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THE COMPLETE POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COLLATED WITH  
THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS AND MSS.  
AND ENLARGED  
WITH HITHERTO UNPRINTED AND INEDITED POEMS FROM MSS. ETC.  
AND PORTRAITS, FACSIMILES, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS  
IN THE QUARTO FORM.

Edited

WITH PREFACE, ESSAY ON LIFE AND WRITINGS, AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

ROBERT BROWNING,

THE POET OF THE CENTURY FOR THINKERS,

I DEDICATE

THIS FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE POEMS OF

JOHN DONNE

(BORN 1573, DIED 1631);

KNOWING HOW MUCH HIS POETRY,

WITH EVERY ABATEMENT,

IS VALUED AND ASSIMILATED BY HIM :

RIGHT FAITHFULLY,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



The Fuller Worthies' Library.

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THE

COMPLETE POEMS OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

VOL. I.

SATIRES. II. THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

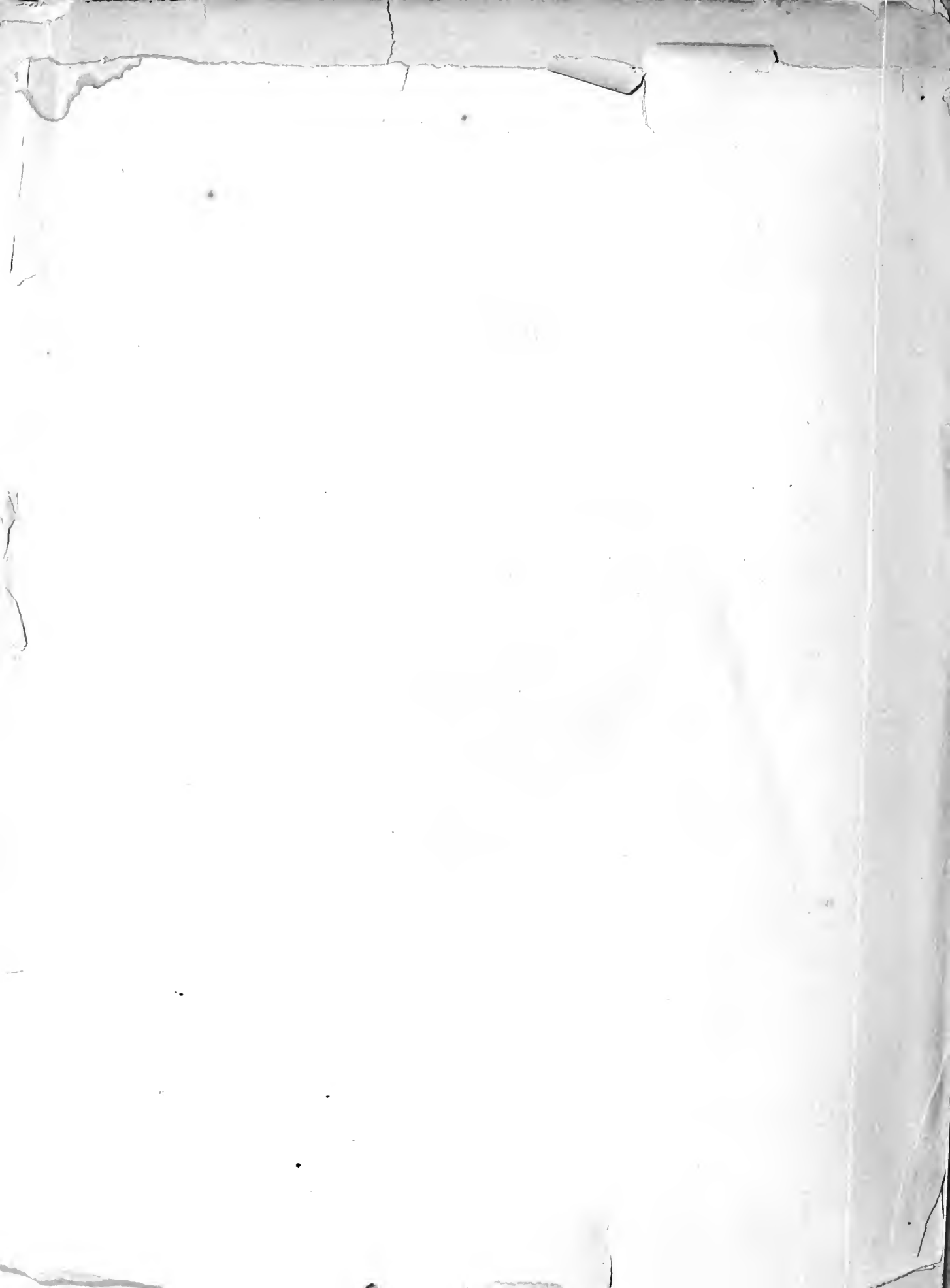
III. ELEGIES. IV. EPITHALAMIUMS.

LONDON :  
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.



John Donne.

*Engraved by W. J. Alais from a miniature painted in 1610, by Isaac Oliver  
in the possession of M. Samuel Auldington.*





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Those marked with a star [\*] have not before been printed: those with a dagger [†] have been derived from authoritative MSS. G.

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## PREFACE.

---

I do not hide from myself that it needs courage (though I do not claim praise for its exercise) to edit and print the Poetry of DR. JOHN DONNE in our day. Nor would I call it literary prudery that shrinks from giving publicity to such sensuous things (to say the least) as indubitably are found therein. Contrariwise the susceptibility that makes one so shrink is healthy and true, and its sharp though unvociferous warning may not safely be stifled. I deplore that Poetry, in every way almost so memorable and potential, should be stained even to uncleanness in sorrowfully too many places; and while I believe Donne might have written over his collected Poems what Robert Herrick put for epigraph to his *Hesperides*, viz.

‘To his Book’s end this last line he’d have plac’t :  
Jocond his Muse was ; *but his Life was chast*,—

I yet fear William Cartwright’s hitherto overlooked protest in his tacit allusion probably to these very lines, in his noble tribute to Ben Jonson, must hold :

‘No bargaining line there ; no provoc’tive verse ;  
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse :  
No need to make good count’nance ill, and use  
*The plea of strict life for a looser Muse.*’

We know too that in later years Donne lamented his 'youthful verse.'

Nevertheless, I take the responsibility of including Donne in my Series on these grounds :

(a) I do not *publish* or throw open to all, but limit to fellow-booklovers and fellow-students, by a 'private circulation,'—a modified publicity.

(b) The poetry of Donne occupies a unique place in the Literature of the period. This is universally admitted.

(c) To get at 'the form and pressure' of the time, you must study this Poetry. His 'Satires' and 'Elegies' carry in them an unwritten chapter of Elizabethan history.

(d.) Those whom these Volumes may be assumed to reach are 'strong' enough to use them for literary purposes unhurt; and respect is due to the 'strong' equally with the 'weak.'

(e.) Only through his Poetry do you come near to Donne in the fulness of his faculties and in his most characteristic utterances.

(f) The moral and spiritual study of an intellect so remarkable and intense, and of an after-life so white and beautiful, is of profoundest suggestiveness. It is only truthful too, to give all known materials for right estimate and right solution of problems started by the Life and Writings of Donne. Finally,

(g) 'With every abatement'—as I say in my Dedication—the Poetry of Donne is imperishable in much of it, and notable in all, and historically and philosophically to be held fast. Granted that as in rose's heart or lily's chalice you are shocked to find a slug crawl-

ing. Yet none the less is the rose 'a thing of beauty,' none the less the lily of the finest and nicest workmanship of The Gardener; *e. g.* here is one line out of many equally arresting, that springs up first (so to say) not merely from 'reeds and rushes' slime-rooted, but as it were out of ordure such as makes one hold the nose :

'Love built on beauty soon as beauty dies.'

I reserve a Study of the Life and Writings of DONNE for Volume II., that (as in CRASHAW) the completed Poetry may be before the reader in its perusal. There I hope to make good the highest claims that have been advanced in his name, and likewise give a critical account of the original and after-editions of the Poems (1611-1669 onward) and of various ms. collections that have been drawn on by me. I shall also exemplify, by passages strangely neglected, the 'cunning' and subtle faculty of our Singer, without any need of Coleridge's somewhat paradoxical theory of Donne's measures and accentuation. By the way, the name of Coleridge reminds me that even well-informed critics and literary authorities, *e. g.* Mrs. Jameson in her 'Loves of the Poets,' and Lieut.-Col. Cunningham in his edition of the Works of Ben Jonson, and others, continually quote the empty burlesque lines on Donne of *Hartley* Coleridge, as *the* Coleridge's, in the teeth of the latter's abundant expressions of his lofty estimate and love for Donne as a Poet. Perhaps too the perfunctory way in which Donne is ordinarily read can scarcely be more sorrowfully, if also ludicrously, proved than by the habitual treatment of the 'commendatory' poems prefixed to the 'Anatomic' and

the '2d Anniversarie,' as though they formed part of the Poems themselves, instead of having been the affectionate and admiring tribute of (afterwards) Bishop Joseph Hall (as shown in the place).

For the present it must suffice to state that I have had ALL the editions of Donne thus far issued before me while preparing my own ; that I have collated and re-collated the whole with prolonged carefulness ; that in each case the source of the successive poems is recorded in the place, and all noticeable 'various-readings' in related Notes and Illustrations ; that such collating and utilisation of MSS. public and private have enabled me to correct the swarming errors and bewilderments of previous editions ; and that in Notes and Illustrations I have brought together (as in my other books of the Series) materials that may not prove unuseful to students of our elder poetic literature at its best. With reference to these Notes and Illustrations I cannot too emphatically or unreservedly acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, for his lavish and suggestive communications toward these, in common with all the volumes of the Fuller Worthies' Library, since I had the privilege of his friendship. I continue to find all friends formerly named right willing to aid in every possible way.

I feel it to be a singular honour to be the first to have engraved Oliver's exquisite miniature of Donne. It seems to me a surpassingly noble face, with genius stamped on its every line. Nor is the engraver (Mr. W. J. Alais) undeserving of his meed of praise for his part. I thank the owner of the original for his kindness in allowing me the use of it. I limit impres-

sions to the one hundred quartos and twenty-five separately (folio : proofs). For the ordinary large paper (8vo), by favour of Messrs. Longman and Co., I am enabled to furnish Holl's admirable reproduction of an (alleged) Vandyck, but the authenticity of which I should scarcely venture to vouch for. It idealises the homely engraving of Merian in the folio Sermons. In Volume II. will be found (in the quarto) a photo-facsimile, by the Woodbury process, of Marshall's celebrated portrait of the Poet in his eighteenth year, from an unusually brilliant impression; also a facsimile of Donne's handwriting, &c.

I had prepared my usual Memorial-Introduction, containing very considerable biographical additions to Walton and our data hitherto, *e. g.* a series of important and characteristic Letters in H. M. Record Office, the Losely Letters — his Will *in extenso* (never before seen apparently)—and other letters and documents from public and private sources. Some of these I shall require in part for the already-named Essay; but finding from my accomplished correspondent, the Rev. Dr. AUGUSTUS JESSOP (to whom I am indebted for an unpublished and vivid poem by Donne, which will appear in Volume II.), that he has long been engaged upon a really critical and worthy edition of the complete Prose Works of Donne, and that the 'Life and Introduction' he hopes very soon to put to press, I forego the pleasure of first printing these various papers, and gladly hand over the whole to him in faithful transcripts. Dr. Jessop has given a taste of his quality as an editor of Donne in his natty little collection of the 'Essays' (1855); and I feel sure that a writer

so conscientious, and a critic so open-eyed and scholarly, will make his edition of Donne a real addition to our English classics. The late Dean Alford's edition (6 vols. 8vo) was a literary *fiasco*.

I refer the reader to the several introductory Notes, and Notes and Illustrations, for anything farther requiring to be said. It only remains to be added, that, as in all my Worthies, I reproduce the whole in integrity, and that in the present Volume several important additions to Donne's Poems are given, while in Volume II. there will be considerably more—all as explained in the Contents and in their places.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire.

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\* \* It may be needful to note that by the words 'the child-wife' (p. 69), in relation to Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, is meant the ideal child-wife (so too child-woman and child-mother) of the Poet. 'Mrs.' was then and long subsequently used to designate young ladies of quality or gentry marriageable but unmarried. The youthful Elizabeth Drury, it need scarcely be stated, was not married; and as 'Mrs.' (in the modern sense) sounds oddly, perhaps it is well thus to record the fact.



I.

SATIRES.

1593-1602.

VOL. I.

B

NOTE.

THE Satires come first necessarily, inasmuch as the date of the first two, if not three (1593), and internal evidence, through allusions in others pointing to 1597, warrants us to conclude that as they were among the earliest satires in our language, so also they must have been among the earliest of their author's productions of any extent, while they are certainly the most noticeable and characteristic verse of his.

Mr. J. Payne Collier in perhaps his best book, the 'Poetical Decameron' (2 vols. 8vo. 1820, vol. i. 153 *et seqq.*), asserted and established Donne's claim to be regarded as 'the oldest English satirist,' notwithstanding the boast of Bishop Hall in his Prologue to *his* Satires (1597). On this and related points the reader will find more in our Essay on the Life and Writings of Donne (prefixed to vol. ii.).

Our text of the first three Satires is a careful reproduction, even to its somewhat arbitrary capitals, of Harleian ms. 5110. The first and second Satires are in one handwriting, the third in another, and the second and third are occasionally interlined in (apparently) a third handwriting: *e. g.* in the opening of the second:

'Sr though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
there is one  
 All this toune perfectly, yet in euery state  
 In all things, so excellently best  
 There are some found so villanously best,  
that

As hate towards them [erased] breeds pittie toward the rest.'

So in the third there are marginal alterations as follows:

'Graccus Loues all as one, and thinks yt soe  
 As women doe in diuers fashions goe  
 In diuers habits yet ar still are kind.  
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-  
 nes too mutch. . . .'

The ms. is a small folio, and consists of (a) one leaf; on front of which, near top, is written in a different handwriting from any of the others:

Jhon Dunne his Satires  
 Anno Domini 1593

and a former owner has a date above: 16 October 1725. (b



Five leaves and a blank leaf. There are scratched arithmetical figures on both fly-leaves.

I do not think this venerable ms. is in the author's autograph: but it is unquestionably as early as 1593, and being so, must be accepted as of great if not absolute authority. Nevertheless, in their places we have pointed out a number of better readings from later mss. &c.; and in Notes and Illustrations annotated the later variations, printed and ms.; 5110 ms. contains only the first three Satires.

As shown in our Essay, these Satires were probably, indeed certainly, included in that privately-printed volume whose utter loss is so grievous. The earliest printed edition now known and extant is that of the quarto collection of the Poems of 1633 (pp. 325-349), which contains the first five. The sixth was first given in the edition of 1669, the seventh in 1635. Our text of the latter four is based on that of 1669 (on which and other printed texts see our Preface), with various-readings in their Notes and Illustrations. These have been drawn—besides the different printed texts—from a careful collation by myself of the following mss. in the British Museum:

Harleian 4955:

Lansdowne ms. 740: Plut. lxxiv.

The former is very beautifully written in a great folio, and embraces poetry from all the chief Writers of the period: but as neither it nor the other is dated, I have only accepted their readings when self-vindicatory and when confirmed by other authenticated sources. I attach very great weight to a ms. now in the possession of F. W. Cosens, Esq., London. It has the book-plate of 'Thomas Stephens, of the Inner Temple, Esq.,' and is dated '19th July 1620.' It is a singularly rich collection. The prose 'Paradoxes' (showing interesting variations) form the first portion, and exclusive of Donne's—which are nearly complete and with additions—there are poems by Carew, Daniel, King, and others. The utmost 'pains' had evidently been taken by the writer of this precious (quarto) ms. At times he leaves a blank, where he could not make out the word or words, and these are afterwards carefully filled-in. Whoever he was—of Stephens I can gather nothing—he must have been intimate with Donne himself. In the fourth and sixth Satires I owe to this ms. various corrections, albeit the latter's text is still unsatisfactory in parts. Another important

ms. I designate the Hazlewood-Kingsborough ms., as having been in the famous Kingsborough collection, and afterwards owned by Hazlewood. See more on this in our Preface.

On Pope's so-called 'versifying' of certain of these Satires and Parnell's, and the traditional nonsense of incapable, however high-named critics, about our Worthy's obscurity and so on, I refer to our already-named Essay. G.





## SATIRE I.

AWAY, thou changling motley humorist,  
Leaue mee, and in this standing wooden chest,  
Consoled w<sup>th</sup> these fewe bookes, let me ly  
In prison, and here be coffind, when I dy.  
Here are God's Conduits, graue divines ; and here 5  
Nature's Secretary, the philosopher ;  
And iolly Statesmen, w<sup>ch</sup> teach how to ty  
The senews of a Cittyes mistique body ;  
Here gathering Chronicles, and by them stand  
Giddy fantastique Poets of each land. 10  
Shall I leave all this constant Company,  
And followe headlong wild uncertaine thee ?  
First sweare by thy best loue in earnest,  
(Yf thou, w<sup>ch</sup> lou'st all, can loue any best,)  
Thou wilt not leaue me in the middle street, 15  
Though some more spruce Companion thou do meete  
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way,  
Bright parcel-guilt, w<sup>th</sup> forty dead men's pay ;  
Not though a brisk, perfum'd, pert Courtier  
Daine w<sup>th</sup> a nod thy Courtesyes to answer ; 20  
Nor Come a veluet Justice w<sup>th</sup> a longe  
Great traine of blew coats, 12 or 14 stronge,

Shalt thou grinne or faune on him, or prepare  
 A speach to court his beauteous sonne and heyre.  
 For better and worse take mee, or leaue mee : 25  
 To take and leaue me is adultery.  
 O monster, superstitious Puritan  
 Of refind manners, yet Ceremonial man,  
 That, when thou meet'st one, w<sup>th</sup> enquiring eyes,  
 Doth search, and like a needy broker prise 30  
 The silke and gold hee weares, and to that rate,  
 So hie or low, doest raise thy formall hat :  
 That wilt consort none, untill thou haue knowne  
 What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne ;  
 As though all thy Companions should make thee 35  
 Jointures, and marry thy deare Company.  
 Why should'st thou that doest not onely approue,  
 But in ranke itchy lust, desire and loue,  
 The nakednes and barenes to enioy barrenness  
 Of this plumpe muddy hoore, or prostitute boy, whore  
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked and bare ? 41  
 At birth and death our bodyes naked are ;  
 And till our soules be unapparellèd  
 Of bodyes, they from blis are banishèd :  
 Man's first best state was naked ; when by sinne 45  
 Hee lost that, yet hee was clothd but in beast's skinne,  
 And in this course attyre w<sup>ch</sup> nowe I weare, coarse  
 With God and w<sup>th</sup> the muses I Conferre.  
 But Since thou, like a contrite Penitent,  
 Charitably warn'd of thy sinne, doest repent 50

These vanities and giddinesses, loe  
 I shut my chamber dore, and come, let's goe.  
 But sooner may a cheape hoore, who hath beene whore  
 Worne by as many seuerall men in sinne,  
 As are blacke fethers, or muske-Collored hose, 55  
 Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those ;  
 Sooner may one gues, who shall beare away guess  
 Th' infant of London heyre to an India ;  
 And sooner may a gulling-weather-spy,  
 By drawing forthe heauen's Scheme, tell certainly 60  
 What fashiond hats or ruffes, or suites, next yeare  
 Our supple-witted antiqe youthes will weare ; [Than  
 Then thou, when thou departst from hence, can show  
 Whether, why, where, or w<sup>th</sup> whom thou wouldst go.  
 But howe shall I bee pardon'd my offence, 65  
 That thus have sin'd against my Conscience ?  
 Now we are in the streete ; hee first of all,  
 Unprouidently proud, creepes to the wall ;  
 And so imprisond and hemd in by mee,  
 Sels for a little roome his liberty. 70  
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greette  
 Euery fine silken painted foole wee meete,  
 He them to him w<sup>th</sup> amorous smiles allures,  
 And grins, smackes, shrugs, and such an itch endures,  
 As 'prentises or Schooleboyes, w<sup>ch</sup> do knowe 75  
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe ;  
 And as fiders stop lowest at highest sound, low'st  
 So to the most braue stoups hee nighst the ground ;

But to a graue man hee doth moue no more  
 Then the wise politiqe horse would heretofore, 80  
 Or thou, O Elephant, or Ape, wilt doe,  
 When any names the k[ing] of Spaine to you. [see  
 Now leapes hee upright, ioggs mee, and cries, 'Do you  
 Yonder wel-fauour'd youth?' 'W<sup>ch</sup>?' 'Yea! 'tis hee  
 That dances so diuinely.' 'O,' said I, 85  
 'Stand still, must you dance to for Company?' 100  
 He droupt; wee went, till one w<sup>ch</sup> did excell  
 The Indians in drinking his Tobacco well  
 Mett us: they talkt; I whisperd, 'let us go;  
 May bee you smel him not, truly I do.' 90  
 He heares not mee, but on the other side  
 A many-colour'd Peacock hauing spide,  
 Leaues him and mee; I for my lost sheepe stay;  
 He followes, ouertakes, goes in the way,  
 Saying, 'him, whom I last left, all repute 95  
 For his deuice, in handsoming a suite,  
 To iudge of lace, pinck, panes, cut, print, or pleight,  
 Of all the Court to haue the best Conceit.'  
 'Our dull Comedians want him, let him go;  
 But O, God strengthen thee, why stoupst thou so?' 100  
 'Why, hee hath traueld long; no, but to mee  
 Which understand none, hee doth seeme to bee  
 Perfect *french* and *Italian*.' I replyed,  
 'So is the Pox.' Hee answer'd not, but spide  
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities: 105  
 At last his loue hee in a window spyes,

And like light dewe exhal'd hee flinges from me  
 Violently raiisht to his lechery.  
 Many were there, hee could comand no more ;  
 He quareld, fought, bled ; and turn'd out of dore 110  
 Directly came to mee, hanging the head,  
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: there is none in the 1593 ms. ; but elsewhere (*e. g.* Stephens' ms.) it is written 'Satyra 1;' and so in 1633 and subsequently.

Line 1, '*changling.*' 1633 'fondling:' so Stephens' ms. and Lansdowne ms. 740. As 'changeling' is ambiguous, being used for fairy changelings, and as 'motley' expresses the various picked costumes of different customs which the foppish Englishman was supposed to delight in, probably 'fondling' was the author's revised word.

Line 2, '*standing woodden chest.*' Books were kept in 'chests;' but query, Is the poet not here humorously likening his little study-closet to such a chest? Cf. Marvell's 'Flecknoe,' lines 10-14.

Line 3, '*consoled.*' 1633 'consorted;' and so usually. As before he says 'away,' &c., there was no need of consolation: and this doubtless Donne saw, and therefore wrote in later revision 'consorted.'

Line 6. In '69 the reading is '*Is Nature's . . .*' which replaces *by* by the proper *by*.

Line 7, '*iolly.*' 1635, 1639, 1669, &c. 'wily.' It is 'jollye' in Stephens' ms. and Harleian ms. 4955. On 'jolly,' see relative note on 'Progress of the Soul' (line 294). But 'wily' is the revised and preferable word.

Line 9, '*Chronicles.*' 1633 and usually 'Chroniclers,' which again seems the revised and better word. Stephens' ms. 'Heer's' for 'Here.'

Line 13. Even when first written, in earnest would be harsh; but it would be far more harsh at a later date, when pro-

nunciation was more slurring, and when this license of increasing the syllables of a word had greatly gone out. 'Here is your present best love in this town or place:' and the 'here' was thus probably our author's later insertion.

Line 15, 'middle street'=middle of the street: Latinate, *in media via*.

Line 18, '*parcel-guilt*' = part-gilded. So in Christopher Brooke's Richard III. 'percell guylt' (our edition, page 60, line 14). So too in Shakespeare, 'parcel-gilt goblet' (2 Henry IV. ii. 1).

Ib. '*forty dead men's pay*.' Cf. Elegy vii. line 9. There, as here, 'dead names' are names which carry no service, the phrase being adopted from the very common custom of carrying dead men's names on the companies' muster-rolls, and thereby drawing pay in excess of the true numbers.

Line 22, '*blew coats*,' the livery of the lower retainers and servitors, and in especial of those in and from the country.

Line 23, '*Shalt:*' in 1633 and usually 'Wilt:' Stephens' ms. 'shalt.' 'Thou shalt swear thou wilt not,' is the better English; but 'shalt' expresses the repetition of the oath to him.

Ib. '*or*,' written with a long 'r,' which gives it the appearance of 'of.'

Line 25, '*and:*' 1633 and usually 'or.' When you are impressing on one the conditions, as Donne is here, the 'or' is the more emphatic—remember you take me for better or for worse; that is, for worse when the worse comes. 'Or' probably our author's later word.

Line 27, '*monster:*' so Harleian ms. 4955: 'monstrous' in 1633 and Lansdowne ms. 740, and Stephens' ms. 'Monster' is the better word, but I remove the usual comma (,) after Puritan. Donne does not call him a Puritan, but a Puritan of manners; where Puritan is used metaphorically, or for the sake of the paradoxical point, instead of Purist.

Line 30, '*doth:*' Stephens' ms. 'dost.'

Ib. '*prise*'=price or set at value.

Line 32, '*raise:*' Stephens' ms. '*vaile*'=(nautical) to lower, not the flag, as some writers have said, but the topsails, in token of submission or courteous recognition of authority, the vessel being thus placed at the mercy of the other. Hence it was applied metaphorically to any such act. We have the word 'vail' used as above in Marlowe (T. the Great, ii. 1), '. . . shall vail to us.' So too Hall (Satires, book iii. v.), 'his bonnet



*vail'd.* Probably '*vail*' was our author's variation, set aside on observing the word 'high.'

Line 33. In Stephens' ms.

'That wilt consort with none, untill t<sup>u</sup> [=thou] hast knowne.'

„ 40, '*this*:' usually 'thy,' and so in Stephens' ms.; and as 'this' is a relative, and there is no antecedent, the sense requires 'thy' or 'a.'

Ib. '*muddy*.' I have not met the word so applied, but it is stronger than the nearest synonym 'filthy.' Allan Ramsay is perhaps unjustly censured by Burns for using '*muddy*' in his well-known song.

Line 44, '*Our*:' 1633 and usually 'of bodies:' so all British-Museum mss. and Stephens' ms.; and I accept 'Of.'

Line 45, '*best*:' so Stephens' ms.: but 1633 and B.-Museum mss. 'blest.' 'Blest' is stronger, as implying the state before the Fall. Man's first state might have been 'best' without being 'blest.'

Line 46, Stephens' ms. 'that, yet he . . .' Stephens' ms. line is a foot too long, showing either that the transcriber had by an error written y<sup>t</sup> as that and yet, or that it was taken from a copy where the author had doubted of his word, and accidentally left both. The 'but' seems preferable, for he says even when he had sinned, still he required only, &c.

Line 47. I prefer 'which Ī [nōw wēar], because the emphasis is thrown on the 'I,' in contradistinction to the previous 'he:' 'which nōw [Ī wēar]' would be right if he were speaking of a former time—'when I wore something else.' I make these remarks, as elsewhere, though from the authority of the ms. of 1593 it be adhered to.

Line 50. Usually 'sins:' and as penitents as a rule confess their sins, not their sin, and as previously Donne has charged him with no one sin in particular, but with several sins, the plural was doubtless our author's revised word.

Line 54, '*Worne*:' Stephens' ms. and usually 'worne out'—the latter probably our author's revised word.

Line 55, '*muske-Collored*:' 1633 'musk-colour.'

„ 58. 1669 reads badly 'The infantry of London, hence to India.' Stephens' ms. 'The Infant of London, th' heire to rich India.' Some lost local allusion, corresponding with the '*Child of Hale*,' near Liverpool—a giant.

Line 60, '*Scheme*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'sceanes:' 1639 and 1669 'scheme.'

Line 62, '*supple-witted*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'subtile-wittied:' 1669 'giddy-headed.' These variations, 'subtile-wittied,' 'supple-witted,' 'giddy-headed,' I take to be successive revisions in the order enumerated. 'Giddy-headed' is an allusion to their wits being as giddy as the feathers that covered them.

Line 63, '*hence*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 and usually 'mee.' It is 'hence' in Harleian mss.; and 'hence' seems the better.

Line 68, '*Unproudently*:' 1633 and usually 'Improvidentally.'

Line 70, '*roome*:' 1633 and usually 'state;' also 'high' for 'his.' We have here, in the variations of 'roome' and 'state,' one proof among many that the ordinary text gives the author's own revision of the earlier form as represented by the ms. of 1593. The fellow takes the wall-side as the more honourable, and is thereby closed-in more than Donne, who is on the outside. Hence Donne wrote, 'he sells his liberty for a little room,' using 'room' in the sense of state or station, as he uses it in *Progress of the Soul*, xl. line 8; but on revision he saw that the word was here so ambiguous that at first sight it expressed the contrary, so he altered it to 'state.'

Line 71, '*skip*:' Stephens' ms. 'cannot now step forth to greet.'

Line 72. Query, fine, silken, painted?

„ 80, '*horse*.' Cf. our Sir John Davies (p. 334). Banks' horse Morocco (a horse alluded to by almost every writer of the day) and asses, and, as would appear from the text, elephants, were taught to bow and leap, or go over, on naming the sovereign or the like, but to pay no heed or turn their backs when the Pope or King of Spain (enemy of England) was mentioned. Shakespeare names the 'wonderful horse' (*Love's Labour Lost*, i. 2). See Peter Hall's ed. of Bp. Hall, vol. xii. pp. 221-2, for curious details.

Lines 81-2. This couplet not in 1633.

„ 82. I print 'k[ing]' simply to show that here the ms. has 'k' only—a contraction for 'king,' as in the usual printed texts.

Line 83, '*and cries*:' 'and' is omitted sometimes: read 'mee, and.'

Line 84, '*Yea*:' 1633 and usually 'Oh.'

„ 85. Sometimes 'yea' for 'oh,' which would agree best with 'must you,' but not with 'stand still.' Being probably

regarded as too puritanic, it was no doubt deleted, and the original 'Oh' is 'O' replaced.

Line 86, 'to:' ib. 'here.'

„ 87, 'wee:' Stephens' ms. 'he.'

„ 88, 'drinking.' The common phrase for smoking. Cf. Sir John Beaumont's *Metamorphosis of Tobacco* (our edition).

Line 90. 1633 'T may be.'

„ 90, 'smel.' The frequent allusions to this in Elizabethan times are very extraordinary. One must suffice:

Scene. *The Duke's Palace.*

*Rosaline.* Faugh, what a strong sent's here! some body useth to weare socks.

*Bal.* By this fair candle light 'tis not my feet; I never wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Marston, Antonlo and Mellida, act ii. circa 1598.

Cf. *Elegy* v. line 45.

Line 93, 'stay.' American edition misprints 'stray.'

„ 94, 'in:' probably a mere clerical error for the usual 'on.'

Line 97. The British-Museum mss. nearly correspond; but 'pinck' is also written 'pinckt.' Stephens' ms. 'To judge a lace, pinck, pains, print, cut, or plaite.' Of the different terms here, *pinck* is=eylet-holes; *panes* = slits or openings, through which the net lining was seen or pulled out. *Print*: the instances are common which prove that 'in print' meant in regular or apple-pie order. But the use of the word here, and its cognate use as meaning impressions of various kinds, and some of the examples where it is used in speaking of ruffs, lead me to conclude that it meant such frilling or crimping as is done with an Italian iron. Thus when Bp. Earle, in his *Microcosmography*, speaks of the preference of the Puritan dame for small Geneva print, I apprehend he speaks not of the regularity so much as of the small and formal frilling they wore, in opposition to the large crimpings of people of fashion. As regularity was an essential in ruffs, and could only be attained by a machine 'print' or impression, so I think the general sense of exactness and precision is more likely to have been taken from such printing than from the regularity of type over manuscript.

Lines 100-104. I find a difficulty in the allocation of the different parts of the dialogue. 'I reply'd' shows that 'he doth seem . . . Italian' is spoken by the Macaron. Hence I take it that 'Why?' is most probably the absent and unattending exclamation.

tion of the same, who is intent on his courtesy to the stranger; 'He hath travelled long?' the query of Donne; the 'No, but' part of the Macaron's answer, 'No, but he doth seem,' &c.; while the phrase 'to me . . . none' is Donne's parenthetical clause, meaning [said he] to me, which understood none of these things, or as humorously explanatory of his pretended blunder—So is the pox—[said he] to me, which understood not his affected lingo.

Line 102. Stephens' ms. 'understood nought.'

„ 107, '*light dewe*.' Stephens' ms. has 'might;' but as there is nothing in the man to recall 'night,' and nothing in the incident to bring up the image of day after night, the fop is better characterised by '*light dew*.'

Line 108, '*lechery*.' 1633 'liberty.' G.

