graves, for ³ else he is nowhere.
 Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
 Vowed 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 everywhere
 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 council ⁴ 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 loved for age, none being so large ⁵ 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 ;

1 she's. 2 habitable. 3 or. 4 councils, 1669. 5 old.

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 unthrift's purse, but a soul's ¹ 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 their souls ² at resurrection,
 Name not these living death's-heads ³ unto me,
 For these not ancient but antique be : ⁴
 I hate extremes ; yet I had rather stay
 With tombs than cradles, to wear out a ⁵ day.
 Since such love's motion natural ⁶ is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties ; so
 I shall ebb out ⁷ with them, who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.⁸

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

¹ fool's, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ² the soul, 1669. ³ death-heads.

⁴ not ancients but antiques be, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ⁵ the, 1669.

⁶ natural station. ⁷ on. ⁸ This is without title in the edition of 1633.

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 a such ¹ fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;
 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 dream ² enough ;
 Though you stay here, you pass too fast away,
 For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
 Filled with her love, may I be rather grown .
 Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

¹ such a, 1669. ² dreams, *ibid.*

ELEGY XI.

1635.

THE BRACELET.¹

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

NOT that in colour it was like thy hair,
For armléts of that thou mayest let me wear,²
Nor that thy hand it oft embraced and kist,
For so it had that good which oft I mist,
Nor for that silly old morality,
That, as these links were knit, our love³ should be,
Mourn I that I thy sevenfold chain have lost ;
Nor for the luck sake, but the bitter cost.
Oh ! shall twelve righteous angels which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit,
Nor yet by any way have strayed 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 great⁴ enemies,
To comfort my soul when I lie or rise,
Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
Sentence, dread judge, my sin's great burden bear ?

¹ The title "The Bracelet" is omitted in the editions of 1639, '49, '54.

² Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear, 1669.

³ loves, *ibid.* ⁴ old, *ibid.*

Shall they be damned and in the furnace thrown,
 And punished for offences not their own ?
 They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they are burnt and tied in chains.
 Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
 For most of these their country's natural rot,¹
 I think, possesseth ; they come here to us
 So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous ;
 (And howsoe'er French kings most Christian be,
 Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly ;)
 Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,
 That are become as catholic as their king,
 Those unlicked bear-whelps, unfild pistolets,
 That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
 Which, negligently left unrounded, look
 Like many-angled figures in the book
 Of some great ² 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
 every part,
 Visit all countries, and have slyly made
 Gorgeous France ruined, ragged and decayed,
 Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,
 And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia ;
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
 Almighty chymics, from each mineral
 Having by subtle fire a soul out-pulled,
 Are dirtily and desperately gulled,

¹ them, their natural country rot, 1669. ² dread, *ibid.*

I would not spit to quench the fire they are 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 loud squeaking cryer,
 Well-pleased with one lean threadbare groat for hire,
 May like a devil roar through every street
 And gall the finder's conscience, if he¹ meet.
 Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
 That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper,
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuffed
 his rents

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 that² doom ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st, (alas!) the gold doth still remain,
 Though it be changed and put into a chain;
 So in the first fallen Angels resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turned to ill,
 As these should do good works and should provide
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride:

¹ they, 1669. ² the, *ibid.*

And they are still bad angels ; mine 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 everything,)
 Good angels, (for good messages you bring,)
 Destined you might have been to such an one
 As would have loved and worshipped 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,¹
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall !
 Here fettered, manacled, and hanged in chains
 First may'st thou be, then chained to hellish pains ;
 Or be with foreign gold bribed to betray
 Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay ;²
 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 ;

¹ heaviest amongst metals all, 1660. ² and pay, *ibid.*

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,
 Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
 The plagues ¹ of travellers, love, marriage ²
 Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
 May thy swollen sins themselves to thee present!
 But I forgive: repent thee, honest ³ man:
 Gold is restorative, restore it, than:
 But if from it thou be'st loath to depart ⁴
 Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart.

ELEGY XII.

1635.

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 woundeth none but those whom Death dares not:
 Else ⁵ if you were, and just in equity,
 I should have vanquished 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?

¹ plague, 1669. ² love and marriage, *ibid.* ³ repent thou honest, *ibid.*

⁴ But if that from it thou be'st loath to part, *ibid.* ⁵ True, *ibid.*

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 kissed, I thus prayed,
(Or rather thus despaired, 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 showed me your tear,
And I had died, 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 cured me not, but to bear pain gave strength ;
 And what is lost in force, is took in length.
 I called on Love again, who feared you so,
 That his compassion still proved greater woe :
 For then I dreamed I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.
 This merits not our¹ 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 Actaeon not to look.
 And that breast which lay ope, I did not know
 But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIII.

1635.

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 soul² is gone.³

¹ your (?). ² love, 1669. ³ The lines from here to that beginning,
 "Have we for this," on page 105, occur only in the edition of 1669.

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 obscureness 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.
O Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt !
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 rite,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite ?
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring Destiny ;
Which (since I loved) for me before decreed
That I should suffer when I loved indeed,
And therefore, sooner now than I can say
I saw the golden fruit, 't is rapt away ;
Or as I had watched 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.¹

¹ my fortune ruin her fate (?).

So blinded Justice doth, when favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their favorites 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 ambushed round with household spies,
 And, over all, thy husband's lowering eyes
 Inflamed with the ugly sweat of jealousy ?
 Yet went we not still on in constancy ?
 Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er¹ spy ?
 Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by ?
 Stolen (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?
 Shadowed with negligence our most² respects ?
 Varied our language through all dialects
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from³ words ?
 Have we proved all the secrets of our art,
 Yea, thy pale-inwards and thy panting heart,
 And after all this passed purgatory
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story ?⁴
 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 ;

¹ on, 1669. ² best, *ibid.* ³ from our, *ibid.* ⁴ The lines from here to
 "Fortune do thy worst," on page 106, occur only in the edition of 1669.

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 accused, should such a mischief do.
 O Fortune, thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
 Fortune do thy worst,¹ my friend and I have arms,
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
 Bend² us, in sunder thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,
 And we can love by letters still, and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
 I will not look upon the quickening 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 ripened in³ 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.⁴

And, dearest friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of day; burdens 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.

¹ Do thy great worst, 1669. ² Bend, *ibid.* ³ how it inripened, 1639, '49, '54, '69. ⁴ The verses from here to that beginning, "And this to the comfort," on page 107, occur only in the edition of 1669.

Be then ever 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 enamoured 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 heaven hath motion lost, and the world fire.
 Much more I could ; but many words have made
 That oft suspected which men would ¹ persuade :
 Take therefore all in this ; I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XIV.

1635.

JULIA.

HARK, news, O Envy, thou shalt hear descried
 My Julia ; who as yet was ne'er envied.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
 With calumny that hell itself disdains,

¹ most, 1669.

Is her continual practice ; does her best
To tear opinion even out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock ; her own child
Scapes not the showers of envy. To repeat
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God she were
But half so loath to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof. Lived Mantuan now again,
(That female mastix) to limn with his pen
This she Chimaera, that hath eyes of fire
Burning with anger (anger feeds desire),
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries ;
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous ;
Her hands, I know not how, used more to spill
The food of others, than herself to fill ;
But oh ! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of formless curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashioned, thoughts corrupt,
Misshapen cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths,—
These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosom for creatiön.
I blush to give her half her due ; yet say,
No poison's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XV.

1635.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
 To lord, or fool,¹ cuckold, beggar or knight,
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
 Officer, juggler,² 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 look red or pale.³

A citizen and his wife the 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 lecherous 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
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
 I asked the number of the plaguing bill,⁴
 Asked if the custom-farmers held out still,

¹ to fool, 1669. ² judge, *ibid.* ³ will red or pale, *ibid.* ⁴ plaguy bill, *ibid.*

Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffic of the island¹ seas had marred ;
 Whether the Britain Bourse did fill apace,
 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 urg'd 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 agoing,
 " Alas, good Sir " (quoth he) " there is no doing
 In court nor city now " : she smiled and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,
 And at the present time² with such a face
 He railed, as frayed me ; for he gave no praise
 To any but my Lord of Essex' days :
 Called that³ the age of action : " True " (quoth I⁴).
 " 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, whores and scriveners ;⁵
 The much of privileged kinsmen, and store⁶
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor ;
 In the first state of their creatiön
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one

¹ midland, 1669. ² times, *ibid.* ³ those, *ibid.* ⁴ he, *ibid.*

⁵ whore and scrivener, *ibid.* ⁶ kingsmen, and the store, *ibid.*

A righteous paymaster." Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seemed 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 Worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get him ¹ from what I glowed to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright sign of a loved and well-tried inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well-used and often; here I prayed him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way;
Look, how he looked that hid the gold,² his hope,
And at ³ return found nothing but a rope;
So he at ⁴ me; refused and made away;
Though willing she pleaded a weary stay:⁵
I found my miss, struck hands, and prayed him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely named the street, promised the wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

¹ off him, 1669. ² his gold, *ibid.* ³ at's, *ibid.* ⁴ on, *ibid.* ⁵ day, *ibid.*

ELEGY XVI.

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 breath'd 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 heaven 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 are 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
 Formed into words, so many sighs should meet
 As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
 Sprinkled among (all sweeter¹ by our fears
 And the divine impression of stolen kisses,
 That sealed 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, would wish you just?
 Oh, I profane: though most of women be
 This kind of beast, my thought² shall éxcept thee,

1 sweetened. 2 thoughts.

My dearest love, though froward jealousy
 With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy ;
 Sooner I 'll think the sun will cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and that forget to bear,
 Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June would ¹ 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) betrayed each simple word
 We spake, unto the cunning of a third ;
 Cursed 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 falsèr tongue,
 That uttered 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 have I ² cursed, let us our love revive ;
 In me the flame was never more alive ;

¹ will. ² I have, 1669.

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 work,¹ but whiles they make ;
 I could renew those times when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you liked, 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 caught as a disease ;
 But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get,
 And ought not be profaned on either part,
 For though 't is got by chance, 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVII.

1669.

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.

¹ works, 1649, '54, '69.

Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
 Faced 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 ductileness, the applicatiōn,
 The wholesomeness, 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 underground
 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, 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 ambrosiäl.
Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all ; there sirens' 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 passed, the straits of Hellespont, 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 scattered 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 embayed,
 Thou shalt upon another forest set,
 Where many shipwreck and no further get.
 When thou art there, consider what this chase
 Misspent, 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 refined ; the kiss,
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be :
 If kings think that the nearer way, and do
 Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too.
 For as free spheres move faster far 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 aversely laid ;
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that exchequer looks must go ;
 He which doth not, his error is as great,
 As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

1669.

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe ofttimes, having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate, which you wear
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopped there;
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you, that now it is bedtime.
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 flowery meads th' hill's shadows
steals.

Off with that wiry coronet, and show
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow;
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be
Revealed to men: thou, angel, bring'st with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily 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 manned.
My mine of precious stones, my empery,
How am I blest in thus 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 unclothed 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 court that, not them;
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made,
For laymen are all women thus arrayed;
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see revealed. 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, than,
What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

1635.

BY our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving¹ hopes, by that remorse,
 Which my words' masculine persuasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened 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,
 Here I unswear, and overswear them thus ;
 Thou shalt not love by ways² so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage,
 Be my true mistress still, not³ my feign'd page ;
 I 'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
 Thirst to come back ; oh, 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 shiver'd
 Fair⁴ Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
 Fall ill or good, 't is madness to have proved

1 striving, 1669. 2 means, *ibid.* 3 mistress, not my feign'd page, *ibid.* 4 The fair, *ibid.*

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 clothed apes are called apes ; and as soon
Eclipsed, as bright, we call the moon the moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee ; and no less, alas !¹
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 vexed. But none of these,
Nor spungy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. Oh 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, oh ! my love is slain ; I saw him go

¹ Will too too quickly know thee ; and alas, 1669.

O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,
 Assailed, fight, taken, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die."
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

ELEGY.

1650.

THE heavens rejoice in motion ; why should I
 Abjure my so much loved variety,
 And not with many youth and love¹ divide ?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversified.
 The sun, that sitting in the chair of light,
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one Sign to inn,
 But ends his year and with a new begins.
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite ;
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are
 Where their fair-spreading streams run wide and clear ;
 And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts itself and what doth live in it.
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
 And worthy all alone my love to share ;
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part
 Of a kind mistress, and employed her art

¹ lov'd, 1650, '62.

To make her lovable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her ;
I love her well ; and would, if need were, die
To do her service. But follows it that I
Must serve her only, when I may have choice ?
The law is hard and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair,
Her nymphlike features such agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave ;
Another's brown, I like her not the worse,
Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse ;
Others, for that they well descended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a share,
And though they be not fair, 't is much with me
To win their love only for their degree,
And though I fail of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious, and itself commends.
How happy were our sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime !
With them it was accounted charity
To stir up race of all indifferently ;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Persian¹ still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner asked than won,
And what they did was honest and well done.
But since this little honour hath been used,
Our weak credulity hath been abused ;
The golden laws of nature are repealed,
Which our first fathers in such reverence held ;

¹ Persians, 1669.

Our liberty reversed, and charters gone,
And we made servants to Opiniön,
A monster in no certain shape attired,
And whose original is much desired,
Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here Love received immedicable harms,
And was despoilèd of his daring arms,
A greater want than is his daring eyes ;
He lost those awful wings with which he flies,
His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
Wherewith he is wont to bruise resisting hearts.
Only some few, strong in themselves and free,
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty ;
Following that part of Love, although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their breast ;
In spite of modern censures him avowing
Their sovereign, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troop, although I am the least,
Yet equal in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command ;
For in whatever form the message came,
My heart did open and receive the same.
But Time will in his course a point descry
When I this lovèd service must deny ;
For our allegiance temporary is ;
With firmer age returns our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we reposed
Shall not so easily be to change disposed,

Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing ;
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 We 'll leave her ever, and love her alone.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

1649.

OH to what height will love of greatness drive
 Thy learn'd spirit, *Sequi-superlative?*
 Venice' vast lake thou had'st¹ seen, and would seek than
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtesan ;
 That inland sea having discovered well,
 A cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell
 From Heidelberg, thou long'dst² 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

¹ hast, 1669. ² long'st.

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 gazeteer.¹
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 sacrifices send ;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see 't no more, upon the press ;
The East sends hither her deliciousness,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,²
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves ; but if they stoop
To neighbor wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels, if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men,
If for vast tons of currants, and of figs,
Of medicinal 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 omnipregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,

¹ garretier. ² hence, 1669.

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 heroës for public good
Scattered 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 at ¹ 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 Sibyl'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.

¹ as, 1669.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.



EPITHALAMIONS,
OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG,
ON THE LADY ELIZABETH AND COUNT
PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is !
All the air is thy diocis,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners ;
Thou marriest 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 !

II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
 Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves ;
 All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day couplest two phœnixes ;
 Thou mak'st a taper see
 What the sun never saw ; and what the ark
 (Which was of fowls¹ and beasts the cage and park)
 Did not contain, one bed contains, through thee,
 Two phœnixes, whose join'd breasts
 Are unto one another mutual nests
 Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
 Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live,
 Whose love and courage never shall decline,
 But make the whole year through thy day, O
 Valentine.

III.

Up then, fair phœnix bride, frustrate the sun ;
 Thyself from thine affection
 Tak'st 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.

¹ fowl, 1669.