## SATIRE II.

SR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
 All this toune perfectly, yet in every state  
 There are some found so villanously best,  
 That hate towards that breeds pitty toward the rest.  
 Though Poetry indeed be such a sinne 5  
 As I am afraid brings dearths and Spaniards in;  
 Though like the Pestilens or old-fashiond loues,  
 It rydes killingly, catcheth men, and removes  
 Neuer till it bee staru'd out; yet their state  
 Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. 10  
 One like a wretch (w<sup>ch</sup> at bar iudg'd as dead,  
 Yet prompts him w<sup>ch</sup> stands next, and cannot reade,  
 And sau's his life) giues Idiot Actors means,  
 Staruing himselfe, to liue by his labourd Sceanes;

As in some Organs Puppets dance aboue, 15  
 And Bellowes pant belowe w<sup>ch</sup> them do moue,  
 One would moue loue by rhimes; but witchcraft's charms  
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.  
 Rams and slings nowe are silly Battery,  
 Pistolets are the best Artillery. 20  
 And they who write to lords, rewards to get,  
 Are they not like Boyes singing at dore for meat?  
 And they who write, because all write, haue still  
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.  
 But hee is worst, who beggerly doth chawe 25  
 Others' wits' fruits, and in his rauenous mawe,  
 Ranckly digested, doth those things out spue,  
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, its true;  
 For if one eate my meate, though it bee knowne  
 The meate was mine, the excrement's his owne. 30  
 But those do mee no harme, nor they w<sup>ch</sup> use  
 To outdoe Dildoes or 'out-usure Jewes,  
 To 'outdrinke the sea, outswear the letany,  
 Who w<sup>th</sup> sins, all kinds, as familiar bee  
 As Confessors, and for whose sinfull sake 35  
 Schoolemen new tenements in hel must make;  
 In whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell  
 In which commandement's large receipt they dwell.  
 But these punish themselues. The insolence  
 Of Coscus onely breeds my great offence, 40  
 Whom tyme, w<sup>ch</sup> rots al, and makes Botches Pox,  
 And plodding on must make a Calfe an Oxe,

Hath made a Lawier, w<sup>ch</sup> was alas of late  
 But a scarce poet; iollyer of that State scarce a  
 Then are new benefic't Ministers, hee throwes than 45  
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe're hee goes,  
 His title of Barrister on euery wench,  
 And woes in language of the Pleas and bench. woos  
 'A motion, Lady :—speake Cocus.—' I haue bene  
 In loue e're sinc 3mo of the Q[ueen.] tricesimo 50  
 Continuall claymes I haue made, Iniunctions got  
 To stay my riuall's suite, that hee should not  
 Proceede;—spare mee,—' In Hillary terme I went;  
 You said, yf I returnd this 'sise in Lent,  
 I should bee in remitter of your grace; 55  
 In th' Interim my letters should take place  
 Of Affidauits.' Words, words, w<sup>ch</sup> would teare  
 The tender Labarinth of a soft maid's eare  
 More, more then ten Slaunions' scolding, more  
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys rore. 60  
 When sicke with Poetry and possest w<sup>th</sup> Muse  
 Thou wast, (and mad, I hop't;) but men w<sup>ch</sup> chuse  
 Lawe practise for mere gaine, hould sole repute,  
 Worse then Imbrotheld strumpet's prostitute.  
 Now, like an Owl-like watchman, hee must walke, 65  
 His hands still at a bill; now hee must talke  
 Idly, like prisoners, w<sup>ch</sup> hole monthes will sweare, whole  
 That onely suretyship hath brought them there,  
 And to euery suitor ly in euery thing,  
 Like a king's fauorite, yea like a kinge: 70

Like a wedge in a block, wringd to the bar,  
 Bearing like Asses, and more shameles farre,  
 Then Carted whores, ly to the graue Judge ; for than  
 Bastardy abounds not in k'gs' titles, nor  
 Symony and Sodomy in Churchmens' liues, 75  
 As these things do in him ; by these hee thriues.  
 Shortly, as the' sea, hee 'will compas all our Land,  
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,  
 And spying heyres melting w<sup>th</sup> Gluttony,  
 Satan will not ioy at their sins, as hee : 80  
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchin stuffe,  
 And barelling the droppinges, and the snuffe  
 Of wasting Candles, which in 30 yeare,  
 Relique-like kept, perchance buyes wedding-gear,  
 Peecemeale hee gets lands, and spends as much tyme. 85  
 Wringing each acre, as men pulling prime.  
 In parchments then, large as his feelds, hee drawes  
 Assurances ; big as glos'd Ciuil lawes,  
 So huge, that men in our tyme's forwardnes  
 Are fathers of the Church for writing les. 90  
 Theese hee writes not ; nor for theese writings payes,  
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes,  
 When Luther was profest, hee did desire  
 Short Paternosters, saying as a frier  
 Each day his beades ; but hauing left those lawes, 95  
 Adds to Christ's prayr the Pow'r and Glory clause.  
 But when he sells or changes lands, hee impaires  
 His writings, and unwatchd leaues out his heyres,

As slyly, as any Commenter, goes by  
 Hard words or sense ; or in Divinity 100  
 As Controversers in voucht Texts leaue out  
 Shrewd words, w<sup>ch</sup> might against them cleare the doubt.  
 Where are those spred woods w<sup>ch</sup> cloth'd hertofore  
 These bought lands ? not built, nor burnt w<sup>thin</sup> dore.  
 Where the old landlord's troups and almes ? In hals  
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals 106  
 Equally I hate. Meanes bles[t]. In rich men's homes  
 I bid kil some beasts, but no hecatombs ;  
 None sterue, none surfet so : but O, w' allow  
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now, 110  
 Like old rich wardroabs : but my words none drawes  
 Within the uast reach of th' huge statute jawes.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: in 1593 ms. 'Sat. 2<sup>da</sup>;' Stephens' ms. 'Satyra Secunda.'

Lines 1-5. See introductory Note to the Satires for the interlineations of 1593 ms. here, which correspond with 1633, &c. Stephens' ms., as 1633, in line 3 reads 'In all ill things soe excellently best;' and line 4, 'to the rest;' line 1, the second form is the more emphatic, viz. 'perfectly all this town,' as 'perfectly' follows the verb, and is not relegated to the end of the sentence; is also more quaint. Line 2: it will be noticed that in the two forms, 'yet in every state,' and 'yet there's one state,' there is a complete change of idea. 'In every state' means in every kingdom, and is therefore vague; but 'there's one state' means one position in this town, viz. that which he satirises, the state of Cocus. As this brings the object of the Satire more distinctly before us, it may be regarded as a revised emendation. The bad things he pities are, poetry on



which there is a discursus, and all those things enumerated in ll. 31-39. Line 3, the form 'In all things,' &c. seems to be an elaboration of the other, seeing it is stronger and more neatly put, and, above all, there is that conceit of expression in it which was then sought after, and the antithetical apposition of 'ill' and 'best.' Farther on, line 4, as between 'that' and 'them' (as usually), 'that,' no doubt, refers to the state; but 'them' is preferable, as more subtle, because it is the 'all ill things' in the state, or that go to make it up, that he says he hates.

Line 6. 1633 'As I think that . . .' So usually, and in Stephens' ms. 'As I think might.' 1633 is the more humorously exaggerative.

Lines 7-8. I have accepted in the text the Stephens' ms. here. In the 1593 ms., and usually, it runs,

'Loue  
It ridlingly catch men, and doth remove.'

1669 is 'ridlingly it.' It is just possible that 'ridlingly' may be, after all, the author's own word, used as in *Progress of the Soul*, st. xlv. l. 7, 'ridling lust;' and in *Donne's Paradox*, vii. 'and that *ridling* humour of jealousie which seeks and would not find, which requires and repents his knowledge.' This makes me hesitate as to 'killingly.'

Line 11. 'One.' Stephens' ms. reads 'Or;' but this is an error, seeing the sense is not, as at first sight appears, 'their state is like a Papist's, or like.' At 'hate,' l. 10, end the general remarks on poetry and poets, and so I have put (.) instead of the usual (:). Then he says, l. 11, 'One [kind of, viz. the play-writing] poet (like, &c.) gives idiot actors means. One, the writer of love-poems, would more love by rhymes; another writes to lords for rams and slings; others write because all write; and he is worst,' &c. See our Essay for a probable allusion to Shakespeare in this passage.

Lines 12-14, 'cannot read,' &c. Cf. our *SIBBES*, under 'break-neck verse,' for illustrations of the text.

Line 17, 'rhimes:.' Stephens' ms. 'rythmes:.' 1633 'rithmes:.' from Greek.

Line 19, 'silly:.' Stephens' ms. 'symple.' Cf. our long note on 'silly' in *SOUTHWELL*, pp. 174-6.

Line 20, 'pistolets.' A pun = (Spanish) money, and from French small pistols.

Line 22. 1633, and usually, 'like singers at doores.' Indif-

ferent, except that 'boys' introduces an unnecessary distraction, without adding to the thought.

Line 24. '*That 'scuse:*' Stephens' ms. 'A 'scuse.'

„ 27. '*Ranckly:*' Stephens' ms. and Harleian ms. 4955 'Rawly.' 'Rankly' is clearly an improvement on 'rawly;' and it may be added that, looking to the meaning of Dildo, and to the particular sense in which 'do' was used in that age, 'out-do' seems more correct than 'outswiue' (as below), besides being more alliterative.

Line 32. 'Dildoes:' 1633 leaves the word blank = mentula succedanea; Coles and Cotgrave, *s. v.* In Harleian ms. 4955 and Stephens' ms. instead, is 'outswiue' = out-prostitute.

Line 33, '*letany:*' 1633 leaves blank.

Ib. Usually 'to outswiare;' but our ms. deletes 'to.' The elision of the 'to' requires the '*or outsure*' to be '*and;*' and, indeed, even with 'to,' the 'and' is preferable; not that he means that each does all, but he lumps these different classes in one as doing him no harm.

Line 34. 1633 supplies '*of all.*'

„ 40, '*great:*' so Stephens' ms. 1633 and usually 'just.' Here 'my offence' is the offence to me or in my eyes; and therefore 'just' is far stronger than 'great.'

Line 44, = [was] scarcely a poet. Could Sir John Davies be intended? See our Essay on this. This is rendered the more probable by the squib Catal. Librorum, where the 16th is '*Justitia Angliæ vacationis.* So Davis, *De Arte Anagrammatum, &c.*' At first sight, 'that' looks more correct, and so it is, verbally looked at; but the lawyer state is both the main idea and also Cocus present, (and therefore 'this') state jollier of this [new] state he throws.

Line 49, 'A motion, lady.'—Speake, Cocus.—'I haue . . . Proceede.'—Spare me—[this being the lady's exclamation, as before, and meaning 'allow me to leave']. Cf. Satire iv. l. 143.

Line 50. 1633 and usually '*tricesimo*' (as in margin). See our Essay for this date, and its significance. 'In Hilary, &c. . . affidavits.'

Line 54, '*this:*' so Stephens' ms. 1633 and usually 'next.' She could not have said 'this,' and therefore it is better to understand the lawyer as quoting her words, viz. '*next*' size,' more especially when he follows it with the rest of the quotation, '*In th' interim.*'

Line 58. As between 'A soft maid's eare' of our ms. and

the usual 'maid's soft ear,' the maid was not soft to him; but the inner labyrinth of the ear is most delicate, and one beauty of a woman's outer ear is its softness; and Donne thus speaks in the revised form of the whole organ as tender.

Line 59. 1633 'Sclavonians:' so Stevens' ms.

„ 63, '*hould sole.*' Once more I have had no difficulty in accepting from the Stephens' ms. 'hould sole' for 'bold souls' of 1593 and usually, which seems meaningless. Query, is it a slip for 'foule'?

Lines 69-70. This couplet left blank in 1633, and so ll. 74-5.

„ 71. 1633 and usually 'wring:' Stephens' ms. and Harleian ms. 4955 'wrung.' I do not know the carrier's or ostler's phrase 'wring to the bar,' but I take it that 'bar' has here the double sense of bar and bar of a court of justice; that, 'wring' is used in a combination of its senses of twist and pinch; and that the meaning is, that he twists close up to the bar, and squeezes as close as a wedge in wood the bearing-like Asses his clients, and to the judge lies, &c.

Line 75, '*and:*' Stephens' ms. 'nor.'

„ 78, '*Mount*' = Mount St. Michael, Land's End, Cornwall. He seems to omit all the Irish Channel coast as not compassed by a sea.

Line 79, '*gluttony:*' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 and usually 'luxurie.' As between 'gluttony' and 'luxury' the latter is by far the more general, and therefore the more appropriate term; for heirs were not supposed to get rid of their estates by mere gluttony, a vice of older age, but by debauchery generally; and the especial sense in which luxury was frequently then used, and which the mere mention of the word would bring up, agrees best with the word 'melting,' whether applied to their estates or to themselves: 'lean as a rake' is an old saying.

Line 82, '*droppings*' = the present drippings [from roast meat].

Ib. '*snuffe.*' Judging by the examples given, I do not see the difference between Johnson's second sense, 'the useless excrescence of a candle,' and his fourth, 'the fired wick.' But his example from Donne,

'For even at first life's taper is a *snuff*;

is properly an example of sense third: 'A candle almost burnt out.' And the derivation of the word, and its use in the present passage, show that it meant the 'droppings from a candle,

the result of guttering; inclusive, probably, of the candle-end embedded in the outspread mass.' It was probably from the candle-end thus forming one with the true snuff, and becoming a part of the kitchen-maid's prerogative, that 'snuff' came, in a secondary sense, to mean a candle-end nearly burnt out.

Line 84, '*geare*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1669 '*chear*:' 1633 '*Reliquely*.'

Line 86, '*Wringing*' = twisting out, extorting.

Ib. '*prime*:' Stephens' ms. reads 'as men pulling for prime.' 'Prime,' in *primero*, is a winning hand of different suits [with probably certain limitations as to the numbers of the cards, since there were different primes], different to and of lower value than a flush or hand of [four] cards of the same suit. The game is now unknown, but from such notices as we have, it would seem that one could stand on their hands, or, as in *écarté* and other games, discard and take in others (see Nares, *s. v.*). From the words of our text, the fresh cards were not dealt by the dealer, but 'pulled' by the player at hazard, and the delays of maidish indecision can be readily understood; albeit, as above, the Stephens' ms. substitutes 'men' for 'maids'—the latter probably our author's later correction.

Line 87, '*his*:' usually 'the;' the latter our author's revision, seeing the fields when the parchments were drawn were not 'his,' but the heir's.

Line 91. The usual verbal form 'written' as opposed to 'writings' of our ms. is neater, because it agrees better with the verb form in previous clause, 'he writes.'

Line 96, '*Pow'r and Glory*:' close of the Lord's Prayer, 'for Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.'

Line 98, '*his heyres*:' in 1593 ms., Lansdowne ms. 740, and printed editions, '*ses heyres*;' but I accept 'his heyres' from Stephens' ms. and Harleian 4955.

Line 99, '*As*:' 1593 ms. misreads '*And*:' I accept 'As' of 1633.

„ 105. Our ms. reads 'great halls,' but that doesn't scan: rejected.

Line 107, 'Meanes bles[t]. As between the text of our ms. and 'Mean's bless,' means then, as now, meant riches, possessions, but never the mean or middle. 'Mean' is here the middle between waste and avarice, and he explains the means a mean corresponding to one's station, by In rich men's, &c.

Line 112, '*jawes*:' I prefer this reading to 'lawes' of the ms. Cf. Sat. iv. line 132. G.



SATIRE III.

KIND pity choakes my spleen ; braue scorne forbids  
Those teares to issue w<sup>th</sup> swell my eye-lids.  
I must not laugh nor weepe sinnes, but be wyse :  
Can rayling then cure these worne malladyes ?  
Is not ower Mistris, fayre Religion, 5  
As worthy of ower sowles deuotion,  
As Vertu was to the first blinded Age ?  
Ar not Heauen's ioyes as valient to assuage  
Lusts, as earth's honnor was to them ? Alasse,  
As we doe them in means, shall they surpasse 10  
Vs in the end ? And shall thy father's spirit  
Meete blinde philosophers in Heauen, whose merrit  
Of strict lyfe may be imputed fayth, and heare  
The[e], whome he taught so easy wayes and neere  
To follow, damm'd ? O, if thow darst, feare this : 15  
This feare great courage, and high vallor is.  
Dar'st thow ayde mutinous Dutch ? and darst thou laye  
The[e] in ships, wooden sepulchers, a praye  
To leaders rage, to Stormes, to Shott, to dearth ?  
Dar'st thow diue Seas, and daungers of the Earth ? 20  
Hast thow couragious fyer to thaw the Ice  
Of frozen North-discoueryes ; and,—thryce

Colder then Sallamanders—like deuine  
 Children in the Ouen—fyers of Spayne and the lyne—  
 Whose cuntries, Limbecks to ower bodeyes bee— 25  
 Can'st thou for gayne beare? and must euery hee  
 Which cryes not, goddes, to thy Mistris, drawe,  
 Or eate thy poysonous wordes? Courage of strawe!  
 Oh desperate Coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and  
 To thy foes and his who made the[e] to stand 30  
 Sowldyer in this world's garrison, thus yeeld,  
 And for forbid warres leaue the appointed feelde?  
 Know thy foes: The fowle deuell whome thou  
 Striuest to please, for hate, not loue, would allowe  
 The[e] fayne his whole relme to be ridd; and as 35  
 The wo[r]ld's all parts, wither away and passe,  
 So the wo[r]ld's selfe thy other lou'd foe, is  
 In her decrepid wayne, and thou, louing this,  
 Doest love a witherd and worne strumpet; last 39  
 Flesh (it selfe's Death), and ioyes which flesh can tast,  
 Thou louest; and thy fayre goodly sowle, which doth  
 Giue this flesh power to tast ioy, thou dost lothe.  
 Seeke trew Religion: oh whear? Mireus,  
 Thinking her vnhow's'd heere, and fled from vs,  
 Seekes her at Roome; Ther, becaus he doth know 45  
 That she was thear a Thousand yeare agoe;  
 He loues her ragges, so as we heere obey  
 The state-cloth wher the prince sat yesterday.  
 Grants to sutch braue loues will not bee enthrald,  
 But loues her onely, who at Geneua is cal'd 50

Religion—playne, simple, sullen, yonge,  
 Contemptuous, yet vnhandsom ; as amonge  
 Leecherous humors, there is one w<sup>ch</sup> judges  
 Noo wenches holsom but course Cuntry drudges.  
 Grayus stays still at home heere, and becaus 55  
 Sum Preachers, vyle ambitious Baudes, and Lawes  
 Still new, like fashions, bid him thinke that she  
 Which dwels w<sup>h</sup> vs, is onely perfect, hee with  
 Embraceth her whome his Godfathers will  
 Tender to him, beeing tender ; as wardes still 60  
 Take sutch wives as their Gardens offer, or guardians  
 Paye values. Careles Phrygius doth abhor  
 All, becaus all cannot be good, as one,  
 Knowing sum women whores, dares marry none.  
 Graccus loues all as one, and thinks y<sup>t</sup> soe 65  
 As women doe in diuers countries goe  
 In diuers habits, yet ar still one kind,  
 So doth, so is, Religion ; and this blind-  
 nes too mutch light breedes. But unmoud thou  
 Of force must one, and foret but one allow, 70  
 And the right ; Aske thy father w<sup>ch</sup> is she ;  
 Let him aske his : Though trewth and falshood bee  
 Nere Twinnes, yet trewth a litell elder is.  
 Bee busy to seeke her ; beleeeue me this,  
 Hee is not of none, nor worst, w<sup>ch</sup> seek's the best : 75  
 To adore, or scorne an Image, or protest,  
 May all be bad : doubt wysely ; In strange waye  
 To stand enquyering right, is not to straye ;

To sleepe, or runne wronge, is ; on a huge Hill, 79  
 Ruggued and steepe, Trewth dwells ; and he, that will  
 Reache her, abought must, and abought it goo, 80  
 And what the Hill's suddaynes resists, winne soo. 80  
 Yet stryve so, that before Age, Death's twy light,  
 Thy mynd rest, for none can worke in y<sup>t</sup> night.  
 To will implyes delay, therfore now doe : 85  
 Hard deedes the bodyes paynes ; hard knowledge to  
 The mind's endeuors reach ; And misteryes  
 Are like the Sunne, dazeling, yet playne to all eyse.  
 Keepe y<sup>e</sup> trewth w<sup>ch</sup> thow hast fownd. Men do not stand  
 In so euell case that God hath w<sup>h</sup> his hand with 90  
 Sign'd Kinges' blank-Charters, To kill whome they hate,  
 Nor ar th'y viccars, but Ha[n]gmen to fate. they  
 Foole and wretch, wilt thow let thy Sowle be tyed  
 To man's Lawes, by w<sup>ch</sup> she shall not be tried  
 At the last day ; Oh will it then serue thee 95  
 To saye,—a Phillip or a Gregorye,  
 A Harry or a Martin, taught the[e] this ?  
 Is not this excuse for meere contraryes,  
 Equally strong ? cannot both sydes say soe ?  
 Thatthow mayest rightly obey Power, her bounds knowe ;  
 Those past, her Nature and name is chaunged ; to bee  
 Then humble to her, is Idolatrye. 102  
 As streames are, Power is ; Those blest flowers w<sup>ch</sup>  
 dwell  
 At the rough streame's calme head, thryue and proue  
 well ;



But hauing left ther rootes, and them selues giuen 105  
 To the streame's tiranous rage, alas, are driuen  
 T[h]rough Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at last, almost  
 Consum'd in going, in the sea ar lost :  
 Soe perish sowles, which more choose mens vnjust  
 Power, from God claym'd, then God him selfe to trust.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: in 1593 MS. 'Sat. 3:' Stephens' ms. 'Satyra Tertia:' see introductory Note on the Satires on the MS. of this one.

Line 1, '*choakes*:' 1639 'checks:' 1669 'cheeks:' Stephens' ms. 'checkes.' As between 'choaks' and 'checks,' pity not merely 'choaks' it in the throat, but 'checks' it in its origin. He neither dissembles it nor keeps it down, but 'checks.'

Ib. '*spleen*:' used in several senses in those days. Here, from the context (line 3), it would seem to mean splenetic laughter.

Line 3, '*but*:' Stephens' ms. 'and,' and line 4 'May.'

„ 6, '*all*:' this is usually and properly dropped, as it throws the accents all wrong; and as in the previous line we have 'Relig|ion|,' so we must have 'devo|tion|,' not de|votion|.

Line 7, '*Vertu*' = *virtus*, *valour*, as shown by 'blinded' and by 'earth's honour' (line 9). Our ms. reads wrongly 'blind.'

Line 14. Usually 'so easy wayes.' Our ms. 'taught wayes easy:' usually (as we give) 'so easy wayes:' without the 'so,' and 'easy wayes' would make the line unscannable, seeing 'near' cannot be made a dissyllable at the end of a line. 'Neare' = at hand, therefore not troublesome or laborious.

Line 20, '*daungers*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 and usually 'dungeons:' 'dongions' in Lansdowne ms. 740. Badly 'his' for 'this.' Perhaps 'dungeons' is the preferable word, as the context seems to show the reference is to mines.

Lines 23-4, '*deuine Children in the Ouen*.' Cf. Daniel iii. 19-25 = the heats of the tropics and the artillery of Spain, that claimed those seas and countries.

Line 31, '*Sowldyer*:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 and usually 'Sentinell.'

Line 33, '*foes*.' 1633 'foe:.' but three foes are named. See lines 37-40.

Line 35, '*riidd*:' usually and in Stephens' ms. '*quitt*.' The latter apparently used in a sense not attributed to it in dictionaries. To be free of, that is, to be free as a naturalised subject to go through and enjoy his realm. If Johnson's second meaning were altered to—[make us] set free, it would include this, and probably be more correct. Donne, however, omits 'of,' just as his contemporaries used other verbs without a preposition.

Line 45, '*Roome*:' the old pronunciation still occasionally met with, as by Earl Russell.

Line 49, '*Grants*:' 1633 'Crants,' and usually so. It is curious that such a name as Crants ('33, '35) or Grants ('69) should intervene between the classical-sounding names Mirreus, Graius, and Phrygius. Can it be from Gränze or Grenze, boundary or limit, in allusion to the puritanic limits within which they withdrew themselves, and placed between themselves and others? Mirreus is probably Myrrheus=perfumed with myrrh.

Line 51, '*sullen*.' So Shakespeare, 'bright metal on a *sullen* ground' (1 Henry IV. i. 2). Here=unsocial.

Line 57, '*bid*:' usually but erroneously 'bids.' The nominative is doubly plural, 'Some preachers . . . and lawes.'

Line 61, '*wives*:' in 1593 ms. miswritten 'wayes.'

„ 62, '*Paye values*.' A curious law, of which I can find no record = pay a fine. '*Phrygius*:' 1633 and usually 'Phrygius.' Though our ms. gives 'Prigas,' the word is determined by the previous 'Graius' to be a Phrygian or Trojan, and therefore 'Phrygius.' The scribe must have blundered over the ms. he copied. I retain 'Phrygius' accordingly.

Line 64, '*dares*:' Stephens' ms. 'will.'

„ 66-69. See introductory Note to the Satires for interlineations here in 1593 ms. I reject 'in diuers *fashons* goe,' for the usual 'countries.'

Line 70, '*but one*.' Stephens' ms. 'must one.'

„ 78, '*straye*.' In 1593 ms. 'staye,' but I accept 'straye' from 1633.

Line 79, '*huge*:' Stephens' ms. 'high.'

„ 80, '*Ruggued*.' 1633 'Cragg'd,' which is far stronger

and better: and 'stands' for 'dwells,' the latter in Stephens' ms. and preferable.

Line 81. ms. 'it;' ib. 'her;' the latter adopted by us; and I also accept 'it goe,' instead of with our ms. deleting it.

Line 84, 'mynd,' usually 'soul.' As he is speaking of the intelligential power generally, 'soul' is perhaps the better word here, though I follow the ms. of 1593: 'that night:' so Stephens' ms.

Lines 85-6. Supply 'do,' or as it were reduplicate it—now doe [do] Hard deeds. But 'too' of ms. is a misspelling, or a misleading spelling.

Line 90, 'euell:' 1633 and usually 'ill.' Cf. note on 'evil' as read 'ill' in our SOUTHWELL (page 45). But I do not accept 'heere' of the ms. of 1593 before 'that,' being superfluous, and therefore weakening to sense and scansion. So too in line 91, 'charts' of the ms. makes the line defective: rejected.

Line 91, = sign'd blank charters [to] kings, &c.; nor are such kings as kill those who differ from them vicars of Fate or Providence, but her hangmen.

Line 94, 'man's:' so usually; in our ms. 'men's.' 'Men's' might be in opposition to other men's laws; 'man's' laws must be opposed to the laws of something not man: 'man's' adopted by us.

Line 95, 'serue:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'boot.' As between 'boot' and 'serue,' the former is=benefit, and signifies something added, as in booty; and as the plea of the just is the added merits of Christ, 'boot' may be reckoned preferable.

Lines 96-7. Philip [Melancthon], Gregory [the Great, or Gregory of Nazianzen], Harry [the Eighth], Martin [Luther].

Line 97, 'thee:' 1669 'me'—and perhaps the latter more emphatic, as giving the quotation of the speaker.

Line 101, 'is:' sometimes 'name's,' and sometimes 'are.' As they are distinct things (Nature and name), and cannot be taken as one collective noun, 'are' is certainly more accurate.

Line 102, 'Then.' 1593 ms. miswrites 'them:' Stephens' ms. 'Then.'

Line 104, 'proue:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'do. G.



#### SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin  
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in  
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is  
A recreation, and scant map of this.  
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been  
Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen; 6  
I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,  
Yet went to Court. But as Glare, which did go  
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse  
The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curse, 10  
Before he 'scap't; So 't pleas'd my destiny  
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me  
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,  
As vain, as witless, and as false as they 15  
Which dwel in Court, for once going that way.  
Therefore I suffer'd this; Towards me did run  
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime, the Sun  
E'r bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:  
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name: 20  
Stranger than seven Antiquaries' studies,  
Than Africk's Monsters, Guianæ's rarities,

Stranger than strangest : One who for a Dane  
 In the Dane's Massacre had sure been slain,  
 If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies       25  
 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 ;                                       30  
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been  
 Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)  
 Become Tuftaffaty ; and our children shall  
 See it plain Rash a while, then nought at all.  
 The thing hath travail'd, and, saith [he] speaks all  
                   tongues,   35  
 And only knoweth what t' all States belongs.  
 Made of th' Accents and best phrase of all these,  
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast ;  
 But Pedant's motley tongue, souldier's bumbast,       40  
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement ;  
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,       45  
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,  
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either  
 Jovius or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me : I whisper, ' God,  
 How have I sinn'd, that Thy wrath's furious rod,     50  
 This fellow, chuseth me ?' He saith, ' Sir,  
 I love your judgment ; whom do you prefer,  
 For the best Linguist ?' and I seellily  
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.  
 ' Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ?' Beza, then,     55  
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two Academies I named ; here  
 He stopt me, and said : ' Nay, your Apostles were  
 Good pretty Linguists ; so Panurgus was  
 Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass.     60  
 But travail :' then, as if he would have sould  
 His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,  
 That I was fain to say, ' If you had liv'd, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been Interpreter  
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.'     65  
 He adds, ' If of Court-life you knew the good,  
 You would leave loneness.' I said, ' Not alone  
 My loneness is ; but Spartane's fashion,  
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last  
 Now ; Aretine's pictures have made few chast ;     70  
 No more can Princes' Courts, though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.'  
 He, like to a high-stretcht Lute-string, squeakt, ' O Sir,  
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings.' ' At Westminster,'  
 Said I, ' the man that keeps the Abby tombs,     75  
 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 eares shall hear nought but Kings ; your eyes meet  
 Kings only ; The way to it is King's-street.' 80  
 He smack'd, and cry'd, 'He's base, mecanique, course ;  
 So are all your English men in their discourse.' [coarse  
 'Are not your French men neat ? ' Mine ? as you see,  
 I have but one, Sir ; look, he follows me.  
 Certes, they are neatly cloath'd.' 'I, of this mind am,  
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.' 86  
 'Not so, Sir, I have more.' Under this pitch  
 He would not fly. I chaf'd him ; But as itch  
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd ground  
 Into an edge, hurts worse ; So I (fool !) found 90  
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,  
 He to another key his stile doth dress ;  
 And asks, what news ? I tell him of new playes :  
 He takes my hand, and, as a Still which stayes  
 A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly, 95  
 As loath to inrich me, so tells many a ly,  
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,  
 Of trivial household trash, He knows : he knows  
 When the queen frownd or smil'd ; and he knows what  
 A subtile Statesman may gather of that : 100  
 He knows, who loves whom ; and who by poyson  
 Hasts to an Office's reversion :  
 He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg  
 A license, old iron, boots, shoos, and egge-

shells to transport ; Shortly boyes shall not play 105  
 At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay  
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser then all us, than  
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,  
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet 110  
 He thrusts on more ; And as he had undertook  
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,  
 Speaks of all States and deeds, that have been since  
 The Spanyards came to the loss of Amyens.  
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathèd meat, 115  
 Ready to travail ; so I sigh, and sweat  
 To hear this Makaron talk ; in vain, for yet,  
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,  
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can  
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man. 120  
 He names a price for every office paid ;  
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delai'd ;  
 That offices are intailèd, and that there are  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far  
 As the last day ; and that great officers 125  
 Do with the Pirates share and Dunkirkers.  
 Who wasts in meat, in cloaths, in horse, he notes ;  
 Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.  
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when  
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then 130  
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw



To suck me in ; for hearing him, I found  
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound  
 By giving others their soars, I might grow sores 135  
 Guilty, and he free : Therefore I did show  
 All signes 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 hower  
 Of mercy now was come : He tries to bring 141  
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,  
 And sayes, ' Sir, can you spare me ? I said, ' willingly.'  
 ' Nay, Sir, Can you spare me a crown ? Thankfully I  
 Gave it, as Ransom : but as filders still, 145  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thrust one more jig upon you ; so did he  
 With his long complemental thanks vex me.  
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the Prerogative of my Crown : Scant 150  
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
 All the Court fill'd with such strange things as he)  
 Ran from thence with such or more haste than one,  
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.  
 At home in wholesom solitariness 155  
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness  
 Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance  
 Like his who dream't he saw hell, did advance  
 Itself o're me : Such men as he saw there,  
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear 160

Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then  
 Shall I, none[']s] slave, of high born or rais'd men,  
 Fear frowns, and my Mistress, Truth, betray thee  
 To th' huffing braggart, puft Nobility?  
 No, no, Thou, which since yesterday hast been 165  
 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 170  
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers, for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor  
 Tast have in them, ours are; and natural  
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.  
 'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the Mues, Mews  
 Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the stews 176  
 Had all the morning held, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are found  
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me.)  
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be 180  
 The fields they sold to buy them. 'For a King  
 Those hose are,' cry the flatterer; 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'r looks 185  
 (For themselves dare not go) o'r Cheapside Books,  
 Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now  
 The Ladies come. As Pirats which do know

That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,  
 The men board them ; and praise (as they think) well  
 Their beauties ; they the mens' wits ; both are bought.  
 Why good wits ne'r wear scarlet gowns, I thought  
 This cause : These men, mens' wits for speeches buy,  
 And women buy all reds, which scarlets die.  
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net ;      195  
 She fears her drugs ill layd, her hair loose set.  
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine  
 From hat to shoo, himself at door refine,  
 As if the Presence were a Moschite ; and lift  
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,      200  
 Making them confess not only mortal  
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial  
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :  
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state  
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries      205  
 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      210  
 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 whispers by Jesu, so often, that a      215  
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away,

For saying of our Ladies' Psalter. But 'tis fit  
 That they each other plague, they merit it.  
 But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,  
 Who in the other extreme only doth 220  
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion ;  
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,  
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm  
 To him, he rushes in, as if arm, arm,  
 He meant to cry ; And though his face be as ill 225  
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still  
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe ;  
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.  
 Tyr'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so  
 As men from jails t' execution go, 230  
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among  
 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 235  
 Living,—barrels of beef, and flagons of wine,—  
 I shook like a spied Spie. Preachers, which are  
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can then dare  
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,  
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be 240  
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet  
 (With Machabee's modesty) the known merit  
 Of my work lessen ; yet some wise men shall,  
 I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

As stated in introductory Note to the Satires, our text of the remainder is that of 1669 (on which see our Preface); but in the following Notes and Illustrations, as throughout, various-readings &c. are recorded from mss. and other editions.

Heading: in 1669 'Satyre IV.:' Stephens' ms. 'Satyra Quarta.'

Line 1, 'receive'=the Holy Communion.

„ 6, 'Glare:' 1633 'Glaze:' Stephens' ms. blank.

„ 10, 'Statute's curse'=fine or penalty.

„ 18, 'Nile's slime.' See our note on this in our MARVELL.

Ib. 'strange,' used as in the later Ant. and Cleop., so that Donne and Shakespeare probably drew from the same source: perhaps Pliny. Besides the strangeness of their origin, strange tales were told of their affection one for the other, and of their spirit of revenge; and Pliny, in addition, says, 'Philarchus telleth a strange history of it:' how a tame asp, 'finding that one of its young had bitten the child of the master of the house and killed it, killed its young one in satisfaction, and also forbare the house, and was never knowne to repaire thither againe' (Holland's Pliny). Donne uses 'strange' again in Epistle to Earl of Doncaster:

'Begets *strange* creatures on Nile's durty slime.'

Line 23, 'strangest.' I accept this from Stephens' ms., in preference to 'strangers,' as usually.

Line 24, 'Dane's Massacre.' Ethelred made peace with and paid tribute to the invading Danes, and ordered a massacre of them on St. Brice's-day, 13th November 1002.

Line 26. The Londoners from jealousies of trade rose against foreigners on what was called afterwards Evil May-day 1517.

Line 33, 'Tuftaffaty . . . Rash:' Nothing more seems to be known of these silk stuffs except that they were cheaper than velvet, and that as appears from this, Tuftaffaty had some fluffiness, while Rash was rasé or smooth.

Line 35, 'he:' I have inserted 'he' from Harleian ms. 4955.

„ 40, 'bumbast'=bombast. From French. Cf. Thomas Wright's Provincial Dictionary, s. v.

Line 43, 'hear:.' 1633 'beare.'

„ 48, 'Jovius:.' Paulus Jovius, an Italian who wrote a History of his own times (1483, 1552).