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
 May all men date records from this thy¹ Valentine.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
 Meeting another grows the same,
 So meet thy Frederick, and so
 To an unseparable union go ;
 Since separation
 Falls not on such things as are infinite,
 Nor things, which are but one, can disunite,
 You are twice inseparable, great, and one.
 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 you are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left, yourselves to entwine,
 Besides this bishop's knot, O Bishop² Valentine.

V.

But oh ! what ails the sun, that here he stays
 Longer to-day than other days ?
 Stays he new light from these to get ?
 And finding here such store,³ is loath to set ?
 And why do you two walk
 So slowly paced in this procession ?
 Is all your care but to be looked upon,
 And be to others spectacle and talk ?

The feast with gluttonous delays
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise ;
 The masquers come too late,¹ 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, O Valentine ?²

VI.

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 spied.
 But now she is laid : what though she be ?
 Yet there are more delays ; for where is he ?
 He comes, and passes³ through sphere after sphere ;
 First her sheets, then her arms, then anywhere.
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here ;⁴
 She gives the best light to his sphere,

¹ come late. ² old Valentine ? 1669. ³ passeth, 1649, '54, '69.

⁴ there, 1649, '54, '69.

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 spared, nor to spare :
 They quickly pay their debt, and then
 Take no acquittance,¹ but pay again ;
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
 No such occasion ² to be liberal.
 More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
 Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two phœnixes
 Nature again restor'd is ;
 For since these two are two no more,
 There 's but one phœnix still, as was before.
 Rest now at last, and we
 (As Satyrs watch the sun's uprising) will stay
 Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
 Only desired 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, hers or his ;
 This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
 Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

¹ acquittances. ² No occasion, 1669.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26, 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.¹

Allophanes.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Even small² birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze 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
Have³ taken 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 advanc'd is,
The sun stays longer up; and yet not his

¹ actions there. ² smaller. ³ Having.

The glory is ; far other, other fires :
 First, zeal to prince and state, then love's desires
 Burn in one breast, and like heaven'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 diffused 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-eyed firmament.
 First her eyes kindle¹ 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 places² 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 digest³
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And canst thou be from thence ?

Idios.

No, I am there :

As heaven, to men disposed, is every where,
 So are those Courts whose princes animate,
 Not only all their house, but all their state.

¹ kindles, 1633. ² plots. ³ digest, 1649, '54, '69.

Let no man think, because he is full, he 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 reclused hermits oftentimes do know
 More of heaven'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 man need no farther look ;
 So is the country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
 As their one ¹ common soul, give life to both.
 I am not then from Court. ²

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 disposed, and which would fain be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lie
 So upward that heaven 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 ;

¹ own. ² And am I then from court ?

Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employed they be,
Are still in heaven ; 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 bewray :
Hast thou a history which doth present
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 to obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may,
Where the king's favours are so placed, 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 scaped not here ; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I uttered 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 reprieved, old year, thou shalt not die ;
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie
 And should'st within five days expire,
 Yet thou art rescued by ¹ 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 hers, and her heart loves as well as his ?

¹ from.

Be tried by beauty, and than
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man ;
 If by that manly courage they be tried,
 Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
 Becomes a man. Should chance or¹ envy's art
 Divide these two whom nature scarce did part,
 Since both have th' 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'st² allow for it.

¹ our, 1669. ² should, *ibid.*

Powder thy radiant hair,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
 Thou which, to all which come to look upon,
 Are¹ meant for Phoebus, would'st be Phaëton;
 For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
 Of joy, a tear; so quenched, 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 dost thou, when in silk and gold
 Thou cloud'st 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 to appear to us in part,
 Still in that picture thou entirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his
 loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your Easts 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:

¹ Wert.

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 BENEDICTION.

Blest 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
With any West these radiant eyes, with any North
this heart.

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures ; it causeth time to stay ;
The tables groan as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.

And were the doctrine new
 That the earth moved, 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 sunset 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'st ¹ sleep ?
 Thou may'st not, when thou art 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 jelly in the place,
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
 Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.

¹ would, 1669.

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
 As freely, as each to each before gave either eye¹ or heart.

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt² clear,
 Unchanged 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
 One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

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

¹ hand, 1649, '54, '69. ² burn, 1669.

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 it upon
Such altars as prize your devotiön.

EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sunbeams 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,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,

There it must meet another,

Which never was, but must be oft more nigh ;

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 furnished 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 assigned

By you fit place for every flower and jewel,

Make her for love fit fuel,

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Ind ;

So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,

To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you, frolique patriciäns,
 Some of these¹ senators, wealth's deep oceäns,
 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 hermaphrodits,
 Here shine ; this bridegroom to the Temple bring.
 Lo, in yon path, which store of strawed flowers 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-leaved gates, fair temple, unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosom hold
 Till, mystically joined, 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 forever,
 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 puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night ;

¹ Sons of those.

Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
 Other disports 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 attained,
 His steeds will be restrained,
 But gallop lively down the western hill :
 Thou shalt, when he hath come the world's half-frame,¹
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose ;
 Why then should not our amorous star inclose
 Herself in her wished 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 toiled beasts,
 Rest duly ; at night all their toils are dispensed ;
 But in their beds commenced
 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 girdle now untie,
 And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lie
 A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossess
 Thee of these chains and robes, which we² put on
 T' adorn the day, not thee, for thou alone,

¹ run the heaven's half-frame. ² were.

Like virtue and truth, art ¹ 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.

Even 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 wished approach doth lie
 Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t' embowel her.
 Now sleep, or watch with more joy, and, O light
 Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot and early ;
 This sun will love so dearly
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
 Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no maim,²
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

¹ are, 1669. ² name.

SATIRES.



SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

AWAY, thou fondling¹ motley humorist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be confined when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Nature's² secretary, the philosopher;
And jolly³ 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 love⁴ 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 meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way,
Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk, perfumed, pert courtiër
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;

¹ changeling. ² Is nature's, 1669. ³ wily. ⁴ best love, here.

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.

O monstrous, superstitious Puritan,
 Of refined 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 rate,
 So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat ;
 That wilt consort none, until¹ 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 to enjoy
 Of thy plump muddy whore, or ² prostitute boy)
 Hate Virtue, though she be naked and bare ?
 At birth and death our bodies naked are,
 And till our souls be unapparell'd
 Of bodies they from bliss are banish'd :
 Man's first blest state was naked ; when by sin
 He lost that, yet he was ³ clothed 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 warned of thy sins, dost repent

¹ till, 1669. ² "or" is omitted, 1685, '89, '49, '54. ³ that, he was.

These vanities and giddinesses, lo,
 I shut my chamber door ; and come, let 's go.
 But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
 Worn¹ by as many several men in sin,
 As are black feathers or musk-colour² hose,
 Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those ;
 Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
 The infant of London, heir to an India ;³
 And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
 By drawing forth heaven's scenes,⁴ tell certainly
 What-fashioned hats or ruffs or suits, next year
 Our subtile-witted antic youths⁵ 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 pardoned my offence,
 That thus have sinned against my conscience ?

Now we are in the street ; he first of all,
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
 And so, imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
 Sells for a little state high⁶ liberty.
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
 He then⁷ to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As 'prentices or school-boys which do know
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go ;
 And, as fiddlers stop⁸ lowest at highest sound,
 So to the most brave stooped⁹ he nigh'st the ground ;

1 Worn out, 1649, '54, '69. 2 musk-coloured, 1639, '49, '54, '69. 3 The infantry
 of London, hence to India, 1669. 4 scheme. 5 giddy-headed, antic
 youth, 1669. 6 his. 7 them. 8 stoop. († J. R. L.) 9 stoops.

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.¹
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, "Do you see
 Yonder well-favoured youth?" "Which?" "Oh! 't is he
 That dances so divinely." "Oh," said I,
 "Stand still; must you dance here for company?"
 He drooped; we went, till one (which did excel
 Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
 Met us: they talked; I whispered, "Let us go;
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I do."
 He hears not me, but on the other side
 A many-coloured peacock having spied,
 Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, "Him, whom I last left, 's all² repute
 For his device in handsoming a suit,
 To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat,
 Of all the court to have the best conceit."
 "Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
 But oh! God strengthen thee, why stoop'st³ thou so?
 Why he hath travelled long?"⁴ "No, but to me,
 Which understand⁵ none, he doth seem to be
 Perfect French and Italian." I replied
 "So is the pox." He answered not, but spied
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities;
 At last his love he in a window⁶ spies,

¹ This couplet is not in the edition of 1688. ² left, all repute. ³ stoop'st, 1685, '99, '49, '54.

⁴ hath he travelled long? ⁵ understood, 1669. ⁶ in window, *ibid.*

And, like light dew exhaled, he flings from me,
 Violently ravished to his liberty.¹
 Many were there ;² he could command no more ;
 He quarrelled, fought, bled, and, turned 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 toward them breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though poetry indeed be such a sin,
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in,
 Though, like the pestilence and old-fashioned love,
 Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starved out, yet their state
 Is poor, disarmed, like Papists, not worth hate.
 One (like a wretch, which at bar judged as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by his laboured scenes ;
 As in some organ³ puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below which them do move.
 One would move love by rhythms ; but witchcraft's
 charms
 Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms ;

¹ lechery. ² there were, 1649, '54, '69. ³ organs, 1669.

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
 That excuse for writing and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who, beggarly, doth chaw
 Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw,
 Rankly digested, doth those things outspew
 As his own things ; and they are 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
 To outdo dildoes,¹ and out-usure Jews,
 To outdrink the sea, to outswear the litany,²
 Who with sins of all kinds³ as familiar be
 As confessors, 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 Coscus 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 was alas !⁴ of late
 But scarce a poet,— jollier of this state

¹ This word is represented by a dash in the edition of 1688. ² The last word of this verse is omitted in the editions of 1688, '35, '39. Those of 1649, '54 give "the gallant, he," and 1669 gives "the litany."
³ sins all kinds. ⁴ which (alas).

Than are new beneficed ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
 His title of barrister on every wench,
 And woos in language of the pleas and bench.
 "A motion, Lady": "Speak, Coscus." "I have been
 In love ever since *tricesimo* of the queen.
 Continual claims I have made, injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
 Proceed." "Spare me!" "In Hilary term I went;
 You said, if I return ¹ 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 soft maid's ear ²
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, ³ more
 Than when winds in our ruined abbeyes roar.
 When sick with poetry and possessed with muse
 Thou wast, and mad,— I hoped; but men which choose
 Law-practice for mere gain, bold soul repute ⁴
 Worse than imbrotheled strumpets prostitute.
 Now, like an owl-like watchman, he must walk
 His hand still at 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 favorite, or like a king; ⁵
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless far

¹ returned. ² maid's soft ear, 1639. ³ scoldings, *ibid.* ⁴ hold soul's repute. (? J. R. L.) ⁵ Daashes fill the place of this couplet in the edition of 1633.

Than carted whores; lie to the grave judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
 Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,¹
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand,
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he.
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
 And, barrelling the droppings and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding-gear²)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as men³ pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as his⁴ fields, he draws
 Assurances big as glossed 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 professed, he did desire
 Short paternosters, 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 (unwatched) leaves out *ses heires*,
 As⁵ silyly as any commentor goes by
 Hard words or sense, or in divinity

¹ Dashes fill the place of this couplet, in the edition of 1683.

² cheer, 1669. ³ maids, *ibid.* ⁴ the, *ibid.* ⁵ And, *ibid.*

As controverters in vouched texts leave out
 Shrewd words which might against them clear the doubt.
 Where are those spread woods which clothed heretofore
 Those bought lands ? not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where 's th' old landlord's troops and alms, great halls ?¹
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Means bless.² In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs ;
 None starve, none surfeit, so. But, oh ! we 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 statute³ laws.

SATIRE III.

KIND pity chokes⁴ my spleen ; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids.
 I must not laugh nor weep sins, and⁵ be wise ;
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies ?
 Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
 As worthy of all our soul's devotiön,
 As virtue was in⁶ 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 heaven, whose merit

¹ Where the old landlord's troops and alms ? In halls, Carthusian fasts, etc.

² Mean's blest. ³ statute's jaws, 1669. ⁴ checks, 1685, '89, '49, '54. checks, 1669.

⁵ but, *ibid.* ⁶ to.

Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
 To follow, damned? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this;
 This fear great courage and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey
 To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 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 thy poisonous words? Courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
 Sentinel in his¹ world's garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbidden² wars leave th' appointed field?
 Know thy foe: the foul devil he 's, whom thou³
 Strivest to please, for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou, loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
 Flesh (itself death)⁴ and joys which flesh can taste,
 Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth

¹ this, 1669. ² forbld. ³ know thy foes: the foul devil, he, whom thou.

⁴ (itself's death.)

Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seek true religion: Oh where? Mirreus,
 Thinking her unhoused here¹ and fled from us,
 Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago;
 He² loves the rags so as we here obey
 The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
 Crants³ to such brave loves will not be enthralled,
 But loves her only who at Geneva is called
 Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome, as among
 Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
 Graius stays still at home here, and because
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new, like fashions, bids 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 values. 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 forced, but one, allow,

¹ her, 1633. ² And, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ³ Grants, 1669.

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 ;
 To 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 must go,¹
 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 that² night.
 To will implies delay, therefore now do
 Hard deeds, the body's pains ; hard knowledge too
 The mind's endeavours reach ; and mysteries
 Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
 Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do not stand
 In so ill case that God hath with his hand
 Signed kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.
 Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
 To man's laws by which she shall not be tried³
 At the last day ? Will it then⁴ boot thee
 To say a Philip or a Gregory,
 A Harry or a Martin taught thee⁵ this ?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries

¹ and about it go, 1669. ² the, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

³ she shall be tried, 1685, '89, '49, '54. ⁴ Or will it then. ⁵ me, 1669.

Equally strong? Cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayst rightly obey Power, her bounds know;
 Those past, her nature and name is¹ changed; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatry.

As streams are, Power is; those blest 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 and rocks² and woods, and at last,
 almost

Consumed in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish souls which more choose men's unjust
 Power from God claimed, than God himself to trust.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die; my sin
 Indeed is great, but³ I have been in
 A purgatory such, as feared hell is
 A recreation and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
 Poisoned with love to see or to be seen;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glaze,⁴ which did go
 To mass in jest, caught, was fain to disburse
 The hundred marks which is the statute's curse,

¹ are, 1669. ² mills; rocks. ³ but yet. ⁴ Glaze.

Before he scaped, so it pleased my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of ¹ going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, as lustful,² 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 suffered 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 posed Adam to name ;
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities ;
 Stranger than strangers ; one who for a Dane
 In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had lived then, and without help dies,
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
 One to whom the 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 a while, then nought at all.
 This³ thing hath travelled, and faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
 Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,

1 in, 1635, '89, '49, '54. 2 proud, lustful. 3 The.

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
 But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to bear ¹ this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue called compliment,
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius or Surlus, or both together.

He names me and comes to me; I whisper "God!
 How have I sinned, 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 named; there ²
 He stopped me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; and so Panurge ³ was;
 Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
 By travel ⁴; then, ⁴ as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he praised it, and such words ⁵ told
 That I was fain to say, "If you had lived, Sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
 He adds, "If of court-life you knew the good,

¹ hear, 1669. ² here. ³ so Panurgus, 1669. ⁴ But travel then, *ibid.*

⁵ wonders.