Ib. 'Surius:.' I know not the reference here.

Line 54, 'Calepine's Dictionary.' A polyglot dictionary by Ambrogio Calepino, an Italian philologist, who died November 30th, 1511.

Line 56, 'two reverend:.' Stephens' ms. reads 'two other reverend.'

Line 57, 'Academies.' Query—the Universities (of Oxford and Cambridge)?

Line 59, 'Panurgus,' of Rabelais' immortality: 1633 'Panirge.'

Line 61, 'But:.' usually and wrongly 'By:.' so too Stephens' ms.

Ib. 'sould:.' a proverbial saying used by Shakespeare (Son. xxi.), 'I will not praise that purpose not to sell;.' and again, Troilus and Cress. iv. 1.

Line 62, 'wonders:.' 1633 badly, 'words.'

„ 67, 'loneness:.' 1633 'lonelinesse,' and so in next line.

„ 68, 'Spartane's fashion.' Lyceurgus made prohibitory laws against commerce, and forbad travelling, that the Spartan polity and simplicity might continue unaltered.

Line 69, 'last:.' Stephens' ms. 'do not tast.'

„ 70, 'Now:.' Stephens' ms. 'Nor.'

Ibid. 'Aretine's pictures.' Aretine's verses would have been more correct. The designs were after paintings by Giulio Romano, for which he was exiled from Rome and lost the Pope's favour. Pietro Aretino, an Italian satirist, a man as profligate in life and writings as those he satirised, wrote verses to accompany the designs.

Line 78, 'walk' = can walk from, &c.

„ 81, 'smack'd.' I am not aware of a similar use of this word. It seems to mean, made some interjectional sound of contempt; such is the original of chut, tut, tush, &c.

Line 83, 'neat:.' used variously, as = nice, exact; also = clean, spotless.

Ibid. 'Mine:.' 1633 'Fine:.' Lansdowne ms. 740 reads 'Are not yo<sup>r</sup> Frenchmen neat, fine as yo<sup>u</sup> see?' with 'mine' in margin. I place (?) after 'Mine,' as in 1639. The following seems the distribution of this dialogue: 'Are not . . . neat?' The Macaron: 'Mine? . . . cloath'd.' Donne: 'I of . . . Gro-

garam.' The Macaron: 'Not so, sir; I have more, Donne.' Like Marvell in his 'Fleecoe,' Donne misinterprets every sentence the other speaks.

Line 84. 1633 inserts 'Frenchmen' after 'one;' so Harleian ms. 4955.

Line 86, '*Your Grogaram*:' Stephens' ms. 'this.' 'Grogaram,' Fr. gros-grain=silk of a large or coarse thread.

Line 87 *et seqq.* The distribution of speeches is, as before, somewhat uncertain; but probably as follows: 'Are . . . neat?' is Donne—'Mine? . . . . cloathed' his persecutor—'I of . . . . Grogaram.' Donne's sarcasm on the lackey's dress: 'Not so, sir [t'is not the only suit I have for him]; I have more,' the Macaron's reply.

Line 87, '*pitch*' = the height to which a hawk soars; and Donne says under this height to which I soared to swoop, he my quarry would not rise, but kept himself enmewed, or in court.

Line 88, '*chaf'd*,' not 'chaff'd,' as there is no example of the use of 'chaff'd' in those days in our present slang sense.

Line 97, 'Hollensheads' [= Raphael Holinshed]; Halls [= Edward Hall]; Stows [=John Stowe.]

Line 106, '*span-counter*:' 'A puerile game, supposed to be thus played: one throws a counter or piece of money, which the other wins, if he can throw another so as to hit it or lie within a span of it.' So Strutt; but I rather think it a game still played by boys, when they, directly or by rebound, endeavour to play their button or marble into a hole.

Ibid. '*blow-point*:' supposed to be the same as dust-point. Weber vaguely surmises that it has to do with blowing dust out of a hole, and Nares as vaguely that it resembles push-pin; but nothing is known, except that it was a rustic or schoolboys' or pages' gambling game. See Nares, *s. v.*

Line 111, '*on*:' Stephens' ms. 'me:' 'had,' 1633 'if.'

„ 112. '*Gallo-Belgicus*:' an annual and then bi-annual register of news, first published at Cologne in 1598. See Donne's Epigram on it.

Line 114, '*loss of Amyens*:' 'since the Spaniards came' probably means the year of the Armada (1588). They surprised Amiens 11th March 1597; and as no mention is made of its recovery by Henry IV. in September of the same year, it is not improbable that the Satire was written between those dates, or at all events in that year. This is the more likely,

as satires were then becoming fashionable. Donne, Hall, and Marston wrote them. Ben Jonson wrote his 'Comical Satires;' and as plays must be the reflex of their times, the 'gentle' Shakespeare gave them some good-natured satire from the mouth of Jaques in 1598-9, and in the person of the Duke satirises the satirist most severely ('As You like it,' act ii. sc. 6). Shakespeare's only other satirical play, 'Timon,' is of much later date; but it is probable that the original drama was a new play in 1598. In *Skialetheia* (1598) one epigram speaks of 'hateman Timon in his cell;' and in Jack Dunn's *Entertainment* he is again familiarly alluded to. Now it can be proved that Jack Dunn was partly written by Marston, and formed one of the series that enraged Jonson, and was quoted by him in his *Poetaster* in 1601.

Line 117, '*Makaron.*' Nares states that persons of a certain age remember the word *maccaroni* having been adopted in the sense of a first-rate coxcomb, or puppy, or the now temporary appellation 'dandy.' He, therefore, and Todd give it in this passage, and in R. B.'s [query, Richard Brome's?] *Elegy* on Donne, the sense of an affected busy-body. But Florio gives 'Maccarone, a gull, a lubby [looby], a loggar-head that can doe nothing but eat Maccaroni;' and Vaugon shows that this sense is still preserved in the saying, 'Piu grosso che l'acqua de' maccheroni,' spoken, he says, of a man 'scimunito [foolish or stupid] e di poco intelletto.' '*Makaron*' is also used by Donne in *Preface to his Progress of the Soul*.

Line 126, '*Dunkirkers*'=the buccaneers of the English seas.

„ 132, '*Giant statues*' is in Stephens' ms.; but usually 'statutes.' As 'statute' was then one form of 'statue,' a pun is probably intended, and allusion made to the London Gog and Magog.

Lines 134-6 left blank in 1633.

„ 135. A belief which still causes crime and disease: crime because the belief is that the innocent sufferer should, whether male or female, be a virgin.

Line 141, '*mercy*:' Stephens' ms. 'redemption.'

„ 152, '*as*:' 1633 'then'=than.

„ 158, '*like him who dream't he saw hell*'=DANTE.

„ 164. I accept 'braggarts,' and the punctuation given, for 'huffing, braggart.' Two classes here correspond to the other two of l. 162, high-born and raised men.

Line 169, '*your*:' Stephens' ms. 'the;'  
l. 170, 'transported,'



ib. 'transplanted;' l. 171, 'courtiers,' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'court here.'

Ibid. '*waxen garden*'=the now common waxwork exhibitions.

Line 170, '*stand*.' In Lansdowne ms. 740 'stand' is cancelled, and rewritten in another hand 'Strand.'

Line 171, '*Courtiers*.' 1633 'Presence.'

„ 176, '*Baloun*.' Probably the ancient *foliis*, and, except in one respect, the modern football; a game in which a football ball was struck with the arm, armed with a wooden bracer, described, as in Italy, in the form of a shield studded with wooden points.

Line 176, '*Diet*.' the restrictions in diet consequent on visiting the place of resort next mentioned.

Line 178, 'are:' so Stephens' ms.: usually 'were.'

„ 179. Stephens' ms. 'am I?'

„ 180, 'be:' Stephens' ms. 'are.'

„ 182. Usually 'his flatterers.' I believe the other, 'cries the flatterer,' to be Donne's own later reading; but he overlooked that it did not suit 'bring.'

Line 186. I am not sure whether this means that their apparel was, like stage-apparel, hired; or that, like the latter, it might be found in others' books, because not paid for, and therefore not really their own.

Line 189, '*Cutchanel*'= cochineal.

„ 192. I suppose the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. Cf. Elegy xv. lines 55-6. Or, is it a hit at the scarlet-gowned doctors of the universities?

Line 196, '*hair loose set*.' Stephens' ms. 'teeth lost set.'

„ 199, '*presence*.' Stephens' ms. 'Queen's presence'—another important date-mark. 'Presence' is often thus used, *e.g.* Shakespeare, *Taming of Shrew*, iv. 3; *Richard II.* i. 3; *2 Henry IV.* iv. 4, *et alibi*. So Massinger:

'Some private business of mine own disposed of,  
I'll meet you in the presence.'

The Bashful Lover, i. 1.

and again:

'I never saw him  
Since he swoon'd in the *presence*.' Ib. ii. 1.

The word was also used for the presence-chamber, and irrespective of the royal 'presence' there. So Ben Jonson very often.

Ibid. '*Moschite*.' It is to be noted that the preening,

&c. takes place outside, or at the door, before entering the presence, *i. e.* in this case the presence-chamber. Cole's Dictionary (1677), and Du Cange, *s. v.* furnish these explanations of 'Moschite:' the former, 'Mosque,—ea, Mosque, as Moskite, a Turkish church:' the latter, 'Moschite, Moscheda, Moscheta, Muscheta, Meschita, Meschida, Mesquita, Mosquea, templum Mahumetanorum.'

Line 200. Stephens' ms. 'sorts [*sic*] and host.'

„ 204, 'Durer's.' The great engraver, like Hogarth later, wrote a treatise on the proportions of the human frame.

Line 206. Stephens' ms. 'legg to his neck and wast to his thighs.'

Line 223. Very colloquial and careless construction. His ill words are the ill words of the sufferer.

Line 234, 'bar.' Throwing the bar was, I suppose, a test of strength prevalent among the royal guards; for Bp. Corbet in his poem to Lord Mordant, where he satirically describes his going to Court at Windsor, says:

'And woe is me, the guard, those men of warre,  
Who but two weapons use, beife and barre,  
Began to gripe me;'

and again of one of the guard whom he particularises:

'This Ironside tooke hold, and sodainly  
Hurled me, by judgment of the standers by,  
Some twelve foot by the square; takes me againe,  
Outhrowes it halfe a bar.'

The name 'Ironside,' by the way, as applied to Cromwell's regiments, is here shown not to have been a new one, and it may have even been suggestive of personal guards.

Line 240, '*scant*:' 1633 '*scarce*:' Stephens' ms. 'Who am a shallow . . .'

Line 242, 'And if *I have done* well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I have desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto. . . And here shall be an end' (2 Macc. xv. 38-9). G.



## SATIRE V.

THOU shalt not laugh, in this leafe, 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 5  
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theam  
Charity and liberty give me. What is he  
Who Officers' rage and Suitors' misery  
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,  
As I think, since all which were, are, and shall 10  
Be, be made of the same elements,  
Each thing, each thing implies or represents;  
Then man is a world, in which Officers  
Are the vast ravishing seas; and suters  
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to 15  
That which drowns them, run: these self reasons do  
Prove the world a man, in which officers  
Are the devouring stomach, and Suters  
The excrements which they void. All men are dust;  
How much worse are Suters, who to mens' lust 20  
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms' meat!  
For they eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.

They are the mills which grind you, yet you are  
 The wind which drives them ; and a wastful war  
 Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they        25  
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,  
 Like wittals ; 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'reflow.  
 You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,    31  
 By having leave to serve, am most richly  
 For service paid, authoriz'd, now begin  
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.  
 O Age of rusty Iron ! Some better wit            35  
 Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.  
 The iron Age was, when justice was sold ; now  
 Injustice is sold dearer far ; allow  
 All claim'd fees and duties, Gamesters, anon  
 The money, which you sweat and swear for, is gon    40  
 Into other hands : So controverted lands  
 'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.  
 If Law be in the Judge's heart, and he  
 Have no heart to resist letter or fee,  
 Where wilt thou appeal ? power of the Courts below    45  
 Flows from the first main head ; and these can throw  
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,  
 To fetters, halters. But if th' injury  
 Steel thee to dare complain, Alas, thou go'st  
 Against the stream upwards, when thou art most    50

Heavy, and most faint; and in these labors they,  
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way  
 Become great seas, o're which, when thou shalt be  
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see  
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before. 55  
 All things follow their like; only who have may have  
 Judges are gods; and He who made them so, [more.  
 Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go  
 By means of Angels. When supplications  
 Wee send to God, to Dominations, 60  
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts, if we  
 Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be  
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger  
 A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,  
 To see a Puffsivant come in, and call 65  
 All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all  
 His Plate, Chalices; and mistake them away,  
 And ask a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may  
 Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted,  
 To warrant thefts: she is establishèd 70  
 Recorder to Destiny on Earth, and she  
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be  
 Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in jayls:  
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nales,  
 With which she scratcheth Suiters. In bodies 75  
 Of men, so in law, nailes 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 erst men bar'd to thee? 80  
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now  
                   hungerly  
 Beg'st right, but that dole comes not till these dy.  
 Thou had'st much, and law's Urim and Thummim trie  
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper  
 Enough to cloath all the Great Charrick's Pepper. 85  
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese  
 Then Hammon, when he sold his antiquities.     than  
 O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize  
 Æsop's fables, and make tales, prophesies.  
 Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozeneth,  
 Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanisheth. 91

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading in 1669 as before, 'Satyre V;' in Lansdowne ms. 740, 'A Satire 3;' Stephens' ms. 'Satyra Quinta.'

Line 2, 'warms;' Stephens' ms. 'warne.'

„ 2-3. 'He . . . courtiers.' Count Baldassar Castiglione, an Italian, who wrote a book called *Il Corteggiano* (The Courtier), of the import named in the text. Hence Castilio, as the author was called in England, became the collective or representative name of a perfect or affected courtier and Castilian, or Castilion,—an adjectival form liable to be confounded with Castilian, belonging to a native of Castile. Cf. Marston's Satires.

Line 9, '*jest*' [upon or about]—another instance of the common omission of the preposition.

Line 12, '*implies*:' 1633 'employes.'

„ 14, '*ravishing*:' Stephens' ms. and Harleian ms. 4955 'raveninge.'

Line 16, '*drownes*:' *ibid.* 'drawes.'

„ 22, 'do' is inserted before 'eat;' but it makes a syllable too much, and I remove it. As the line is unrhythmical, Donne perhaps put in 'do,' intending to make some such alteration as 'whom' for 'whose selves.'

Line 26, '*the*:' 1633 'their.'

„ 31, '*You, Sir,*' &c. Probably Lord Chancellor Ellesmere—a biographic fact.

Line 39, '*claim'd*:' 1633 'demands.'

„ 42, '*Angelica*' = St. Angelica.

„ 50, '*when upwards*' = when [thou goest] upwards, as shown by the variant reading 'stream upwards,' which seems preferable.

Line 57, '*Judges are gods*:' Psalm lxxxii. 1, 2, and 6.

„ 59, '*Angels*:' coins so called = bribes. Angel = as usually stated, *e. g.* by Dyce in his Beaumont and Fletcher frequently, 10s.; but Holyoke, in his edition of Ryder's Dictionary (1640), gives it as = 11s. (See our Phineas Fletcher for Latin lines to Holyoke, *s. n.*)

Line 61. Names in the angelic hierarchy. Cf. Elegy xii. l. 78, and relative note.

Line 64, '*Stoick*:' Lansdowne ms. 740 'a stone.'

„ 65, '*call*' = call over, and therefore take an inventory of.

„ 67, '*mistake*' = take them wrongly or without right—a sense not given in the dictionaries. The word is probably used in the same sense in Donne's *Essays in Divinity*, part iii. (p. 77, ed. 1855).

Line 79, '*barest*' = uncoverest.

„ 85, '*Charrick's Pepper*' = carrick or large merchant-ship's cargo of pepper. This word, along with 'Greatest and fairest Empress' (l. 28), and 'You, Sir,' &c. (ll. 31 *et seqq.*), helps to the date of this Satire. About 1596 or after, the price of pepper rose from 3s. to 8s. a pound, owing to the war with Spain and Portugal, and to the unfortunate issues of our mercantile expeditions eastward. On the 31st December 1600 a charter was granted to the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies, and in the spring of 1601 they sent out four large ships under Captain James Lancaster. He, with his two larger vessels laden with pepper, did not return till September 1603, that is, not till after the accession of James. But 'he had' previously sent home the other two with

cargoes composed partly of pepper, cloves, and cinnamon, partly of calicoes and other Indian manufactures taken out of a *Portuguese carrack* that he had fallen in with and captured' (Pict. Hist. of England, b. vii. c. 4, 'On the National Industry'). I have not been able to trace the exact date of the arrival of these two last-named vessels, so as to make sure that it was in Elizabeth's reign, *i. e.* prior to April 1603; but I take the 'carrack' to be the great carrack and its pepper mentioned in l. 85 of this 5th Satire. This is strengthened by the word used; for though 'carrack' may have been occasionally applied to English vessels, it was properly and generally applied to any large merchant-vessels of Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian build.

Line 87, '*Hammon*:' 1633 '*Haman*;' Stephens' ms. has 'all his.' Who he was, I know not.

Lines 90-1. 1633 reads 'cozenèd . . . vanishèd.'

„ 91, '*div'st*:' Stephens' ms. 'dyved.' G.







## SATIRE VI.

TO S<sup>r</sup> NICHOLAS SMYTH.

SLEEP, next Society and true friendship,  
Man's best contentment, doth securely slip  
His passions, and the world's troubles ; rock me,  
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friend's company,  
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there 5  
Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.  
Here sleep, and howsed by famous Ariosto,  
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,  
Perhaps by gold-mouth'd Spencer too pardie  
(Which builded was two dozen Stories high), storeys 10  
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,  
As sleep awak'd by Ratts from them was gotten :  
And I will build no new, for by my Will,  
Thy father's house shall be the fairest still  
In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, Exeter 15  
Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.  
Without it there is no Sense, only in this  
Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.  
Not to save charges, but would I had slept  
The time I spent in London, when I kept 20  
Fighting and untrust gallants Company,  
In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,

And offered me the experience he had bought  
 With great Expence. I found him throughly taught  
 In curing Burnes. His thing had had more scars 25  
 Then T—— himself; like Epps it often wars,  
 And still is hurt. For his Body and State  
 The Physick and Councel (which came too late  
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows:  
 Most superficially he speaks of those. 30  
 I found by him, least sound him who most knows.  
 He swears well, speakes ill, büt best of Clothes,  
 What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring  
 He had Living, but now these waies comein[ge]  
 His whole Revenew; Where his Whore now dwells, 35  
 And hath dwelt since his father's death, he tells.  
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause  
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds: To these, some Laws  
 He knows of the Duel, and touch his Skill  
 The least Jot in that or these, he quarrel will 40  
 Though sober, but he 'as never fought. I know  
 What made his Valour undubd Windmill go  
 Within a Pint at most! yet for all this  
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is  
 More honest than himself. Thus men may want 45  
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,  
 They use themselves to vice. And besides those  
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,  
 Nor other Captain less then he; His Schools than  
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools, 50

Or are for being there ; His best bookes, Plaies,  
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.  
 His first set prayer was for his father ill  
 And sick,—that he might dye : That had, until  
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more : 55  
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore  
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him : She, spent,  
 They left each other on even terms ; she went  
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want  
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant 60  
 He is become : Where, as they pass apace,  
 He steps aside, and for his Captain's place  
 He praies again : Tells God, he will confess  
 His sins, swear, drink, dice, and whore thenceforth less,  
 On this Condition, that his Captain dye 65  
 And he succeed ; But his Prayer did not ; they  
 Both cashir'd came home, and he is braver now  
 Than his captain : all men wonder, few know how :  
 Can he rob ? No. Cheat ? No. Or doth he spend  
 His own ? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend, 70  
 That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,  
 Or hadst as good a friend as thou art one.  
 No present Want nor future hope made me,  
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be :  
 But he had cruelly possest thee then, 75  
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,  
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny  
 Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be

Subject to good Kings, I found even so,  
 Wert thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe. 80  
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none  
 Thou should'st be second : Turtle and Damon  
 Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick  
 Should make thee only Love's Hieroglyphick :  
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85  
 Where now an ancient Oak with Ivy twine,  
 Destroy'd, thy Symbole is. O dire Mischance !  
 And, O vile verse ! And yet our Abraham France  
 Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this  
 Must pardon me, Satyre's Bite when they kiss. 90  
 But as for Natta, we have since faln out :  
 Here on his knees, he pray'd, else we had fought.  
 And because God would not he should be winner,  
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,  
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd, 95  
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and as I heard,  
 His last : and, Fidus, you and I do know,  
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,  
 And would be either yet ; But he dares be  
 Neither : Sleep blots him out and takes in thee. 100  
 ' The mind, you know, is like a Table-book,  
 The old, unwipt, new writing never took.'  
 Hear how the Huishers,\* Checques, Cupbord, and Fire  
 I pass'd : (by which Degrees young men aspire [<sup>\*ushers</sup>  
 In Court) : And how that idle and she-state 105  
 (When as my judgment cleer'd) my soul did hate,

How I found there (if that my trifling Pen  
 Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,  
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre ;  
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer ; 110  
 And, as unthrifts, had rather give away  
 Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay ;  
 So they their greatness hide, and greatness show  
 By giving them that which to worth they owe : [grateness  
 What Treason is, and what did Essex kill, 115  
 Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill :  
 And which of them stood for their Countrie's good,  
 Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood ;  
 He said she stunck, and men might not have said  
 That she was old before that she was dead. 120  
 His Case was hard, to do or suffer ; loth  
 To do, he made it harder, and did both.  
 Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,  
 Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.  
 Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea, 125  
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.  
 They told it all the world : where was their wit ?  
 Cuff's putting on a sword, might have told it.  
 And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes, than  
 For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes. 130  
 How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot  
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not  
 A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write  
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) good night.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading in 1669, as before, 'Satyre VI.;' appeared originally in 1669, and has ever since been overlooked by the Editors. It is found in various mss., *e.g.* in Stephens', from whence I have taken the inscription 'To Sr Nicholas Smyth' (cf. line 134); and also various-readings from this ms. and from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. In the latter it is headed 'Satire 9<sup>th</sup> to Sir Nicho. Smith, 1602.' Its biographic significance in its severity against King James is shown in our Essay, as before. Well was it for Donne that it saw not the light until the king and himself were gone.

Line 2, '*Man's best contentment:*' Stephens' ms. 'true contentment:' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'best contentment:' and Stephens' ms. 'skyp' for 'slip.' There was probably some known equivocal on 'sleep' and 'slip.' Drunken Sly, wanting to sleep, says, 'Cessa, and let the world *slip*' (Induction, Taming of Shrew). = [let] slip.

Line 4, '*thy:*' Stephens' ms. 'my;' I have accepted the latter.

„ 7. 1669 is nonsense as follows: 'Here sleeps House.' I accept Stephens' ms. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. reads 'Heere in Sleep's House.'

Line 9, '*gold:*' I take this from Stephens' ms.; 1669 'golden.'

Ib. '*pardie*' = an old (minced) oath, a substitute for Fr. *par Dieu*.

Line 10, '*two.*' from Stephens' ms., instead of 'some,' as in 1669 and Haslewood-Kingsborough ms.

Line 12, '*them:*' from Stephens' ms. for 'thence' of 1669.

„ 13, '*new:*' ib. 'more.' The meaning is, 'he would not repair because it was rotten, nor would he build more' (Stephens' ms.); but Donne, on revision (as in 1669), saw that 'new' was more correct, and also more distinctive.

Line 15, '*In:*' Stephens' ms. 'At.' Here a space equal to three (omitted) lines (lines 15-17). Lines 7-15 seem hopelessly ungrammatical and therefore corrupt.

Lines 17-18. The sentence is liable to be understood in a contrary sense; but the construction and meaning are—Only in this one thing (that without it there is no sense) is sleep unlike a long parenthesis, *i.e.* it is like it in every other way.

Line 21, '*untrust*' = huffing fellows, who made a point and

boast of not being point device in their attire, but negligent and with 'untrussed' points.

Line 26, 'T——.' Stephens' ms. 'Things.'

Ibid. '*Epps.*' William Epps was a valiant but irascible Kentish man, killed at the siege of Ostend, 1601-4. He lost an eye on the walls; afterwards in battle he carried the colours, 'and the Regent that followed his ensigne (by being hardly set to) giuing ground, and the enemies' ambition thirsting after his colours, threw at all in hope to winne them. But the destinics (who fought on their side) mistooke themselves, and in steede of striking the colours out of his hand, smote him: in so much that he was twice shot, and twice runne through the body, yet wold not surrender his hold for al those breaches, but stripping the prize for which they strove off from the staffe that helde it vp, and wrapping his dying bodie in it, drewe out his weapon, with which (before his collours could bee called his winding sheete) he threwe himselfe into the thickest of danger: where after he had slaine a horse-man and two others, most valiantlie, hee came off, halfe dead, halfe aliue, brauely deliuering vp his spirit in the armes of none but his friendes and fellow souldiers' (From a much longer panegyric in Dekker's *Knight's Conjuring*, c. viii. Percy Society edit. pp. 57-9). It is pleasant to be able thus to reburnish a long-dimmed name of a true hero.

Line 27. Stephens' ms. 'His body and estate.'

„ 32, '*sound.*' Stephens' ms. 'soundlie,' and só Haslewood-Kingsborough. The latter 'most' for 'best.'

Line 34, '*comeinge.*' Stephens' ms.; 1669 'come in'—he tells how he had 'living,' *i. e.* possessions or lands, and how at present, in what, and what ways his revenue comes in. See lines 55, &c.

Line 36, '*father.*' Stephens' ms. 'mother dyde.'

„ 37, '*cunningly.*' ib. 'p'fectly.'

„ 38. Cf. Shakespeare's *As You like it*, on this whole passage.

Line 39, '*duel.*' Stephens' ms. 'duello;,' from which I accept 'touch' for 'on.'

Line 41. Stephens' ms. followed, in preference to

'Though sober, but nere fought.'

Line 42. Ibid. reads

'What made his vndaunted valour wynd-myll goe.'

Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'undoubted vallore.' This seems

to mean, 'I know to a pint how much liquor this new knight before he was a knight required to make his mouth-valour go clack-clack like a mill.'

Line 45. Stephens' ms. 'This man may vaunt.'

„ 46. Ib. 'who being;' and l. 47, 'except' for 'besides.'

„ 51. Ib. 'book' for 'bookes;' and l. 52, 'h' bands' for 'scenes.'

Line 53. 1669 has 'father's ill;' Stephens' ms. our text.

„ 54. Stephens' ms. erroneously fills-in 'liv'd.'

„ 57, 'spent' = being spent, worn out and not frequented, or otherwise done up.

Line 58. Stephens' ms. reads 'On h'selfe;' but the line agrees not therewith, but continues nonsensically, 'On h'selfe each other in [blank], she went.' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'They left . . . or own.'

Line 59, '*Bridewel*.' Stephens' ms. 'Brydenæ.'

„ 65. 1669 intercalates 'if.' This was probably our author's variation, and a later one, as—1. It makes the phrase stronger. 2. I have observed that, in revising at a later date, Donne did what Shakespeare did in his later writings, allow a superfluous syllable to end the first half of the line, 'On this | conditi|on || that if' |

Line 66, '*succeed*.' Stephens' ms. 'burreed;' Haslewood-Kingsborough 'succeed.'

Line 67, '*braver*.' a pun = better-dressed.

„ 68, '*few*.' Haslewood-Kingsborough 'none.'

„ 70. 1669 is followed here: the meaning is, 'No [the explanation is], Fidus, he is thy dear friend that [it is that] keeps him up.' The ms. misreads 'Fidus is the dear friend.'

Line 72. 1669 intercalates ['Thou] hadst,' wrongly.

„ 80, '*thou't have*.' Stephens' ms. 'hym, thou.'

„ 82. Stephens' ms. 'P'amon.'

„ 83. Our ms. reads

'Should give thee place, in lungs and livers sick,  
Should only make thee Love's Hieroglyphic.'

Save that I accept 'thee place' for 'the place,' I follow here 1669, the meaning being 'Then in songs Turtle and Damon [the stock allusions in songs of love and friendship] should give place to thee (or give the place [to thee]), and sick lovers should make thee alone Love's Hieroglyphic.' The change, 'make thee only,' seems to show that 1669 is the revised text, because 'only make thee' is ambiguous; whereas 'make thee only' is accord-



ing to the then use of only make thee alone, and nothing else, or make thee the only hieroglyphic. Hieroglyphic = emblem. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. reads 'sences' for 'livers' above.

Line 85. Stephens' ms. 'they' for 'the;' and l. 86, 'Where none can.'

Line 88, '*our*.' Stephens' ms. 'yo<sup>r</sup>.'

Ibid. 'Abraham France:' *i. e.* the poet of 'Emanuel,' which forms one of our Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies, vol. iii.

Line 97 = His last [prayers]—a parenthetic sarcasm. 1669 is here followed: our ms. reads 'His last, Fidus and you and hee do know.'

Line 100. 1669 intercalates 'yet' after 'Neither,' wrongly.

,, 102. Stephens' ms. 'W<sup>ch</sup> th' old:' unwipt = being un-wipt.

Line 103, '*Hear*.' ib. 'Sweare;' but there seems corruption here. 1669 reads 'Huishers Checques;' Haslewood-Kingsborough 'Heer the vsher with clerks.' It is possible that 'Huishers Checques,' while a misreading, really carries in it our author's alteration, with the intention of reading 'Huishers, Checques,' &c. Bp. Corbet, in his poem to Lord Mordant, in describing his going to a Court ceremony, says, when he begins to speak of the feast,

'And now the favorites of the clarke of th' checke

These now shall be refresht.'

And again,

'By which I learne it is a man's offence  
So neere the clarke of th' check to alter sense.'

Edit. Gilchrist, 1807, pp. 74, 77.

Now, as 'clerks' alone is indefinite, I take it that Donne, on revision, substituted the name of their place, 'Checques' (just as he uses 'Cupboard'), to make his meaning clearer. 'The Check-roll or Checquer-roll contained the names of the king's or other great persons' menial servants' [rather household]. Coles, *s. v.* See also a quotation in Halliwell's edition of Nares. The clerk of the check (or cheque) was therefore he who had this roll, and so the regulation of those who were entitled to 'board.' In our text, accordingly, I read as in 1669, refusing 'Clerkes' for 'Checques.'

With reference to 'Hear' (l. 103), note that in this Satire-epistle Donne begins as to sleep, and makes it the exordium to his satire: 'Would I had slept all the time of my riotous life in London' (which, by the way, with his reference to James,

shows this Satire to be much later than the others); and having got on Natta, and having done with him, he begins again to his friend, 'Hear also how I in my riotous life pass'd,' &c.

Line 105, '*she-state*' = Elizabeth's later government.

„ 106, '*cleer'd*.' Stephens' ms. 'cleares;' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'cler'd.'

Line 107, '*there*.' Stephens' ms.

„ 109, '*noted*.' so Haslewood-Kingsborough ms.; Stephens' ms. 'notic'd.'

Line 112. Elizabeth's fitful parsimony was notorious.

„ 113. 1669 is here followed; Stephens' ms. reads 'weakness' for the first 'greatness;' which, however, gives the reverse of the sense intended, which is:

'So they their greatness hide, and weakness show;'

hide the true greatness they have, or ought to have. As in margin, I venture to understand the second 'greatness' as = grateness, *i. e.* show their ingrateness or ingratitude.

Line 115, '*Essex kill*.' the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth. We have here a glimpse of the current scandals against 'Queen Bess.'

Line 119, '*stunck*.' Stephens' ms. 'stancke.'

Ibid. Query, Is the construction, He said she *stunck*, and [said] this when men were not allowed to say she was old (*i. e.* Elizabeth)?

Line 120. Stephens' ms.: 'She had bene old before she had bene dead.'

Line 128, '*Cuffe*' = Essex's secretary, 'a man smothered under the habit of a scholar, and slubbered over with a certain rude and clownish fashion that had the semblance of integrity' (Relig. Wottonianæ); recommended the forcible removal of Cecil and others from Court; and Essex prepared to put this plan in execution. Probably Donne means that, instead of his friends telling the design by preparation, and then by praying him off, it would have been better to have told it by Cuff's putting on a sword, *i. e.* by adopting Cuff's recommendation earlier, and so told it to the world at the moment only of action.

Line 133. Stephens' ms.: 'but vntill I can wrighte.'

„ 134. In Stephens' ms. 'Good Night' occupies a separate line as a signature. G.



## SATIRE VII.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,  
But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.  
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see ;  
But thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.  
Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free ;     5  
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 perswade her to a worse offence  
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.     10  
Reason there's none for the[e] ; but thou maist vex  
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex  
Shun her, she needs must change ; I do not see  
How reason e'r can bring that ' must' to thee.  
Thou art a match a Justice to rejoyce,     15  
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.  
Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,  
And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free ?  
Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff ;  
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,     20  
In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet ;  
For spight 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 25  
 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 disgrac'd. 30  
 Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see  
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee ;  
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now.  
 Doe what she can, love for nothing she'll allow ;  
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise, 35  
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.  
 Now thou hast ods of him she loves ; he may doubt  
 Her constancy, but none can put the[e] out.  
 Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,  
 And in the end the good on't will be thine ; 40  
 For tho' thou must ne'r think of other love,  
 And so wilt advance her as high above  
 Virtue as cause above effect can be,  
 'Tis vertue to be chast, which she'll make thee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading in 1669, as before, 'Satyre VII.' This is usually given as 'Satire VI.,' from the singular continued oversight of the preceding one. In Harl. ms. 4955 it is headed like the other two, 'To S<sup>r</sup> Nicholas Smyth,' who no doubt is the 'dear Nick' of line 134 of Satire vi. In Steph. ms., while it does not appear, two leaves are left blank as if intended for it, and therefore

showing knowledge of its existence. Though addressed to Sir Nicholas Smith, he cannot possibly have been the subject of it, which is the marriage of an old man otherwise unfit to marry the young widow he had chosen. As there is no exordium or poem addressed to Sir Nicholas Smith, perhaps we shall not err if we judge the heading to him to be a blunder due to the different headings of the Satires, or to the fact that Sir Nicholas, to whom the previous Satire was addressed, had a copy of this one. This Satire originally appeared in 1635 edition.

Line 14, '*change*,' *i.e.* change towards thee.

„ 17, '*Urg'd*.' I accept this from Haslewood - Kingsborough ms.; usually '*Dry'd*,' which is nonsense.

Line 18, '*thus*'=father's threats.