You would leave loneliness."¹ I said, "Not alone
 My loneliness² is; but Spartans' fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last³
 Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can princes' Courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue."
 He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked, "O Sir,
 'T is sweet to talk of kings." "At 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 meet
 Kings only; the way to it is King⁴-street."
 He smacked and cried, "He's base, mechanic, coarse;
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Fine as you see,
 I have but one Frenchman, look, he follows me."⁵
 Certes they are neatly clothed." "I, of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your grogram."
 "Not so, Sir; I have more." Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chafed him, but, as itch
 Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse, so I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his style doth address,⁶
 And asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays;
 He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays

¹ loneness. ² loneness. ³ taste, 1635, '39, '49, '54. ⁴ King's.

⁵ Mine? as you see, I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me. ⁶ dress.

A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
 More than ten Hollinsheads or Halls or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash he knows ; he knows
 When the queen frowned or smiled, 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 reversión ;
 He knows who hath sold his land and now doth beg
 A license old irón, boots, shoes, and egg-
 shells to transport ; shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier ; and, wiser than all us,
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home-meats tries¹ me. I belch, spew, spit,
 Look pale and sickly like a patient, yet
 He thrusts on more ; and, as if he² undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that hath³ been since
 The Spaniards came to the loss of Amiens.
 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 humour or his own to fit,
 He like a privileged spy, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delayed ;

1 cloys. 2 as he had. 3 have.

That offices are entailed, and that there are¹
 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, who boys, and who goats.
 I, more amazed than Circe's prisoners when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statutes² ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him ; I found
 That as burnt venom³ lechers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free⁴ : therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing ; but, since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but the hour
 Of mercy now was come. He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And says, " Sir, can you spare me ? " I said,
 " Willingly " ;
 " Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? " Thankfully I
 Gave it as ransom ; but as fiddlers still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you, so did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.

¹ and there are, 1635, '39, '49, '54 ² statues, 1639. ³ venomous, 1669.

⁴ The preceding couplet and the first four words of this verse are represented by dashes in the edition of 1638.

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 filled with more strange things than he)¹
 Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My precious² soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 Itself on³ me : such men as he saw there,
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser ; then
 Shall I, none's slave,⁴ of high-born or raised men
 Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth, betray thee
 To huffing,⁵ braggart, puffed nobility ?
 No, no ; thou, which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, 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 presence,⁶ 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 Mews,
 Balloné, Tennis, Diet, or the stews

1 with such strange things as he, 1669. 2 piteous. 3 o'er.
 4 none slave, 1669. 5 To th' huffing, *ibid.* 6 courtiers.

Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are¹ 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
 Those hose are," cry the flatterers,² and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Meseems they do as well
 At stage as Court; all are players; whoe'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 weak ships fraught with cutchannel,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
 He called her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net;
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Would not 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 fornicate,³
 And then by Dürer's rules survey the state

¹ were, 1685, '89, '49, '54. ² cry his, *ibid.* cries the flatterer, 1669.

³ fornicate. (? J. R. L.)

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg and waist to thighs.
 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 have thrown
 Ten cardinals into the inquisition ;
 And whispered ¹ *by Jesú* so often, that a
 Pursuivant would have ravished him away,
 For saying of Our Lady's psalter. But 't is fit
 That they each other plague ; they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who, in the other éxtreme, only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashiön ;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear ; whom he spits on
 He cares not ;² his ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rusheth ³ in, as if *Arm ! arm !*
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, yet still ⁴
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe,
 Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
 Tired now I leave this place, and, but pleased so
 As men from jails to execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) Being among

¹ whispers. ² or whom he spits on He cares not, ha.

³ rushes, 1639, '49, '54, '69. ⁴ whip Christ, still.

Those Ascaparts, 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, flagons¹ of wine,
 I shook like a spied spy. Preachers, which are
 Seas of wits and arts, you can, then dare
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me²
 Which am but a scarce³ brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: though⁴ I yet
 (With Maccabee's modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise man⁵ shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

THOU shalt⁶ 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 officers' rage and suiters' misery
 Can write and jest?⁷ If all things be in all,
 As I think (since all which were, are, and shall

¹ beef and flagons, 1669. ² Seas of [all] wits and arts, you can, then dare
 Drown the sins of this place, for [as] for me. (? J. R. L.) ³ scant.
⁴ although. ⁵ men, 1649, '54, '69. ⁶ Thou shall, 1669. ⁷ in jest, *ibid.*

Be, be made of the same elements),
 Each thing each thing employs¹ or represents.
 Then man is a world in which officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters
 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 suiters
 The excrements which they void. All men are dust ;
 How much worse are suiters, who to men's lust
 Are made preys ? O worse than dust or worm's meat !
 For they do 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 wasteful war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare their² way,
 Like wittols ; th' issue your own ruin is.
 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'erflow.
 You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves (whom I,
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid), authóized now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O age of rusty iron ! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if aught equal it.
 The iron age *that* was,³ when justice was sold ; now
 Injustice is sold dearer far ; allow

¹ implies. ² the. ³ iron age was, 1669.

All demands, fees¹ and duties ; gamesters, anon
 The money which you sweat and swear for is gone
 Into other hands : so controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the strivers' hands.
 If law be in the judge's heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist lettér or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeal ? Power of the courts below
 Flow from the first main head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters. But if the injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, alas ! thou goest
 Against the stream when upwards,² when thou art most
 Heavy and most faint ; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in the³ way
 Become great seas o'er which, when thou shalt be
 Forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drowned in them before.
 All things follow their like ; only who have may have
 more.

Judges are gods, he who made and said them so,⁴
 Meant not that men⁵ should be forced to them to go
 By means of angels. When supplications
 We send to God, to Dominations,
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's court,⁶ if we
 Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
 Scarce to kings ; so 't is. Would it not anger
 A stoic, a coward, yea, a martyr,

sold (now Injustice is sold dearer) did allow All claimed fees,
 9, '34. Injustice is sold dearer far, allow All claimed fees, 1669.
 upwards, 1669. 3 thy. 4 and he who made them so, 1669.
 5 men, *ibid.* 6 courts.

To see a pursuivant come in and call
 All his clothes, copes ; books, primers ; and all
 His plate, chalices ; and mistake them away,
 And lack ¹ a fee for coming ? Oh, ne'er may
 Fair Law's white reverend 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 chairs, who in jails :
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails
 With which she scratcheth suiters ; in bodies
 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 barest thou to yon officer ? Fool, hath he
 Got those goods for which ² men bared to thee ?
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now
 hungerly
 Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
 Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
 Thou would'st for more ; and for all hast paper
 Enough to clothe all the great carrick's pepper.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
 Than Haman ³ when ⁴ he sold his antiquities.
 O wretch ! that thy fortunes should moralize
 Aesop's fables, and make tales prophesies.
 Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,⁵
 And ⁶ div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.⁷

¹ ask, 1669. ² which erst. ³ Hammon. ⁴ if, 1635, 89, '49, '54.

⁵ cozeneth, 1669. ⁶ Which. ⁷ vanisheth, 1669.

SATIRE VI.

1635.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw it expressed 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 wouldst persuade her to a worse offence
Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there 's none for thee ; but thou mayst vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her, she needs must change ; I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that *must* to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dried with his threats, she'd scarcely stay with thee,
And would'st thou have this to choose thee, being free ?
Go, then, and punish some soon-gotten stuff ;
For her dead husband this hath mourned enough
In hating thee. Thou mayst one like this meet ;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet ;
Let her see she hath 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 hadst had her maidenhead,
(She 'll love thee so), for then thou hadst been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgraced.
Yet pause awhile, and thou mayst live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.
If thou 'lt not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing she 'll allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on 't will be thine :
For though thou must ne'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.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million (FAO 2001).

There are a number of reasons for this increase. One of the main reasons is the increase in the world population. The world population has increased from 5 billion in 1987 to 6 billion in 2000, and is projected to reach 9 billion by 2050 (FAO 2001). This increase in population has led to an increase in the demand for food, which has led to an increase in the number of people who are undernourished.

Another reason for the increase in the number of people who are undernourished is the increase in the number of people who are living in poverty. The number of people living in poverty has increased from 1 billion in 1987 to 1.5 billion in 2000, and is projected to reach 2 billion by 2050 (FAO 2001). This increase in poverty has led to an increase in the number of people who are unable to afford the food that they need.

A third reason for the increase in the number of people who are undernourished is the increase in the number of people who are living in rural areas. The number of people living in rural areas has increased from 3 billion in 1987 to 4 billion in 2000, and is projected to reach 5 billion by 2050 (FAO 2001). This increase in rural population has led to an increase in the number of people who are unable to access the food that they need.

There are a number of ways in which the number of people who are undernourished can be reduced. One way is to increase the production of food. This can be done by increasing the number of people who are working in agriculture, and by increasing the amount of land that is used for agriculture. Another way is to reduce the number of people who are living in poverty. This can be done by increasing the number of people who are employed, and by increasing the wages of those who are employed.

There are a number of ways in which the number of people who are living in rural areas can be reduced. One way is to increase the number of people who are working in non-agricultural sectors. Another way is to increase the number of people who are living in urban areas. This can be done by increasing the number of people who are employed in urban areas, and by increasing the wages of those who are employed in urban areas.

There are a number of ways in which the number of people who are unable to access the food that they need can be reduced. One way is to increase the number of people who are working in the food distribution sector. Another way is to increase the number of people who are living in rural areas who are able to access the food that they need.

There are a number of ways in which the number of people who are undernourished can be reduced. One way is to increase the production of food. This can be done by increasing the number of people who are working in agriculture, and by increasing the amount of land that is used for agriculture.

EPIGRAMS.





EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robbed of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drowned.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends, by parting, have joined here.

NIOBE.

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

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leaped 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
drowned.

FALL OF A WALL.

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall
 A too bold captain perished by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envied,
 That had a town ¹ for tomb his bones to hide.

A LAME 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 taxeth you ;
 'T is strange that she should thus confess it,
 though it 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.

¹ tower, 1689. '49, '54, '69.

PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like¹ thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years study hath been grieved
To be understood ; when will he be believed ?

[A DILEMMA.]

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 muse,²
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Katherine, for the Court's sake, put down stews.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Aesop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I
Like Aesop's self, which nothing ; I confess,
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst 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.

¹ like to, 1649, '54, '69. ² amuse, 1669.

A WONDER.

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

VOTA AMICO FACTA.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS, *fol.* 160.

1650.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
 Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine ;
 May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares ;
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs ;
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds ;
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds ;
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing ;
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling ;
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise ;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies ;
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine ;
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.



THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

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 censure much and tax ; and this liberty costs me more than others by how much my own things are worse 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 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 writes 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 anything of antiquity, besides 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 emperour, in a post-horse, and in a mucheron,¹ 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 now² 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 ate, to this time when she is he³ whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

¹ maceron. ² and can now. ³ she.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

FIRST SONG.

I.

I SING the progress of a deathless Soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,
Placed in mōst shapes ; all times, before the law
Yoked us, and when, and since, in this I sing ;
And the great world to his aged evëning,
From infant morn through manly noon I draw ;
What the gold ¹ Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one ;
A work t' outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writs ² excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not ;
By thy male force is all we have, begot.
In the first east thou now begins ³ to shine,
Suck'st early balm and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-reined career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine ;

¹ cold, 1685, '89, '49, '54. ² writ. ³ begin'st.

Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she
 That before thee one day began to be,
 And, thy frail light being quenched, shall long,
 long outlive thee.

III.

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 derived that fill this All,)
 Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
 So divers shapes into that floating park,
 As have been moved and informed by this heavenly
 spark.

IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
 That hast marked out a path and period
 For every thing, who, where we off-spring took,
 Our ways and ends seest at one instant, thou
 Knot of all causes, thou, whose changeless brow
 Ne'er smiles nor frowns, oh! 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 spanned.

V.

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

VI.

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 shall, in sad love¹ ways a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy poem light and light;
For, though through many straits and lands I roam,
I launch at paradise, and I sail towards home:
The course I there began, shall here be stayed,
Sails hoised there, struck here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates
weighed.

VII.

For the great Soul, which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand and tongue and brow,

¹ hold in sad lone.

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 wracks of th' Empire and late Rome,
 And lived when ev'ry great change did come,
 Had first in paradise a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor than 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, everywhere,
 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 learn'd tree ;
 For on that tree hung in security
 This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
 Fenced 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 perish'd the eaters and the meat ;
 And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die
 and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
 And one by one we are here slain o'er again
 By them. The mother poisoned the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us [rivulets ;]
 No smallness scapes, no greatness breaks their nets ;
 She thrusts ¹ us out, and by them we are led
 Astray from turning to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners judges, 't would seem rigorous ;
 She sinned, we here, ² part of our pain is thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painful love
 yoked us.

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now we dare ask why we should be so ;
 Would God (disputes the curious 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 ?

¹ thrust. ² bear.

Who sinned ? '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.

XII.

But snatch me, heavenly spirit, from this vain
 Reckoning their vanities ;¹ less is their gain
 Than hazard, still to meditate on ill,
 Though with good mind ; their reason 's like those toys
 Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
 Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
 That they themselves break, do² themselves spill.
 Arguing is heretics' game ; and exercise
 As wrestlers perfects them ; not liberties
 Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end
 heresies.

XIII.

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 dares³ say he saw,
 'T is so soon gone, (and better proof the law
 Of sense, than faith requires) ; swiftly she flew
 To a dark and foggy plot ; her, her fates threw
 There through th' earth's pores,⁴ and in a plant
 housed her anew.

1 vanity. 2 and do. 3 dare, 1669. 4 earth-pores, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place, where no place was ; by nature's course
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies ; by this root thronged so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow :
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the princess,¹ and so filled the way²
That weasels scarce could pass, when she comes near
They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flattened were.

XV.

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 slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scatter'd
His other leg, which feet with toes upbear ;
Grew on his middle parts,³ the first day, hair,
To show, that in love's business he should still
A dealer be, and be used well or ill :
His apples kindle,⁴ his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath ; blind eyes, deaf ears ;
And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs ;
A young Colossus there he stands upright ;

¹ prince. ² and so fill up the way. ³ part. ⁴ kinde, 1633.
13*

And, as that ground by him were conquerèd,
A leafy garland wears he on his head
Enchased with little fruits, so red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white ;
So of a lone unhaunted place possest,
Did this Soul's second inn, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 't was because there was none yet but Eve ;
And she (with other purpose) killed 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 cooled her child's blood ;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvexed have stood,
But he 's short-lived, that with his death can do
most good.

XVIII.

To an unfettered soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow-paced :
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

Confined and énjailed her, that seemed so free,
Into a small blue shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her unclothed ¹ child kicked, and picked itself
a door.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this Soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As childrens' teeth through gums, to break with pain ;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads ;
All downy a new ² mantle overspreads ;
A mouth he opes 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.

XX.

In this world's youth wise nature did make hast ;
Things ripened sooner and did longer last ;
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 pule for his inconstancy,

¹ inclosed. ² All a new downy.

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.

XXI.

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 slackeneth so the soul's and body's knot,
Which temperance straitens ; freely on his she-friends
He blood and spirit, pith and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have lived ; man did not know,
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feigned calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Asked not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows leave :
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three, than straitened, twenty years
To live, and, to increase [his race] himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with over-blowing 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 leavened was,
For they [had] intertouched as they did pass,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This Soul informed, and abled¹ it to row
Itself with finny oars which she did fit ;
Her scales seemed yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watched,
And with his archèd neck this poor fish caught :
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned, and yet, before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed clear
This and much such ; and, unblamed, devoured there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armèd were.