„ 29-30. These are words humorously supposed to be said by the would-be bridegroom. The words '*strong love and weak reasons*' refer to the proverbial saying, that a man cannot be a lover and wise. Cf. Epithal. Eclogue, line 86.

Line 32, '*beg thee*,' as an idiot or natural.

„ 34, '*nothing*.' This seems to be a somewhat equivocal phrase=she'll value your love as nothing, and allow nothing in exchange. Besides, were she to give any love in exchange, there would be too much gain to you; and, moreover, your desert, being rewarded, would no longer be desert. The conceits here as elsewhere, and even in Shakespeare, are forced somewhat.

Line 41. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. reads

'For thou must thinke never on other love.' G.





65

II.  
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

NOTE.

The 'Progress of the Soul' appeared originally in the quarto of 1633 (3 pages unnumbered, and pp. 1-27), and has been reprinted in all the after-editions.

Our text is Addl. mss. 18,647, Plut. 201 H, from the Earl of Denbigh's collection (purchased by the British Museum, 10th May 1851). Our collation of 1633 and after-editions satisfied us that this ms. is superior (as a whole) in its readings. In Notes and Illustrations, as before, will be found various-readings, &c., wherein we give reasons for occasionally departing from our adopted ms.

See our Essay for De Quincey's glowing panegyric of the 'Progress:' and yet there are things in it one would wish away—just as one inevitably removes a slug from the rose's heart or lily's chalice—and which perhaps explain, if they do not altogether warrant, Professor Ward's strong censure in his edition of Pope. It may be permitted us to remind the reader, of the heading *Poema Satyricon*, and that the offence is limited to two out of fifty-two stanzas. I point out the relation of the 'Progress' to the still more remarkable 'Anatomie'—hitherto overlooked. See Notes on Epistle immediately following.

The 'Progress of the Soul' takes its place next to the Satires proper, as being called by its Author '*Poema Satyricon*.' G.





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 coulors can deliver a minde so plaine and flatt and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author I doubt, and stick, and doe not quickly saye 'Good.' I censure much and taxe ; And this liberty costs mee more then [than] others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I could not be so rebellious against myselfe, as not to doe it, since I love it [nor so unjust to others, to do it]; *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good holde uppon me, they must pardon mee my bytings. I forbidd no reprehender but him, that like the Trent Councell, forbids not books, but Authors, dammninge whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not somethinge exemplarie to folowe or fie. Now when I beginn this booke, I have noe purpose [to come] in[to] any man's debt ; how my stock will hould out, I know not ; perchaunce wast, perchaunce increase in use. If I doe borrow any thinge of Antiquitie, besides that I make account

that I paye it to Posteritie, with as much, and as good; you shall still finde me to acknowledg it, and to thanck 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 would have noe such Readers, as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not only carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants alsoe: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Macheron; since no unreadynes in the soule, but an indisposition in the Organs worke this. And therefore, though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember and now tell mee, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who us'd it for poyson to attaine dignitie. However the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memorie hath [ever] been her owne; which makes me soe seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first makinge, when she was that apple which Eve eate, to this tyme when she is in her, whose life you shall find in the end of this booke.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 7, the words 'by how much . . . . . others' are inadvertently dropped in the American edition (1855). A few words placed in brackets [ ], omitted in our ms., are filled-in from 1633 and after-editions; but other superfluous words not

found in our MS. are left out, as noted below. Lines 9-10 read in our MS. 'love it; *sine talione*;' line 17 reads 'noe purpose in any man's doubt, how,' &c.; line 34 'can,' not being in our MS. is omitted, as onward; lines 42-3 are usually misprinted 'when she is she;' the word 'Macheron,' line 31, is explained in relative note on Satire iv. l. 117. Probably the 'Anatomie' was intended to follow, and so the 'life' meant was Mrs. Elizabeth Drury's. This seems tacitly indicated by the title of the 'second Anniversary' of the 'Anatomie,' viz. 'Of the Progress of the Soul.' I am very well aware that the 'Progress of the Soul,' and the 'Anatomie,' and its 'Progress of the Soul,' have fundamental differences, so much so that the later might almost find a place among the 'Divine Poems.' That is to say, it is a Christian poem without allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine, and all its reflections and thoughts are moral and religious. I am also aware that the 'Anatomie,' and its 'Progress of the Soul,' as now extant, belong to a period in advance of the 'Metempsychosis,' which is dated 16th August 1601. The frequent references to the new star prove these references to be after 1604. I am willing to date it even 1610-1, *i. e.* near to the publication of the first part of the 'Anatomie' in 1611: both parts 1612. But my idea is, that when in 1601, in his Epistle to the 'Metempsychosis,' he named the 'life' to be found 'in the end of the booke,' he had the substance of the 'Anatomie' lying past him; and intended therewith to sing of the 'life' of an ideal Woman, in contrast with the more earthly type of the 'Metempsychosis.' Meanwhile, Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the child-wife (for she was only fifteen), dying, he fell back on the Verse beside him, and wrought it into a deeper and nobler 'life' than ever he had dreamed of. I do not say Mrs. Drury was the 'great soul' of st. vii. of 'Metempsychosis'—another 'ideal' was then before his imagination—but I feel satisfied that he transferred to her what he intended for that other. This kept in mind, explains the breadth and largeness of the panegyric of the 'Anatomie,' and also those remaining touches of Pythagoreanism, as of Mrs. Drury as the informing soul of the dead World. Our arrangement, made on other and independent grounds, brings the two poems into proximity. See more on all this in our Essay. G.



## THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

### FIRST SONGE.

I SINGE the progresse of a deathless soule,  
Whom Fate—which God made but doth not controule—  
Placed in most shapes ; all tymes, before the lawe  
Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I singe ;  
And the greate world t' his agèd eveninge, 5  
From infant morne, through manly noone I drawe ;  
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian sawe.  
Greeke brass, or Roman iron, is in this one ;  
A work to outweare Sethe's pillars, brick and stone,  
And (holy writte excepted) made to yeild to none. 10

Thee, eye of Heau'n, this great Soule envies not ;  
By thy male force is all we have, begott  
In the first East thou now beginn'st to shine,  
Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there ;  
And wilt anone in thy loose-rain'd carrere 15  
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine, Seine  
And see at night thy Westernne land of Mine ; [Danube  
Yet hast thou not more Nations seen than shee,  
That before thee one day began to be ;  
And thy fraile light beinge quench'd, shall longe, longe  
outlive thee. 20

Nor holy Janus, in whose soveraigne boate  
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate ;  
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall  
 Of all mankinde, that Cage and viuarie  
 Of foules and beasts, in whose wombe Destinie 25  
 Us and our latest Nephews did install ;  
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All) ;  
 Didst thou in that greate stewardshipp embarke  
 So divers shapes into that floatinge parke,  
 As have beene mou'd, and informed by this heavenly  
 sparke. 30

Great Destinie, the Commissarie of God,  
 That hast mark'd out a path and period  
 For every thinge ; Who, where wee offspringe tooke,  
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant ; Thou  
 Knott of all causes ; Thou, whose changelesse browe 35  
 Ne're smiles nor frownes, O vouchsafe thou to looke,  
 And shew my storie, in Thy eternal booke.  
 That (if my prayre be fitt) I may understand  
 So much myselfe, as to know with what hand,  
 How scant, or liberal, this my life's race is spann'd. 40

To my six lustres, almost now outwore,  
 Except Thy book owe mee so many more ;  
 Except my legend bee free from the letts  
 Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,  
 Spiritt-quenching sicknes, dull captivitie, 45

Distractinge busines, and from beautie's netts,  
 And all that calls from this and t' others whetts ;  
 O! let me not launch out, but let me save  
 The expence of braine and spiritt ; that my grave  
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man maye haue. 50

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,  
 In vaine this sea shall enlardge, or enrough  
 Itselfe ; for I will through the wave and fome,  
 And hold in sad lone wayes, a lively spright,  
 Make my dark heavie Poem light, and light. 55  
 For, though through many straights and lands I roame,  
 I launch at Paradice, and I sayle towards home ;  
 The c[o]urse, I there begann, shall heere be stayd ;  
 Sayls hoysted there, struck heere ; and Anchors layde  
 In Thames, which were at Tygris and Euphrates wayde.  
 60

For this great soule, which here amongst us nowe  
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and  
 browe,  
 Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us ; to heare  
 Whose story with long patience you will longe ;  
 (For 'tis the crowne and last straine of my songe;) 65  
 This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomett were  
 Prisons of flesh ; this soule which oft did teare  
 And men[d] the wracks of th' Empire, and late Rome,  
 And liu'd where every greate change did come,  
 Had first in Paradise, a lowe but fatall roome. 70

Yet no lowe roome, nor then the greatest, lesse than  
 If (as devout and sharpè men fitly guesse)  
 That Cross, our ioye and greffe (where nayles did tye grief  
 That All, which always was all, everywhere,  
 Which could not sinne, and yet all sinns did beare, 75  
 Which could not dye, yet could not chuse but dye ;)  
 Stood in the self-same room in Caluarie,  
 Where first grew the forbidden learnèd tree ;  
 For on that tree hong in securitie 79  
 This soule, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

Prince of the Orchard, faire as dawninge morne,  
 Fenc'd with the lawe, and ripe as soone as borne,  
 That apple grew, which this soule did enlive ;  
 Till the then-clyming serpent, that now creepes  
 For that offence, for which all mankinde weeps, 85  
 Tooke it, and t' her, whom the first man did wiue  
 (Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)  
 Hee gave it, shee t' her husband ; both did eate :  
 So perished the eaters and the meate ; [sweate.  
 And wee (for treason taints the bloud) thence die and

Man all at once was there by woeman slaine ; 91  
 And one by one we are heare slaine o're againe  
 By them. The mother poyson'd the well-head,  
 The daughters here corrupt us, rivolets ;  
 No smalenes 'scapes, noe greatenes breaks their netts : 95  
 She thrust us out, and by them wee are led  
 Astraye, from turninge to whence wee are fledd.

Were prisoners judges, 'twould seeme rigorous ;  
 She sinn'd, we beare ; part of our pain is thus [us.  
 To loue them, whose fault to this painefull loue yoak'd

So fast in us doth this corruption growe, 101  
 That now wee dare aske why we should be soe ;  
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebel) make  
 A lawe, and would not have it kept ? Or can  
 His creature's will cross His ? Of every man, 105  
 For one, will God (and be iust) vengeance take ?  
 Who sinn'd ? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake,  
 Nor her, who was not then made ; nor is't writt  
 That Adame cropt, or knew the Apple ; yet 109  
 The worme, and shee, and hee, and wee endure for it.

But snatch mee, heavenly Spiritt, from this vayne  
 Reckoninge their vanitie ; less is their gaine  
 Then hazard, still to meditate on ill, than  
 Though with good minde ; their reason's like those toyes  
 Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes 115  
 Stretch to so nice a thinnesse through a quill,  
 That they themselves breake, and do themselves spill.  
 Arguing is heretiques game ; and Exercise,  
 As wrestlers, perfects them : Not liberties  
 Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongs, end heresies.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe 121  
 Broake the slight veynes, and tender conduit-pipe,  
 Through which this soul from the tree's roote did drawe



Life and growth to this Apple, fledd away  
 This loose soule, old, one and another daye. 125  
 As lightninge, which one scarce dares say he sawe,  
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooffe the lawe  
 Of sense, then faith requires,) swiftlie shee flewe than  
 T' a darke and foggy Plott ; her, her fates threwe  
 There through the' earth's pores, and in a Plant hous'd  
 her anewe. 130

The plant, thus abled, to itselfe did force  
 A place, where no place was ; by nature's course  
 As ayre from water, water fleets awaye  
 From thicker bodies ; by this roote thronged soe  
 His spongie confines gave him place to growe : 135  
 Just as in our streetes, when the people staye  
 To see the Prince, and so fill up the way,  
 That weesels scarce could pass ; when she comes neere,  
 They throng, and cleave up, and a passage cleare,  
 As if for that time their round bodies flatned were. 140

His right Arme 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 stretchinge on his bedd,  
 This way hee this, and that waye scatterèd 145  
 His other legg, which feete with toes up beare ;  
 Grewe on his middle parts, the first day, haire,  
 To shew, that in love's busines he should still  
 A dealer bee, and be us'd, well or ill : 149  
 His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.

A Mouth, but dumbe, he hath ; blinde eyes, deafe  
And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire ;      [eares ;  
A yonge Colossus there he stands upright :  
And, as that ground by him were conquerèd,  
A leafie garland weares he on his head      155  
Enchas'd with little fruits, so redd and bright,  
That for them you would call your love's lipps white ;  
So of a lone unhaunted place possest,  
Did this soule's second Inn, built by the guest,  
This livinge buried man, this quiet mandracke, rest. 160

No lustfull woeman came this plant to greive,  
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve ;  
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite :  
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,  
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes      165  
Had never shutt, nor slept, since it saw light ;  
Poppie she knew, shee knew the mandracke's might,  
And tore up both, and soe cool'd her child's blood :  
Unvertuous weedes might long unvex'd have stood ;  
But hee's short-liv'd, that with his death can do most  
good.      170

To an unfetter'd soule's quick nimble hast  
Are fallinge stars, and h[e]art's thoughts, but slow-pac'd :  
Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and shee, than  
Whom foure new cominge and foure parting Sunnes  
Had found, and left the mandrack's tennant, runns 175  
Thoughtless of change, when her firme destinie  
Confin'd, and enjayl'd her, that seem'd so free,

Into a small blew shell ; the which a poor  
 Warne bird o'rspread, and satt still evermore, 179  
 Till her inclos'd child kickt and peck'd itselfe a dore.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's movinge Inne,  
 On whose rawe armes stiffe feathers now beginne,  
 As children's teeth through gummes, to breake with  
 His flesh is gellie yet, and his bones thredds ; [paine ;  
 All a new downy mantle ouerspreads. 185  
 A mouth hee opes, which would as much containe  
 As his late house, and the first hower speaks plaine,  
 And chirps alowd for méate. Meate fit for men  
 His father steales for him, and soe feeds then 189  
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his hen.

In this world's youth, wise Nature did make hast ;  
 Things ripned sooner, and did longer last ;  
 Already this hott cock in bush and tree,  
 In feild and tent o'reflutters his next hen ;  
 He askes her not who did so tast, nor when ; 195  
 Nor if his sister or his neice shee bee,  
 Nor doth shee pule for his inconstancie,  
 If in her sights hee change ; nor doth refuse  
 The next, that calls ; both libertie do use ;  
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely  
 choose : 200

Men, till they tooke lawes which made freedome  
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingress ; [lesse,

Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not.  
 So iollie, that it can move this soule ; is  
 The body so free of his kindnesses, 205  
 That selfe-preservinge it hath now forgott,  
 And slackneth so the soule's and bodie's knott,  
 Which temperance straightens : freely on his shee-freinds  
 Hee bloud and spiritt, pith and marrow spends,  
 Ill steward of himselfe, himselfe in three years ends. 210

Else might he long have liu'd ; man did not know.  
 Of gummie blood, which doth in Holly growe,  
 How to make bird-lyme, nor how to deceive  
 With faignèd calls, his netts, or enwrapping snare,  
 The free inhabitants of th' plyant ayre. 215  
 Man to begett and woman to conceive,  
 Askd not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes leave :  
 Yet chuseth hee, though none of these he feares,  
 Pleasantly three, than straightened twenty yeares straitened  
 To live ; and to increase his race, himselfe outweares. 220

This coale with over-blowinge quenched and dead,  
 The soule from her too active organs fledd  
 To a brooke ; a female fishe's sandy Roie roe  
 With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was,  
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225  
 And one of those smale bodies, fitted soe,  
 This soul inform'd, and abled it to roe row  
 Itselfe with finny oares, which she did fitt ;  
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet  
 Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

When goodly, like a shipp in her full trimme, 231  
 A swann so white, that you may unto him  
 Compare all whitenes, but himselfe to none,  
 Glided along, and, as hee glided, watched,  
 And with his archèd neck this poore fish catch't: 235  
 It mooved with state, as if to looke upon  
 Low things it scorn'd ; and yet, before that one  
 Could think hee sought it, he had swallowed cleare  
 This, and much such ; and unblam'd, devour'd there  
 All, but who too swift, to[o] great, or well arm'd were.

Now swomme a prison in a prison putt, 241  
 And now this Soule in double walls was shutt ;  
 Till, melted with the Swan's digestive fire,  
 She left her house the fish, and vapoured forth :  
 Fate, not affordinge bodies of more worth 245  
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire  
 T' another fish, to any new desire  
 Made a new prey : For he, that can to none  
 Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone ;  
 Weaknes invites, but silence feasts, oppression. 250

Pace with her native stream this fish doth keepe,  
 And journies with her towards the glassie deepe,  
 But oft retarded ; once with a hidden nett,  
 Tho' with greate windowes ; (for when neede first taught  
 These tricks to catch foode, then they were not wrought  
 As now, with curious greediness, to lett 256  
 None 'scape, but few and fit for use, to gett ;)

As in this trapp a ravenous Pike was tane, so  
 Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slaine  
 This wretch ; So hardly are ill habitts left againe. 260

Here by her smaleness she two deathes o'repast ;  
 Once, innocence 'scap'd and left the oppresser fast ;  
 The nett through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,  
 And whether shee leap up sometimes to breath,  
 And suck in ayre or find it underneath, 265  
 Or workinge parts like mills, or limbecks hath,  
 To make the water thinne and ayre-like, faith  
 Cares not, but safe the Place shee comes unto,  
 Where fresh with salt waves meete ; and what to doe  
 Shee knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or  
two. 270

So farr from hidinge her guests, water is,  
 That shee showes them in bigger quantities  
 Than they are. Thus her, doubtfull of her way,  
 For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie  
 Spide through the traiterous spectacle, from high, 275  
 The silly fish, where it disputinge laye,  
 And, t' end her doubts and her, beares her awaye ;  
 Exalted shee is but to the exalter's good,  
 (As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.)  
 It rais'd to be the Raiser's instrumente and food. 280

-Is any kinde subiect to rape like fish?  
 Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wish ;

Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake ;  
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey  
 Of beasts, nor their young sonnes to beare away ; 285  
 Foules they pursue not, nor doe undertake  
 To spoile the nests industrious birds doe make ;  
 Yet them all these unkinde kindes feed uppon ;  
 To kill them is an occupation,  
 And lawes make Fasts and Lents for their distruction.

A suddaine stiff land-winde in that selfe hower 291  
 To seaward fore'd this bird, that did devoure  
 The fish ; he cares not, for with ease he flies,  
 Fat gluttonie's best orator : at last  
 So longe he hath flown, and hath flowen so fast, 295  
 That leagues o'rpast at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,  
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies ;  
 The soules, no longer foes, two wayes did erre.  
 The fish I follow, and keepe no Calender  
 Of the other : he lives yet in some great Officer. 300

Into an embrion fish our Soule is throwen,  
 And in due tyme throwen out againe, and growen  
 To such vastness as, if unmanacled  
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some  
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome ; 305  
 Or seas from Africk's body had severèd  
 And torne the hopefull Promontorie's head ;  
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,





And, like a Prince, shee sends her faculties  
 To all her lymbes, distant as Provinces. 335  
 The Sun hath twenty tymes both Crabb and Goate  
 Parchèd, since first launch'd forth this livinge boate ;  
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction  
 Nearest : There's no pause at perfection ;  
 Greatnes a period hath, but hath noe station. 340

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,  
 Nor fedd on their kinde, two, not thoroughly arm'd  
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe  
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate  
 His flesh, nor suck those oyls which thence outstreat),  
 Conspir'd against him ; and it might undoe 346  
 The plott of all, that the plotters were two,  
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake.  
 How shall a Tyrant wise, stronge projects breake, 349  
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreake ?

The flayle-fin'd Thresher and steel-beak'd Sword-fish  
 Only attempt to doe, what all do wish :  
 The Thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;  
 The sluggard Whale yealds to oppression,  
 And, t' hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe  
 Begins to sinck ; the sword-fish upward spinns, 356  
 And goares him with his beake ; his staffe-like finnes  
 So well the one, his sword the other plies,  
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dyes, 359  
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call  
 Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall?  
 Th' heires of slaine kings wee see are often soe  
 Transported with the joye of what they gett,  
 That they revenge and obsequies forgett; 365  
 Nor will against such men the people goe,  
 Because he's now dead, to whom they should showe  
 Love in that act; some kings by vice being growne  
 So needy of subjects' love, that of their owne  
 They thinck they loose, if love be to the dead Prince  
           shown.           lose                                   370

This Soule now free from prison and passion,  
 Hath yet a little indignation,  
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beate  
 So greate a castle, and havinge for her house  
 Gott the strait cloyster of a wretched mouse, 375  
 (As basest men, that have not what to eat,  
 Nor enioye ought, doe farr more hate the greate  
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)    than  
 This Soule, late taught that greate things might by lesse  
 Bee slaine, to gallant mischiefes doth herselfe addresse.

Nature's greate master-piece, an Elephant: 381  
 (The only harmeless great thinge; the gyant  
 Of beasts; who, thought none had to make him wise,  
 But to be iust and thankfull, loath to offend),—  
 Yet Nature hath given him no knees to bend,— 385

Himself he up-props, on himselfe relies,  
 And, foe to none, suspects noe enemies :  
 Still sleeping stood, vexed not his fantasie  
 Black dreames, like an unbent bowe carelesly  
 His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie, 390

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse  
 Walk'd, and survey'd the roomes of this vast house ;  
 And to the brain, the soule's bed-chamber, went,  
 And gnawed the life-cords there : Like a whole towne  
 Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe ;  
 With him the murtherer dyes, whom envy sent 396  
 To kill, not 'scape ; for only he, that went  
 To dye, did ever kill a man of better room :  
 And thus he made his foe his prey and tombe : 399  
 Who cares not to turne back, may any-whither comè.

Next hous'd this Soule a Woolue's yet unborne  
 whelpe,  
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe  
 To issue : it could kill, as soon as goe.  
 Abel, as white and mild as his sheepe were,  
 (Who, in that trade, of Church and Kingdome's, there  
 Was the first type,) was still infested soe 406  
 With this wolfe, that it bredd his loss and woe ;  
 And yet his bitch, his sentinell, attends  
 The flock so neare, so well warnes and defends,  
 That the wolfe (hopelesse else) to corrupt her intends.

He took a course, which since succesfully 411  
 Great men have often taken, to espie  
 The counsell, or to break the plotts, of foes ;  
 To Abell's tent he stealeth in the darke, 414  
 On whose skirts the bitch slept ; ere she could barke,  
 Attach'd her with straight gripes, yet he call'd those  
 Embracements of love ; to love's work he goes,  
 Where deeds move more then words ; nordoth she showe,  
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straighten soe resistance  
 His preye, for were she loose, shee would not barke  
 nor goe. 420

He hath engag'd her ; his, shee wholly bides :  
 Who not her owne, none other's secretts hides.  
 If to the flock he come, and Abell there,  
 She faignes hoorse barkings, but she biteth not ; hoarse  
 Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgott. 425  
 At last a trapp, of which some everywhere  
 Abell had placed, ends all his loss and feare,  
 By the wolve's death ; and now iust time it was,  
 That a quick soule should give life to that mass  
 Of bloud in Abel's bitch, and thither this did passe.  
 430

Some have their wiues, their sisters some begott ;  
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not  
 Read of a lust, the which may equall this :  
 This wolfe begott himselfe, and finishèd,  
 What hee begann alive, when hee was dead. 435

Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is  
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolmen would misse  
 A proper name. The whelpe of both those laye  
 In Abell's tent, and with soft Moaba,  
 His sister, beinge yonge, it us'd to sport and playe. 440

He soone for her too harsh and churlish grew,  
 And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new  
 For the feild ; beinge of twoe kinds thus made,  
 Hee as his dam, from sheepe drove wolues awaye,  
 And, as his Sire, he made them his owne prey. 445  
 Five years he liv'd, and couzoned with his trade,  
 Then, hopeless that his faultes were hid, betrayd  
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followèd,  
 From doggs a wolfe, from wolues a dogge, he fledd ;  
 And, like a spie to both sides false, he perishèd. 450

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and soe  
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe  
 From tent to tent, and with the children playe ;  
 His organs now so like theirs he doth finde,  
 That, why he cannot laugh and speake his minde, 455  
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth staye  
 With Adam's fift daughter, Siphateria :  
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,  
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse ;  
 And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was. 460

He was the first, that more desired to have  
 One than another ; first, that ere did crave

Loue by mute signes, and had no power to speake ;  
 First, that could make loue-faces, or could doe  
 The vaulter's sombersalts, or us'd to woe        woe    465  
 With hoyting gamboles, his own bones to breake,  
 To make his Mistress merry ; or to wreake  
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinns against kinde  
 They easily doe, that can lett feede their mind .  
 With outward beauty ; beauty they in boyes and beasts  
                       do finde.                                     470

By this misled, too lowe things men have prov'd,  
 And too high ; beasts and Angells have been lou'd :  
 This Ape, though els through-vayne, in this was wise ;  
 Hee reach'd at things too high, but open waye  
 There was, and hee knew not she would say naye.    475  
 His toyes prevayle not, likelier meanes he tries,  
 He gazeth in her face with teare-shott eyes,  
 And up-lifts subtly with his russett pawe  
 Her kid-skin apron without feare or awe             479  
 Of Nature ; Nature hath no jayle, though shee hath lawe.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant :  
 That vertue, by his touches chaf'd and spent,  
 Succeeds an itchye warmth, that melts her quite  
 She knew not first, then cares not what he doth,    484  
 And willinge halfe and more, more then half wroth    than  
 Shee neither pulls nor pushes, but outright  
 Now cryes, and now repents ; when Thelemite,  
 Her brother, entred, and a greate stone threwe

After the Ape, who thus prevented flew. 489  
 This house was battred down, the soule possest a new.

And whether by this change shee loose or winne, lose  
 She comes out next, where th' Ape would have gone in.  
 Adam and Eve had mingled blouds, and nowe  
 Like Chymique's equall fires, her temperate wombe  
 Had stew'd and form'd it : and part did become 495  
 A spongie liver, that did ritchly allowe,  
 Like a free conduit on a high hil's browe,  
 Life-keepinge moysture unto every part ;  
 Part hardened itselke to a thicker h[e]art,  
 Whose busie furnaces life's spiritts doe impart. 500

Another part became the Well of sence,  
 The tender well-arm'd feelinge braine, from whence  
 Those sinewy strings, which do our bodies tye,  
 Are raeued out ; and, fast there by one end,  
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend ; 505  
 And now they ioyn'd, keeping some qualitie  
 Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,  
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ils enough  
 To be a woeman : Themech she is nowe, 509  
 Sister and wife to Cayne, Caine, that first did plowe.

Whoere thou bee that reade this sullen Writt,  
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou do'st it,  
 Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with mee  
 Why plowing, building, rulinge and the rest,

And most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515  
 By cursèd Cain's race invented bee,  
 And blest Seath vext us with Astronomy.  
 There's nothing simply good nor ill alone,  
 Of every qualitie comparison  
 The only measure is, and judge, Opinion. 520

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, '*through*:' our ms. reads 'to;' but the Poet says he sings all times, and draws the great world *from* infant morn to his aged evening, (therefore) '*through*' manly noon. Hence '*through*,' not '*to*,' is correct, the three clauses corresponding to '*before*,' '*when*,' and '*since*,' of ll. 3-4.

Line 9, '*Sethe's pillars*:' mythical antediluvian memorials.

„ 11-12, '*thee*,' '*thy*:' our ms. mistakenly reads '*the*' and '*this*;' and so elsewhere, to the disjoining of the contextual phraseology.

Line 17, '*Mine*:' query = gold (mines)?

„ 21, '*holy*:' our ms. again misreads '*any*' for '*holy*.' There was but one Janus in ancient mythology, and Donne could hardly fail to remember this. Janus too, in the Latin mythology, was a particularly '*holy*' god, and named before Jupiter as the beginner of all things, and the oldest of the gods in Italy. Then Donne clearly adopts the belief that Janus was Noah. He was led to use Janus, first, because his theme of Metempsychosis is a pagan one; and secondly, because the mention of the sun led up to it, Janus being the sun-divinity under another name.

Line 26, '*Nepheus*' = descendants. See Thomas Wright's *Prov. Dict. s.v.* for examples.

Line 31, '*Commissarie*.' Donne probably was thinking of those commissaries of the army who had the mustering of the men, and to all and everything being properly accoutred; for at the date it is less likely that he would choose an ecclesiastical metaphor, viz. the Bishop's commissary, '*who exercises*



ecclesiastical jurisdiction in those parts of the diocese so far remote from the see, that the chancellor cannot call the subjects thereof to the bishop's principal consistory without too much trouble' (Dyche's Dict. s.v.). The same thought occurs again in Funeral Elegy on Mrs. Drury, l. 95.

Line 36, '*vouchsafe*:' our ms. inadvertently reads 'O vouch thou safe.'

Line 54, '*hold . . . lone*:' our ms. reads 'shall' for 'hold,' and 'love' for 'lone;' but the text seems preferable, agreeably to 1635, 1639, and others.

Line 63, '*the sea*:' our ms. misreads 'and,' no doubt from the confounding of 'y' and '&.'

Line 66, '*soul*:' our ms. miswrites 'songe,' caught from preceding line; and in l. 74 drops 'always,' while in l. 83 'enlive' is left blank, and l. 94 'rivolets.'

Line 84, '*Till*:' our ms. 'Then.' Looking to the description of its state, 'fair and fenc'd that apple grew,' I think 'Till' makes the determinate change (cf. l. 124) better than 'then,' which merely indicates a succession or sequence.

Line 90, '*taints*:' a legal reference or simile; for 'the descendants of one attainted of treason cannot be heirs to him, and if he be male, his posterity is thereby degraded; nor can this corruption of blood be taken away but by act of Parliament or writ of error' (Dyche, s.v. Attainted).

Line 99, '*pain*:' our ms. misreads 'sinn.' I say misreads, for it is not correct, and does not express the Poet's meaning to read 'sinn.' By l. 98 he is speaking of the sentence pronounced; the sentence would seem rigorous, viz. this one, that for her sin we bear punishment; and then says part, not of our 'sin,' but of the result of the sin—part of the 'pain,' *pæna*, or punishment inflicted on us—is to love, &c.

Line 108, '*Nor*:' our ms. miswrites 'Not.'

„ 110, '*worme*' = the Serpent. So Shakespeare uses 'worm:' 'Hast thou the pretty *worm* of Nilus?' (Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2) and frequently.

Line 123, '*this*:' our ms. 'the,' which makes it too general, while it is '*this*' particular soul that is the subject of the poem.

Line 130, '*pores*:' cf. our note on '*Abyss*' in SOUTHWELL, p. 47. Our ms. misspells 'powers.' The thought is: As the water of a spring runs into the ocean, and thence filters back through the secret ways or veins of the earth to reappear as

another spring, so this returned soul, infused into the seed, came up with the plant through the earth's 'pores.'

Line 131, '*The plant.*' By the description, this was a mandrake. Occasionally the roots do, I believe, present a very grotesque resemblance to the human figure; but of much of Donne's description may be said, with Parkinson, in *Theat. Botan.* (1640), 'and therefore those idle formes of the mandrakes and womandrakes, as they are foolishly so called, which have been exposed to publick view, both in ours and other lands and countries, are utterly deceitfull, being the work of cunning knaves, onely to get mony by their forgery.' It would seem by his '*Paradisus*' that Parkinson tried to get the city magistrates to forbid the exhibition of these indecent forgeries, and with about the same success as in the later cases of '*Anatomical Museums*'; and he is reasonably wrathful on the subject.

The most established virtue of the mandrake was as a narcotic, and it is said to have been used as a 'pain-killer,' as chloroform is now, in surgical operations. It was also said to be cooling, and locally an absorbent, and a remedy for inflamed eyes (ll. 165-8). Legends link to it the love-charms of Circe, and it comes up in St. Augustine and other Fathers and mediæval Preachers to 'point a moral,' if not 'adorn a tale.' Donne works all manner of odd folk-lore into his descriptions, fresh probably from Holland's '*Pliny*,' and the like.

Line 134. The construction is, The spungy confines [being] thronged so or thrust about by this root.

Line 137, '*fill*:' our ms. misreads 'fill'd.'

„ 144, 'As' dropped in our ms. inadvertently.

„ 150, '*kindle*:' our ms. 'kinde,' and so too 1633. '*Kindle*' was doubtless the author's word—his apples '*kindle*' force of conception, or are aphrodisiac; his leaves [having the opposing effect] kill force of conception, or are anaphrodisiac.

Lines 156-7. Whether Donne drew from some of the knaveries spoken of by Parkinson, we cannot tell; but the fruit is described by the latter in his first book of the '*Paradisus*' as pale red, and in his *Theat. Botan.* as 'yellow as gold, and the bignesse of a reasonable pippin.' Bartholomew also calls it yellow.

Line 168, '*child's*:' ms. 'cheek's:' a mistake.

„ 171. See this idea expanded in 2d Anniversary, l. 185 *et seqq.*

Line 178, 'a.' ms. 'was.'

„ 180, 'inclos'd.' ib. 'encloth'd.

Ibid. 'peck'd.' usually 'picked' and 'pic'd.' reminds of the slang phrase, 'Does your mother know you're out?'

Line 200. This thought is freely used in the Elegies, as noted in the places.

Line 202, 'ingress'=engross or take possession of: here=marry, a verb and sense probably peculiar to Donne.

Line 203 = 'Till now [till they have taken laws] 'twas not unlawful, therefore [ 'twas not] ill or evil.' All this is parenthetical or digressional. Then Donne returns from his digression to his 'sparrow,' and says, 'So jolly is this body that it can move this soul (or bear it along to sympathise with its lust); so free [is it] of kindness ['his' being used as = 'its,' and 'kindness' in a punning sense of acts of kind] that, &c.

Line 204, 'iollie.' See Satire i. l. 7. The two senses in which this word is used seem to have arisen from a fusing into one of two similar-sounding words—one the French *joli*, the other from the root *joy*, or from a using of the more foreign *joli* as a quasi *joy-ty*.

Line 210. Pliny records a belief that the cock-sparrow only lived a year, the hen longer. Bartholomew states, contrary to Donne, that 'the cock is very jealous of his wife, and fighteth oft for her, as Aristotle saith.'

Line 212, 'gummie blood.' It would seem that bird-lime was formerly extracted from holly.

Line 217. The sparrow, when eaten, was supposed from its nature to be provocative, like the roots of the mandrake, erin-goes, and potatoes. Its gall was alleged to have the same effect, and its dung powdered in wine, and specially its brains and eggs.

Line 227, 'inform'd'=gave it form.

„ 258, 'As.' I place='so' in margin=in that manner, also, a usage not uncommon. Otherwise we have an intolerably long ellipsis.