XXV.

Now swum a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was shut

¹ able, 1669.

Till, melted with the swan's digestive fire,
 She left her house the fish, and vapoured forth;
 Fate, not affording bodies of more worth
 For her as yet, bids her again retire
 T' another fish, to any new desire
 Made a new prey, for he, that can to none
 Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone ;¹
 Weakness invites, but silence feasts, oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
 And journeys with her towards the glassy deep,
 But oft retarded ; once with a hidden net,
 Though with great windows, (for when need first taught
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought,
 As now, with curious greediness, to let
 None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,)
 As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en,
 Who, though himself distressed, would fain have slain
 This wretch, so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast ;
 Once innocence scaped, and left the oppressor fast ;
 The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,
 And, whether she leap up sometimes to breathe

¹ is sure gone, 1649, '54, '69.

And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working-parts like mills, or limbecks 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.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus doubtful¹ of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spied through this traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And t' end her doubts and her, bears her away ;
Exalted she is but to the exalter's good,
As are by great ones, men which lowly stood,
It 's raised to be the raiser's instrument and food.

XXIX.

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 ;

¹ thus her doubtful.

Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon ;
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
 To seaward forced 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 leagues o'erpassed at sea, now tired he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then languished, dies ;
 The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
 The fish I follow, and keep no calender
 Of the other : he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

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



XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices when the air they tear ;
His ribs are pillars, and his high-arched roof
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof ;
Swim in him swallowed 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.

XXXIII.

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 everything
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall ;
Oh might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
 That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,
 must die?

XXXIV.

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
 Parch'd, since first launched forth this¹ living boat ;
 'T is greatest now, and to destruction
 Nearest ; there's no pause at perfection ;
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

Two little fishes whom he never harmed,
 Nor fed on their kind, two, not throughly armed
 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 outstreat)
 Conspired 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 tyran wise strong projects break,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak ?

XXXVI.

The flail-finn'd thresher and steel-beaked sword-fish
 Only attempt to do what all do wish :
 The thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;
 The sluggard whale yields to oppressiön,
 And, t' hide himself from shame and danger down

¹ his.

Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins
 And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins
 So well ¹ the one, his sword the other plies,
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyran dies,
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

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 subjects' love, that of their own
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince
 shown.

XXXVIII.

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 ought, do far more hate the great,
 Than they who good reposed estates possess)

¹ were, 1633.

This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,
The only harmless great thing, the giant
Of beasts, who thought no more had gone to make
one wise,¹

But to be just and thankful, loath to offend,
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend,
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,)
Still sleeping stood ; vexed not his fantasy
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walked, and surveyed the rooms of this vast house ;
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went
And gnawed the life-cords there ; like a whole town
Clean undermined, the slain beast tumbled down ;
With him the murderer 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.

¹ none had, to make him wise.

XLI.

Next housed 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 loss and woe ;
 And yet his bitch, his sentinel, attends
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
 That the wolf, hopeless else, to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a course which since successfully
 Great men have often taken, to espy
 The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes ;
 To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept ; ere she could bark,
 Attached her with strait gripes, yet he called those
 Embracements of love ; to love's work he goes,
 Where deeds move more than words ; nor doth she show,
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
 His prey, for were she loose, she would nor¹ bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engaged her ; his she wholly bides :
 Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.

¹ not, 1649, '54, '69.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
 She feigns hoarse barking, but she biteth not ;
 Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgot.
 At last a trap, of which some everywhere
 Abel had placed, 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.

XLIV.

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 finish'd
 What he began alive, when he was dead.
 Son to himself, and father too, he is
 A riddling 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 used to sport and play.

XLV.

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 made,¹
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,

¹ thus made.

And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he lived and cozened with his trade,
Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betrayed
Himself by flight and, by all follow'd,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
And, like a spy to both sides false, he perish'd.

XLVI.

It quickened 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 daughtér, Siphatecia,
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.

XLVII.

He was the first that more desired 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 sombersalts, or used to woo
With hoiting gambols his own bones to break,
To make his mistress merry, or to wreak

Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
 They easily do, that can let feed their mind
 With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and
 beasts do find.

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have proved,
 And too high ; beasts and angels have been loved :
 This ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise ;
 He reached at things too high, but open way
 There was and he knew not she would say nay.
 His toys prevail not ; likelier 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 ¹ awe
 Of nature ; nature hath no gaol, though she
 hath law.

XLIX.

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, now ² cares not what he doth,
 And willing half and more, more than half wroth,³
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents ; when Tethelemite,⁴
 Her brother, entered, and a great stone threw

¹ of, 1669. ² nor. ³ tooth, 1688. ⁴ Thelemite.

After the ape who, thus prevented, flew.

This house thus battered down, the Soul possessed a new.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where the ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stewed and formed it, and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
Part hardened itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LL.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-armed feeling brain, from whence
Those sinewy strings ¹ which do our bodies tie
Are ravelled out, and, fast there by one end,
Did this Soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend ;
And now they joined, keeping some quality
Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman : Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Caïn, that first did plough.

¹ sinew strings, 1669.

LIL

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 cursèd Cain's race invented be,
And blest Seth vexed us with astronomy.
There 's nothing simply good nor ill alone ;
Of every quality comparison
The only measure is, and judge, opinion.

NOTES.



NOTES.

THE following notes consist mainly of what Donne well calls "those unconcerning things, matters of fact." I have made little attempt to throw light on the obscurities of Donne's verse, or to direct attention to its beauties. The attentive reader who is also a lover of poetry does not require a commentator to explain what his own wit may solve, or to point out what he may already have observed. The notes for the most part serve only to elucidate remote allusions, and to give brief accounts of the occasions on which some of the poems were written, as well as of the personages to whom some of them were addressed. By showing the relation of his poems to the course of his life, their value becomes apparent as material for the biography of Donne's perplexed and intricate soul.

Page 5.

Song.

This song is sometimes ascribed to Francis Beaumont and printed in his works.

Page 7.

The Undertaking.

"It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone," etc.

That is, it were mere folly to instruct in an art of which the material is no longer to be found.

Under the term "specular stone" various sorts of translucent stone, such as alabaster and mica, seem to have been included. The *lapis specularis* was used in the time of Augustus for the filling of windows, and Harrison, in his excellent description of England, printed in

Holinshed's Chronicles, 1577, says, "I find obscure mention of the specular stone also to have been found and applied to this use [*i. e.*, to use like glass for windows] in England, but in such doubtful sort as I dare not affirm it for certain." Book ii, ch. 10.

The Sun-rising.

Page 9.

"Whether both the Indias of spice and mine."

"The use of the word *mine* specifically for mines of gold, silver, or precious stones, is, I believe, peculiar to Donne," says Coleridge in his *Lectures*, citing also the following verse:

"And see at night thy western land of *mine*."

Progress of the Soul, st. ii.

Page 11.

Love's Usury.

"Or city's *quelque-chose*."

So, in *The Malcontent*, in which Marston and Webster each had a hand, and which was published in 1604, one of the characters says, "While she lips and gives him some court *quelquechose*." But the French word had already suffered a strange transformation into English. "I delight," says Sir Andrew (*Twelfth Night*, i, 3, 121), "in masques and revels." And Sir Toby replies, "Art thou good at these *kickshawses*, knight?"

In a letter to Sir Henry Goodere, Donne writes: "These, Sir, are the salads and onions of Micham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send Melons and *Quelque-chose* from Court and London." *Letters . . . by John Donne, sometime Deane of St. Pauls, London. Published by John Donne Dr. of the Civill Law. London, 1651, p. 64.*

Page 13.

Canonization.

"Add one more to the plaguy bill" —

That is, to the list of deaths from the plague in the weekly Bill of Mortality. The issue of these bills was begun in 1592, a year of great pestilence. "This end of the town grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267." Pepys's *Diary*, June 29, 1665.

Page 24.

A Valediction, etc.

“The diamonds of either rock.”

This phrase may mean the diamonds brought from the rock either of the Eastern Indies or of Brazil.

Page 29.

Valediction to his Book.

— “Her who from Pindar could allure” —

Corinna, who, according to *Ælian*, *Variae Historiae*, xiii, 25, contending with Pindar at Thebes, five times won the victory. Pausanias (ix, 22) says, “Corinna, the only poet of Tanagra, has a monument in the town in a conspicuous place; and a painting of her is in the gymnasium, her head bound with a fillet because of her victory over Pindar at Thebes; and I think she conquered him because of her dialect, for she did not sing in Doric like Pindar, but in a dialect which the *Æolians* would easily understand, and also because she was one of the most beautiful women of her time, if we may judge from her likeness.” Her beauty justifies Donne’s “allure.”

Page 29.

— “And her through whose help Lucan is not lame.”

This allusion seems to be to the wife of Lucan, *Argentaria Polla*, whose charms are celebrated by Statius in his *Genethliacon Lucani, Sylvarum*, ii, 7, where Calliope, addressing Lucan, says,

“Nec solum dabo carminis nitorem,
Sed taedis genialibus dicabo
Doctam, atque ingenio tuo decoram :
Qualem blanda Venus, daretque Juno,
Forma, simplicitate, comitate,
Censu, sanguine, gratia, decore.”

Page 29.

“And her whose book (they say) Homer did find and name.”

This verse affords a difficult riddle of which only a questionable solution can be offered. It is possible that Donne, with his “hydroptic,

immoderate desire of humane learning," had read the *Myriobiblon* or *Bibliotheca* of Photius, of which the first edition was published at Augsburg in 1601. In the abstract which Photius gives of the lost work of Ptolemy Hephaestion of Alexandria, *περὶ τῆς καινῆς ἱστορίας* (cod. 190), the statement is found that Musæus had a daughter,—Helena,—who wrote on the war of Troy, and that from her work Homer was said to have taken the subject of his poem. But it is also stated that Phantasia of Memphis, the daughter of Nicarchus, composed a work on the Trojan war and on the story of Ulysses, and that Homer, on his visit to Egypt, having received this work at Memphis from a sacred scribe named Phanis, based his own poems upon it. In the choice offered between Helena and Phantasia, we may perhaps be justified in preferring Phantasia, because of her name.

Page 42.

A Nocturnal upon S. Lucy's Day, being the shortest Day. —————

St. Lucy's day was the 18th December, old style.

Page 45.

The Bait.

A variation on "that smooth song," as Walton calls it, "which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago." *The Complete Angler*, part i, ch. 4.

Page 49.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning.

Walton cites these verses in his *Life of Donne*, and says, "I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them." "This poem," said Mr. Lowell in his unpublished Lecture on Poetic Diction, "is a truly sacred one, and fuller of the soul of poetry than a whole Alexandrian Library of common love-verses."

The depth and intensity of Donne's feeling for his wife are manifest in all of those poems which may be safely taken as addressed to her,—such, for example, as *The Anniversary*, *The Fever*, and *The*

Token. It would be well could we believe that others of his love poems were less the utterance of his personal sentiment than exercises of his dramaturgic fancy employing itself on experiences and emotions not his own.

Love's Diet.

Page 56.

“Thus I redeemed my buzzard love.”

“It is common to a proverb, to call one who cannot be taught, or who continues obstinately ignorant, a *buzzard*.” Goldsmith.

The Relic.

Pages 63, 64.

“Our hands ne'er touched the seals
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.”

The idea that law established bounds for the liberty in love which nature allowed is more than once repeated by Donne. Cf. *Confined Love*, page 35, *Elegy*, page 123, and *The Progress of the Soul*, stanza xxi, page 200.

A Jet Ring Sent.

Page 66.

It is perhaps needless to point out that “thou” in the first and third stanzas of this charming little poem refers to the ring; in the second stanza, to her to whom the ring was sent.

Song.

Page 71.

There is some evidence that these verses were written not by Donne, but by Lord Pembroke. See *Poems by Wotton, Raleigh and others*. Edited by the Rev. John Hannah, 1845, intr., p. lxii.

Elegy I. Jealousy.

Page 79.

“If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-bark coverèd.”

The “sere-bark” corresponds to what the Ghost in *Hamlet* tells of the effect of the poison administered to him:

“And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.”

The “sere-cloth” of the edition of 1669 seems a change of reading due to lack of intelligence.

Page 80.

Elegy II. The Anagram.

“Marry, and love thy Flavia.”

In Drummond of Hawthornden's *Character of Several Authors*, reprinted in the appendix to the Shakespeare Society's edition of *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations*, after speaking of Donne as “second to none among the Anacreontick lyrics,” and saying also, “I think, if he would, he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English,” Drummond adds, “Compare Song *Marry and love* with Tasso's stanzas against Beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best,” p. 50. Mr. Laing, the editor of the Shakespeare Society's volume, does not cite the stanzas of Tasso referred to. They are to be found in the *Opere di Tasso*, Pisa, 1822, vol. iv, p. 151, and are entitled *Sopra la bellezza*. They begin, “Questa, che tanto il cieco volgo apprezza.” The resemblance between the *Stanze* and the *Elegy* is in some points so close that Drummond's observation of it is not surprising. The last stanza but one runs as follows:

“Sia brutta la mia donna, ed abbia il naso
Grande, che le facci ombra sino al mento;
Sia la sua bocca sì capece vaso,
Che stan vi possa ogni gran cosa drento;
Sian rari i denti, gli occhi posti a caso,
D'ebano i denti, e gli occhi sian d'argento,
E ciò ch'appare, e ciò che si nasconda,
A questi degne parti corresponda.”

The palm for wit may safely be given to Donne in this disgusting competition, in which he who “hath the best” has also the worst.

Page 82.

"When Belgia's cities the round countries drown."

Donne refers to the familiar fact that in the wars with Spain the dykes in Holland protecting the cities were sometimes cut by the citizens in order to flood the camp of the beleaguering enemy.

Strada in his *History of the Low-Country Wars*, book viii, gives a striking account of the breaking down of the banks around Leyden, in 1575, by which the country was flooded for many miles, and the Spaniards were forced to raise the siege.

Page 84.

Elegy IV. The Perfume.

"All thy supposed escapes are laid on me."

"Escapes" is here used in its obsolete significance of "escapades," or "transgressions," as in *Othello* i, 3, 197: "For thy escape would teach me tyranny."

Page 91.

Elegy VII.

"Inlaid thee."

This use of "inlay" with the meaning of "sequester" is hardly to be found elsewhere.

Page 91.

Elegy VIII. The Comparison.

"Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
Enforced, Sanserra's starv'd men did draw
From parboiled shoes and boots."

The siege of Sancerre in Aquitaine, in 1573, was one of the most tragic episodes of the wars of religion in France. It lasted for many months, and the people were reduced to the worst extremities of famine. More than five hundred died of starvation. "On se disputa," says Henri Martin, in his *Histoire de France*, ix, 364, "les débris les plus immondes de toute substance animale ou végétale; on créa, pour ainsi dire, des aliments monstrueux, impossibles."

Page 92.

"Her head" in the third verse on this page means "my mistress's head," while "thy head," four verses lower, stands for "thy mistress's head"; so five lines lower, "her fair breast" means "my mistress's fair breast." In the rest of the poem "her" and "thy" have the like reference, except in the seventh verse from the foot of page 92, where "her" should read "thy," and in the fifth verse on page 93, where "thy" refers to the person addressed, and in the last verse but one, where "her" refers to that person's mistress.

The verses are so foul that this puzzling confusion in the pronouns might perhaps better be left without note.

Page 93.

Elegy IX. The Autumnal.

Walton, in his *Life of George Herbert*, says that this Elegy was written on Lady Danvers, the mother of Herbert, after an acquaintance had begun between them at Oxford, where she was living in charge of her son Edward, then at the university.

"This amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age . . . a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family, and in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, and he as grateful an acknowledger of it."

Walton gives a letter from Donne to her, dated July 11, 1607, sending to her some "holy hymns and sonnets," together with the following sonnet addressed to her:

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert,¹
Of St. Mary Magdalen.*

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the church did know,—
The Resurrection. So much good there is
Delivered of her, that some Fathers be

¹ Lady Danvers by her second marriage.

Loth to believe one woman could do this,
 But think these Magdalens were two or three.
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame ;
 To their devotion add your innocence ;
 Take so much of the example as of the name,—
 The latter half ; and in some recompense
 That they did harbour Christ himself a guest,
 Harbour these hymns to His dear name addressed.

“These hymns,” adds Walton, in an exquisite sentence, “are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.” He ends his account of their friendship with the words : “About that very day twenty years that this letter was dated and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul’s) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her.” This funeral sermon, one of the best of Donne’s discourses, was printed at the time of its delivery, and reprinted in 1840 by Pickering, in a volume with Donne’s *Devotions* and other pieces.

This elegy appears in strange company with the poem which immediately precedes, and some of those which closely follow it. The robes of Donne’s sacred muse get sadly smirched by contact with his verses of the stews.

Page 94.

“Xerxes’ strange Lydian love, the platane tree.”

Herodotus (vii, 81) tells the tale of Xerxes finding on his way through Lydia a plane-tree so beautiful that he adorned it with decorations of gold, and left it in charge of one of his Immortals. Ælian, *Variae Historiae*, ii, 14, narrates the story with more detail ; and it was his account which Donne probably had in mind, for Ælian says that the guardian was given to the tree *ὡς περ ἐρωμένη φύλακα*. Longfellow, in his *Evangeline*, describing the splendor of the autumnal woods, makes a felicitous allusion to the story :

“Each glittering tree of the forest
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
 jewels.”

Page 97.

Elegy XI. Upon the Loss of his Mistress's Chain.

Drummond of Hawthornden, in his report of Ben Jonson's conversations, p. 8, says, "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of *the Lost Chain* he hath by heart; and that passage of *the Calme* [see vol. ii. p. 6], that dust & feathers do not stir, all was so quiet. Affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old."

Page 98.

"Spanish stamps" —

Coins bearing the stamp of Spain.

Page 98.

"Unfiled pistolets."

These silver coins were often rudely struck and left unrounded and without milling. "Le pistolet étant une petite arme, le demi-écu d'or fut dit, par plaisanterie, *pistolet* comme étant diminutif de l'écu [ou pistole]." Littré, *Dict.*, s. v.

Page 98.

"And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia."

"The whole region of Belgica [the Low Countries] is divided into seventeen provinces." Strada, *History of the Low-Country Wars*. Englished by Stapylton. Book i. London, 1679.

Page 99.

"Will vanish if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;
And be content," etc.

I think these verses should be punctuated as here, and not as in the text, and that "let them alone" is an error for "let them atone,"—that is, "if thou sentence them to make atonement for my sin," thus carrying out the suggestion of the verses at foot of page 97.

"And be content"—the sequence of thought would be clearer had Donne written "Then be content."

Page 101.

Elegy XII.

The "her" of verse 6 does not refer to "Death," but to the woman who is the subject of the elegy.

To this elegy, as here printed, Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, 1872, has added twenty verses derived from a manuscript in the British Museum. They are obscure, and tainted with coarseness; they may well have been rejected by Donne himself.

Page 108.

Elegy XIV. Julia.

. . . "and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
Scapes not."

Donne unquestionably wrote "which is worse than vild," though all the editions have "vile." Vild, though falling into disuse, had not become obsolete in his day, and is required here for the rhyme.

Page 108.

"Lived Mantuan now again,

(That female mastix)."

The "Mantuan" is Baptista Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose poems, written mainly in the early part of the sixteenth century, were long popular. Johnson, in his Life of Ambrose Philips, in his *Lives of the Poets*, says, "Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present century." The fourth eclogue of Mantuan is *De natura mulierum*, and its tone may be learned from a single verse:

"Femineum servile genus, crudele, superbum."

"That female mastix"—that scourge (μάστιξ) of woman.

Page 109.

Elegy XV. A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

"I touch no fat sow's grease"—

No man need fear my invading his rights, though the old proverb says, "Little knows the fat sow what the lean one means."

Page 109.

"I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
Nor count nor counsellor will look red or pale."

Possibly the last of these verses should read "Nor *court* nor counsellor," etc.

Ore tenus was a term more familiar of old than at present. It properly signified a form of oral pleading, but was used also for mere oral testimony. Thus, in Webster's *The Devil's Law Case*, the deposition of a waiting-woman being required, and the question being asked, "Where is she?" the reply is, "Here, my lord, *ore tenus*." Under the old system of pleading *ore tenus*, an alleged libel would have to be read aloud at the opening of a suit for damages for its publication. Donne may then mean here, "I fear not a suit for libel."

Page 109.

"A pretty peat."

"Peat," an obsolete form of pet. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1, 78, Katharina sneers at Bianca :

"A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why."

Page 109.

"I asked the number of the plaguing bill."

See *ante*, note on page 13.

Page 109.

"Asked if the custom-farmers held out still."

The disputes between the Crown and the farmers of the customs ran high during many years of the reign of James. In 1612 Bacon made a report, which was signed by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and the Lord Privy Seal Northampton, to the effect that, owing to the fraud of the farmers, the King might call in their lease. See Spedding's *Life of Bacon*, iv, 337.

Page 110.

"Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the island seas had marred."

"Plot" is used here not in the sense of "conspiracy," but in that of "plan," or "scheme," as Bassanio (*Merchant of Venice*, i, 1, 133) speaks of

. . . "all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe."

In 1609 a new charter was granted to the London Company for the settlement of Virginia, and "means were taken to make the speculation popular." "Besides many noblemen, knights, gentlemen, merchants, and wealthy tradesmen, most of the incorporated trades of London were induced to take shares in the stock." Hildreth, *History of the United States*, i, 108.

Ward was a noted pirate in those days. In the last chapter of Captain John Smith's *True Travels, Adventures and Observations*, London, 1629, treating of "the bad life qualities and conditions of Pyrats, and how they taught the Turks and Moors to become men of war," the gallant captain speaks of Ward as "a poor English sailor" who first made his mart in Barbary when the Moors knew scarce how to sail a ship. "Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary," and was among "the first that taught the Moors to be men of war,"—that is, pirates.

William Lithgow, the adventurous Scotchman whose account of his *Nineteen Years' Travels* was published in 1632, reports that "here in Tunneis I met with our English Captayne, general Waird, once a great Pyrat and Commaunder at Seas, who, in despite of his denied acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire Palace, beautified with rich Marble and Alabaster stones: with whom I found domesticke some fifteen circumcised English runagates, whose Lives and Countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainful. Yet old Waird their Maister was placable, and ioyned me safely with a passing Land conduct to Algiers, yea, and diverse times in my ten dayes staying there I dynded and supped with him," p. 358. See also, for another mention of Ward, p. 380.

Ward's deeds as a sea-rover touched the imagination as well as roused the fears of contemporary Englishmen. There is a popular

ballad, of considerable interest, entitled, "The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow." It is printed in part ix of Professor Child's invaluable collection of English and Scotch Popular Ballads. Professor Child dates Ward's piratical career as running from 1604 to 1609.

Page 110.

"The Britain Bourse."

This was the name of the so-called New Exchange, on the south side of the Strand, opened with great ceremony in 1609, in presence of King James and the Queen, "when it pleased his most excellent Majesty, because the work wanted a name, to entitle it 'Britain's Bourse.'" "It was long," says Peter Cunningham in his *Handbook of London*, "before it attained any great degree of favor or trade." It was taken down in 1737.

Page 110.

"Of new-built Aldgate."

Aldgate, one of the four principal gates in the City Wall, "began to be taken down," says Stow in his *Survey of London*, "in 1606, and was very worthily and famously finished in 1609." Ben Jonson refers to this rebuilding in *The Silent Woman*, i, 1.

Page 110.

"The Moorfield crosses."

"Moorfield to the year 1606 was but a noisome place. . . . But now it is converted into very pleasant walks, gravelled, planted on all sides, and divided into quarters, and railed in to keep the grass from being trodden down."—Stow. "Crosses" in Donne's verse may mean "cross paths."

Page 110.

. . . "he gave no praise

To any but my Lord of Essex' days."

Essex was beheaded in 1601; he was a popular favorite, and his memory long remained dear to the citizens of London.

This clever but licentious poem must have been written as late as 1609 or 1610, when Donne was near forty years old, and was already thinking of taking orders in the church. "Our nature is meteoric," he says in one of his letters; "we partake both of earth and heaven."

It was in 1610, during a fit of illness, that he wrote his *Litany*, a poem full of religious fervor and force of imagination. (See *Letters*, p. 32.) In the same letter in which he tells of the writing of the *Litany* he refers to a poem in lighter vein, the name of which is lost through a mutilation in the letter, and says, "Even at this time, when (I humbly thank God) I ask and have his comfort of sadder meditations, I do not condemn in myself that I have given my wit such evaporations as those, if they be free from profaneness, or obscene provocations." Donne's nature was indeed meteoric, not only in its composition, but in its subjection to the good or bad weather of his conditions.

Page 112.

Elegy XVI. The Expostulation.

In Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, first printed in 1641, three years after his death, this *Elegy* appears as if it belonged to him. But the *Underwoods* were a collection of poems found among Jonson's papers, and "marks of carelessness and ignorance" on the part of the editor "are visible," says Gifford, "on every page." There is no reason for questioning Donne's authorship; the style is his, and not Jonson's. With Jonson's admiration of Donne's poetry, it would not be surprising had he made a copy of the *Elegy* which was found among his papers. As printed in the *Underwoods* the text affords some various readings of no great importance.

Page 116.

Elegy XVII.

"Of springs, snares, fetters, and manacles.

Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, 1872, gives this verse better, — by reading from a manuscript, — "Of *springes*, snares, fetters and manacles," and below, instead of the "sweet meridian," reads, no doubt correctly, "the first meridian."

Page 116.

“Upon the islands fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial.”

The Canaries were supposed to be the “Fortunate Islands” of the ancients.

Page 116.

“The remora, her cleaving tongue.”

The remora was fabled to stop the course of vessels by attaching itself — “cleaving” — to them.

Spenser, in the finest stanza of his *Visions of the World's Vanitie* (a poem which Donne had read), describing a goodly ship “through the main sea making her merry flight,” says :

“All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish that men call remora
Which stopt her course and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.”

In the excellent *Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, in the years 1720, 1721, and 1722, by Edward Wright, Esq. (which were published in 1730), in his notes on Leyden, Mr. Wright says : “In the Anatomy School they shew what they call a *Remora*, and other natural curiosities of which they give a printed Catalogue. The *Remora*, if this be one, is a small round fish, with a Tail and Head somewhat like a Bird, the skin prettily mark'd in Hexagons. It is said to stop ships in their course,—from whence it has its name,” p. 512.

Page 125.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities.

These verses were first printed among the multitude of satirically panegyric verses prefixed to Coryat's so-called *Crudities*. The abridged title of the book is *Crudities hastily gobbled up in five moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia. . . . Newly digested in the hungry aire of Ocombe, in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdom.* Coryat was one of the odd products of an age productive of strongly marked

individualities. After being at Oxford for two or three years, he went to London to seek his fortune. The court was the resort of gentlemen of nimble wits and indefinite aims, and Coryat succeeded in finding admission to the household of the young Prince Henry. Here he seems to have played something like the part of court jester, and to have become the butt of the courtiers. He was not without sense, but he exposed himself to ridicule by his vanity and eccentricities. In 1608 he undertook his noted journey on foot for five months through France and Italy, and in 1611 he published the narrative of his travels, his *Crudities*, after it had been for a time circulated in manuscript among his acquaintances. The book was a remarkable one, for Coryat possessed eyes, lively intelligence and a cultivated curiosity, and gave a better account of things worth seeing in the lands which he had visited than any previously printed in English. His style is animated and clear, and though not free from affectations, it has now and then a rich swell and felicity of expression. But Coryat found himself still the laughing-stock of the hangers-on of the court, his book was turned to ridicule by the versifiers, and when Prince Henry accepted the dedication of it he gave "strict and express command" that these "free and merry jests," as Coryat good-humoredly calls them, should be printed in the place of the commendatory verses which it was then the fashion to prefix to all sorts of books. Coryat fairly enough bids the courteous reader "to suspend thy censure of me till thou hast read over my whole book." Drayton, as well as Donne, was among the contributors to the folly, scurrility, and wit in the mass of good, bad, and indifferent verse. The book is one of the curiosities of literature.

In 1612 Coryat set out on a journey through the East. It was an extraordinary performance. From Constantinople he went to Jerusalem, thence to Armenia and through Mesopotamia to Persia, and thence to India. He died at Surat in 1617.

Page 126.

"Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show."

Coryat in his "Epistle dedicatory," admits his obligations to Munster, being "sometimes beholding to him for some special matter."

Munster's *Cosmographia Universalis*, first published in 1541, and often republished in the course of the century, was a useful book, containing a great mass of information about the then known world. Its maps and woodcuts are still of interest.

It was Gesner's *Bibliotheca Universalis* (1545-49) which "showed authors" as Munster's *Cosmographia Universalis* "showed towns." "Conradus Gesner inter universales et perpetuos Catalogorum scriptores principatum obtinet," says Morhof in his *Polyhistor*—"the book," declared Dr. Johnson, "upon which all my fame was originally founded."

Page 126.

"Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garreteer."

Cf. *Satire IV*, page 169: "To say Gallo-Belgicus without book."
Cf. also page 185.

There are frequent references in the literature of the first quarter of the seventeenth century to the *Gallo-Belgicus*, "who," says George Chalmers in his *Life of Rudiman*, London, 1794, page 104, "seems to have been the first contemporary author who, in modern times, detailed events as they arose." The first volume, an 8vo of 650 pages, was printed at Cologne in 1598. Its title was *Mercurii Gallo-Belgici; sive rerum in Gallia et Belgia potissimum, Hispania quoque, Italia, Anglia, Germania, Polonia, vicinisque locis ab anno 1588 ad Martium anni 1594 gestarum, Nuncii*. It seems to have had success at once, and early in the seventeenth century it was published half-yearly, and was "usefully ornamented with maps." It served a good purpose in the days before newspapers. It was still published in 1636, "but how long it continued," says Chalmers, "I know not." Its information, gathered often from hearsay, was often incorrect, and its style far from an elegant Latinity.

"And, if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase . . .
Let it pass,"

Says Virgil in Jonson's *Poetaster*, v, 1.

In 1616, in his notes on Bacon's *Heads of the Charge*, to be delivered in the trial of Somerset, King James wrote in regard to one of the heads, "No better than a gazette or passage of Gallo-Belgicus." Spedding, *Letters and Life of Bacon*, v, 289.