Line 265. Our ms. misreads 'and' for 'or,' and 'her' for 'like;,' and l. 267, 'weather' for 'water;,' and l. 279, 'And are' for 'As are.'

Line 266, 'limbeck' = alembic: said to mean properly the head fitted on to a flask or other distilling vessel. Gesner's Jewell of Health, translated by Baker, fol. 23; but used by the same author and others to mean the distilling vessel generally.

Line 251. Usually 'the' for 'her,' badly; and line 275, 'the' for 'his,' badly.

Line 290. In Elizabeth's reign fish-days were enacted, not as religious fast-days, but to encourage the fish-trade and our breed of seamen.

Line 298, 'erre'=go, wander away.

„ 310, 'hullinge'=making a vessel like a (mere) hull, by taking in all or almost all sail. This is done either in calms or when a ship is lying-to in a storm.

Line 315, 'barke'=skin. Cf. sere-bark, Elegy ii., and related note.

Line 345, 'out-streat:' our ms. misreads 'ore-streat.' For the sake of the rhyme straight or straught, the past forms of stretch, is brought down to 'streat.' Therefore from the verb used, and from the verb suck, the preposition must be 'out,' not 'ore.' The sense is—nor suck those oils which [were] thence outstretched or out-drawn, or (if we take the verb not in a passive sense, but as neuter-reflective) which thence stretched [themselves] out, or exuded, or poured out. I accept 'outstreat' of the printed text.

Line 360, 'dole:' share, portion: from the verb to 'deal.' So Hall (Satires, b. iv. s. ii.), 'more than is some hungry galand's *dole*.'

Line 376, 'have not:' our ms. reads 'not havinge,' but does not correct itself grammatically, as it leaves 'not enjoy,' and requires 'not enjoying.'

Line 383. Our ms. reads 'though noe had gone,' which is somewhat bewildering. The usual printed text which we have accepted is poorly expressed yet intelligible—the elephant did not seek to be intellectually or cunningly wise after the world's wisdom, and like a tyrant, great one, or statesman, but sought to be morally wise and good.

Line 385. I do not know the originator of this belief, for Pliny, and Bartholomew following him, make him able to kneel.

Line 395. 'Of all other living creatures, they [elephants] cannot abide a mouse or rat, and if they perceine that their provender lying in the manger tast or scent never so little of them, they refuse it and will not touch it' (Holland's Pliny, book viii. c. 11). The death by a mouse comes up often elsewhere.

Line 398, 'roome' = station or state.

„ 400, 'any-whither:' our ms. misreads 'any-where.'

„ 403. I do not know where Donne got this idea. Bartholomew says, 'the wolfe whelpeth blind whelpes.'

Line 410, 'else.' American edit. misprints 'self,' and in line 437 'riding.'

Line 429, 'quick' = living. See Mr. W. Aldis Wright's Bible Word-Book, s. v.

Line 462, 'another:' our ms. reads 'the other.' The ms. at first sight seems better; but it is seen, on consideration, to limit him to two, as though he were Isaac, whereas he is speaking of such community as exists among the sparrows.

Line 465. From other writings it appears that the lovers of Elizabeth's days used to woo their mistresses with, and vaunt their feats of activity on, the vaulting horse. Sombersalts means any such feats of leaping, not summersets merely as now understood. Cf. Cotgrave. Mercury [describing Hedon, a court gallant] '... He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole or half the pommado [vaulting the wooden horse] in a seven-night before: and sometimes ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week' (Cynthia's Revels, act ii. sc. 1).

Line 466, 'hoyting.' Richardson says, to 'hoit' is to raise, leap up or about; and, to prove it, gives the remarkable proof that under *Hausser*, to hoise, Cotgrave explains = that would set him on the hoight. From the two senses in which Hoydon and Hoyden are used = lumpish, clownish, and full of frolic, and from the similar significations given to Hoit in Halliwell's Arch. Dict., it may be that two words have become confounded; and this is rendered likely by Jonson's phrase (T. of a Tub, ii. 1), as compared with Heywood's and Cotgrave's. But I am inclined to deduce one sense, if not both, from *hoi*, the term used by swineherds. A hoydon would then be a stupid lumpish fellow, like a swineherd; and hoit might be riotous, like one who cries hoi. To be riotous suits the passage from B. and Fletcher, and suits Donne here better than 'leaping,' and agrees better with the phrase 'hoity-toity.'

Line 481, 'silly' = innocent, as shown by the succeeding words, 'that virtue.'

Line 482. There is here the common and reprehensible omission of a preposition; reprehensible, because it is required

to show that the construction is inverted—an itchy warmth succeeds [to] that virtue of innocence.

Line 484, 'then:' usually 'nor.'

„ 511, '*sullen*'=unsociable. See Satire iii. line 51.

„ 515, 'And:' usually 'or.' G.



97

III.  
ELEGIES.

## NOTE.

'Elegy,' in its primary and restricted sense, was a song of mourning, like the nightingale's; and as such is popularly associated with deaths and funerals. There has always been a wider sense in which it has been applied to poems 'intermeddling' with any intellectual, moral, or spiritual subject, composed in the elegiac metre or distich, and sometimes irrespective of the metrical form. We have a magnificent example of such Elegy in the *Nosce teipsum* of Sir John Davies. Donne probably calls his 'Elegies' after the *Amores* of Ovid, touching as they all do, directly or inferentially, on the lights and shadows of Love.

I place these Elegies next to the Satires, because throughout they partake of their characteristics alike in subject and treatment; so much so, that I have found them in various contemporary mss. headed Satires, with the numbers running on continuously from the usual six, and in others some of the six intermingled with them. So too are the Epistles found. On these mss. and related topics, see our Preface (vol. i.), and Essay (vol. ii.).

I remove the 'Anatomic' from the 'Funeral Elegies' to this division, because (a) it is the avowed continuation of the earlier 'Progress of the Soul,' as pointed out in the relative note at close of its Epistle. (b) It was not really a 'funeral' elegy, but an indulgence of the 'Pleasures of Imagination' on an ideal woman, not without sarcastic and satiric castigation of the sex and the times, as in the Satires. (See extracts from one of Dr. Donne's Letters bearing on this in our Essay.) (c) It claims an early place in the volume as having been the only considerable poem published by the author himself. On the other hand, I have assigned to the 'Funeral Elegies' one usually included in the Elegies simple (explained in its place), viz. that which begins, 'Language, thou art too narrow,' &c.

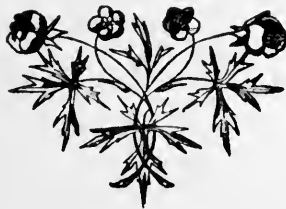
An endeavour has been made to rearrange these 'Elegies,' so as to give more homogeneity to them. I put in the place of honour the finest of them all—and it is supremely fine—that magnanimous and pathetic celebration of his farewell to his young wife when refusing her passionate appeal to be allowed to accompany him in the guise of a page; a poem that has justly



won the high praise of all capable critics from the time of its publication to Coleridge and Dean Milman.

One of these Elegies I should willingly have left unprinted. It is sensual and abominable; but on consulting with literary friends, I found the judgment unanimous that an expurgated edition of Donne would be of no value to students of our Literature and Manners; and I have, though reluctantly, acquiesced, keeping in mind that my limited number of copies and non-publication secures that the book will find its way only to those who turn to it for literary ends. The remark applies to others and occasional lines—on all which, and above critical opinions, I speak farther in my already-named Essay.

Full information on the source of each Elegy will be found in the Notes and Illustrations appended in their successive places. One that has been claimed for Ben Jonson ('The Expostulation') I show in related note to belong to Donne, notwithstanding its appearance in that most uncritical *posthumous* collection of the 'Underwoods.' G.





101

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

I.

1. AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD :
2. OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOVLE :

IN COMMEMORATION OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY.

## NOTE.

The earliest known edition of the 'Anatomie' bears the date of 1611, and it consists of only 'The First Anniversary.' Two copies have come down, one preserved in the Bridgewater Library, and another in the peerless Library of the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., Stand Rectory, Manchester. I give a description of it (*penes me*) from Dr. Kingsley of Bridgewater House: 'An Anatomy of the World. Wherein by occasion of the untimely death of Mistris Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the Decay of this whole world is represented. London: Printed for Samuel Macham, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the Signe of the Bulhead, An. Dom. 1611.' 8vo, 16 leaves.

In 1612 both parts were issued with separate title-pages, as follows:

*The First Anniuersarie.*

AN.

## ANATOMIE

of the World.

*Wherein,*

By Occasion Of

*the vntimely death of Mistris*

ELIZABETH DRURY,

the frailtie and the decay of  
this whole World is  
represented.

[Printer's device]

LONDON,

Printed by *M. Bradwood* for *S. Macham*, and are  
to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the  
signe of the Bull-head. 1612.

[Collation : Title-page (as above), To the praise of the dead, &c. pp. 6 [unpaged] and pp. 54 ; 'A Fvnerall Elegie,' occupying pp. 45-54, and two blank pages with head and margin lines.]

*The Second Anniuersarie.*

OF

THE PROGRES

of the Soule.

*Wherein :*

By Occasion Of The  
Religious Death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DRVRY,

the incommodities of the Soule  
*in this life and her exaltation in*  
the next are Contemp-  
*plated.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *M. Bradwood* for *S. Macham*, and are  
to be sould at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at  
the signe of the Bull-head.

1612.

[Collation : Title - page (as above), The Harbinger to the Progress, pp. 5 (reverse blank ; unpaged) and pp. 49, with three pages blank, and head and margin lines.]

Another edition of the complete Poem was published in 1621 with separate title-pages (as before) identical with the former, but 'Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho. Dewe*, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetestreete, 1621 : same number of pages in each. The last recorded separate edition appeared in 1625, again identical with the preceding ; but 'Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Tho. Dewe*, and are to be

sold in S. Dunstanes Church-yard, 1625.' These are all neat, quaint little volumes (18mo), and are excessively rare.

Our text is that of 1625, as being the last issued during the Author's lifetime; but the result of an anxious collation of all the printed editions and mss. shows variations to be mostly mere differences in orthography; but see our Notes and Illustrations at close.

It will be noticed that the name of Donne nowhere appears in the four editions enumerated; but it immediately became known that he was the author of the 'Anatomie.' A hitherto overlooked evidence of this I have discovered in John Davies of Hereford's 'The Muse's Sacrifice,' published in 1612, that is in the same year with the first edition of the completed poem. In 'A Funeral Elegie on the death of the most virtuous and no lesse louely Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, eldest daughter of the worthy and generally beloued Sir Thomas Egerton, . . . 1611,' we read as follows:

' I must confesse a priest of Phebus, late  
 Vpon like text so well did meditate,  
 That with a sinlesse enuy I doe runne  
 In his Soule's Progressse, till it all be DONNE.  
 But, he hath got the start in setting forth  
 Before me, in the tranell of that worth:  
 And me out-gone in knowledge en'ry way  
 Of the Soule's Progressse to her final stay.  
 But his sweet Saint did vs her mine therein;—  
 Most blest in that—so, he must needs beginne;  
 And read vpon the rude Anatomy  
 Of this dead World; that now, doth putrifie.  
 Yet greater will to this great enterprize—  
 Which in great matters nobly doth suffice—  
 He cannot bring than I; nor can—much lesse—  
 Renowne more worth than is a Worthiness!  
 Such were they both; for such a worthy Paire—  
 Of louely vertuous maides, as good as faire—  
 Selfe-Worthiness can scarce produce, sith they;  
 Liu'd like celestiaall spirits, immur'd in clay!  
 And if all-powerfull Loue can all performe,  
 That in it hath rare matter, or like forme,  
 Then should my lines haue both so accomplishèd,  
 As from the graue to Heau'n shudd draw the dead;  
 Or, will her taper-pointed-beaming name,  
 Naile her to Hean'n, and in Hean'n clench the same.'  
 (pp. 117-118.)

These lines, rough and obscure in parts, are yet of rare interest in relation to our Worthy as 'a priest of Phebus.' I am not aware that they have ever been noticed before.

Of 'Mrs. Elizabeth Drury' and these poems, see more in our Essay prefixed to vol. ii. G.



## ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

WELL dy'de the World, that we might liue to see  
This world of wit, in his Anatomie :  
No euill wants his good ; so wilder heyres  
Bedew their fathers' toombs with forcèd teares,  
Whose state requites their losse : whiles thus we gaine, 5  
Well may we walke in blacks, but not complaine.  
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,  
While this Muse liues ? which in his spirit's stead  
Seemes to informe a World, and bids it bee,  
In spight of losse, or fraile mortalitee ? 10  
And thou the subiect of this wel-borne thought,  
Thrise-noble maid, could'st not haue found nor sought  
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad fate,  
Then whiles this spirit liues ; that can relate than  
Thy worth so well to our last nephews' eyne, 15  
That they shall wonder both at his, and thine :  
Admirèd match ! where striues in mutuall grace  
The cunning pencill and the comely face !  
A taske, which thy faire goodnesse made too much  
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to tuch : 20

Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,  
 And say that but enough those praises bee,  
 Which, had'st thou liu'd, had hid their fearefull head  
 From the 'angry checkings of thy modest red :  
 Death bars reward and shame ; when enuy's gone 25  
 And gaine ; 'tis safe to giue the dead their owne.  
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay  
 More on their tombes then houses ;—these of clay, than  
 But those of brasse or marble were ;—so wee  
 Giue more unto thy ghost then unto thee. than 30  
 Yet what wee giue to thee, thou gauest to us,  
 And maie'st but thanke thyselfe for being thus :  
 Yet what thou gau'st and wert, O, happy maid,  
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.  
 So these high songs, that to thee suited bine, 35  
 Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise in thine ;  
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to Him  
 Amid the quire of saints and seraphim,  
 As any angel's tongue can sing of thee ;  
 The subjects differ, tho the skill agree : 40  
 For as by infant yeares men iudge of age,  
 Thy early loue, thy vertues did presage  
 What hie part thou bear'st in those best of songs,  
 Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.  
 Sing on, thou virgin soule, whose lossefull gaine 45  
 Thy loue-sicke parents haue bewail'd in vaine ;  
 Ne'er may thy name be in our songs forgot,  
 Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.



## AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

### THE FIRST ANNIVERSARIE.

WHEN that rich soule which to her heauen is gone      The entrie  
into the  
worke.  
Whom all doe celebrate, who know they 'haue one,—  
For who is sure he hath a soule, vnlesse  
It see, and iudge, and follow worthinesse,  
And by deedes praise it; hee who doth not this,      5  
May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his,—  
When that queene ended here her progresse-time,  
And, as t' her standing-house, to heauen did clymbe,  
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,  
Shee's now a part both of the quire and song.      10  
This world, in that great earthquake languishèd;  
For in a common bath of teares it bled,  
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out,  
But succour'd them with a perplexèd doubt,  
Whether the world did loose, or gaine in this;—      15  
Because since now no other way there is  
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,  
All must endeouour to bee good as shee.—  
This great consumption to a feuer turnd,  
And so the world had fits; it ioy'd, it mournd;      20  
And, as men thinke, that agues physicke are,  
And th' ague being spent, giue ouer care,

So thou, sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee  
 Well, when alas, thou 'art in a letargee.      lethargy  
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than then  
 Thou mightst haue better spar'd the sunne or man; 26  
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,  
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory :  
 'Twas heauy then to heare thy voice of mone,  
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30  
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst ; thou wast  
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'repast.  
 For as a child kept from the fount, vntill  
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill  
 The ceremonies, thou vnam'd hadst laid,                      35  
 Had not her comming, thee her palace made :  
 Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee forme and frame,  
 And thou forgetst to celebrate thy name.  
 Some moneths shee hath bene dead—but being dead,  
 Measures of times are all determinèd—                      40  
 But long shee 'ath beene away, long, long : yet none  
 Offers to teil vs, who it is that's gone ;  
 But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,  
 When sicknesse without remedy empayres  
 The present prince, they're loth it should be said,      45  
 The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead,  
 So mankind, feeling now a generall thaw,  
 A strong example gone, equall to law,  
 The cyment, which did faithfully compact  
 And glue all vertues, now resolu'd and slack'd,              50

Thought it some blasphemy to say sh' was dead,  
 Or that our weaknesse was discoverèd  
 In that confession ; therefore spoke no more  
 Then tongues, the soule being gone, the losse deplore.  
 But, though it be too late to succour thee, 55  
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea, putrified, since shee,  
 Thy 'ntrinsicque balme and thy preseruatiue,  
 Can neuer be renew'd, thou neuer liue ;  
 I—since no man can make thee liue—will trie  
 What we may gaine by thy Anatomy. 60

[ Her death hath taught vs dearely, that thou art  
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.  
 Let no man say, the World it selfe being dead,  
 'Tis labour lost to haue discoverèd  
 The World's infirmities, since there is none 65  
 Aliue to study this dissectione :  
 For there's a kind of world remaining still.  
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill  
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night  
 Her ghost doth walke ; that is, a glimmering light, 70  
 A faint weake loue of vertue, and of good  
 Reflects from her on them which vnderstood  
 Her worth ; and though she haue shut in all day,  
 The twilight of her memory doth stay,  
 Which from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75  
 Creates a new world ; and new creatures bee

*Printed and  
 withdrawn*

What life  
 the world  
 hath still.

Produc'd : the matter and the stuffe of this,  
 Her vertue,—and the forme, our practise is.  
 And though to be thus elemented, arme  
 These creatures, from hom-borne intrinsique harme—  
 For all assum'd vnto this dignitee, 81  
 So many weedlesse paradises bee,  
 Which of themselues produce no venemous sinne,  
 Except some forraine serpent bring it in—  
 Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, 85  
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,  
 This new world may be safer, being told  
 The dangers and diseases of the old ;  
 For with due temper men doe then forgoe  
 Or couet things, when they their true worth know. 90  
 There is no health ; physitians say that wee  
 At best enioy but a neutralitee ;  
 And can there be worse sicknes then to know, than  
 That we are neuer well, nor can be so ?  
 Wee are borne ruinous : poore mothers cry, 95  
 That children come not right, nor orderly,  
 Except they headlong come, and fall vpon  
 An ominous precipitation.  
 How witty's ruine ! how importunate  
 Vpon mankinde ! it labour'd to frustrate 100  
 Euen God's purpose, and made woman, sent  
 For man's reliefe, cause of his languishment ;  
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,  
 But accessorie, and principall in ill ;

The sick-  
nes of the  
World.

Impossi-  
bilitie of  
health.

For that first marriage was our funerall ; 105  
 One woman at one blow then kild vs all ;  
 And singly, one by one they kill vs now.  
 Wee doe delightfully ourselues allow  
 To that consumption ; and profusely blinde,  
 We kill ourselues to propogate our kinde. 110  
 And yet we doe not that ; we are not men :  
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then,  
 Whenas the sun, and man, did seeme to striue— Shortnesse  
of life.  
 Joynt-tenants of the world—who should suruive ;  
 When stag and rauen, and the long-liu'd tree, 115  
 Compar'd with man, dy'de in minoritee ;  
 When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away  
 From the obseruer's marking, he might stay  
 Two or three hundred yeeres to see't againe,  
 And then make vp his obseruation plaine ; 120  
 When, as the age was long, the sise was great ;  
 Man's grouth confess'd and recompenced the meat,  
 So spacious and large, that euery soule  
 Did a faire kingdome and large realme controule ;  
 And when the very stature thus erect 125  
 Did that soule a good way towards heauen direct ;  
 Where is this mankind now ? who liues to age,  
 Fit to be made Methusalem, his page ?  
 Alas ! we scarce liue long enough to trie  
 Whether a true-made clocke run right, or lie. 130  
 Old gransires talke of yesterday with sorrow,  
 And for our children we reserue to-morrow.

So short is life, that euery peasant striues,  
In a torne house, or field, to haue three liues.

And, as in lasting, so in length, is man 135  
Smalnesse  
of stature. Contracted to an inch, who was a span ;  
 For had a man at first in forrests stray'd  
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would haue laid  
 A wager, that an elephant or whale.  
 That met him, would not hastily assaile 140  
 A thing so equall to him ; now alasse !  
 The fayries and the pigmies well may passe  
 As credible ; mankinde decayes so soone,  
 We're scarce our fathers' shadowes cast at noone :  
 Onely death ads t' our length ; nor are we growne adds  
 In stature to be men, till wee are none. 146  
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold  
 All the old text ; or had we chang'd to gold  
 Their siluer, or dispos'd into lesse glas  
 Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was : 150  
 But 'tis not so : we're not retir'd but damp'te !  
 And, as our bodies, so our mindes are crampte :  
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus  
 In minde and bodie both bedwarfed vs.  
 We seeme ambitious God's whole worke t' vndoe ; 155  
 Of nothing He made vs, and wee striue too,  
 To bring ourselues to nothing backe ; and we  
 Do what we can to do't so soone as He :  
 With new diseases on ourselues we warre,  
 And with new physicke, a worse engin farre. 160

Thus Man, this world's vice-emperour, in whom  
 All faculties, all graces are at home,—  
 And if in other creatures they appeare,  
 They're but man's ministers and legats there,  
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165  
 Them to ciuility and to man's vse ;—  
 This man, whom God did woo, and loth t' attend  
 Till man came vp, did downe to man descend ;  
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,  
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is ! 170  
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now ;  
 Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow  
 T' his other wants, yet when he did depart,  
 With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart.  
 She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175  
 When they call'd vertues by the name of Shee ;  
 She, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,  
 That for allay vnto so pure a minde alloy  
 Shee took the weaker sex ; shee, that could driue  
 The poysonous tincture and the stayne of Eue 180  
 Out of her thoughts and deedes, and purifie  
 All, by a true religious alchimy ;  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead : when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is,  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomee, 185  
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,  
 And that except thou feede—not banquet—on  
 The supernaturall foode, Religion,

Thy better growth growes whitherèd and scant ;  
 Bee more than man, or thou'rt lesse than an ant. 190

Then, as mankinde, so is the world's whole frame  
 Quite out of ioynt, almost created lame :  
 For, before God had made vp all the rest,  
 Corruption entred and depraue'd the best ;  
 It seis'd the angels, and then first of all 195

The world did in her cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her brains, and tooke a generall maim,  
 Wronging each joynt of th' vniversall frame.

Decay of  
 nature in  
 other  
 parts.

The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and than then  
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man ; 200

So did the world from the first houre decay,  
 That euening was beginning of the day ;  
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,  
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.

And new philosophy calls all in doubt, 205  
 The element of fire is quite put out ;  
 The sunne is lost, and th' Earth ; and no man's wit  
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.

And freely men confesse that this world's spent,  
 When in the planets and the firmament 210

They seeke so many new ; they see that this  
 Is crumbled out againe to his atomis.  
 'Tis all in pieces, all cohærence gone,  
 All iust supply, and all relation :



Prince, subject, father, sonne, are things forgot, 215  
 For euery man alone thinkes he hath got  
 To be a phœnix, and that there can be  
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.  
 This is the world's condition now, and now  
 She, that should all parts to reunion bow ; 220  
 She, that had all magnetique force alone  
 To draw and fasten sundred parts in one ;  
 She, whom wise nature had inuented, then,  
 When she obseru'd that euery sort of men  
 Did in their voyage in this world's Sea stray, 225  
 And needed a new compasse for their way ;  
 Shee that was best and first originall  
 Of all faire copies, and the generall  
 Steward to Fate ; she, whose rich eyes and brest  
 Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East ; 230  
 Whose hauing breath'd in this world, did bestow  
 Spice on those Iles, and bade them still smell so ;  
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,  
 Is but as single money coyn'd from her ;  
 She, to whom this world must it self refer, 235  
 As suburbs, or the microcosme of her ;  
 X Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead : when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how lame a cripple this world is,  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That this world's generall sicknesse doth not lie 240  
 In any humour, or one certaine part,  
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,

Thou seest a hecétique feuer hath got hold  
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould ;  
 And that thou hast but one way not t' admit 245  
 The world's infection,—to be none of it.

For the world's subtilst immateriall parts  
 Feele this consuming wound, and Age's darts.  
 For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,  
 Beauty, that's colour and proportion. 250  
 We thinke the heauens enjoy their spherically,  
 Their round proportion embracing all,  
 But yet their various and perplexèd course,  
 Obseru'd in diuerse ages, doth enforce  
 Men to finde out so many eccentricque parts, 255  
 Such diuers downe-right lines, such ouerthwarts,  
 As disproportion that pure forme ; it teares  
 The firmament in eight-and-forty sheeres,  
 And in these constillations then arise constellations  
 New starres, and olde do vanish from our eyes ; 260  
 As though heau'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,  
 When new towers rise, and old demolish't are.  
 They haue impayld within a Zodiake  
 The free-borne sun, and keep twelue signes awake  
 To watch his stepes ; the Goat and Crabbe controule  
 And fright him backe, who els to either pole— 266  
 Did not these Tropiques fetter him—might runne ;  
 For his course is not round ; nor can the sunne

Disform-  
 ity of  
 parts.

*Science*

Perfit a circle, or maintaine his way perfect  
 One inche direct ; but where he rose to day 270  
 He comes no more, but with a cousening line,  
 Steales by that point, and so is serpentine,  
 And seeming wearie with his reeling thus,  
 He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer vs.  
 So, of the starres, which boast that they doe runne 275  
 In circle still, none ends where he begunne :  
 All their proportion's lame, it sinckes, it swels ;  
 For of meridians and parallels,  
 Man hath weaved out a net, and this net throwne  
 Vpon the Heauens ; and now they are his owne. 280  
 Loth to goe vp the hill, or labour thus  
 To goe to heauen, we make heauen come to vs ;  
 We spur, we raigne the starres, and in their race rein  
 They're diuersly content t' obey our peace. pacé  
 But keepe the Earth her round proportion still? 285  
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher hill  
 Rise so high like a rocke, that one might thinke  
 The floating moone would shipwracke there, and sinke  
 Seas are so deepe, that whales being strooke to-day,  
 Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way 290  
 Of their wish'd iourney's ende, the bottom, dye :  
 And men, to sound depths, so much line vntie,  
 As one might iustly thinke that there would rise  
 At end thereof one of th' Antipodies :  
 If vnder all, a vault infernall bee— 295  
 Which sure is spacious, except that we

Inuent another torment, that there must  
 Millions into a strait hot roome be thrust—  
 Then solidnesse and roundnesse haue no place :  
 Are these but warts and pockholes in the face 300  
 Of th' earth? Thinke so ; but yet confesse, in this  
 Disorder in the world. The world's proportion disfigured is ;  
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,  
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry :  
 And, oh ! it can no more be questionèd, 305  
 That beautie's best proportion, is dead,  
 Since euen Griefe it selfe, which now alone  
 Is left vs, is without proportion.  
 She, by whose lines proportion should bee  
 Examin'd, measure of all symmetree, 310  
 Whom had that Ancient seene, who thought soules made  
 Of harmony, hee would at next haue said  
 That harmony was shee, and thence infer  
 That soules were but resultances from her,  
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315  
 As to our eyes the formes from obiects flow ;  
 Shee, who, if those great doctors truely said  
 That the arke to man's proportion was made.  
 Had been a type for that, as that might be  
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320  
 Both elements and passions liu'd at peace  
 In her, who caus'd all ciuill war to cease ;  
 Shee, after whom what forme soe're we see,  
 Is discord and rude incongruitee ;

Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead ; when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how vgly a monster this world is ; 326  
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomee,  
 That here is nothing to enamour thee ;  
 And that not onely faults in inward parts,  
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330  
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,  
 Endanger vs ; but that if euery thing  
 Be not done fitly 'nd in proportion,  
 To satisfie wise and good lookers on—  
 Since most men be such as most thinke they bee—  
 They're lothsome too, by this deformitee. 336  
 For good and well must in our actions meete ;  
 Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet. than

But beautie's other second element,  
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent ; 340  
 And had the world his iust proportion,  
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone ;  
 As a compassionate turcuoyse which doth tell,  
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,  
 As gold falls sicke, being stung with mercury, 345  
 All the world's parts of such complexion bee.  
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,  
 Swadling the new-borne Earth, God seemd to like  
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,  
 To mingle and vary colours euery day ; 350

And then, as though shee could not make inow,  
 Himselfe His various rainbow did allow.  
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,  
 Yet sight hath onely colour to feede on,  
 And colour is decayd; Summer's robe growes . 355  
 Duskie, and like an oft-dyed garment showes.  
 Our blushing redde, which vs'd in cheekes to spred,  
 Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are red.  
 Perchance the world might haue recouerèd,  
 If shee, whom we lament, had not beene dead; 360  
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew— blue  
 Beautie's ingredients—voluntary grew,  
 As in an vnuext Paradise; from whom  
 Did all things' verdure and their lustre come;  
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365  
 Being all colour, all diaphanous—  
 For ayre and fire but thicke grosse bodies were,  
 And liueliest stones but drowsie and pale to her—  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowest how wan a ghost this our world is; 370  
 And learnt thus much by our Anatomee,  
 That it should more affright then pleasure thee; than  
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,  
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie to thinke  
 To colour vitious deeds with good pretence, 375  
 Or with bought colors to illude men's sense.

Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,  
 Then that her influence the heau'n forbear, Weaknesse  
in the  
want of  
correspon-  
dence of  
heaven  
and earth.  
 Or that the elements doe not feele this. than  
 The father or the mother barren is : 380  
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,  
 In the due birth-time, downe the balmy showre ;  
 Th' ayre doth not motherly sit on the Earth,  
 To hatch her seasons, and giue all things birth ;  
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes ;  
 And false conceptions fill the generall wombes ; 386  
 Th' ayre showes such meteors, as none can see  
 Not onely what they meane, but what they bee :  
 Earth such new wormes, as would haue troubled much  
 Th' Egyptian Mages to haue made more such. Magi  
 What artist now dares boast that he can bring 391  
 Heauen hither, or constellate any thing,  
 So as the influence of those starres may bee  
 Imprisoned in an hearbe, or charme, or tree,  
 And doe by touch all which those starres could doe ?  
 The art is lost, and correspondence too ; 396  
 For heauen giues little, and the Earth takes lesse,  
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes.  
 If this commerce 'twixt heauen and Earth were not  
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400  
 Shee, for whose losse wee haue lamented thus,  
 Would worke more fully and pow'rfully on vs ;  
 Since herbs, and roots by dying, lose not all,  
 But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,

Death could not quench her vertue so, but that 405  
 It would be—if not follow'd—wondred at,  
 And all the world would bee one dying swan,  
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than. then  
 But as some serpents' poison hurteth not,  
 Except it be from the liue serpent shot, 410  
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
 That unto vs ; she working more then it. than  
 But she, in whom to such maturity  
 Vertue was grown past grouth, that it must die ;  
 She, from whose influence all impression came, 415  
 But by receiuer's impotencies, lame ;  
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate  
 All states to gold, yet gilded euery state,  
 So that some princes haue, some temperance,  
 Some counsellors some purpose to aduance 420  
 The common profite ; and some people haue  
 Some stay, no more then kings should giue, to craue ; than  
 Some women haue some taciturnity,  
 Some nunneries, some graines of chastity,—  
 She, that did thus much, and much more could do, 425  
 But that our age was iron, and rusty too ;  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead ; when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how drie a cinder this world is,  
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomie,  
 That 'tis in vaine to dew or mollifie 430  
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood : no thing  
 Is worth our trauaile, griefe, or perishing,



But those rich ioyes, which did possesse her heart,  
Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.

But, as in cutting vp a man that's dead, 435 *Conclu-*  
The body will not last out, to haue read *sion.*  
On euery part, and therefore men direct  
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect ;  
So the world's carkasse would not last, if I  
Were punctuall in this Anatomy ; 440  
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell  
Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're well.  
Here therefore be the end ; and, blessed maid,  
Of whom is meant what euer hath beene said,  
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445  
Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song ;  
Accept this tribute, and his first yeeres rent, [coarse  
Who, till his darke short taper's end be spent,  
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,  
Will yeerely celebrate thy second birth, 450  
That is, thy death ; for though the soule of man  
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than, then  
When man doth die. Our bodi's as the wombe,  
And, as a midwife, Death directs it home ;  
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, 455  
And haue your last and best concoction  
From her example and her vertue, if you  
In reuerence to her doe thinke it due,

That no one should her prayes thus rehearse,  
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; 460  
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make  
 A last, and lastingst piece, a song. He spake  
 To Moses to deliuer vnto all  
 That song; because He knew they would let fall  
 The Law, the Prophets, and the Historie, 465  
 But keepe the song still in their memory :  
 Such an opinion—in due measure—made  
 Me this great office boldly to inuade ;  
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
 Me from thus trying to emprison her ; 470  
 Which when I saw that a strict graue could doe,  
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.  
 Verse hath a middle nature ; heauen keepes soules,  
 The graue keeps bodies, verse the fame enroules.

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A FVNERALL ELEGIE.

'Tis lost, to trust a toombe with such a ghest,  
 Or to confine her in a marble chest ;  
 Alas, what's marble, jeat, or porphirie,  
 Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,  
 Or with those pearles and rubies which shee was ! 5  
 Ioyne the two Indies in one tombe, 'tis glas—  
 And so is all—to her materials,  
 Though euery inche were ten Escurials ;

Yet shee's demolished ; can we keepe her then  
 In workes of hands, or of the wits of men ? 10  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, giue  
 Life to that name, by which name they must liue ?  
 Sickly, alas, short-liu'd, aborted bee  
 Those carkas verses, whose soule is not shee ;  
 And can shee, who no longer would bee shee, 15  
 Being such a tabernacle, stoope to bee  
 In paper wrapt ; or, when shee would not lie  
 In such an house, dwell in an elegie ?  
 But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow  
 Verse to liue so long as the world will now, 20  
 For her death wounded it. The world containes  
 Princes for armes, and counseilers for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, diuines for hearts—and more,  
 The rich for stomachs, and for backes the poore ;  
 The officers for hands, merchants for feet, 25  
 By which remote and distant countries meet ;  
 But those fine spirits, which doe tune and set  
 This organ, are those peeces which beget  
 Wonder and loue ; and these were she ; and she  
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee : 30  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.  
 Thus braue and confident may Nature bee ;  
 Death cannot giue her such another blow, 35  
 Because shee cannot such another show.