The *Gallo-Belgicus* was the parent of a vast number of other *Mercuries* published in England, France, and elsewhere for a hundred years or more.

The *Gazetta* was a Venetian invention of the same sort, a compilation of current news, and is said to have been first issued in 1536. It was not printed, but circulated in manuscript copies.

Page 127.

. . . "for a lord,

Which casts at Portescue's."

I am unable to explain who or what was "Portescue."

In 1858 the late Sir John Simeon printed for the Philobiblon Society a little volume containing six elegies ascribed to Donne, but never before printed. To these Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, added two, derived from a manuscript, to the seclusion of which it had been better to leave them. The elegies printed by Sir John Simeon are obviously early compositions of the poet, if, indeed, they all be authentically his,—of which I have some doubt,—and they contain little which a devout lover of Donne would regret to miss.

Page 131.

An Epithalamion on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine.

The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, the young Count Palatine of the Rhine, was celebrated on the 14th of February, 1613, with unusual pomp and ceremony. The Princess was, after her brother, the next heir to the Crown. She was but sixteen years old. There were great festivals of all sorts, and lavish expenditure. Among other entertainments was a masque by Beaumont, performed

"with great applause and approbation." The splendors of the occasion were in striking contrast to the calamities and poverty which not long after overtook the young pair, as the result of the folly of the Elector Palatine in accepting the crown of Bohemia. The memory of Elizabeth will be preserved not only by this poem of Donne's, but still more freshly by Sir Henry Wotton's exquisite verses, written about 1620, *On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*, beginning,

"Ye meaner beauties of the night."

In 1613 Donne was forty years old.

Page 136.

Eclogue.

One would gladly spare from Donne's works this *Eclogue* and the *Epithalamion* which it prefaces, in celebration of the notorious marriage, in 1613, of the Earl of Somerset with the divorced Lady Essex. The adulation of the King and of his favorite is pushed to extravagance of servility. Donne was for years in the miserable position of a supplicant for the favors of those in power. He had learned "what hell it is in suing long to bide." One of his letters, addressed to Somerset (while Viscount Rochester) the year before Somerset's marriage, affords further illustration of the depth of flattery to which he could descend. He says, "After I was grown to be your Lordship's by all the titles that I could think upon, it hath pleased your Lordship to make another title by buying me. You may have made many better bargains in your purchases, but never a better title than to me, nor anything which you may call yours more absolutely and entirely. . . . My thankfulness cannot reach to the benefits already received, and the favour of receiving my letters is a new benefit. . . . I should never wish any other station than such as might make me still, and only, Your Lordship's most humble and devoted servant." *Letters*, p. 290. This tone of servility was indeed, to use Bacon's distinction in his own case, a *vitium temporis* even more than a *vitium hominis*, yet it is painful to find a man of Donne's superiority thus degraded by it.

But Donne descended to a still lower depth of baseness, in offering

his services to help in establishing the nullity of Lady Essex's marriage.¹ See *Letters*, pp. 168 and 180.

In regard to the *Epithalamion* Donne says: "I deprehend in myself more than an alacrity, a vehemence to do service to that company." (*Letters*, p. 180.) Considering what that company was, these words are deplorable.

There is a significant postscript to a letter of Donne's to Sir R. D. (probably Sir Robert Drury), which hints at the hope with which this *Epithalamion* was written: "I cannot tell you so much as you tell me of anything from my Lord of Som. since the *Epithalamion*, for I heard nothing." *Letters*, p. 153.

Page 142.

Stanza IV.

"Thou which . . .

Are meant for Phoebus, wouldst be Phaëton."

That is, "wouldst scorch those who looked on thee."

Page 143.

Stanza VI.

"The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more."

The second of these verses refers to the proceedings in the special court of delegates appointed by the King to determine on the divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, and King, bishop of London, gave judgment against the divorce, but their votes were overruled by those of other bishops in favor of it. See *State Trials*, ii, 785-862.

At the marriage ceremony the divorced countess had the effrontery to appear with her hair hanging in curls to her waist, the special

¹ In the *Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1881, App., part iii, in the list of the Earl of Ashburnham's manuscripts, is the following entry: "Dr. Donne's compendium of the whole course of proceeding in the nullity of the marriage of the Earl of Essex and the Lady Frances Howard, 1613." It would appear from this that his offer had been accepted.

distinction of a virgin bride. Donne refers to the public opinion in regard to the marriage in stanza ii :

“ If by that manly courage they be tried,
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man.”

The whole *Epithalamion* is a disgrace to him, little palliated by his need, or by the fact that other men of great note united in doing honor to the occasion. The festivities which followed the marriage on the 26th of December lasted till Twelfth Night, and were concluded by a masque, called *The Masque of Flowers*, composed by Campion, and presented by Bacon as a complimentary offering, at a reported cost of two thousand pounds. Ben Jonson's verses “to the most noble and above his titles Robert Earl of Somerset,” “sent to him on his Wedding-Day 1613,” in which the profligate Carr is extolled as “virtuous Somerset,” were found pasted in Somerset's copy of Jonson's *Works*, 1640, when it was purchased for the British Museum. (See *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol. v, p. 193.) Disgust at the occasion and object of Donne's poem ought not to blind the reader to its extraordinary spirit, to the vivacity of fancy displayed in it, and to the beauty of many of its verses.

Page 145.

Stanza XI.

“ Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchanged for fifteen hundred year.”

The story was widely current and believed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that during the papacy of Paul III.,— sometime, that is, between 1534 and 1549,— an ancient tomb on the Appian Way had been opened, in which were the fair body of a girl in perfect preservation, and a lamp still burning. Speedily on admission of the air the body fell to dust, and the lamp was extinguished. It was said that an inscription in the tomb bore the words *Tulliolae filiae meae*, and it was supposed that the body was that of Tullia, often affectionately called Tulliola, the daughter (not the sister, as Sir Thomas Browne says) of Cicero. All that is known of the discovery of the tomb may be found in the *De Lucernis Antiquorum*

reconditis of Licetus, 1653, and in the *De Lucernis sepulchralibus veterum* of Ottaviano Ferrari, 1670. Licetus was a believer in the perpetual fire of the lamp; but Ferrari sufficiently exposed the absurdity of the notion, and put a stop to the arguments of learned ignoramuses.

The matter is discussed with good sense by Sir Kenelm Digby in his treatise *Of Bodies*, 1645, ch. vii, § 9.

Page 153.

Satires.

Collier, in his *Poetical Decameron*, i, 155, states that there is in the British Museum a manuscript copy of the first three satires of Donne (Harl. MS. 5110), entitled, *John Donne, his Satires, Anno Domini 1693*. If this date be correct, they were written when Donne was not more than twenty years old, and precede both Hall's and Lodge's satires. That they were written before Queen Elizabeth's death many allusions in them make certain. No printed copy of them is known before that of 1633. In Donne's *Letters*, p. 194, is one to Sir H. G. (Henry Goodere), dated *Vigilia St. Tho.* (Dec. 28), 1614, in which Donne says: "I am brought to a necessity of printing my Poems, and addressing them to my L. Chamberlain. This I mean to do forthwith; not for much public view, but at mine own cost, a few copies. . . . I must do this, as a valediction to the world, before I take orders." Whether this intention was carried out is uncertain, for no copy of the volume is known to exist. It may have included the satires. Among Ben Jonson's *Epigrams*, published in 1616, is one (xciv) addressed "To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Master Donne's Satires," from which it appears that she had asked to have them, but whether they were sent to her in manuscript or in print is not clear. There is plenty of sound feeling, good sense and wit in these satires, as well as of acute observation and picturesque delineation of life and character. The versification is often harsh, but, as Coleridge says, "Read them as Donne meant them to be read, and as sense and passion demand, and you will find in the lines a manly harmony." *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets*, collected by Th. Ashe, London, 1883, p. 427.

Page 153.

Satire I.

“Not though a captain do come in thy way,
Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay.”

Pay drawn for dead men whose names were still fraudulently borne on the muster-rolls of the company.

In Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, the Advocate says, speaking of the Captains :

“Yet I assure you
Most of them know arithmetic so well
That in a muster, to preserve dead pays,
They 'll make twelve stand for twenty.” Act v., sc. i.

Page 155.

“The infant of London, heir to an India.”

I cannot explain this verse, or the emendation of it in the edition of 1669, which seems to be rather an attempt to remove a corruption or an obscurity, than a true various reading.

Page 155.

“Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidentally proud, creeps to the wall.”

Taking the wall side, which politeness assigns to the superior person. Nash, in his attack on Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, says he made “no bones of taking the wall of Sir Philip Sidney, in his black Venetian velvet.”

Page 156.

“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.”

The references are numerous in the literature of the time to Banks's horse, trained to all sorts of tricks, and first shown in London in 1589. See Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 2; Jonson, *Every*

Man out of his Humour, iv, 4; and *Epigram* 134 (133 in Gifford's ed.); Taylor, *Cast over the Water*, p. 159. Sir Kenelm Digby, *Of Bodies*, ch. 37, § 3, gives an account of some of his feats. The horse was named Morocco, and Hall in his *Satires*, book iv, sat. 2, couples the mention of him, as here, with that of an elephant, as if there had been one exhibited about the same time.

Page 156.

. . . "one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)"

The phrase "drinking tobacco" for smoking was for a time much in use. For instance, Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, iii, 2, makes Master Matthew, the town gull, say :

"By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drank."

Page 157.

Satire II.

. . . "yet their state
Is poor, disarmed, like Papists, not worth hate."

"Their" has no antecedent; it refers to "the poets" understood.

Page 159.

"You said . . .
I should be in remitter of your grace."

Legal phraseology signifying "I should be replaced in possession of your grace."

Page 160.

"When Luther was professed, he did desire
Short paternosters, saying as a friar
Each day his beads, but, having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause."

"The power and glory clause" of the Lord's Prayer is not to be found in the Vulgate, but was added by Luther in his translation of the New Testament.

Page 161.

Satire III.

"Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honour was to them?"

"To them,"—i. e., to those who lived in the first blinded age.

Page 164.

"Will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin taught thee this!"

By Philip, Donne may have meant Melanchthon; by Gregory, Pope Gregory VII.; by Harry, Henry VIII., the *Fidei Defensor*; and by Martin, Luther.

Page 165.

Satire IV.

. . . "as Glaze, which did go
To mass in jest, caught, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks which is the statute's curse."

In 1581, among the enactments against the Roman Catholics was that "hearing mass should be one hundred marks penalty, and one year's imprisonment." Fuller, *Church History of Britain*, book ix, lec. iv, § 7.

Page 166.

. . . "One who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain."

The tradition of this atrocious massacre, which occurred on November 13, 1002, still survived in the popular memory. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenilworth, the people of Coventry begged to be allowed "to renew their old storied show" of the slaughter of the Danes "to move some mirth to her Majesty." "The thing is grounded in story, and for pastime wont to be played in our city yearly." *Laneham's Letter*, 1575.

Page 166.

“When next the ‘prentices ‘gainst strangers rise.”

The first chapter of *The Fortunes of Nigel* affords a good illustration of this verse.

Page 166.

. . . “it had been

Velvet, but ’t was now (so much ground was seen)

Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall

See it plain rash.”

Tufftaffaty was a taffeta, a fabric of silk or linen, woven with a pile like velvet in tufts or spots; when the nap was worn off it would be like “plain rash,” an inferior smooth stuff.

Page 167.

“Jovius or Surius.”

The *Historia sui Temporis* of Jovius, or Paolo Giovio (1488–1552), the well-known Bishop of Nocera, was not distinguished for its veracity.

Laurentius Surius (1522–78) of Lubeck, a Carthusian monk, compiled many untrustworthy books.

Page 167.

“Calepine’s Dictionary.”

This famous polyglot dictionary was much in use, and went through very many editions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Page 168.

. . . “the way to it is King-street.”

King Street originally ran from Charing Cross to the King’s palace at Westminster. Ben Jonson, in his *Conversations with Drummond*, says Spenser “died for lack of bread in King Street.”

Page 169.

"To say Gallo-Belgicus without book."

See *ante*, note on page 126.

Page 169.

"Speaks of all states and deeds that hath been since
The Spaniards came, to the loss of Amiens."

"Since the Spaniards came" affords a vague indication of time. Perhaps it refers to their invasion of France in 1594, after Henry IV. had declared war with Philip II. The Spaniards took Amiens in March, 1595, and this may possibly indicate the date of this satire as the summer of that year, for Amiens was retaken by the French in September.

Page 169.

"I sigh and sweat
To hear this macaron talk in vain."

In Torriano's Italian dictionary, 1698, "macaroni" is defined "by met., a looby, one that can do nothing but loll and eat"; hence, a fopling, a conceited pretender: as, Yankee Doodle

"Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni."

Page 170.

. . . "great officers

Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers."

Dunkirk was long the nest of the freebooters who were the terror of honest commerce, preying indiscriminately on that of all nations. Their cruelties were excessive, and as a rule they neither gave nor took quarter.

Page 171.

. . . "a trance
Like his who dreamt he saw hell."

This reference to Dante is worth noting, for Dante was not so well known at this time in England as the later Italian poets.

Page 171.

. . . "flouts our presence."

"Presence" is here used for the court — that is, the assembly of courtiers in the royal presence. The change to "courtiers" in the editions subsequent to that of 1633 is to afford an antecedent of the proper grammatical number to the "ours are," two verses below. On the next page, line 3, "présence" is in the sense of the court or the King's presence, and in the sixth line from the foot in the same sense. In this latter verse *Moschite* is an obsolete form of *mosque*, here used as equivalent to "a sacred place."

Page 172.

. . . "whoe'er looks

(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory."

They dare not go because of the debts they owe to the haberdashers, silk-mercers, linen-drapers, and hosiers, whose shops lined Cheapside.

Page 172.

"Dürer's rules"

are in his famous book *De Symmetria partium humanorum corporum*.

Page 174.

"Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar."

Ascapart was the renowned giant vanquished by Sir Bevis of Hampton. Throwing the bar was an old sport and test of strength.

"Cladon, the lad
Who whilome had

The garland given for throwing best the barre."

Browne, *The Shepherd's Pipe*, eclogue vii.

Page 174.

“Living, barrels of beef”-

The Beef-eaters—the popular appellation of the yeomen of the guard in the royal household, as well as of the warders of the Tower. This guard was established at the accession of Henry VII. in 1485. See *History of Henry VII.* in Spedding's edition of Bacon's Works, vi, 35.

Page 174.

“With Maccabee's modesty.”

“And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.” 2 Maccabees, xv, 38.

Page 174.

Satire V.

“He which did lay

Rules to make courtiers . . .

Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme

Are wretched or wicked.”

Castiglione, in his famous book *Il Cortigiano*, the courtier's manual in the sixteenth century, twice lays down the rule that neither the wretched nor the wicked are to be made the subject of jests,—for to jest at the one is cruelty, at the other is vanity. See Book ii, §§ 46, 83.

Page 175.

“You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves (whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid), authorized now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.”

These verses fix the date of this satire between 1596, when Donne entered the service of Sir Thomas Egerton (afterward Lord Chancellor Ellesmere), and 1600, when he lost his place as Egerton's secretary. It was in 1596 that Egerton was advanced to the post of Lord Keeper. His integrity was unquestioned, and under the Queen's authority,

express or implied, he may have undertaken to introduce reforms into the practice of the courts, to prevent delays as well as the sale of justice, and to check the extortions of officials. Jonson addressed him in an epigram as "Justest lord."