30 Smalnesse  
of stature.

But must we say shee's dead? may't not be said,  
 That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,  
 Not to bee lost, but by the maker's hand  
 Repolish'd without errorr then to stand, 40  
 Or, as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes—  
 Hauing first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
 For many leagues—farre greater then it was, than  
 May't not be said, that her graue shall restore 45  
 Her greater, purer, firmer then before? than  
 Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but can wee,  
 Who liue, and lacke her, here this 'vantage see?  
 What is't to vs, alas, if there haue been  
 An Angell made a Throne or Cherubin? 50  
 We lose by't; and, as agèd men are glad,  
 Being tasteless growne, to ioy in ioyes they had,  
 So now the sicke-staru'd world must feed vpon  
 This ioy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
 Reioyce then, Nature and this world, that you— 55  
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
 Your force and vigor—ere it were neere gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thin,  
 Because it need disguise no thought within, 60  
 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her mind t' enroule,  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule;  
 One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,  
 And whom, whoere had worth enough, desir'd; whoe'er

As, when a temple's built, saints emulate                   65  
 To which of them it shall be consecrate.  
 But as when heauen lookes on vs with new eyes,  
 Those new starres euery artist exercise ;  
 What place they should assigne to them, they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres go out ;       70  
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
 Till she can be no bodie's else, nor shee :  
 But like a lampe of balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t' adorne then last, shee soone expird,           than  
 Cloth'd in her virgin-white integritie ;                   75  
 For marriage, though it doe not stain, doth dye.  
 To 'scape th' infirmitie which waite vpon  
 Woman, shee went away before sh' was one ;  
 And the world's busie noise to ouercome,  
 Tooke so much death as seru'd for opium ;               80  
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,  
 Shee 'ath yeelded to too long an exstasie.  
 He which, not knowing her said history,                   sad  
 Should come to reade the booke of destinie,  
 How faire and chast, humble and high shee 'ad been, 85  
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiteene,  
 And measuring future things by things before,  
 Should turn the leafe to read, and read no more,  
 Would thinke that either Destinie mistooke,  
 Or that some leaues were torne out of the Booke ; 90  
 But 'tis not so : Fate did but vsher her  
 To yeares of reason's vse, and then infer

Her destinie to her selfe ; which libertie  
 Shee tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die ;  
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95  
 Fellow-commissioner with Destinee,  
 She did no more but die : if after her  
 Any shall liue, which dare true good prefer,  
 Euery such person is her deligate,  
 T' accomplish that which should haue beene her fate. 100  
 They shall make vp that Booke, and shall haue thanks  
 Of Fate and her, for filling vp their blankes.  
 For future vertuous deeds are legacies,  
 Which from the gift of her example rise ;  
 And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall mirth, 105  
 To see how well the good play her, on earth.

FINIS.





## OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

### THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESSE.

Two soules moue here, and mine—a third—must moue  
Paces of admiration, and of loue.

Thy soule, deare virgin, whose this tribute is,  
Mou'd from this mortall sphere to liuely blisse ;  
And yet moues still, and still aspires to see           5  
The world's last day, thy glorie's full degree ;  
Like as those starrs, which thou orelookest farre,  
Are in their place, and yet still mouèd are :

[ No soule—whiles with the luggage of this clay  
It cloggèd is—can follow thee halfe way,           10  
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe  
So fast, as now the lightning moues but slow.

But now thou art as high in heauen flowne,  
As heaun's from vs ; what soule besides thine owne  
Can tell thy ioyes, or say, he can relate           15  
Thy glorious iournals in that blessed state ?

I enuie thee, rich soule, I enuy thee,  
Although I cannot yet thy glorie see :  
And thou, Great spirit, which her's follow'd hast  
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,           20

So far, as none can follow thine so farre—  
 And if this flesh did not the passage barre,  
 Hadst caught her—let me wonder at thy flight,  
 Which long agone had'st lost the vulgar sight,  
 And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that thay they  
 Can see thee less'n'd in thine aery way. 26  
 So while thou makst her soule by progresse knowne,  
 Thou makst a noble progresse of thine owne ;  
 From this world's carkasse hauing mounted hie  
 To that pure life of immortalitie ; 30  
 Since, thine aspiring thoughts themselues so raise,  
 That more may not beseeme a creature's praise ;  
 Yet still thou vow'st her more, and euery yeare  
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here.  
 Still vpward mount ; and let thy Maker's praise 35  
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies :  
 And since thy Muse her head in heauen shrouds,  
 Oh, let her neuer stoope below the clouds !  
 And if those glorious sainted soules may know  
 Or what we doe, or what wee sing below, 40  
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best,  
 Which praise those awfull Powers, that make them  
 blest.

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## THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confesse,  
 That this world had an euerlastingnesse,  
 Then to consider that a yeare is runne, The entrance.  
 Since both this lower world's and the sunne's sunne, than  
 The lustre and the vigor of this All, 5  
 Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.  
 But, as a ship which hath strooke sailes, doth runne  
 By force of that force which before, it wonne ;  
 Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
 Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ranne, 10  
 One from the trunke, another from the head,  
 His soule be saild to her eternall bed,  
 His eyes will twinke, and his tongue will roll, twinkle  
 As though he beckned and cal'd backe his soule,  
 He graspes his hands, and he puls vp his feet, 15  
 And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet  
 His soule ; when all these motions which we saw,  
 Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw ;  
 Or as a lute, which in moist weather, rings  
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings ; 20  
 So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone :  
 For there is motion in corruption.  
 As some daies are, at the creation nam'd,  
 Before the sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,

Images  
 Concepts

So after this sunne's set some show appears, 25  
 And orderly vicisitude of yeares.  
 Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,  
 Hath drown'd vs all ; all haue forgot all good,  
 Forgetting her, the maine reserue of all ;  
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30  
 Thou seest me striue for life ; my life shall bee  
 To bee hereafter prais'd for praying thee,  
 Immortall mayd, who though thou would'st refuse  
 The name of mother, be vnto my Muse  
 A father, since her chast ambition is 35  
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.  
 These hymes may worke on future wits, and so  
 May great grand-children of thy prayses grow,  
 And so, though not reuiue, embalme and spice  
 The world, which else would putrefie with vice. 40  
 For thus, man may extend thy progeny,  
 Vntill man doe but vanish, and not die :  
 These hymns thy issue may encrease so long  
 As till God's great '*Venite*' change the song.  
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule, 45  
 And serue thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowle.  
 Bee thirsty still, and drinke still, till thou goe  
 To th' onely health ; to be hydroptique so,  
 Forget this rotten world, and vnto thee  
 Let thine owne times as an olde storie be ; 50  
 Be not concern'd, studie not why, nor whan, when  
 Doe not so much as not beleeeve a man ;

A just estimation  
 of  
 this world.

For though to erre be worst, to try truths forth  
Is far more busines then this world is worth.      than

The world is but a carkasse ; thou art fed      55  
By it, but as a worme that carkasse bred ;  
And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more  
When this world will grow better then before,      than  
Then those thy fellow-wormes doe thinke vpon  
That carkasse's last resurrectione ?      60  
Forget this world and scarce thinke of it so  
As of old cloaths cast off a yeere agoe.  
To be thus stupid is alacritie ;  
Men thus lethargique haue best memory.  
Looke vpward, that's towards her, whose happy state 65  
We now lament not, but congratulate.  
Shee, to whom all this world, twas but a stage  
Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age  
Should be employd, because in all shee did  
Some figure of the golden times was hid ;      70  
Who could not lacke whatere this world could giue,  
Because shee was the forme that made it liue ;  
Nor could complaine that this world was vnfit  
To bee staid in, then, when shee was in it ;  
Shee, that first tried indifferent desires      75  
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires ;  
Shee, to whose person paradise adhear'd,  
As Courts to princes ; shee, whose eyes enspheard  
Star-light inough, t' haue made the South controll--  
Had shee beene there--the starfull Northern pole ;      80

Shee, shee is gone, shee is gone : when thou knowest this,  
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought ;  
 He honours it too much, that thinkes it nought. 84

Contem-  
 plation of  
 our state  
 on our  
 deathbed.

Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a groome,  
 Which brings a taper to the outward roome,  
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,  
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight ;  
 For such approaches doth heauen make in death :  
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90  
 And thinke those broken and soft notes to bee  
 Diuision, and thy happiest harmonee ;  
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke ;  
 And thinke that but vnbinding of a packe,  
 To take one precious thing, thy soule, from thence ; 95  
 Thinke thy selfe pach'd with feuer's violence ;  
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it  
 Thy physicke ; chide the slacknes of the fit.  
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and thinke no more,  
 But that, as bells cal'd thee to Church before, 100  
 So this to the triumphant Church calls thee ;  
 Thinke Satan's sergeants round about thee bee,  
 And thinke that but for legacies they thrust ;  
 Giue one thy pride, to another giue thy lust ;  
 Giue them those sins, which they gaue thee before, 105  
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score ;  
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that thay  
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way ;

Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,  
 They that confesse much in the world, amisse, 110  
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,  
 Which they from God and angels couer not ;  
 Thinke that they shroud thee vp, and thinke from thence,  
 They re-inuest thee in white innocence ;  
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so lowe— 115  
 Thy soule exalted so—thy thoughts can goe)  
 Thinke thee a prince, who of themselues create  
 Wormes which insensibly devour their state ;  
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right rite  
 Laies thee to sleepe but a saint Lucie's night ; 120  
 Thinke these things cheerfully, and if thou bee  
 Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee ;  
 She, whose complexion was so euen made,  
 That which of her ingredients should inuade  
 The other three, no feare, no Art could guesse : 125  
 So farre were all remou'd from more or lesse ;  
 But as in mithridate, or iust perfumes,  
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes  
 To gouerne, or to triumph on the rest,  
 Onely because all were, no part was, best ; 130  
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities  
 Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,  
 None can these lines or quantities vnioynt,  
 And say, this is a line, or this a point ;  
 So, though the elements and humors were 135  
 In her, one could not say, this gouernes there ;

Whose-euen constitution might have wonne  
 Any disease to venter on the sunne,  
 Rather then her ; and make a spirit feare, than  
 That he to disuniting subiect were ; 140  
 To whose proportions if we could compare  
 Cubes, th' are vnstable ; circles, angulare ;  
 Shee, who was such a chaine as Fate emploies  
 To bring mankind all fortunes it enioyes,  
 So fast, so euen wrought, as one would thinke 145  
 No accident could threaten any linke ;  
 Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gaue it meat,  
 The purest blood and breath that ere it eat ;  
 And hath taught vs, that though a good man hath  
 Title to heauen, and plead it by his faith, 150  
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
 Heauen was content to suffer violence ;  
 Yea, though he plead a long possession, too— [do—  
 For they're in heauen on Earth, who heauen's workes  
 Though he had right, and power, and place before, 155  
 Yet death must vsher and vnlocke the doore.

Incommo-  
 dities of  
 the Soule  
 in the  
 Body.

Thinke further on thy selfe, my soule, and thinke  
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke ;  
 Thinke, that it argued some infirmittee,  
 That those two soules, which then thou found'st in mee,  
 Thou fedst vpon, and drewst into thee, both 161  
 My second soule of sence, and first of growth ;  
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious,  
 When a small lumpe of flesh could poyson thus :

This curded milke, this poore vnlettered whelpe, 165

[ My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,

Infect thee with originall sinne, and thou

Couldst neither then refuse, nor leaue it now ;

Thinke, that no stubborne sullen anchorit,

Which fixt to a pillar, or a graue, doth sit 170

Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels

So fowly as our soules in their first-built cels :

Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie

After, enabled but to sucke and crie ;

Thinke, when 'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore inne,

A prouince pack'd vp in two yards of skinne ; 176

And that vsurped, or threatned with the rage

Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age ;

[ But thinke that Death has now enfranchis'd thee,

Her liberty  
by death.

Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertee ; 180

Thinke, that a rusty peece discharg'd is flowen

In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,

And freely flies ; this to thy soule allow ; [now ;

Thinke thy sheell broke, thinke thy soule hatch'd but

And thinke this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleaue

To a body, and went but by the bodie's leaue, 186

Twentie perchance or thirtie mile a day,

Despatches in a minute all the way

'Twixt heauen and earth ; shee staires not in the ayre,

To look what meteors there themselues prepare ; 190

Shee carries no desire to know, nor sense,

Whether th' ayr's middle region be intense ;

For th' element of fire, shee doth not know :  
 Whether she past by such a place or no ;  
 Shee baits not at the moone, nor cares to trie      195  
 Whether in that new world men liue and die ;  
 Venus retards her not, to enquire how shee  
 Can—being one star—Hesper and Vesper bee ;  
 Hee, that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweete Mercury,  
 Workes not on her, who now is growen all ey ;      200  
 Who, if shee meet the bodie of the sunne,  
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne ;  
 Who findes in Mars his campe no corps of guard,  
 Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father, bar'd,  
 But ere she can consider how she went,      205  
 At once is at and through the firmament.  
 And, as these starres were but so many beades  
 Strunge on one string, speed vndistinguish'd leades  
 Herthrough thosespheares, as through thebeades a string,  
 Whose quicke succession makes it still one thing : 210  
 As doth the pith, which, least our bodies slack,  
 Strings fast the little bones of necke and backe ;  
 So by the soule doth death string heauen and Earth ;  
 For when our soule enioyes this her third birth—  
 Creation gaue her one, a second, Grace—      215  
 Heauen is as neare and present to her face,  
 As colours are and obiects in a roome,  
 Where darkenesse was before, when tapers come.  
 This must, my soule, thy long-short Progresse bee :  
 To aduance these thoughts ; remember then, that shee,



Shee, whose faire body no such prison was, 221  
 But that a soule might well be pleas'd to passe  
 An age in her ; she, whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to others' beauties, for they went  
 But for so much as they were like to her ; 225  
 Shee, in whose body—if wee dare prefer  
 This low world to so high a marke, as shee—  
 The Western treasure, Easterne spiceree,  
 Europe and Afrique, and the vnknowne rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best ;— 230  
 And when w' have made this large discoureree  
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee  
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is  
 Enough to make twentie such worlds as this ;—  
 Shee, whom had they knowne, who did first betroth 235  
 The tutelar angels, and assigned one, both  
 To nations, cities, and to companies,  
 To functions, offices, and dignities,  
 And to each seuerall man, to him, and him,  
 They would haue giuen her one for euey limme ; 240  
 Shee, of whose soule if we may say, 'twas gold,  
 Her body was th' electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that ; wee vnderstood  
 Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245  
 That one might almost say her body thought ;  
 Shee, shee thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,  
 And chides vs, slow-pac'd snailes, who crawl vpon

Our prison's prison, earth, nor thinke vs well,  
 Longer then whil'st wee beare our brittle shell. than 250

Her igno-  
 rance in  
 this life  
 and know-  
 ledge in  
 the next.

But 'twere but little to haue chang'd our roome,  
 If, as we were in this our liuing tombe  
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.  
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what do'st thou know ?  
 Thou knowst thy selfe so little, as thou knowst not 255  
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot ;  
 Thou neither knowst, how thou at first camest in,  
 Now how thou took'st the poyson of man's sin ;  
 Nor dost thou—though thou knowst that thou art so—  
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. 260  
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend  
 Euen thy selfe, yea, though thou would'st but bend  
 To know thy body. Haue not all soules thought  
 For many ages, that our body is wrought  
 Of ayre and fire, and other elements ? 265  
 And now they thinke of new ingredients ;  
 And one soule thinks one, and another way  
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an euen lay.  
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in  
 The bladder's caue, and neuer brake the skin ? 270  
 Knowst thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,  
 Doth from one ventricle to th' other goe ?  
 And for the putrid stufte, which thou dost spit,  
 Know'st thou how thy lungs haue attracted it ?  
 There are no passages ; so that there is— 275  
 For ought thou knowst—piercing of substances.

And of those many opinions, which men raise  
 Of nayles and haire, dost thou know which to praise?  
 What hope haue we to know ourselues, when we  
 Know not the least things which for our vse be? 280  
 We see in authors, too stiffe to recant,  
 A hundred controuersies of an ant;  
 And yet one watches, starues, freeses, and sweats,  
 To know but catechismes and alphabets  
 Of vnconcerning things, matters of fact, 285  
 How others on our stage their parts did act,  
 What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said:  
 Why grasse is greene, or why our bloud is red,  
 Are mysteries which none haue reach'd vnto;  
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? 290  
 When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,  
 Of being taught by sense and fantasy?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great  
 Below; but vp vnto the watch-towre get,  
 And see all things despoild of fallacies; 295  
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eies,  
 Nor heare through laberinth of eares, nor learne  
 By circuit or collections to discern;  
 In heauen thou straight know'st all concerning it,  
 And what concerns it not, shall straight forget. 300  
 There thou—but in no other school—maist bee  
 Perchance as learnèd and as full as shee;  
 Shee, who all libraries had throughly red read  
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practisèd

So much good, as would make as many more ; 305  
 Shee, whose example they must all implore,  
 Who would or doe or thinke well, and confesse  
 That all the vertuous actions they expresse,  
 Are but a new and worse edition  
 Of her some one thought, or one action ; 310  
 Shee who in th' art of knowing Heauen was growen  
 Here vpon Earth to such perfection,  
 That shee hath, euer since to heauen shee came—  
 In a far fairer print—but read the same ;  
 Shee—shee not satisfied withall this waite— weight 315  
 (For so much knowledge as would overfraite  
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone  
 As well t' enioy, as get, perfectione.  
 And cals vs after her, in that shee tooke—  
 Taking her selfe—our best and worthiest booke. 320

Of our  
 company  
 in this life  
 and in the  
 next.

Returne not, my soule, from this ecstasee,  
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,  
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare  
 With whom thy conuersation must be there.  
 With whom wilt thou conuerse? what station 325  
 Canst thou choose out free from infection,  
 That will not giue thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?  
 Shalt thou not finde a spungy slacke diuine  
 Drinke and sucke in the instructions of great mien,  
 And for the Word of God, vent them agen? 330  
 Are there not some Courts—and then, no things bee  
 So like as Courts—which, in this let vs see,

That wits and tongues of libellars are weake,  
 Because they doe more ill, then these can speake? than  
 The poyson is gone through all ; poysons affect 335  
 Chiefly the chiefest parts ; but some effect  
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show ;  
 So lies the poyson of sin in the most low.  
 Vp, vp, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare  
 Shall in the angels' songs no discord heare ; 340  
 Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid  
 Ioy in not being that, which men haue said ;  
 Where shee is exalted more for being good,  
 Then for her interest of motherhood : than  
 Vp to those Patriarckes, which did longer sit 345  
 Expecting Christ, then they 'haue enjoy'd Him yet ; than  
 Vp to those Prophets, which now gladly see  
 Their prophesies growen to bee historee ;  
 Vp to th' Apostles, who did brauely runne,  
 All the sun's course, with more light then the sunne ; than  
 Vp to those Martyrs, who did calmely bleed 351  
 Oyle to th' Apostles' lamps, dew to their seed ;  
 Vp to those Virgins, who thought that almost  
 They made ioynte tenants with the Holy Ghost,  
 If they to any should His temple giue ; 355  
 Vp, vp, for in that squadron there doth liue  
 Shee, who hath carried thither new degrees—  
 As to their number—to their dignitees ;  
 Shee, who beeing to her selfe a state, enioyd  
 All royalties, which any state emplويد ; 360

For shee made wars, and triumph'd ; reason still  
 Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie her will ;  
 And shee made peace ; for no peace is like this,  
 That beauty and chastity together kisse ;  
 She did high iustice ; for she crucified 365  
 Euery first motion of rebellious pride ;  
 And she gaue pardons, and was liberall,  
 For, onely her selfe except, shee pardond all ;  
 Shee coynd ; in this, that her impressions gaue  
 To all our actions all the worth they haue ; 370  
 She gave protections ; the thoughts of her breast  
 Satan's rude officers could nere arrest.  
 As these prerogatiues being met in one,  
 Made her a soveraigne state, Religion  
 Made her a Church ; and these two made her all. 375  
 Shee, who was all this all, and could not fall  
 To worse, by company ;—for she was still  
 More antidote, then all the world was ill— than  
 Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by death surviue  
 All this in heauen ; whether who doth not striue whither  
 The more because shee's there, he doth not know 381  
 That accidentall ioyes in heauen do grow.

Of essen-  
 tial ioy in  
 this life  
 and in the  
 next.

But pause, my soule, and study, ere thou fall  
 On accidentall ioyes, th' essentiall ;  
 Still before accessories doe abide 385  
 A triall, must the principall bee tride ;  
 And what essentiall ioy canst thou expect  
 Here vpon earth ? what permanent effect

Of transitory causes? Dost thou loue  
 Beauty?—and beauty worthy'st is to moue ;— 390  
 Poore cousened eos'enor, that she, and that thou,  
 Which did begin to loue, are neither now ;  
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday ;  
 Next day repaires—but ill—last daye's decay ;  
 Nor are—although the riuer keepe the name— 395  
 Yesterdaye's waters and to-daie's the same :  
 So flowes her face, and thine eies ; neither now,  
 That saint nor pilgrime, which your louing vow  
 Concernd, remains ; but whilst you thinke you bee  
 Constant, you are hourelly in inconstancee. 400  
 Honour may haue pretence vnto our loue,  
 Because that God did liue so long aboue  
 Without this honour, and then lou'd it so,  
 That He at last made creatures to bestow  
 Honour on Him ; not that He needed it, 405  
 But that to His hands man might grow more fit.  
 But since all honours from inferiours flow—  
 For they do giue it ; princes doe but show  
 Whom they would haue so honord—and that this  
 On such opinions and capacities 410  
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse,  
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.  
 Hath euer any man to himselfe assigned  
 This or that happinesse to arrest his mind,  
 But that another man, which takes a worse, 415  
 Thinke him a foole for hauing tane that course?

They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,  
 Might haue consider'd, that for that effect  
 All this whole solid earth could not allow,  
 Nor furnish forth materials enow, 420  
 And that his center, to raise such a place,  
 Was farre too little to haue been the base ;  
 No more affords this worlde foundatione  
 To erect true ioye, were all the meanes in one.  
 But as the heathen made them seuerall gods 425  
 Of all God's benefits, and all His rods—  
 For as the wine and corne and onions are  
 Gods vnto them, so agues bee, and warre—  
 And as by changing that whole precious gold  
 To such small copper coynes, they lost the old, 430  
 And lost their onely God, who euer must  
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust ;  
 So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes ;  
 No ioye enioyes that man, that many makes.  
 Then, soule, to thy first pitch worke vp againe ; 435  
 Know that all lines which circles doe contain,  
 For once that they the center touch, doe touch  
 Twice the circumferencè ; and be thou such ;  
 Double on heauen thy thoughts ; on earth emploid,  
 All will not serue ; onely who haue enioyd 440  
 The sight of God in fulnesse, can thinke it ;  
 For it is both the obiect and the wit ;  
 This is essentiall ioye, where neither hee  
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee ;



'Tis such a full and such a filling good, 445  
 Had th' angels oncè look'd on Him, they had stood.

To fill the place of one of them, or more,  
 Shee, whom we celebrate, is gone before;  
 Shee, who had here so much essentiall ioy,  
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450  
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so—  
 Hearing, and speaking to Him—as to know  
 His face is any naturall stone or tree,  
 Better then when in images they bee; than  
 Who kept, by diligent deuotion, 455  
 God's image in such reparation  
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,  
 Was her first parent's fault, and not her owne;  
 Who, being solicited to any act,  
 Still heard God pleading His safe precontract; 460  
 Who by a faithfull confidence was here  
 Betrothed to God, and now is married there;  
 Whose twilights were more cleare than our mid-day;  
 Who dreamt devoutlier then most vse to pray; than  
 Who being here fild with grace, yet stroue to be 465  
 Both where more grace, and more capacitee  
 At once is giuen; she to heauen is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion  
 A heauen, and here became vnto vs all,  
 Ioy—as our ioyes admit—essentiall. 470  
 But could this low world ioyes essentiall touch,  
 Heauen's accidentall ioyes would passe them much.

470 Of acci-  
 dentall  
 ioyes in  
 both  
 places.

How poore and lame must then our casuall bee ?  
 If thy prince will his subiects to call thee  
 My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than then  
 By being greater, growen to be lesse man. 476  
 When no physician of redress can speake,  
 A ioyfull casuall violence may breake  
 A dangerous apostem in thy brest ;  
 And whilst thou ioyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480  
 The bag may rise vp, and so strangle thee.  
 Whateie was casuall, may euer bee : aye  
 What should the nature change ? or make the same  
 Certaine, which was but casuall when it came ?  
 All casuall ioye doth loud and plainely say, 485  
 Onely by comming, that it can away.  
 Onely in heauen ioye's strength is neuer spent,  
 And accidentall things are permanent.  
 Ioy of a soule's arriuall neere decaies—  
 For that soule euer ioyes, and euer stayes ;— 490  
 Ioy, that their last great consummation  
 Approches in the resurrection,  
 When earthly bodies more celestiall  
 Shall be, then angels were—for they could fall— than  
 This kind of ioy doth euery day admit 495  
 Degrees of growth, but none of loosing it.  
 In this fresh ioy, 'tis no small part, that shee,  
 Shee, in whose goodnesse he that names degree  
 Doth iniure her ;—'tis losse to be cald best,  
 There where the stuffe is not such as the rest ;— 500

Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee  
 Onely in heauen could learne, how it can bee  
 Made better ; for shee rather was two soules,  
 Or like to full-on-both-sides-written rols,  
 Where eies might read vpon the outward skin 505  
 As strong records for God, as mindes within ;  
 Shee, who, by making full perfection grow,  
 Peeces a circle, and still keepes it so,  
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heauen is gone,  
 Where shee receiues and giues addition. 510  
 Here, in a place, where misdeuotion frames Conclu-  
sion.  
 A thousand praiers to saints, whose uery names  
 The ancient Church knew not, heauen knowes not yet,  
 And where what lawes of poetry admit,  
 Lawes of religion haue at least the same, 515  
 Immortall Maide, I might inuoke thy name.  
 Could any saint prouoke that appetite,  
 Thou here should'st make mee a French conuertite,  
 But thou wouldst not ; nor wouldst thou be content  
 To take this, for my second yeere's true rent, 520  
 Did this coine beare any other stampe then His than  
 That gaue thee power to doe, me to say this :  
 Since His will is that to posteritee  
 Thou shouldest for life and death a patterne bee,  
 And that the world should notice haue of this, 525  
 The purpose and th' authoritie is His ;  
 Thou art the proclamation ; and I ame  
 The trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Divisions of the 'Anatomie' and 'Progress.'*

I have arranged these Poems in paragraphs, denoted by spaces at the several, somewhat distant, places. In the 'Anatomie' proper there is an evident close of each section of thought in the repeated phrases,

'And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,'

and the like. Our arrangement is as follows: The Proem, or exposition of the World's illness and dead body, ends at line 60. Then the first lesson ends at line 190, the second at line 246, the third at line 338, the fourth at line 376, the fifth at line 434, and the Close is from this to the end.

Of the 'Progress,' the Proem ends at line 54, the first stage at line 84, the second at line 156 (see the thought that is expanded therein at line 85), the third at line 250, the fourth at line 320, the fifth at line 382, the sixth at line 446, and then the Close.

With reference to the second title, '*Progress of the Soul*,' the word 'Progress' had in those days a special sense—the state progress of a Monarch through some part of his or her dominions; and as in the opening of the 'First Anniversary' he spoke (line 7) of 'When that queene ended here her progresse-time,' so now he speaks of the Progress of her royal soul. Every one knows the splendid as erudite volumes of Nichols on the 'Progresses' of Elizabeth and James.

*Commendatory Verses.*

It is of the 'Curiosities of Literature' that the critics have not observed that the present and correspondent poem in the '2<sup>d</sup> Anniversarie' were 'commendatory,' and so not *by* Donne but *for* Donne. It is also singular that men of mark (*e.g.* David Laing, Esq. LL.D., Dr. Hannah, and others), while recording and annotating or quoting this entry in the celebrated Conversations of Drummond and Ben Jonson, 'Joseph Hall, the harbinger of the Anatomie,' have utterly failed to observe that this carries in it the specially interesting fact that the author of the present 'commendatory' poem, and doubtless of its companion piece in the '2<sup>d</sup> Anniversary,' was the (afterwards) renowned Bishop Joseph Hall, a trenchant Satirist and vigorous Poet, as

well as a most suggestive sermon-writer and meditator. In our Essay we show the significance of this in relation to the Satires, and Hall's claim to be the 'first' (English) Satirist—also hitherto overlooked.

#### I. TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

Lines 8-9, '*His*' = *its*—which, instead of the spirit of the world, now seems to give form, and therefore 'being,' to its remains.

Line 12, '*Thrise*' = thrice.

„ 15, '*nephews*' = descendants generally, as before.

„ 18, in 1612 misprinted '*ceomly*:' corrected in 1621.

„ 21, '*is us*:' so in 1612, 1621, and 1625; a various-reading is '*it is*'—not an error.

Line 27, '*wont*.' Donne, differing from at least most of his contemporaries, uses this without the substantive verb (see like remark in Elegies). This Writer does the same.

Line 34, '*where*:' in 1612, 1621, and 1625 misprinted '*were*.'

„ 35, '*bine*' = [have] been.

„ 36, '*in thine*:' usually misprinted '*and thine*.'

„ 39, '*tongue*:' 1669 has '*tongues*.'

„ 41, '*as by infant yeares men iudge of age*.' We have here an early form of Wordsworth's '*boy is father to the man*.'

Line 43, '*What hie . . .*' In 1612 '*an hie*:' corrected in 1621.

Line 47. 1669 reads '*Never may thy name be in songs forgot*.'

#### II. AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD: THE FIRST ANNIVERSARIE.

Margin-notes: these are restored throughout, having been hitherto wrongly omitted, from 1669 onward.

Line 2, '*all doe*:' in 1612 '*all they*:' corrected in 1621.

„ 40, '*determinèd*' = ended, a legal term then in common use. Cf. Shakespeare, Son. xiii. ll. 5-6, &c.

Line 47, '*thaw*:' used quaintly (probably in stress of rhyme) for dissolution.

Line 73, '*shut in*'—by descent to the tomb. Our phrase is '*shut out*.' It is not unlikely that the variation is due to shutters having been then outdoor- and inward-closing, as still to be seen in old Elizabethan and even Jacobean villages in England.

Line 79, '*though*:' misprinted '*thought*,' 1621 and 1625. I accept '*though*' from 1612.

Line 95, '*ruinous*'=full of ruin; or, as explained in the following lines, '*falling*.' The natural mode of birth is head foremost, and according to the then custom, the woman was seated, as in the time of Moses (Exodus i. 16), or kneeling.

Line 99, '*witty's*'=wise.

„ 110, '*kill ourselues to propogate our kinde*.' The allusion, I presume, is to the belief that crept into theology that the Fall was sexual intercourse—one interwoven by Milton into his account, and made much of by the late Dr. Donaldson in his nasty '*Jasher*,' but which is contrary to revelation (Genesis i. 28) and the analogy of nature. Or the allusion may be to the belief entertained by some that propagation of the species shortened life, and this for reasons founded on the (erroneous) philosophy of the day, and because it was believed that eunuchs, whether naturally so or made, and castrated animals, lived longer; while the lives of partridges, cocks, and sparrows were shortened by their excess in venery. See Sir Thomas Browne, as above, V. E.; and Progress of the Soul, st. xxi.-ii.

Line 115, '*stag and rauen*.' These were supposed to much exceed the age of man. The tree is probably the platane or plane. Cf. Elegy ix. line 29. See our Phineas Fletcher, *s.v.* Cf. also Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, book iii. c. 9; and for raven, Pliny, N. H. b. viii. c. 32.

Line 117, '*starre*.' see note on line 259.

„ 120. I am somewhat doubtful whether, as in two examples in the Elegies (xviii. line 16), and elsewhere, there is here an unusual form of ellipse, where the middle words are supposed to be repeated—'*Man's growth confessed*,' &c. . . . and '*Man's growth [was] so spacious*;' or whether line 122 is parenthetical, and the size great (. . .) so spacious and large that, &c.; or whether the phrase is equal to *Man's growth recompensed the meat so spaciously and largely*. Either this or the second seems less harsh, and this, if adopted, requires meat (;); and thus I punctuate.

Line 121. Ed. 1612 misprints '*the the sise*:' corrected in 1621.

Line 134, '*a torn house*:' the poet speaks of an ordinary form of lease for the term of three lives, and '*torn*' is a characteristically strange quibble on a house or field '*rented*' from the owners.

Line 135. A Talmudical belief.

„ 138, '*shipcrack'd*:' an extreme instance of an irregular

but then common ellipse, where the passive part. auxiliaries have to be supplied from the active, [had been] shipwrecked out of 'had straid.'

Line 144, 'scarse:' misprinted 'searse' in 1612 and 1621.

„ 145, 'death ads t' our length.' Not only were nails and hair supposed to grow after death, but it was popularly believed, and is now perhaps by some, that the body does so. We measure longer in the morning after repose, than in the evening after a day of the erect posture; but the difference is too slight to explain the 'Vulgar Error.' The thinning of the body in illness, and the rigid straightness of a 'streaked' corpse; may have helped the belief; but it probably arose from the more than usual growth occasionally noticeable in children during a fatal, and it may be short, illness. Every one remembers the exclamation of his enemy over the confined Henry IV., that he was 'taller' and more majestic dead than alive.

Line 150, 'Which [vertue] then scattered was.' Led to it by the previous words, the allusion is chemical or alchemical, —'had we concentrated or essentialised into a spirit by distillation into a smaller vessel.'

Line 151. Here, as in the next line, we have the metaphor elucidated. We are not altered like a snail or worm, that continues of the same bulk though it retire itself into apparently smaller compass; but we are shrunk like a damped woollen cloth, not close-wove, but our threads twisted up and cramped.

Line 153, 'close weaving:' misprinted 'wearing' in 1612, 1621, and 1625; cf. line 279.

Line 161, 'Thus:' 1669 'this.' Probably the alteration into 'this' from 'thus' of all the author's own editions was to bring line 161 into (imagined) agreement with lines 167, 169. But 'thus' is the general fact, and the after 'this is' the particulars, beginning with the 'this' of line 161, 'Thus Man, *this* . . .'

We have in this striking passage a remembrance and adaptation of Hamlet's—

'What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how *infinite in faculty!* in form and moving [suggestive of 'grace'] how express and admirable! . . . the beauty of the world! [whom God did woo] . . . And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust!' (act ii. sc. 2.)

Line 164, 'legats:' so in 1612 and 1621: in 1625 'legate;' the former accepted.

Lines 172-3, 'Help . . . wants:' obscure. Probably in ac-

cordance with his former conceit that the world is dead, yet with some seeming of life: he means, allow if you will help to his other wants, or allow time for him to waste, as not altogether dead; yet he hath lost his heart, and is therefore mortally struck, and must die.

Line 173, '*depart*;' not, leave with her, but=part with, that is, part with her (*de*) from himself. This use of it was common. Cf.

'John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly *departed* with a part'

K. John ii. 2; and Love's Labour Lost, ii. 1.

There would seem from this passage, and from lines 377-402, to have been some such interchange of seasons and unseasonable sickly weather as Shakespeare feigned in Athens (Timon of Athens, act ii. sc. 1), and as occurred in England about 1594, previous to the writing of King John and Midsummer's Night Dream, as may be seen by Strype and Bishop King's Lenten Sermons on Jonah (see our edition in Nichol's 'Puritan Commentaries'). Taking this view, that the poem refers to and is founded on contemporary and exceptional phenomena, one can better understand, and in a greater degree pardon, the otherwise extravagant conceits.

Line 202. A beautiful adaptation of the Hebrew phrase, 'And the evening and the morning were the first day.'

Line 204, '*sonnes*'—*i. e.* none at all, fifty being held to be woman's limit in child-bearing.

Line 205, '*new philosophy*.' I do not know what this 'new philosophy' was, for the present chemical views as to the elements are of much later date. There is another reference to the same in Second Anniversary, lines 263-6.

Line 217, '*there*:' 1669 and usually 'that,' wrongly; 1612, 1621, and 1625 misprint 'then.'

Line 232, '*Spice*'=the Moluccas or Spice Isles.

„ 233, '*interre*:' a strong personification, implying the country to be so rich that, like a miser, it buries its hoards of treasure.

Line 234, '*single money*'=smaller coin. Thus, in opposition to the single crown, ducat, pistolet, and sovereign, were the double crown, ducat, and pistole, and great double and great triple sovereign, as well as the doblon (doubloon).

Line 260, '*New stars*.' In 1604 a star of the first magnitude appeared in the right foot of Ophiuchus, and in a few



months disappeared. It was written of by Kepler, and brought to mind the star brighter than Venus and visible at noonday that showed itself for a time in Cassiopeia in 1572, and that was written of by Tycho Brahe. The same phenomenon is referred to by Donne in the 'Funeral Elegy' (lines 67-70), and Verse-Epistle to Countess of Huntingdon (lines 6-8); and the considerations thus arising, and the attention called to the heavens generally, are seen in lines 210 and 117.

Line 273, 'with : ' usually misprinted 'of.'

Line 286, 'Tenaarif : ' 1669 *Tenarus*. The latter is not a misprint, for, except here, Donne always calls Teneriffe by that name. It will be remembered that Marvell and Milton have associated their names with the 'great mountain.'

Line 289, '*strooke*' = struck, as in 1669.

„ 298, '*strait*' = straight.

„ 311, '*that Ancient*' = Pythagoras. Here is another linking-on of the 'Anatomie' with the other 'Progress of the Soul.'

Line 314, '*resultances* : ' query, a Donne coinage?

„ 317, 'doctors : ' 1612 spelled oddly 'douctors.'

„ 343, '*turcuoyse*' = turquoise; a precious stone superstitiously regarded long ago, in common with all precious stones. With a rare want of credulity, Bartholomew says (b. xvi. c. 98), 'The Indians know none other vertue but this fayreness [of colour].'

Line 345, '*falls sicke* : ' the alchemical phrase.

„ 349, '*and play* : ' usually misprinted '*in play*.'

„ 363-64, 'Paradise . . . things' verdure' = from whom did come the verdure of all things and their lustre.

Line 392, '*constellate* : ' explained by next two lines as making a thing one in influence with a star or stars, or giving it an influence drawn from them. Sir John Davies and contemporaries have '*stellify*.'

Line 410, '*serpent* : ' no record of this belief in Pliny, Bartholomew, or Browne.

Line 422, '*stay*' = restraint.

„ 432, '*perishing* : ' not in sense of dying, as now, but as is still preserved in the phrase, '*perishing* with cold;' that is, in the sense of shrinking, pining, and wasting away, in which the poets used *perere* in reference to love.

Line 440, '*punctuall*' = treating it point by point.

„ 474, 'fame : ' in a copy of the 1612 edition now before

me, Donne (I think) has himself written 'fame,' lest the long s, so like an f, should be mistaken.

### III. A FUNERALL ELEGIE.

In the Stephens' ms., now in possession of F. W. Cosens, Esq., and with which he kindly intrusted me, there is a copy of this portion of the 'Anatomic.' It is headed 'The Funerall Elegie vpon y<sup>e</sup> death of M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth Drury.' No variations noticeable.

Line 1, 'ghest;' I accept this spelling of 1612, in preference to 'guhest' of 1621 and 1625.

Line 4, 'priz'd'=put a price or valuation on it; appraise.

„ 8, 'Escurials:': in 1612 and 1621 printed with small 'e.'

„ 13, 'aborted:': 1669 'abortive.'

„ 33, 'as:': usually misprinted 'was.'

„ 41. A peculiarity generally given to the Nile; and here perhaps not spoken of our Niger, but of the Nile before it is so called, when, according to Pliny, after having twice been underground, and the second time for twenty days' journey, it issues at the spring Nigris (Pliny, N. H. b. v. c. 9). As I write this note, tidings reach England from the long-lost Livingstone. May he be spared to return, with this world-old secret of the Nile in his hand, to a well-earned evening-time of rest!

Line 50. See note on Elegy.

„ 57. As force and vigour represent one thing, or phases of one quality, he says ere 'it' according to the grammar of the thought, and not of the expression.

Line 61, 'through-light'=diaphanous. Used by Donne elsewhere, as in Epistle before Progress of the Soul, where 1669 edition omits the hyphen.

Line 67. See note on 'Anatomic,' line 260, &c.

„ 83, 'said:': so in 1612, 1621, and 1625.

„ 86, [had] promis'd, &c., from the 'had' of 'she had been,' a now irregular but then common form of ellipse.

Line 92, 'infer'=bring into one, in sense of offer or furnish, as in the quotation given by Johnson (where, however, 'produce' is an imperfect gloss):

' Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Infering arguments of mighty force.'

Line 96, 'fellow-commissioner'—i. e. as joint-delegate of the Deity. See Progress of the Soul, st. iv. l. 1, and Second Ep. to Sir Henry Wotton, l. 11.

Line 105. Metre and rhythm irregular, that 'spiritual' might be emphasised and used at full length.

#### IV. THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESSE.

Line 16, '*iournals*:' used by the author [Bp. Hall] of these commendatory verses as=days' doings, or=the glorious news or diary of thy days' doings.

Line 23, 'caught:' 1612 reads 'raught'=reached.

„ 27, 'soule:' 1612 misprints 'soules:' corrected in 1621.

„ 36, '*thy Laura*:' likening Donne's praise of Mrs. Drury to Petrarch's praise of Laura.

#### V. THE PROGRESS OF THE SOULE: THE SECOND ANNIVERSAIRE.

Line 10, 'Though:' in 1612, 1621, and 1625, misprinted 'Through.' In the copy, already noted, of 1612, Donne (I think) has himself again corrected by writing opposite 'Though' for 'Through.'

Line 22, '*motion*.' Motion was considered the characteristic of life, and hence stood for life or a living body; and thence, by a curious return, it came to signify both a puppet (that moved as with life) and a puppet-show. But of corruption also, according to the old belief, arose life, as worms in dead bodies, bees from the carcass of an ox, &c.; and such motion or life, says Donne, is that that is now found in the world dead, and now after a year corrupt.

Line 43, 'thy:' 1621 and 1625 misprint 'they:' 1612 is correctly 'thy.'

Line 46, 'safe-sealing:' it looks like 'fealing' in 1621 and 1625, as well as 1612.

Line 48, '*hydroptique*:' note on Elegy.

„ 54, '*busines*,' rather = over-business, business being taken in its stronger and worse sense.

Line 56, '*that*:' an example, of which several are noted in our SOUTHWELL, of 'that' used as=that that.

Line 67, ''twas:' 1669 'was.'

„ 72, '*forme*.' According to mediæval philosophy, 'forma,' which was more than mere shape, was that which, when added to the 'substantia,' made the visible existing thing, whatever that thing might be. Thus in transubstantiation the 'form' of the bread or wine is said to remain; and hence, too, 'form' was sometimes used in the old Writers in a similar sense to

that in the now-common sporting phrase of being 'in form,' the full significance of which is to be derived from the mediæval scholastic term.

Line 75, '*indifferent*'=neither good nor bad.

„ 80, '*starfull Northern pole.*' There are more visible stars in the Southern hemisphere than in the Northern, but fewer near the South Pole.

Line 82. Mrs. Gamp and the Cockneys have in this not corrupted the vernacular.

Line 94, '*packe.*' Said a good old man on his death-bed, when asked how he felt, 'My *pack* is ready, and I'm just waiting.'

Line 103, '*legacies.*' There have been several examples of such bequests.

Line 104. Cf. Funeral Elegy, lines 103-4.

„ 113, '*shroud:*' so in 1612, misprinted '*shourd*' in 1621 and 1625.

Line 117, '*prince . . . themselves.*' The plural is here used as in Shakespeare, there being a reference to acts of royalty, in which the Prince speaks or writes of himself as 'we.'

Line 120, '*Saint Lucie's night*'=the shortest night.

„ 127, '*mithridate:*' properly a composite antidote against poison, supposed to have been used by King Mithridates. It was also applied generically to such compositions as were either vaunted as the true and genuine article, or were better than it. Donne elsewhere (First Ep. to C. of Bedford) uses it in a metaphorical sense.

Line 129, '*on:*' 1612 misprints '*no:*' corrected in 1621 and 1625.

Line 130. Ellipse, only because all were [best], &c.

„ 135, '*elements and humors.*' another Shakespearean reminiscence.

Line 137, '*wonne:*' usually misprinted '*won.*'

„ 143, '*chaine:*' an allusion to the Homeric chain of gold, on which see our SIBBES, *s. v.* with after-examples.

Line 160, '*two soules:*' making therefore three in each body. See 5th Verse-Epistle to Countess of Bedford (lines 37-9), and to Countess of Salisbury (lines 51-6). The soul of growth, or Anima Vegetalis, because it is that that is in plants, died with the body. So also died the soul of sense, or Anima Sensibilis, which is [superadded] in beasts. The Anima Rationalis was alone immortal, and lived either with or without a body. See Bartholomew, book iii. c. 7-13. It would seem also, from him,

that there was some diversity, not to say jumble, of opinions as to whether there were three souls or a threefold working of one soul; or whether the two souls were in beasts and the three in man; or whether the Anima Sensibilis gave life and growth as well as feeling to the Anima Rationalis, life, feeling, and reason.

Line 163, '*obnoxious*:' not so much in the original latinate sense of liable to punishment, as readily liable to ill.

Line 172, '*first-built cels*'=womb or the enclosing membrane.

„ 177, 'the:' usually misprinted 'a.'

„ 182, '*his owne*'=its own, free; not obedient only to impulses from that which it is with or that which confines it.

Line 203, '*corps of guard*:' used both for the guard itself and the guard-house or station, whither all strangers would be brought and questioned.

Line 213. Herbert uses this passage. See our Essay.

„ 224, '*others' beauties*:' 1669 'other.' The former perhaps agrees better with 'whose beauty;' but 'other beauties' agrees best with 'they went,' and 'they were like.'

Line 226, '*prefer*'=advance, exalt, raise, as in preferring one to any western treasure = riches of America and Western Indies.

Line 228. This form of the ever-recurring microcosm thought is given in its comic side by Shakespeare in the Comedy of Errors (iii. 2).

Line 242, '*electrum*:' an adaptation of the fact that amber or electrum enclosed various extraneous substances, one which seems to have been constantly present to the older poets, through the much-used epigram of Martial, *De apide electro*, &c.

Line 242-43, 'did hold many degrees of that:' apparently = did surpass by many degrees. See note on line 358, its (the amber's) purity, &c.

Line 245, '*distinctly*:' spelled '*distinckly*' in 1612 and 1621.

„ 268, '*lay*'=wager.

„ 278. See Batman on Bartholomew for various of these opinions.

Line 292, '*taught*:' 1612 and 1621 misprint 'thought.'

„ 297, '*laberinth*:' part of the inner ear so called.

„ 308, '*are*:' *sic* in all the three editions, usually 'all.'

„ 314, '*far fairer print*.' See our Essay for after-use of this onward to Benjamin Franklin.

Line 314, 'print:' in all the three editions misprinted 'point.'

Lines 331-2. The parenthesis seems to have the following construction and meaning: Are there not some Courts (and than [Courts] no things are so like as Courts, [therefore all Courts as well as some])?

Line 352, 'seed:' a variant of the saying, 'the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church.'

Line 353, 'thought:' in the three editions, as before, misprinted 'thoughts.'

Line 354, '*ioynnte tenants*;' *i. e.* made others joint tenants.

„ 358. As the phrase 'carry new degrees to their dignities' might at that time be taken to mean 'raise these dignities higher,' or place them on higher steps of honour, Donne adds—as to their number—to show his meaning, viz. that she, as different from patriarchs, apostles, and martyrs, and as different also from the virgins he speaks of, would add a new order among these dignities.

Line 382=That as well as the essential joy of heaven, there are joys which are not of the essence of heaven, but as it were its accidentals, such as joy over sinners saved, the remembrance of friends and former intercourse, and of their good deeds, &c.

Line 421, 'his:' 1612 'this.'

„ 432, 'thrust' = crowd. For verbal use of same, see line 103.

Line 435, 'vp:' 1612 and 1621 misprint 'vpon.'

„ 441=can conceive the fulness of the Godhead, for it is both the object of our thought and that which gives it power to conceive it. It is the light which makes us see the Light, and only the in-poured Spirit which enables us to comprehend the fulness of God. Donne, with all his play, has great reaches and depths of solemn thought.

Line 477, 'redress:' in all three editions misprinted 'reders.'

„ 477-81. This shows that the variously-told tale of a suffocating quinsy-abscess breaking through sudden laughter, was known in Donne's time; but I know not whether the after-result (lines 480-1) be or be not an addition by him.

Line 482, 'ere'=aye, as before: 1612 and 1621 so: usually 'e'er.'

Line 486, '*onely by comming*;' *i. e.* if only by its coming.

„ 504, '*on-both-sides-written*:' this is as much a composite hyphenated word as that comic one (Elegy v. line 31). G.



I.

REFUSAL TO ALLOW HIS YOUNG WIFE

TO ACCOMPANY HIM ABROAD AS A PAGE.

By our first straunge and fatall interview,  
By all desyres which thereof did ensue,  
By our longe starvinge hopes, by that remorse,  
Which my words' masculyne-persuasive force  
Begott in thee, and by the memory 5  
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned mee,  
I calmlie begg ; but by thy parents' wrath,  
By all payns which want and divorsement hath,  
I coniure thee ;—and all those oaths, which I  
And thou haue sworne to seale ioynt constancy, 10  
Here I unswear and overswear them thus ;  
Thou shalt not loue by wayes so dangerous ;—  
Temper, O fayr loue, Loue's impetuous rage,  
Be my true mistris still, not my fayn'd Page.  
I'le goe, and, by thy kinde leaue, leave behynd 15  
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mynd  
Thirst to come back ; Oh, if thou dye before,  
From other lands my sowle towards thee shall soare.  
Thy els almightie bewty cannot move  
Rage from the seas, nor thy loue teach them loue, 20  
Nor tame wilde Boreas' harshnes : Thou hast read  
How roughly hee in pieces shyverèd

Faire Orethea, whom he swore he lov'd.  
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to haue prov'd  
 Daungers unurg'd ; feed on this flatterie, 25  
 That absent lovers one in th' other bee,  
 Dissemble nothing, not a boye, nor change  
 Thy bodye's habytt, nor mynde's ; be not strange  
 To thy selfe only. All will spie in thy face  
 A blushing, womanly, discov'ring grace. 30  
 Richlie cloth'd apes, are call'd apes ; and as soone  
 Eclipt as bright, wee call the moone the moone ;  
 Men of Fraunce, changable camelions,  
 Spittles of diseases, shopps of fashyons,  
 Love's fuelers, and the rightest company 35  
 Of Players, which uppon the world's stage bee,  
 Will too too quickly knowe thee ; and alas !  
 The indifferent Italyan, as wee pass  
 His warme Land, well content to thinke thee a Page,  
 Will haunt thee with such lust, and hydeous rage, 40  
 As Lott's faire guests were vext ; but none of these,  
 Nor spungie hidroptique Dutch, shall thee displease,  
 If thou stay heare. Oh stay here ; for, for thee  
 England is only a worthy gallery,  
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45  
 Our great King call thee unto His presence.  
 When I am gone dreame me some happines,  
 Nor let thy lookes our longe-hid loue confesse ;  
 Nor praise, nor dispraise mee ; nor bless nor curse  
 Openly Love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse 50



With mydnight startinges, crying out, 'Oh! oh!  
 Nurse, oh! my love is slayne; I saw him goe  
 O'er the white Alpes alone; I sawe him, I,  
 Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye!  
 Augure me better chaunce, except dread Jove 55  
 Think it enough for mee t' haue had thy love.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text in the present Elegy and throughout—with the few slight verbal exceptions recorded in their places—is from the Stephens' ms., where it is headed 'Elegia Quinta:' but various-readings from the printed editions and other mss. are given in the successive Notes and Illustrations.

This Elegy originally appeared in the edition of 1635 (pp. 255-6), oddly enough, among the Funeral Elegies or Epicedes; and so it has been continued in 1639 (pp. 269-70), 1649 (pp. 257-8), and in all the after-editions. See our Essay for Dean Milman's remarks on this Elegy.

Line 3, '*starvinge*:' so '35: 'striving' '69: 'starvelinge' Addl. mss. 18647.

Line 7, '*parents*:' ibid. 'father's:' 'parents' is an additional biographic fact.

Line 9, '*those*:' ibid. 'the:' so '69.

„ 12, '*wayes*:' 1669 and Addl. mss. 18647 'meanes.'

„ 14, '*still*:' so '35, '39, '49: '69 drops it, and perhaps Donne struck it out as superfluous, intending a stress to be laid on '*feignèd*,' in opposition to '*true* mistress.'

Line 18. 1635, '39, '49, and '69 read

'My soul from other lands to thee shall soare.'

'Towards' seems to express a fine humility in the reunion.

Line 23, '*Orethea*:' '69 'The faire O.'

„ 28, '*mynde's*:' I have accepted this from Addl. mss. 18647: usually 'minde.'

Line 31, '*apes*.' It will serve to explain the thought, if it be remembered that '*pages*' were frequently called '*apes*.'

Line 34, '*Spittles*' = hospitals. 'The Spittle' was long the name.

Line 36, '*stage*.' This saying, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Jacques, is by Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, attributed to a philosopher. It has also been assigned to Pythagoras.

Line 37. I accept this line from 1669 in preference to '35, '39, '49:

' Will quickly knowe thee ; and no lesse, alas !'

Our MS. reads confusedly

' Will quickly knowe thee ; and knowe thee, alas :'

18647 even worse,

' Will quickly know thee, and knowe thee, and alas.'

Line 40, '*haunt*:' usually '*hunt*.'

„ 41, '*vext*.' Modern English would require '*with*,' which Donne I suppose considered sufficiently expressed in the '*with*' of the previous line.

Line 46, '*great*:' usually '*greatest*.'

„ 50, '*Love's force*' = [probably] the forcing of or violence done to love: 18647 reads badly '*lovers*.'

Line 51, '*Oh*:' in 18647 '*oh ô*:' usually '*midnight's*.'

„ 53, '*alone*:' our MS. misreads '*alas*:' our text '35 to '69.

„ 55, '*dread*:' our MS. has '*greate*;' but '*dread*' of '35 to '69 is better. G.

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## II.

### JEALOUSIE.

FOND woman, which wold'st haue thy husband dye,  
 And yet complayn'st of his great jealousy :  
 If swolne with poison he lay in his last bedd,  
 His body with a sere-barke coverèd,  
 Drawing his breath as thick and short, as can       5  
 The nimblest crotchetinge musitian,  
 Ready with loathsome vomitinge to spewe  
 His sowle out of one helle into a newe,

Made deafe with his pore kyndred's howling cries,  
 Begginge with few fayn'd tears, great legacies ; 10  
 Thou wold'st not weepe, but jolly and frolicque be,  
 As a slave, which to-morrow shold be free ;  
 Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerlic  
 Swallow his owne death, hart's-bane, JEALOUSY.  
 O give him many thanks, he's curtious, 15  
 That in suspectinge, kyndly warneth vs ;  
 We must not—as we usde—floute openly  
 In scoffinge ryddles, his deformity ;  
 Nor, at his board together being sate,  
 With words, nor touch, scarse lookes, adulterate : 20  
 Nor, when he, swolne and pamper'd with great fare,  
 Sits downe and snorts, cag'd in his basket-chayre,  
 Must we usurpe his owne bedd any more,  
 Nor kisse and play in his howse as before.  
 Now I see many daungers ; for that is 25  
 His realme, his castle, and his dyocesse.  
 But if—as envyous men, which wold revyle  
 Their prince, or coyne his gold, themselues exile  
 Into another contry and do yt there—  
 We play in another's howse, what shold we feare ? 30  
 There we will scorne his household polycies,  
 His sillye plotts and pentionary spyes : silly  
 As the inhabitants of Thames' right side  
 Do London's Maior, or Germans the Pope's pryde.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c. below, as before. This Elegy originally appeared in the 4to of 1633, where it is headed simply 'Elegie I.' (pp. 44-5). It has been reprinted in all the after-editions, and is found in all the mss. Stephens' heads it 'Elegia Prima.' It was first entitled Jealousie in 1635 edition, and so in 1639 and 1649. I have marked the source of each title by printing the word or words in small capitals.

Line 4, '*sere-barke*:' so in all the printed editions, except 1669, which reads 'sere-cloth.' It was a then belief that some poisons produced a tetter over the skin; and having spoken of poison and a swoln body, the poet alters the idea of 'sere-clothed' body (as in 1669) to one so covered or barked with a tetter that it is enclosed as in a sere-cloth. A curious example of the belief occurs in the last scene of Middleton's *Women beware Women*, where, as is clear from Bianca's words, her face shows as 'tettered,' from kissing the lips of the poisoned Duke. The sight of a person covered with the drying-up and black emphor of confluent small-pox best explains Donne's idea; and his form of words is interpreted by the Ghost's

'And a most instant tetter bark'd about  
Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust  
All my smooth body.' Hamlet, i. 5.

Cf. also bark=skin, in *Progress of the Soul*, st. xxxii. line 5. On account therefore of these instances, we must suppose the person satirised was a great glutton rather than a high feeder (line 21); such a one as Marvell describes Clarendon and others.

Line 10, '*few*:' ms. 18647 reads 'some few.'

„ 11, '*jolly*.' See note on this word in *Satire i.* line 7.

„ 20. The construction may be—Nor adulterate our scarce looks with words nor touch—or, Nor adulterate as we sit together with words or with touch, and scarcely even with looks.

Line 23. Stephens' ms. unrhythmically, 'We must not usurp his our bed any more.' I accept 1669 and usual text here.

Line 25, '*many*.' 1669 reads 'Now do I see my dangers.' G.

## III.

## THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for shee  
 Hath all things, wherby others beawtious bee ;  
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great ;  
 Though theirs be ivory, yet her teeth are jet ;  
 Though they be dymme, yet she is light enough,      5  
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough ;  
 What thoughe her cheeks be yellow, her hayre's redd,  
 Give her thyne, and she hath a maydenhead.  
 These things are bewty's elaments ; where these elements  
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.      10  
 If redd and whyte, and each good quallitye  
 Be in thy wench, ne're ask where it doth lye.  
 In buyinge things perfumde, we ask if there  
 Be muske and amber in yt, but not where.  
 Though all her parts be not in the usual place,      15  
 Yet she hath the ANAGRAM of a good face.  
 If we might put the letters but one way,  
 In that lean dearth of words, what cold we say ?  
 When by the gameutt some musitians make  
 A perfect songe, others will undertake      20  
 By the same gamut chaunged to æquall it.  
 Things symply good can neuer be vnfytt ;  
 Shee's faire as any, if all be like her,  
 And if none be, then she is singular.

All love is wonder ; if we justly doe 25  
 Account her wonderfull, why not louely too ?  
 Loue built on bewtie, soone as bewty, dyes :  
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformityes.  
 Woomen are all like angels ; the fayre bee  
 Like those that fell to worse ; but such as shee, 30  
 Like to good angels, nothing can impaire :  
 'Tis les greif to be fowle then to 'have bene fayre. than  
 For one night's revels, silk and gold we chuse,  
 But in long jorneyes cloth and leather use.  
 Bewty is barren oft ; best husbands say 35  
 There is best land where is y<sup>e</sup> fowlest way.  
 Oh ! what a soveraigne plaister will she bee,  
 If thy past synns haue taught thee jealosye !  
 Heere needs no spyes nor eunuches, her commyt  
 Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmosit. 40  
 When Belgia's cittyes the fowll country drowns,  
 That durty fowlness guards and armes the towns ; dirty  
 Soe doth her face guard her, and soe for thee  
 Which foret by busines absent oft must bee :  
 She, whose face, like the clouds, turnes day to night, 45  
 Who (mightier than the sea) makes Mores seem white ;  
 Whom, thoughe seven years she in the stews had layd  
 A nunnerie durst receive, and thinke a mayd ;  
 And though in chyld-birth's labour she did lye,  
 Midwives wold swear 'twere but a tympanie, 50  
 Whom, if she 'accuse her self, I credytt lesse  
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse.

Whom dildoes, bed-staves, and her veluet glasse  
 Wold be as loath to touch as Joseph was.  
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were ; 55  
 For things in fashion euery man will ware. wear

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c. below, as before. It is there headed 'Elegia Decima Septima.' It appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 45-47), where it is 'Elegie II. ;' and has been reprinted in all the after-editions. It was first headed 'The Anagram' in 1635 edition.

Line 4, '*theirs.*' I accept this from 1669; usually and in our ms. '*they.*'

Ib. '*are.*:' usually 'be.'

Line 5, '*she is.*' as usually, I prefer to 'is she' of Stephens' ms.

„ 6, '*fall.*:' sometimes in mss. '*foule,*' wrongly.

Ib. '*tough,*' as in 1639: Stephens' ms. '*rough.*' It is difficult to choose a reading, and I fancy it puzzled Donne here; but there is some anagrammatising in '*hairs fall*' and '*skin*' being to make up for it '*tough.*' none in '*rough.*' The former therefore is accepted.

Line 7, '*yellow.*:' 1669 spells '*yallow,*' and ms. 18647 '*yal-lowe.*'

Line 12, '*wench.*:' our ms. reads badly '*mouth.*:' from 1633 onward '*wench.*'

Line 14, '*amber.*:' see note in our MARVELL.

„ 16, '*the.*:' usually 'an,' but 'the' in 1635 also: in 1669 '*anagrams.*'

Line 18, '*that.*:' our ms. 'the' not so good.

„ 21, '*gamut chaunged.*:' our ms. '*gamut-change*'—a blunder. The first song is . . . notes in gamut order and a gamut-change cannot be the 'same;' while a second song we can understand to bring notes of the gamut anagrammatised, or the same gamut changed or read according to some other ordering.

Line 25, '*wonder.*:' our ms. misreads '*wonderfull,*' probably caught from next line.

Line 30, '*that,*' usually 'which.'

„ 33, '*night's revels.*:' our ms. misreads '*night-revels.*'

Line 35, '*husbands*' = husbandmen.

„ 36, '*is y<sup>e</sup>.*' usually 'there is.'

„ 40, '*marmosit*:' a term apparently for rakish gallants, taken from that species of licentious monkey-tribe which were the pets of the ladies.

Line 41. 1635 to 1649 read 'When Belgiae's cities the round countreis drowne:' 1669 'Like Belgia's cities when the Country is drown'd.'

Line 46, '*sea*:' 'sun' sometimes found in mss. (*e.g.* Chet- ham ms.), wrongly. There is a reference to the proverbial saying as to the impossibility of washing a blackamoor white.

Line 49, '*chylid-birth's*:' in 1633 'child-bed's.' The former is preferable, because a child-bed labour may result in a tympany or mooncalf, whereas Donne says in accord with the context, were it a veritable child-birth labour no midwife would believe it to be such. See Cotgrave as quoted in our MARVELL, pp. 42-3, and also our SOUTHWELL, p. 92: 'tympanie,' a false conception, mola, or mooncalf. The word was also used in its present acceptance by medical writers and others. See Boord's Brev. of Health, b. i. c. 345; and Holyoke, *s.v.*

Lines 53-4. First printed in 1669 edition: dildoes, see before: 'velvet glass,' see Marston in his Satires and Scourge of Villany (*bis*). G.

## IV.

## CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith and good works too  
 Haue seal'd thy love, which nothinge shold undoe;  
 Yea, though thou fall back, that apostacye  
 Confirmes thy loue; yet much, much I fear thee.  
 Women are like the Arts, forct vnto none; 5  
 'Open to all searchers, vnpriz'd if vnknowne.  
 If I have caught a bird, and let hym fly,  
 Another fouler, using these means as I,



May catch the same bird ; and, as these things bee,  
 Women are made for man, not him, nor mee. 10  
 Foxes and goats—all beasts—change when they please,  
 Shall women, more hott, wilie, wyld, then these, than  
 Be bownd to one man ? and did Nature then  
 Idly make them apter to endure then men ? than  
 They are our cloggs, not their own ; if a man be 15  
 Chayn'd to a gally, yet the gallie's free.  
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed-corn there,  
 And yet allowes his grownd more corne should beare ;  
 Though Danuby into the sea must flowe,  
 The sea receives the Rhine, Volga and Po : 20  
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty  
 Thou lov'st, but oh ! can'st thou love it and me ?  
 Likenes glews love ; and then if so she doe,  
 To make vs like and love, MUST I CHANGE TOO ?  
 More then thy hate, I hate it ; rather let mee than 25  
 Allowe her CHANGE, then change as oft as shee ; than  
 And soe not teach, but force my opyn'on,  
 To love not any one, but every one.  
 To live in one land is captivitye,  
 To run all cuntryes a wild roguery ; 30  
 Waters stink soone, if in one place they 'byde,  
 And in the vast sea are worse putrifyde.  
 But when they keepe one banck, and leaving this  
 Never looke back, but the next bank do kisse,  
 Then are they purest ; Change is the nursery 35  
 Of musique, joye, life, and eternitie.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. with various-readings, &c. below, as before. It is there numbered 'Elegia Duodecimo.' It appeared originally in 1633 edition, and has been reprinted in all since. It was first headed 'Change' in 1635: usually simply 'Elegie III.'

Line 2, 'shold:' ms. 18647 'could.'

„ 3. This is extremely elliptical. This woman is changeable, and he conceits upon it thus—As one who apostatises [and then by returning to his old faith] confirms his belief more than if he had continued in it through mere habit and prejudice, so, though thou fell away from me [and by returning to my love] hast confirmed thy previous protestations, yet still I fear thee. This agrees with the general argument of the poem in favour of occasional change like his, but not of immoderate like hers.

Line 10, 'man:' usually and in our ms. 'men:' I accept 'man' from ms. 18647.

Line 11. Our ms. and usually 'Foxes, goats, and all beasts,' wrongly: our text 1635.

Line 15, 'not:' our ms. reads 'and:' 'not' 1635 and usually.

„ 17, 'plow-land' = as much as one plough will cultivate: mss. badly 'plough'd.'

Line 23. Our ms. 'then if so she,' wrongly: ms. 18647 'then . . . thou.'

Line 28. I accept 'nor' as usually printed, rather than 'but' of our ms., inasmuch as he humorously praises change, but exclaims against immoderate, his opinion that he would enforce being 'neither to love any one alone nor yet every one.' Then, 'to live in one land,' he goes on to say, is 'captivity,' to run all countries a wild vagabondage, and so lines 31-2; after which he returns to his vow by the simile of waters in a river. See note on line 3.

Line 30, '*roguey*:' not in the derivative sense of cheatery, but in the original of vagabondism.

Line 32, '*worse*:' usually 'more:' 1669 reads 'purif'd.' I don't understand the philosophy here.

Line 33, '*keepc*:' usually 'kisse.' G.

## V.

## THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once fownd in thy companie,  
 All thy supposde escapes are layd on mee ;  
 And as a theife at bar is question'd there  
 By all the men that haue been rob'd that yeare,  
 So am I (by this traiterous means surprisde) 5  
 By thy hydroptique father catechized.  
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,  
 As though he came to kill a cokatrice ;  
 Though he hath oft sworne that he will remove  
 Thy beauty's bewty, and food of our love, 10  
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene ;  
 Yet close and secret, as our sowles, we have bene.  
 Though thy immortall mother, which doth lye  
 Still buryed in her bedd, yet will not dye,  
 Takes that advantage to sleep out daylight, 15  
 And watch thy entryes and retornes all night ;  
 And when she takes thy hands, and would seem kynd,  
 Doth search what rings and armlets she can finde ;  
 And kissinge notes the color of thy face,  
 And, fearing least thou art swolne, doth thee embrace ; 20  
 And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,  
 And notes thy paleness, blushinghs, sighs, and sweats,  
 And politiquely will to thee confesse  
 The sins of her owne youth's rancke wantones ;

Yet loue these sorceryes did remove, and move 25  
 Thee to gull thine owne mother for my loue.  
 Thy little brethren, which like feary sprightes fairly  
 Oft skipt into our chamber those sweet nightes ;  
 And kyst and ingled on thy father's knee,  
 Were bryb'd next day, to tell what they did see : 30  
 The grym eight-foote-highe iron-bownd serving-man,  
 That oft names God in oathes, and only than, then  
 He that to barr the first gate doth as wyde  
 As the great Rhodian colossus stryde,  
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35  
 Makes me feare hell, because he must be there :  
 Though by thy father he were hyrde to this,  
 Could never wytnes any touch or kisse.  
 But, oh ! too common ill, I brought with mee  
 That, which betraid me to myne enemye,— 40  
 A lowd PERFUME, which at my entrance cryde  
 Even at thy father's nose,—so we were spyde ;  
 When, like a tyran-king, that in his bedd  
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shyverèd ;  
 Had it bene some badd smell, he would have thought  
 That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought ; 46  
 But as we in our isle imprisonèd,  
 Where cattell only and dyvers doggs are bredd,  
 The precious unicorne, straunge monstrous call ;  
 So thought he good strange, that had none at all. 50  
 I taught my sylks their whistlings to forbear,  
 Even my opprest shoes dumbe and speachles were :

Onely, thou bytter-sweet, whom I had layd  
 Next mee, mee traytorously hast betrayde,  
 And, unsuspected, hast invisablie 55  
 Att once fledd unto him, and stayd with mee.  
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound  
 Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound ;  
 By thee the sillie Amorous sucks his death,  
 By drawing in a leprous harlott's breath ; 60  
 By thee the greatest staine to man's estate  
 Falls on us,—to be call'd effeminate ;  
 Though you be much lov'd in the Prince's hall,  
 There things, that seeme, exceed substantiall.  
 Gods, when yee fum'd on alters, were pleas'd well, 65  
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell :  
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,  
 Shall wee love ill things ioyn'd, and hate each one ?  
 If you were good, your good doth soone decaye ;  
 And you are rare,—that takes the good away. 70  
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly  
 T' enbalm thy father's coorse. What ! will he dy ?