Page 176.

"Scape, like Angelica, the strivers' hands."

"The fairest of her sex, Angelica," as Milton (*Par. Reg.*, iii, 341) calls her, escapes, in the first canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, from the hands of Rinaldo and Ferrau, in the second from those of Rinaldo and Sacripante.

Page 176.

"By means of angels."

The same pun is found in *Elegy XI*.

Page 177.

"Enough to clothe all the great carrick's pepper."

The carrick was a vessel with a capacious hold fitted for fighting as well as for burden.

"They are made like carracks, only strength and storage."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, i, 3.

Page 178.

Satire VI.

"Dried with his threats."

Dr. Grosart gives the reading from a manuscript, "Urged with his threats." But "urged" is as weak as "dried" is perplexing.

Page 185.

Phryne.

Drummond reports that Ben Jonson "had this [epigram] oft." *Conversations*, p. 38.

Page 185.

Raderus.

Matthew Rader, a learned German Jesuit, published an expurgated edition of Martial in 1602, with what is said to be a verbose commentary.

Page 185.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

See *ante*, note on page 126.

Page 186.

Gazæus.

There were three learned brothers of this name who wrote much in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I have not access to the works of any of them, and cannot say from what volume this epigram is translated.

Page 189.

The Progress of the Soul. Metempsychosis.

Drummond reports Jonson as saying: "The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. Of this he never wrote but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly, and seeketh to destroy all his poems." *Conversations*, p. 9. It would be of interest to know whether Jonson derived his knowledge of Donne's "general purpose" from Donne himself. There is no indication in the introductory Epistle, or in the poem itself as we now have it, of such a purpose as Jonson ascribes to him. That Donne regretted the existence of some of his early poems is asserted by Walton in his life of him: "It is a truth that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals."

Both the thought and the expression in the *Epistle* which precedes this poem have some likeness to passages in Montaigne, especially in his essay on *Books* and the beginning of his essay on the *Education of Children*.

Page 190.

"A mucheron," or, according to other editions, "a maceron."

Maceron is the French name for what Gerhard in his *Herbal* called Candy Alexander, or Thorough-bored paraley (*Smyrniacum creticum*). But I cannot find that maceron was ever used in English. I am inclined to think that Donne wrote mushroom, or mushrom, as Gerhard spells it. This fits his thought, "You must not grudge to find the soul even in the lowest plant."

Page 191.

Stanza I.

"A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone."

Seth, the son of Adam, left children who imitated his virtues. "They were the discoverers of the wisdom which relates to the heavenly bodies and their order, and that their inventions might not be lost they made two pillars, the one of brick, the other of stone, and inscribed their discoveries on them both, that in case the pillar of brick should be destroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain and exhibit those discoveries to mankind. . . . Now this remains in the land of Siriad to this day." Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, Whiston's translation, book i, ch. 2, § 3.

Page 192.

Stanza III.

"Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
The church and all the monarchies did float."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, vi, 6, says, "Janus, whom Annius of Viterbo and the chorographers of Italy do make to be the same with Noah." Annius of

Viterbo (1432-1502), or Fra Giovanni Nanni, a learned Dominican held in high repute at the papal court by Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI., published in 1498 a work entitled *Antiquitatum variarum volumina xviii*. In this he included what professed to be a *defloratio* of the five books of the ancient history of Berossus. The third book was entitled, *Berosi de antiquitate Jani patris quem Noam nominat*. It was affirmed in it that Noah "ob beneficium inventae vitis et vini dignatus est cognomento Jani, quod Arameis sonat vitifer et vinifer," and the early culture of Italy was ascribed to him. The book of Annii had great acceptance for a generation or two, and the *Commentaria* on Berossus were often separately reprinted, in spite of the fact that their fictitious character was exposed by several of the better scholars of the time. Munster, in his *Cosmographia*, after citing Berossus as authority that Janus was but another name for Noah, and that Noah visited Italy, adds with amusing and instructive credulity, "Nec dubium quin Berossus haec habuerit ex praedecessorum scriptis relictis scilicet vel a Noah, vel a filiis ejus." Ed. 1550, p. 35; cf. pp. 139, 1026.

Page 193.

Stanza V.

"To my six lustres, almost now outwore."

The poem is dated 1601, when Donne, born in 1573, was 28 years old.

Pages 193, 194.

Stanza VII.

"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)."

At the close of the preliminary Epistle Donne says that he delivers all the passages of the soul "from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time when she is he, whose life you shall find in the end of this book"; and these words, as well as

the preceding verses, are explained by the conclusion of the story of the Progress of the Soul, when at last she, the soul,

. . . "knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman." *Stanza LI.*

It is woman's hand and tongue and brow "which, as the moon the sea, moves us." It must be remembered that Donne entitled this vigorous and imaginative poem, *Poema Satyricon*.

Page 194.

Stanza VIII.

"If, as devout and sharp men fitly guess,
That cross, . . .
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree."

Where Donne found the fancy that the cross was planted where the tree of the knowledge of good and evil had stood I do not know. But among the numerous theories as to the site of Paradise there was one, at least as old as the fourth century, that it had occupied the spot which afterwards became the site of Jerusalem. See the 47th Question of the *Questiones ad Antiochum*, ascribed to St. Athanasius, and printed (as spurious) in the Benedictine edition of his works, Paris, 1698.

Page 197.

Stanzas XIV-XVI.

The description of the mandrake conforms to the popular superstition. Rough woodcuts of the male and female mandrake may be seen in the *Ortus Sanitatis*, Venice, 1511, accompanied with an account of their operations and qualities.

Page 200.

Stanza XXI.

"Men, till they took laws which made freedom less."

See *ante*, note on pp. 63, 64.

Page 202.

Stanza XXVI.

"As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en."

"As" has here the meaning of "so," "likewise."

Page 203.

Stanza XXVII.

"Makes a board or two" is a nautical phrase equivalent to "makes a tack or two," "swims this way and that."

Page 204.

Stanza XXIX.

"And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction."

During the reign of Elizabeth the change in the national religion and the consequent diminution of fasts and fish-days led to the decline of the fishing industry: some fishermen turned pirates, others ceased to follow the sea.

In 1564 an act was passed for the maintenance of the navy, one of the clauses of which, enacted with intent to encourage seamanship, was that Wednesdays and Saturdays through the year should be fish-days on which it should not be lawful to eat flesh, under penalty of three pounds or imprisonment for three months. See *Statutes of the Realm*, 5 Eliz. c. 5; cf. also *Acts of Privy Council*, New Series, vol. vii, 1558-1570. London, 1893.

Pages 207, 208.

Stanzas XXXVI and XL.

In Spenser's *Visions of the World's Vanitie* there is a description of the killing of the whale by the sword-fish, and of the elephant by the creeping of an ant, "a silly worm," into his nostrils, which may have afforded the suggestion of these stanzas.

Page 208.

Stanza XXXIX.

"Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend."

"There generally passes an opinion that it [the elephant] hath no joints, and this absurdity is seconded with another, that, being unable to lie down, it sleepeth against a tree . . . which conceit is not the daughter of later times, but is an old and grey-headed error, even in the days of Aristotle." Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar and Common Errors*, iii, 1.

Page 208.

Stanza XL.

. . . "a man of better room."

"Room" is used here in its obsolete significance of "station," or "rank."

Page 214.

Stanza LII.

This conclusion of the poem seems to have little connection with what precedes. It introduces a train of thought unrelated to the main theme. The inventions of cursed Cain's race are told in Genesis iv, 20-22, but the invention of astronomy by blest Seth rests only on ancient Jewish tradition.



CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

Page 5, line 7, omit comma after "dies". The edition of 1669 reads "is" for "was".

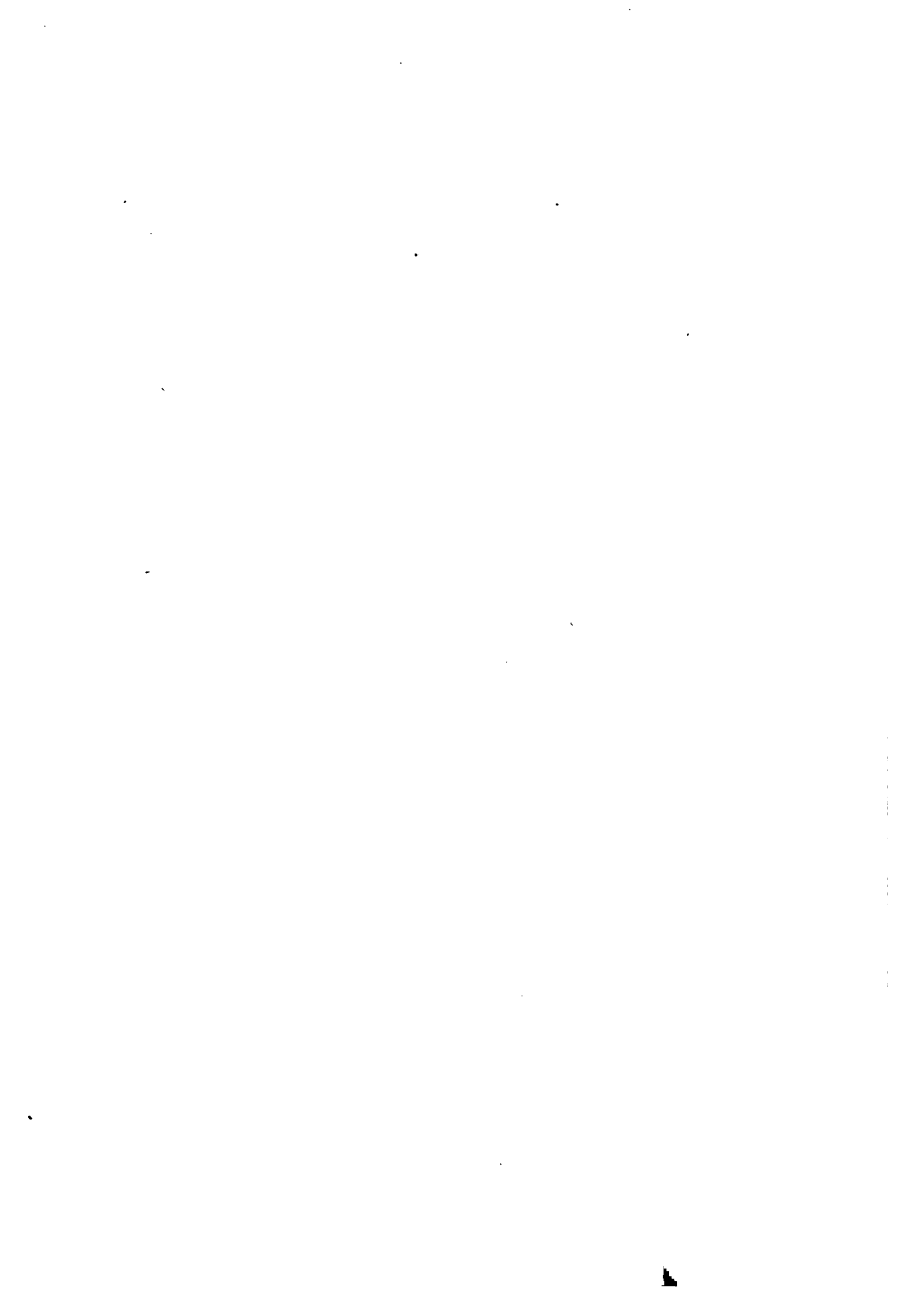
Page 14, line 7 from foot, omit comma after "Grief".

Page 70, line 9 from foot, omit comma after "Death".

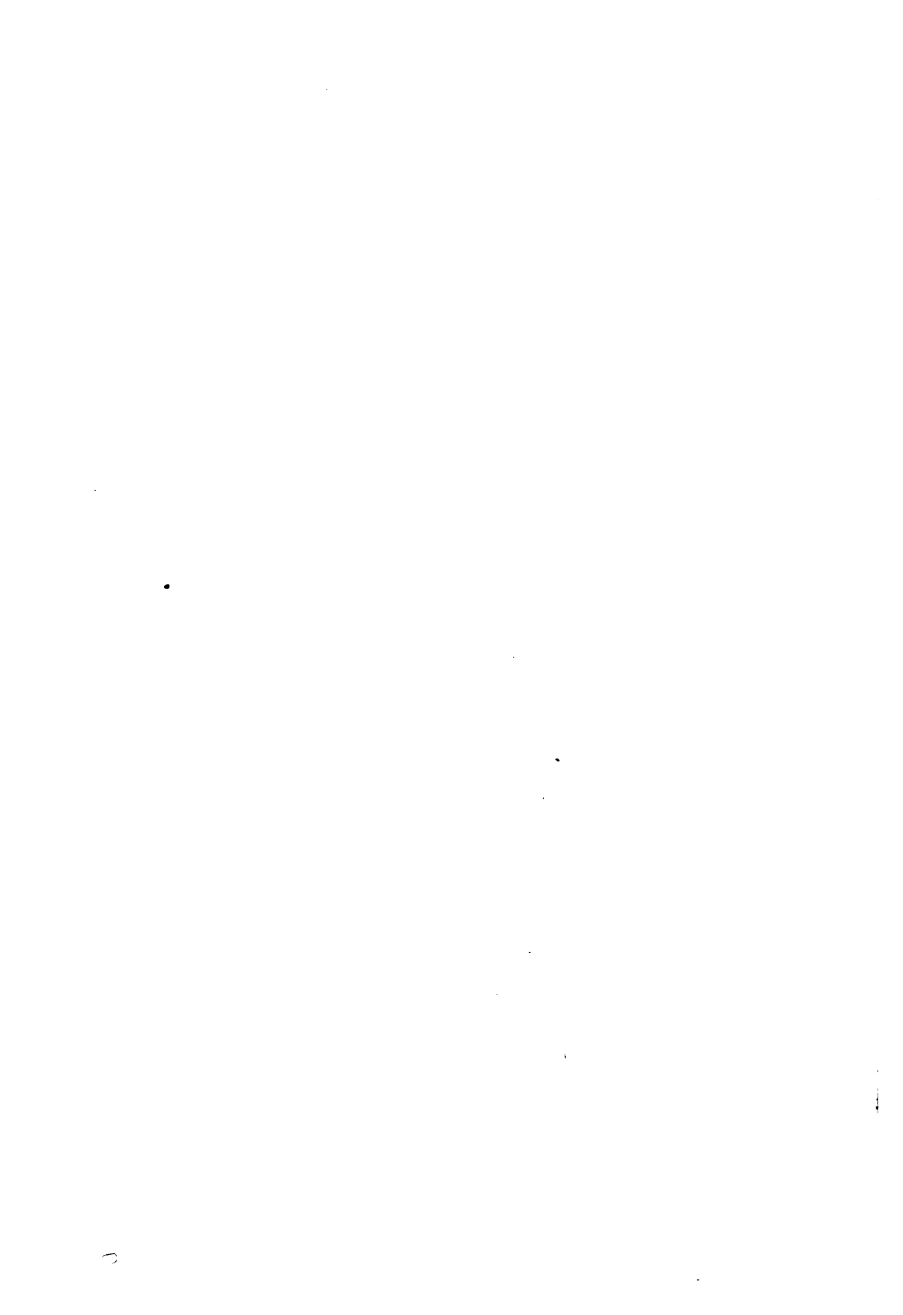
Page 108, line 15, omit comma after "Tenarus".

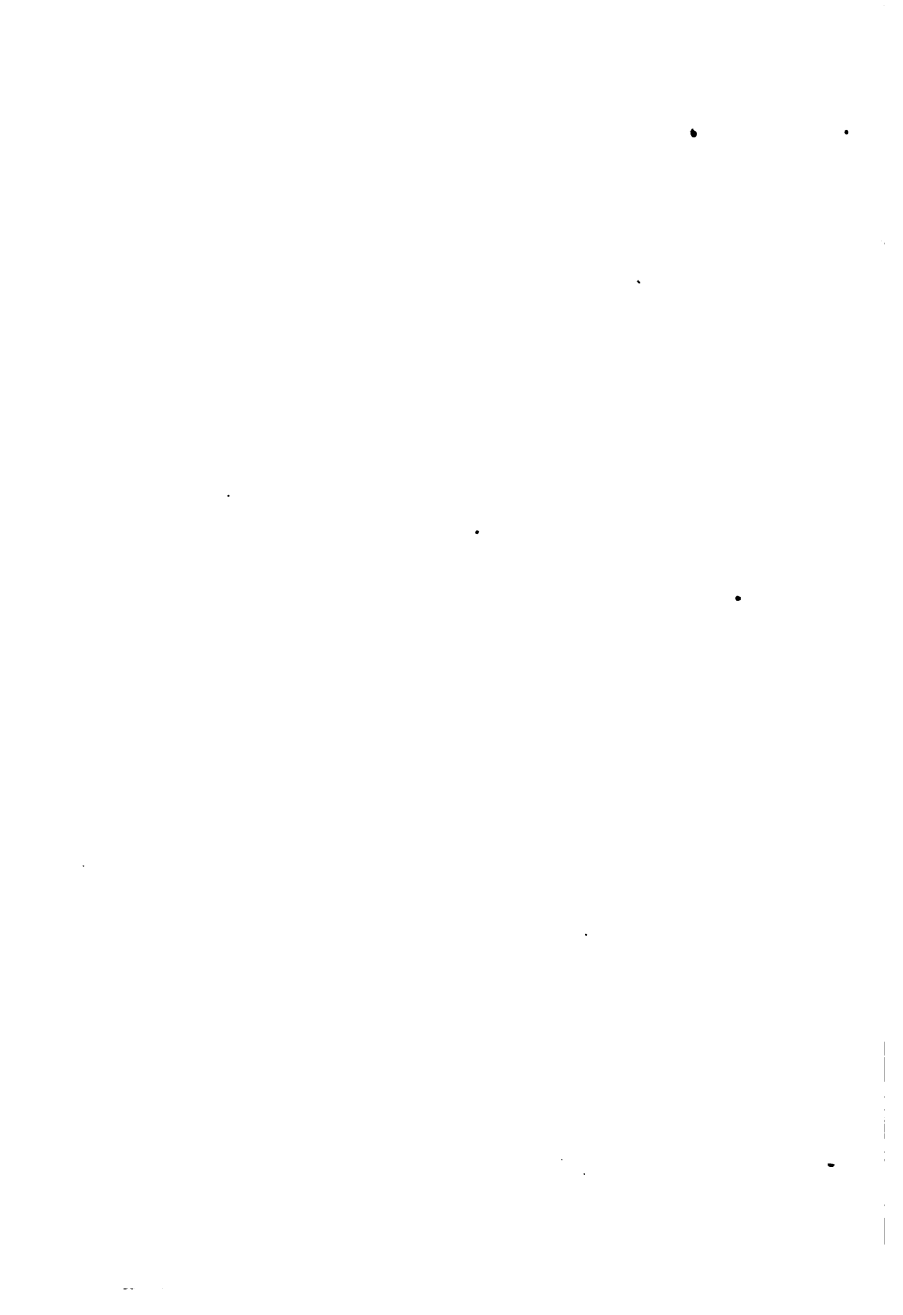
Page 169, line 20, insert comma after "came".

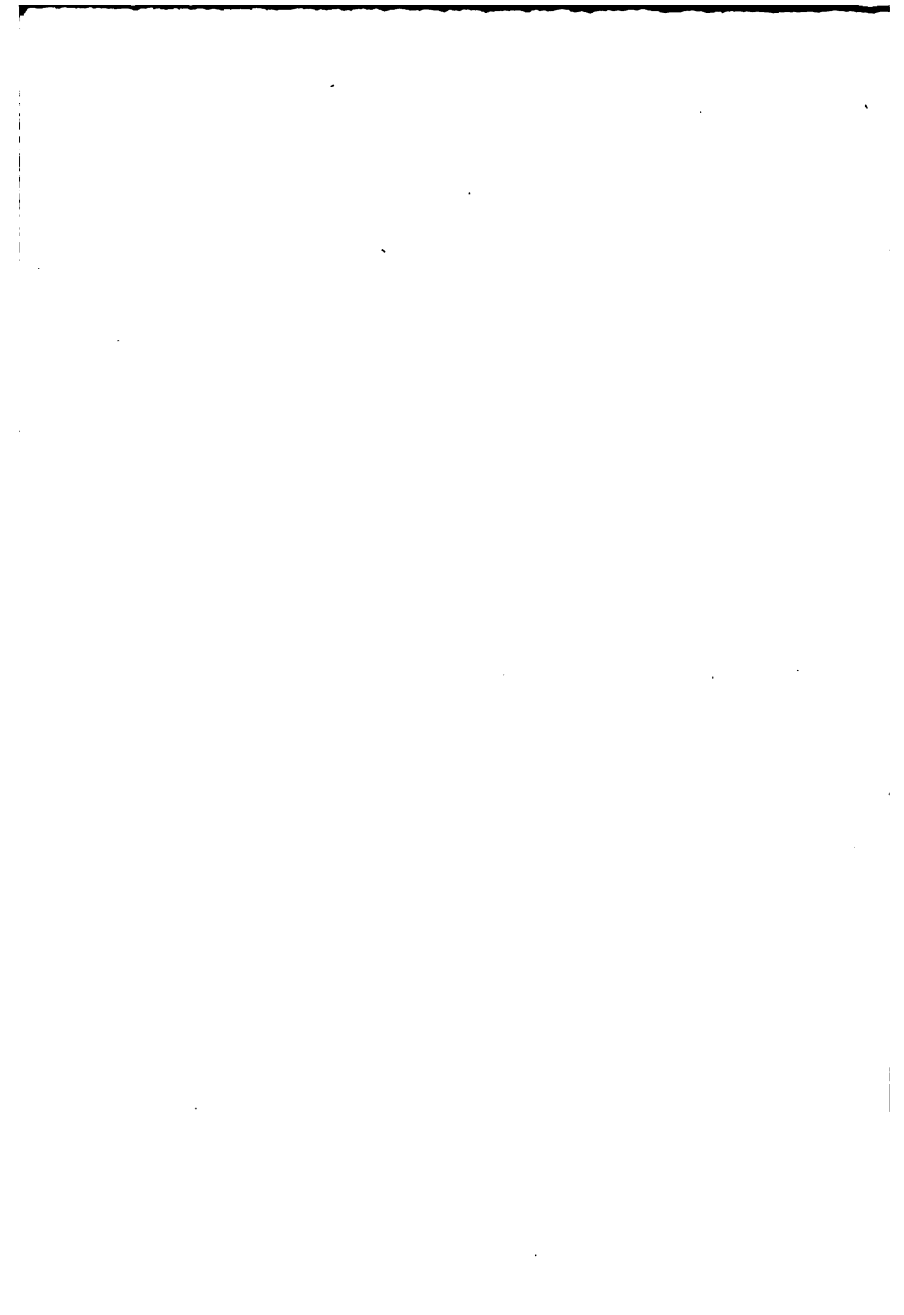




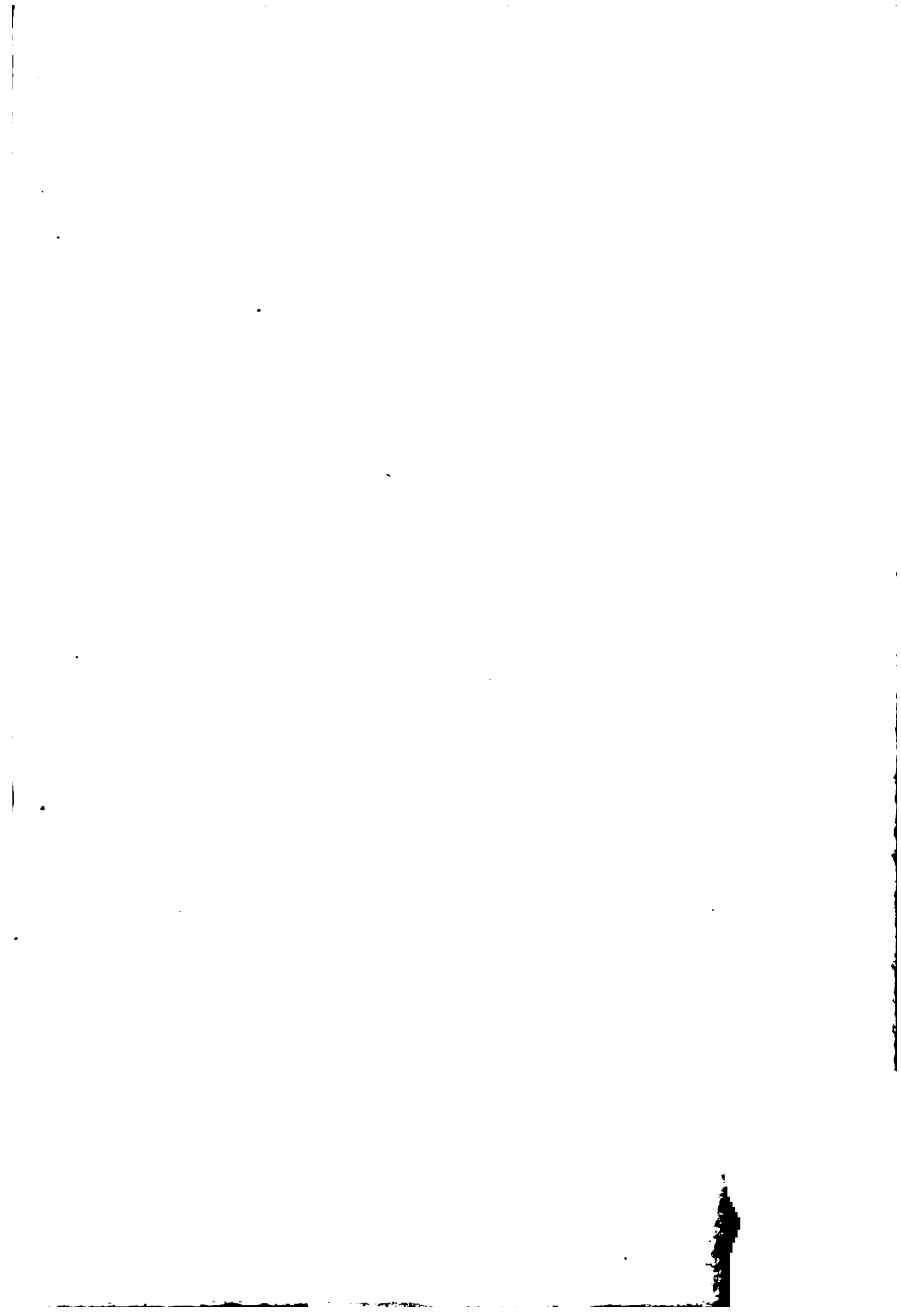


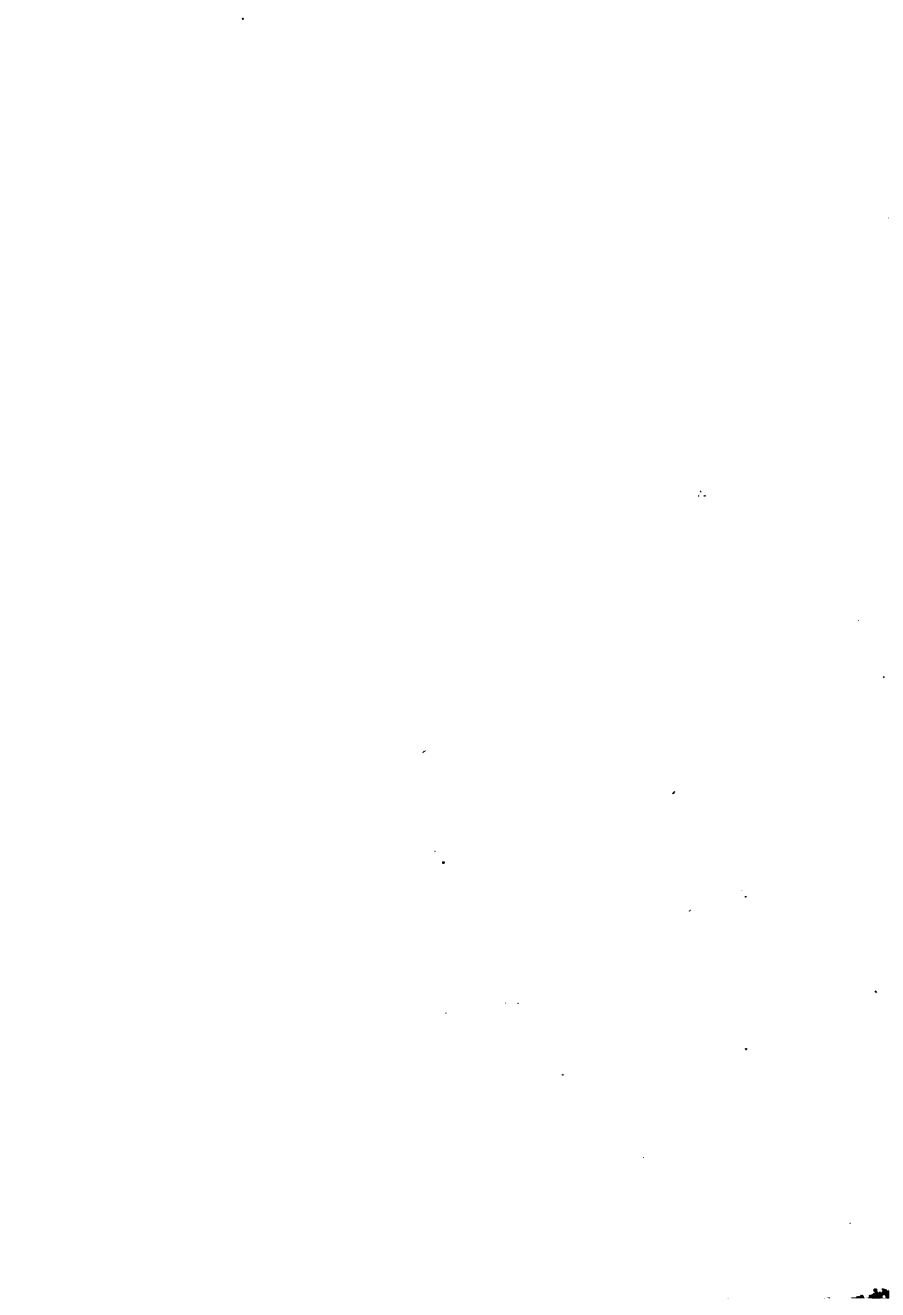














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