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c. below, as before, but it ends at line 58; from line 58 to end our text is from Addl. mss. 18647. It appeared originally in 4to of 1633, where it is 'Elegie IV.' It was first headed 'The Perfume' in 1635, and so onward.

Line 2, '*escapes*'=escapades.

„ 5, 'this:' our ms., catching it from next line, misreads 'thy.'

Line 6, '*hydroptique*:' the constant spelling in Donne, and not peculiar to him, for hydropic or dropsical.

Line 7, '*wont*.' Donne always uses this verb without the substantive verb, thereby differing from the generality at least of his contemporaries.

Line 8. It was a belief that the cocatrice or basilisk 'slayeth all things that hath lyfe [except the weasel] with breathe and with sight;' and it was also a belief controverted by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Ep.* that it killed 'by priority of vision,' and therefore that it was necessary to safety to see it first. Hence the simile well describes her father's intent and suspicious searchings.

Line 10, 'Thy beauty's bewty:' our MS. 'Thy bewtious bewty,' which seems tautological. The idea 'The beauty of thy various beauties' (face, arm, shape, &c.) seems better otherwise: accepted, and so usually.

Line 16, '*retornes*:' our MS. badly 'retorne:' and also badly 'the' for 'all' of 1633, &c.

Line 21, 'And:' our MS. 'To try if thou dost long:' but I accept the usual text, the more so that to commence several lines with the same word was a conceit of the day.

Line 22, '*blushings*:' 1669 'blushes.'

„ 24, '*wantones*:' usually 'lustiness.'

„ 29, 'kist' = [being kist].

Ib. '*ingled*:' 1669 'dandled.' Ingled = petted, and probably cosied as in an angle.

Line 43, '*tyran*:' invariably so spelled by the purist Ben Jonson.

Line 45, 'smell:' see former note on Satire i. line 90.

„ 50, 'good:' 1669 'sweet:' the antithesis is between 'bad' (line 45) and 'good' here.

Line 53, 'bytter-sweet' = the poisonous *Solanum dulcamara*.

„ 60, '*breath*:' alluding to the use of perfumed comfits and sweets such as are still used by men who smoke, and by women, and also to the then fixed belief that the constitutional results of the morbus gallicus were contagious.

Line 63, 'you' and so usually: our MS. 'thou.' I prefer beginning the change to the plural 'you' here, instead of at line 65, chiefly on account of the verb 'loved.' There was a great distinction made between 'thou' and 'you' in matter of affection, the 'thou' being, like the second singular in French and German, a sign of endearment and great affection. The 'thou'

and 'thee' and 'thine' of Shakespeare's Sonnets become 'you,' &c. in those occasional passages where any real or feigned estrangement is spoken of. G.

## VI.

## THE POET'S PICTURE.

HERE TAKE MY PICTURE, though I bidd farewell ;  
 (Thine, in my hart where my sowle dwels shall dwell ;)  
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twil be more [heart  
 When we ar shadowes both, then 'twas before. than  
 When weather-beaten I come back, my hand 5  
 Perhaps with rude oares torn, or sunbeames tan'd ;  
 My face and brest of hayrecloath, and my head  
 With Care's harsh suddaine hoariness o'respread ;  
 My body a sack of bones, broaken within,  
 And powder's blew staines scatterd on my skyn : 10  
 If rivall fooles tax thee to have lov'd a man  
 So fowle and course, as, oh ! I may seeme than, then  
 This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,  
 Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?  
 Or do they reach his judging mynd, that hee 15  
 Should now loue less, what he did loue to see ?  
 That which in him was faire and delicate,  
 Was but the milk, which in Loue's childish state  
 Did nurse it : who now is growne strong enough  
 To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough. 20

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Secunda.' It appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 51-2), and in all after-editions. It is headed 'His Picture' in 1635. We have made the heading more definite.

Line 8. 1633, 'With care's rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread.'

Line 16, 'now loue less;' so usually: our ms. 'lyke and loue less.' The former I accept. Loving involves liking, and the only excuse for the two would be the repetition of both in the second half of the clause and line. 'Love less' also seems to require 'now,' or some mark of time; and the rhythm of the ms. reading is harsh, and puts the pause at 'love,' while the scansion is irregular.

Line 19, '*nurse*.' I accept 'nurse' of 1633 and usually rather than 'nourish' of our ms. 'Nurse' better keeps up the suggestion of the infantile state than 'nourish,' which is applicable to the strong food of a man. To 'nurse' is a form of 'nourish;' but as Richardson says, 'to *nurse* is more especially applied when that which is nursed is young or sickly.' I accept also the usual 'weak,' rather than 'disus'd,' of our ms. 'Disus'd' gives bad scansion, and 'weak' agrees better with the context, 'childish state,' and is in opposition to '*strong*' stomach of manhood. Then the love of his rivals may be, as he says, 'weak,' but it was not 'disus'd.' It was his and hers that was disus'd by absence, though in fact it is not supposed to be disus'd or in abeyance.

Line 20, '*disus'd*,' 1633; our ms. '*disyre's*:' usually 'weak.'  
G.

## VII.

## FAVORITE IN ORDINARY.

OH! let me not serve soe, as those men serue,  
Whom Honor's smoaks at once fatten and sterve,  
Poorly enriched with great men's words or lookes;  
Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes,



As those idolatrous flatterers, which still 5  
 Their Prince's style with many realms fulfill,  
 Whence they no tribute haue, and where no sway.  
 Such services I offer as shall pay  
 Themselues ; I hate dead names : oh then let me  
 FAVORITE IN ORDINARY, or no favorite bee. 10  
 Whenas my sowle was in her bodie sheath'd,  
 Nor yet by oathes betrothed, nor kisses breath'd  
 Into my purgatorie, faithles thee ;  
 Thy hart seem'd wax, and steele thy constancy : heart  
 So careles flowers, strode on the water's face, strewed 15  
 The curled whirlpoles smack, suck, and embrace,  
 Yet drownes them ; soe the taper's beamy eye,  
 Amorously twinckling, beckons the giddie fly,  
 Yet burnes his wings ; and such the Devill is,  
 Scarse visitinge them who are entyrelly his. 20  
 When I behold a streame, which from the spring  
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmiringe,  
 Or in a speechles slumber calmly ride  
 Her wedded channel's bosome, and there chyde  
 And bend her browes, and swell, if any bovgh 25  
 Doe but stoope downe to kisse her utmost browe ;  
 Yet if her often-gnawinge kisses wynn  
 The trayterous bancks to gape and let her in,  
 She rusheth vyolently, and doth divorce  
 Her from her native and her long-kept course, 30  
 And roares and braves it, and in gallant scorne,  
 In flattering eddies promising returne,

She flowtes her channell, which thenceforth is dry ;  
 Then say I, that is she, and this am I.  
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternes begett 35  
 Carelesse dispair in me, for that will whett  
 My mynd to scorne ; and, oh ! Love dul'd with paine,  
 Was ne're so wise, nor well arm'd with disdain.  
 Then with new eyes I shall survay thee, and spie  
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknes in thyne eye : 40  
 Though hope breed faith and loue, thus taught, I shall,  
 As nations doe from Rome, from thy loue fall ;  
 My hate shall outgrow thyne, and utterly  
 I will renounce thy dalliance : and when I  
 Am the Recusant, in that resolute state 45  
 What hurts it me to be excommunicate ?

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where this Elegy is numbered 'Elegia Octava.' It appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 53-5), and in all after-editions. I have headed it 'Favorite in Ordinary.'

Line 4, '*my . . . thy,*' and so usually ; our ms. '*thy . . . my.*' I accept the former. The subsequent simile is at its best bad ; but the ms. changes here, though at first sight they seem to improve it, make it worse. If Donne put her name in his books, he certainly would not insert her lovers, his rivals. Therefore he cannot be said to 'fulfil his Prince's style.' Again, what he is referring to is the cheque-rolls or muster-rolls of her household and retainers ; and he says, 'Let me not for mere form's sake have my name inserted in ostentatious and vain muster-roll of your attendants : "I hate dead names,"' &c.—such a roll as flatterers make when they describe their king by giving him sway over realms he does not possess ; *e.g.* still our monarchs are called king or queen of France.

The badness of the simile lies in this, that the acts of the flatterers are put in connection with her acts, and this state with that of the Prince; and so it seems to liken her to the flatterers, and himself to the Prince. (So in next Elegy, lines 29-30, he makes 'her' his mistress='him,' a colt growing up to a male horse.) The ms. reading gets rid of this, but at the expense of the thought involved, that he does not wish to be a nominal attendant, nor be nominally enrolled as one, without being really subject to her.

Line 6, '*realms*.' 1669 '*names*.'

„ 7, '*where*.' 1669 '*bear*.'

„ 9, '*dead names*.' see note on Satire i. lines 17-18.

„ 24, '*there*,' 1669; usually '*then*,' and so our ms. wrongly.

„ 26, '*utmost*.' '*upmost*' in 1633, wrongly.

„ 38, '*with disdain*'=compared with disdain. At first blush the expression is ambiguous, for it suggests that the meaning is=armed, with disdain for armour; while the form of the sentence, and the words '*ne'er so wise*,' show that this cannot be. The meaning is, 'A Lover dull'd with despairing pain is not so wise nor so well armed as one whetted with scorn;' or *poeticè*, 'Love dull'd with pain is not, &c. as Disdain.' I accept the ms. in preference to '*as Disdain*,' with our explanation.

Line 39, '*thee*.' 1669 drops '*thee*.'

„ 45, '*Recusant*.' Donne was originally a Roman Catholic. G.

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### VIII.

#### AMOROUS DELICACIES.

NATURE's lay-ideot, I taught thee first to love,  
 And in that sophistry, oh! how thou didst prove  
 Too subtile! Fool, thou didst not understand  
 The mistique language of the eye nor hand :  
 Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the ayre     5  
 Of sighs, and saie this lies, this sownds dispaire :

Nor by the eye's water cast a malady  
 Desperately hot, or changing feverouslye.  
 I had not taught thee then the alphabett  
 Of flowers, how they, devisefully being sett 10  
 And bownd up, might with speechles sécesie  
 Deliver errands mutely 'and mutually.  
 Remember, since all thy words vsde to bee  
 To every suytor, 'I, if my freinds agree ;' Ay  
 Since howshold charms, thy husband's name to teach, 15  
 Were all thy love-tricks that thy witt could reach ;  
 And since an howr's discourse cold scarce have made  
 One answer in thee, and that ill-aray'd  
 In broken proverbes and torne sentences.  
 Thou art not by so many dutyes his, 20  
 (That, from the world's common havinge sever'd thee,  
 Inlayd thee, neither to be seene nor see,)  
 As myne, who have with AMOROUS DELICACYES  
 Refynde thee into a blysfull paradice.  
 Thy graces and good works my creatures bee, 25  
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee ;  
 Which, oh ! shall strangers tast ? Must I, alas !  
 Frame and inamel plate, and drinke in glas ?  
 Chafe wax for other's seals ? break a colt's force,  
 And leave him then being made a ready horse ? 30

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Decima tertia : ' in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms.

'Elegy 3<sup>tho</sup>.' It appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 55-6), and in all after-editions.

Line 1, '*lay*:' used perhaps in the sense in which it is used by the painters—layman, or a lay figure, which has no motion in itself. But Donne seems to use it elsewhere as laic, not cleric, and therefore ignorant. Cf. Second Ep. to Countess of Bedford, line 50, 'On these I cast a *lay* and country eye.'

Ib. 'first:' usually dropped; and so line 2, 'how.'

Line 7, '*cast*:' in 1633 'call;' 1639, &c. 'know.' The word 'cast' proves our ms. of this Elegy to be later and revised, because it is evidently an alteration from and improvement on 'know.' It is here used medically. It was the technical term for diagnosing the disease by other water than eye-water. Cf. Macbeth (v. 3):

'If thou couldst, doctor, *cast*  
The water of my :and, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.'

Line 13, '*since*'=remember [all that has passed between you and me, all my teachings] since all thy words, and since, &c.; *i.e.* remember and compare both times, since and the time when.

Line 22, '*Inlayd*,' as a composite, not a compound word=  
laid thee in, or sequestered thee.

Line 23, '*delicacyes*:' 1633 onward: our ms. 'delightes,' wrongly.

Line 25, '*works*:' 1633 and onward 'words;' but 1669 'works.'

I have headed this Elegy from line 23. G.

## IX.

## THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a styll,  
As that, which from chaf'd musket's pores doth trill,  
As the almightie balm of the 'orient East,  
Such are the sweat-drops on my mistres' brest;

And on her neck her skyn such lustre setts,                   5  
 They seeme no sweat-droppes, but pearle carkanets.  
 Ranck sweatie froth thy mistresse' brow defyles,  
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous byles ;  
 Or like that scum, which, by Need's lawles law  
 Enforc'd, Sancerra's starvèd men did draw                   10  
 From parboyl'd shoos and bootes, and all the rest,  
 Which were with any soveraigne fatness blest ;  
 Or like vyld stones lying in saffron'd tynn,  
 Or warts, or wheals, it hangs upon her chynn.  
 Round as the world's her heade, on every syde,               15  
 Like to that fatal ball which fell on Ide :  
 Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,  
 As for the ravishing thereof we dy.  
 Thy head is like a rough-hewen statue of jett,  
 Where markes for eyes, nose, mouth, ar yet scarce sett ;  
 Like the first chaos, or flatt-seeminge face               21  
 Of Cynthia, when th' Earth shadows her imbrace.  
 Like Proserpine's white bewty-keeping chest,  
 Or Jove's best fortune's vrne, is her faire brest.  
 Thyne, like a worm-eaten trunck cloth'd in seal's skin ;  
 Or grave, that's durt without, and stench within.       26  
 And like the slender stalk, at whose end stands  
 The woodbyne quivering, are her arms and hands :  
 Like rough-barkt elme-boughes, or the russet skin  
 Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sinne ;       30  
 Like sun-parcht quarters on the citie's gate,  
 Such is thy tan'd skinne's lamentable state ;

And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand  
 The scurfe-swollen fingers of the gowty hand.  
 Then like the Chimick's masculine-equal fire,           35  
 Which in the lymbeck's warme womb dothe inspire  
 Into th' earth's worthles durt a sowle of gold,  
 Such cherishinge heat her best-worst part doth hold.  
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fyred gunn,  
 Or like hot liquid mettals newly runn           40  
 Into clay mowlds, or like to that Ætna,  
 Where round about the grasse is burnt away.  
 Are not your kysses then as filthie and more,  
 As a worme suckinge an envenom'd sore?  
 Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,           45  
 As one which gathering flowers, still fears a snake?  
 Is not your last act harsh and vyolent,  
 As when a plowgh a stony ground doth rent?  
 So kisse good turtles, so devoutly nyce  
 Are preists in handlinge reverent sacrificize,           50  
 And such in searching wownds the surgeon is,  
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kisse;  
 Leave her, and I will leave comparinge thus,  
 Shee and COMPARISONS are odyous.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Quarta:' in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'Elegy 6<sup>th</sup>.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in after-editions.

Line 2, '*chaf'd*:' our ms. '*chas'd*;' but so far as I can

judge, 'chas'd' is a clerical error. This is the more probable, in that if it 'trilled' from chased animals, it could hardly be 'gathered.' 'Chaf'd' is also supported by a curious quotation by Sir Thomas Browne in *Pseudod.* (b. iii. c. 4); and as matter of fact civet-cats must be fretted and vexed before the civet is taken out of the bag; 'for the more the animal is enraged, the musk is the better' (Horne, *Essays and Thoughts*; as in Richardson's *Dict. s. v. civet*). See also Lovell's *History of Animals and Minerals* (1661) for quaint lore.

Line 2, '*trill*:' see our full note in HENRY VAUGHAN, *s. v.*

„ 3, '*orient*:' usually 'early:' perhaps the former is tautological, and as such may have been altered by Donne to 'early.'

Line 6, '*carkanets*:' usually 'coronets.'

„ 8. In this horrible line, '*menstruous*' is probably = polluting or filthy, a latinate sense. The old medical writers yield elucidations, but I mind not quoting.

Line 10, '*Sancerre*:' the allusion is to the siege of Sancerre near Bourges, in which the besieged suffered the extreme of famine, in 1573. It was held by the Protestants against the Catholics, and the siege lasted nine months.

Line 13, '*Or*;' usually '*And*;' 'vyld,' usually 'vile;' 'saffron'd tynn' = coloured tinfoil.

Line 14, '*weal*:' a pimple, vesicle, or pustule. It is curious that Johnson gives this sense under 'wheal;' but quotes this very passage under 'weal' for the mark of a stripe.

Ib. '*chynn*:' usually 'skinn.' I accept the usual 'it hangs' for 'they hang' of ms. Cf. line 7.

Line 19, a curious change to apostrophising the friend's mistress, which continues to line 37.

Line 22, '*Earth*:' usually 'Earth's.'

„ 26, '*durt*:' usually 'dust.'

„ 34, '*scurfe*:' usually 'short;' 'the gowty,' 1669 'mistress:' 'the gouty' is preferable, being rare in women.

Line 38, '*best-worst*:' usually 'best-loved.'

„ 51, '*such*:' usually 'nice.'

„ 54, '*comparisons are odious*:' an accepted 'household' phrase; but I find it earlier in 'The most horrible murder of John Lord Bourgh, 1591' (p. 5, Collier's reprint)—'scornefull tearmes and odious comparisons.' G.



## X.

## THE AUTUMNAL.

No Springe nor Somer's bewty hath such grace,  
 As I have seene in one AUTUMNALL FACE.  
 Yonge beutyces force our loues, and that's a rape ;  
 This doth but counsaile, and you canot 'scape.  
 If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame :     5  
 Affectyon here takes Reverence's name.  
 Were her first years the Golden Age? that's true ;  
 But now she's gold oft tryde and ever newe.  
 That was her torrid and inflaming tyme ;  
 This is her tolerable tropique clyme.                     10  
 Faire eies, who askes more heat then comes from hence,  
 He in a fever wisheth pestilence.                     [than  
 Call not these wrinckles graves : if graues they were,  
 They were Love's graves ; for else he is nowhere.  
 Yet lyes not Loue dead here, but heere doth sitt     15  
 Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorytt.  
 And here, till her's (which must be his) death, come,  
 He doth not dygg a grave, but buyld a tombe.  
 Heere dwells he ; though he sojourns everywhere  
 In progresse, yet his standinge-howse is here ;     20  
 Heere, where still evening is, nor noon nor night,  
 Where's no voluptucusnes, yet all delight.  
 In all her words, unto all hearers fytt,  
 You may at revels, you may at councells sytt.

This is Love's tymber, Youth, his underwood ; 25  
 There he, as wyne in June, enrages blood,  
 Which then comes seasonablest, when our tast  
 And appetyte to other things is past.  
 Xerxes's strange Lydian loue, the platan tree,  
 Was lov'd for age, none beinge so old as shee, 30  
 Or els because, beinge young, Nature did blesse  
 Her youth with age's glory, barrenesse.  
 If we loue thinges long sought for, age is a thing,  
 Which we are fiftye years in compassinge ;  
 If transitorie things, which soone decay, 35  
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.  
 But name not wynter-faces, whose skyn is slacke,  
 Lank as an unthrifte's purse,—but a sowle's sacke ;  
 Whose eyes seeke light within, for all heere's shade ;  
 Whose mouths are holes, rather worne out then made ;  
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone [than  
 To vex their sowle at the Resurrectyon ;  
 Name not these living death's-heads unto mee,  
 For these not anyent but antiques bee :  
 I hate extreams : yet I had rather stay 45  
 With tombes then cradles, to weare out a day. than  
 Since such Love's naturall station is, may still  
 My love descend, and journey downe the hyll ;  
 Not panting after growinge bewtyes ; see  
 I shall ebb on with them, who homewards goe. 50

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Viscissima quarta,' and headed 'A Paradox of an ould Woman.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in all after-editions, under our heading.

Line 2, 'one : ' so 1635 and usually : our ms. misreads 'an.'

„ 3, 'our : ' so usually : our ms. 'your.'

„ 4, 'and : ' 1635 'yet,' and usually.

„ 6, 'Affectyon : ' usually 'affections ;' but while affections =all the affections of one mind, as well as the affection of all, is expressive, the double personification of Affection and Reverence vindicates our ms. reading.

Line 10, 'tolerable : ' usually 'habitable.' Either seems an odd word to express that feeling which would lead one to live with another as in a pleasant place ; and to say that the tropic clime is only 'tolerable' is a strange way of expressing how pleasant it is to dwell with her ; but (1) Donne abounds in such oddities ; (2) 'tolerable' is=habitable ; and conversely (3) there is the usual and inevitable sarcastic touch.

Line 16, 'anachorytt : ' so 1635, &c. : the more Greek form, ἀναχωρητής.

Line 18, 'tombe' =the raised part of the wrinkle, beautiful as a mausoleum.

Lines 23-4. Usually the reading is 'You may . . . you at.' Our ms. 'You may . . . you may,' means that one sits at the same time at revels and council, *i. e.* hears jocose and cheerful conversation, which is at the same time full of wisdom. Thus it answers to the first clause, 'In all her words.' 'You may . . . you at' means, Some you or some of you may enjoy revels, and other you may sit at council with her. This answers rather to the second clause, 'unto all hearers fit,' that she can fit all.

Line 26, 'There' =this of previous line=her.

„ 29, 'platan tree : ' Pliny, N. H. xii. 1-3 ; xvi. 44.

„ 37-8. Our ms. reads 'whose skyn slacke, Lookes like.' This is not idiomatic but foreign English. Moreover our text, which is that of 1635 and usually, is stronger by dwelling on it. First comes the general enunciation, 'whose skyn is slacke ;' then the variation and simile, 'Lank as an unthrif's purse—but [=yet] a sowle's sack.'

Line 39, '*heere*'=outside in the sunken cavity and lack-lustre eye.

Line 42, '*their*.' I accept 'their' instead of the usual 'the' (which is also in our ms.), as it agrees better with 'wynter-faces,' 'mouths,' 'death's-heads and tombs.'

Line 47, '*station*:' so usually; and I accept it. Our ms. has '*acyon*'=action, seemingly a clerical error. 'Station' agrees with what is said of her in line 20, that she is Love's home.

At line 37 he digresses to explain what he does not love; and at line 45 he says he hates extremes, though, had he to choose one extreme, he would, &c. Then he returns to the subject of his song, and closes his eulogy with, Since such autumnal face and person is Love's palace, let my love, &c. G.

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 XI.

## THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her, whome I loue more then she,      than  
 Whose faire impression in my faithfull hart      heart  
 Makes me her medall, and makes her love mee,  
 As kings do coynes, to which their stamp imparts  
 The vlew: goe, and take my hart from hence,      5  
 Which now is growne too great and good for mee.  
 Honors oppresse weake spirits, and our sence  
 Strong objects dull: the more, the lesse wee see.  
 When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,  
 Then Fantasie is queene, and sowle, and all;      10  
 Shee can present joyes meaner then you doe;      than  
 Convenient, and more proportionall.

Soe, if I DREAME I have you, I have you ;  
 For all our joyes are but fantasticall.  
 And soe I 'scape the paine, for paine is true ;           15  
 And Sleepe, which locks upp sense, doth lock up all.  
 After such a fruition, I shall wake,  
 And, but the wakinge, nothing shall repent ;  
 And shall to Loue more thankfull sonets make,  
 Then if more honours, tears, and pains were spent. than  
 But dearest hart, and dearer image, stay,           21  
 Alas ! true joyes at best are dream enough ;  
 Though you stay here, you passe too fast away :  
 For even at first Life's taper is a snuffe.  
 Fil'd with her love, may I be rather growne           25  
 Madd with much heart, then idiot with none.       than

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' MS. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Decima.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in after-editions. This Elegy is written of one somewhat obdurate: hence in line 21 he calls the more yielding image of his dream the dearer, and in line 1 calls her one whom he loves more than she [loves him].

Line 16, 'up:' usually 'doth lock out.'

„ 22, '*dream*:' I accept this from '35 rather than the usual 'dreams' (which is also in our MS.), as the plural is more readily ambiguous and the singular more forceful = all joys, the whole of them, are but one short dream.

Line 24, '*snuffe*:' see note on Satire ii. line 82.

„ 26, 'heart:' our MS. 'hurt,' wrongly. G.

## XII.

VPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSE'S  
CHAINED,

FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Not that in colour it was like thy hayre,  
 For armelets of that thou maist let me weare ;  
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac't and kist,  
 For soe yt had the good, which oft I mist ;  
 Nor for that sillie old morallity, 5  
 That '*as these links are tyde, our loves shold bee ;*'  
 Mourne I, that I the SEAVENFOLD CHAYNE haue lost.  
 Nor for the lucke-sake, but the bytter cost.  
 Oh, shall twelue righteous angels, which as yett  
 No leaven of vile soder did admitt ; solder 10  
 Nor yet by any faults haue strai'd or gone  
 From the first state of their creatyon ;  
 Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide  
 All things to mee, and be my faithfull guyde ;  
 To gayne new frends, t' appease great enemyes, 15  
 To comfort my sowle, when I ly or rise :  
 Shall these twelue inocents, by thy severe  
 Sentence (great judge) my syn's great burthen bear ?  
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,  
 And punisht for ofences not their owne ? 20  
 They saue not me, they doe not ease my paines,  
 When in that hell they are burnt and tyde in chaines :

Were they but crownes of France, I cared not,  
 For most of them, their natural country rott  
 I think possesseth, they come here to vs, 25  
 So leane, so pale, so lame, and ruynous ;  
 And howsoere French kings '*most Christian*' bee,  
 Their crownes are circumcised most Jewishly ;  
 Or were they Spanish stamps, still travailing,  
 That are become catholique as their king, 30  
 Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfyl'd pistolets,  
 That (more then cannon-shots) avayles or letts,  
 Which, negligently left vnrounded, looke  
 Like many-angled fygures in the booke  
 Of some great conjurer, which wold enforce 35  
 Nature (as thay do Justice) from her course,  
 Which, as the sowle quickens head, foot, and hart, <sup>heart</sup>  
 As stream-like vaines run through the Earth's every part,  
 Visit all countrys, and haue slylie made  
 Gorgeous France, ragged, ruyned, and decay'd ; 40  
 Scotland, which knew noe state, prowde in one day ;  
 And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia :  
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall  
 Almightye chimicks from each mynerall,  
 Having by subtle fyre a sowle out-pul'd, 45  
 Are durtily and desperately gul'd ;  
 I wold not spit to quench the fyre they are in,  
 For they are guylty of much haynous sin.  
 But shall my harmles angels perish ? shall  
 I loose my guard, my ease, my food, my all ? 50

Much hope, which they shold nourish, wilbe dead ;  
 Much of my able yowth and livelie-head  
 Will vanish, if thou, Loue, let them alone,  
 For thou wilt loue me less when they are gone.  
 Oh ! be content, that some lowd-squeakinge cryer, 55  
 Well pleas'd with one leane threed-bare grot for hyer,  
 May like a divill roare through every street,  
 And gall the fynder's conscience if they meet :  
 Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,  
 Which with fantastique schemes fils full much paper ;  
 Which haue devided heaven in tenements, 61  
 And with whores, theeves, and murtherers stuff his rents  
 Soe full, that though he passe them all in synne,  
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65  
 He say 'twill ne're be found ; oh ! be content ;  
 Receive the doome from him ungrudgeingly,  
 Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou sai'st, alas ! the gold doth still remain,  
 Though it be chaung'd, and put into a chayne. 70  
 Soe in the first falne angels, resteth still  
 Wisdom and knowledg, but 'tis turnd to ill :  
 As these shold doe good works, and shold provide  
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pryde.  
 And they ar still badd angels ; myne ar none, 75  
 For forme gives being, and their forme is gone.  
 Pitty these angels, yet their dygnities  
 Pass Virtues, Powres, and Principalities.



But thou art resolute: Thy will be done !  
 Yet with such anguish, as her only soune 80  
 The mother in the hungry graue doth lay,  
 Unto the fyre these marters I betray.  
 Good sowles, (for you give life to every thing.)  
 Good angels, (for good messages you bringe,)  
 Destin'd you might haue been to such an one, 85  
 As wold haue lov'd and worshipt you alone :  
 One that wold suffer hunger, nakednes,  
 Yea death, e're he would make your number less.  
 But I am gyltie of your sad decay :  
 May your few-fellowes longer with me stay ! 90  
 But, oh ! thou wretched fynder, whom I hate  
 Soe much that I almost pyttie thy estate :  
 Gold being the heaviest metall amongst all,  
 May my most heaviest curse upon thee fall :  
 Here fettred, manacled, and hang'd in chaynes, 95  
 First mai'st thou bee, then chain'd to hellish paines ;  
 Or be with foraigne gold brib'd to betray  
 Thy contry, and faile both of that and thy paye.  
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe  
 Poyson, whose nymble fume rott thy moist braine ;  
 Or lybells, or some interdicted thinge, 101  
 Which, negligently kept, thy ruyne bring :  
 Lust-bred diseases rott thee ; and dwell with thee  
 Itchy desire, and no abilitye.  
 May all the hurt which ever gold hath wrought, 105  
 All mischiefs which all devills ever thought,

Want after plenty, poore and gowty Age,  
 The plague of travailers ; love and marryage,  
 Afflict thee ; and at thy live's latest moment  
 May thy fowle syns to thee themselues present. 110

But I forgive thee ; repent, thou honest man !  
 Gold is restoratiue, restore it than ; then  
 But if from yt thou beest loath to depart,  
 Because 'tis cordiall, wold 'twere at thy hart. heart

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Decima sexta.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in all the after-editions. Our heading is first found in '35: but 'Chaine' is scarcely the right word, seeing it is clear from the description that it was a (seven) chain-bracelet. Hence the heading in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. is more accurate: 'Upon the Loss of a Bracelet.' See our Essay for Ben Jonson's 'Conversation' with Drummond of Hawthornden on this Elegy.

Line 2, '*For . . . let:*' usually 'Armelets . . . still let.'

„ 5, '*morallity:*' I know no other example of this word used to denote a moral saying or posy.

Line 6, '*are tyde:*' usually 'were knit.' It is most likely that the chain-bracelet bore the morality.

Line 8, '*Nor . . . the.*' I adhere to the usual printed text here, rather than accept our ms. 'Not . . . they.' 'Not' separates the thought unnecessarily and unpleasantly from the rest, whereas there is an enumeration, Not, nor, nor, nor, &c. Farther, as it is evident that Donne took the 'chain-bracelet' from her arm and wore it, that 'he might have something that had embraced her,' and by misadventure lost it, it seems impossible that he could write 'they.' The omen would be as to his luck—that as he had lost, so the loss of her love would follow.

Line 11, '*fault:*' usually 'way.'

„ 13, '*Heaven:*' so usually, and I accept it: our ms. badly 'Heavens'=Heaven has; but 'had' would be needed, not 'has.'

Line 15, '*great* : 'old' usually.

„ 16, '*rise* : 'so usually : our ms. misreads 'raise.'

„ 18, '*great* : 'dread' usually : and so line 35.

„ 23, '*crownes of France* : 'a new application of the common equivoque with regard to the *morbus gallicus* : crowns of less value (6s. 8d.) than angels (10s.).

Line 24, '*natural country rott* : '35 'countray's naturall rot.'

„ 26. Usually 'So pale, so lame, so lean, and ruinous : 'our ms. yields a better climax in describing the observer's perception of the progress of the disease.

Line 29, '*Spanish stamps*.' On account of the influx of silver from Mexico, Spanish silver coins had become a universal or catholic medium of exchange, and all purchases in China and the Moluccas are still paid in dollars : 'stamp' = coin bearing the Spanish stamp.

Line 31, '*pistolets* : 'see former note : = 26 ryals, 14s.

„ 32, '*cannon* : 'so usually : our ms. 'comon.' I prefer the former, because as in a similar passage (Satire ii. line 20) there is an equivoque on pistolets as money and as small pistols ; such small-bore shots, he says, are of more avail as artillery for my purpose than great cannon-shot.

Line 38. See note in our SOUTHWELL, s. v.

„ 52, '*livelie-head* : 'usually 'lusty.'

„ 60, '*schemes*.' As in another case (noted in its place), where 'scenes' has been miswritten for 'schemes,' I have ventured to adopt it here instead of the usual 'scenes' and 'sheawes' of our ms. The reference is not to cabalistic and other decorations or hangings, but, as the words 'fils full much paper' show, to astrological 'schemes,' drawn out with the constellations, &c. or persons and the like.

Line 62, '*rents*' = not the rending, but the divisions or parts so divided or rent.

Line 72, '*Wisdom* : 'a contemporary annotator of 1639 edit. has put in margin 'cunning.'

Line 74, '*thy* : 'so usually : our ms. has the not uncommon clerical error of 'their' for 'thy' [Shakespeare, Sonnets xxvi. l. 12 : xxvii. l. 10 : xxxv. l. 8 (*bis*) : xxxvii. l. 7 : xlv. l. 12 : xlv. (*ter*)]. Her saying ends at line 70. His answer begins with the simile (ll. 71-2), and ends with the application (ll. 73-4). The virtues of the fallen angels remain, but turned to ill, like as these [angels of mine], which should do good works for me

(ll. 13-16), by procuring me food, &c.; but now, having passed into the hell of the goldsmith's fire, must as a bracelet nurse 'thy' pride.

Line 78 The angelic Hierarchy is divided into three ternions, and each ternion into three classes or orders. Reckoning downwards there are: 1. Seraphim; 2. Cherubim; 3. Thrones (Throni); 4. Dominations; 5. Principalities; 6. Powers (Potes-tates); 7. Virtues (Virtutes); 8. Archangels; 9. Angels. Hence, as in his reference to pistolets, Donne humorously says, though made the lowest of the heavenly hierarchy, yet here they surpass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities. For the qualities and offices of the angelic orders, see Batman on Bartholomew (b. xi. cc. 6-18); and Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, book iv. &c. Note that in Holy Scripture, only one 'Archangel' occurs.

Line 96, 'chain'd:' so usually, and I prefer it to 'chaung'd' of our ms.

Line 105. Usually 'May all the evils that gold ever wrought:' 'evils' here is, as usual, monosyllabic, and is perhaps the wider and stronger word.

Line 109, 'latest:' usually 'late.'

„ 110, 'fowle:' usually 'swoln.' 'Swoln' is=sins which have gone on increasing in number and enormity, according to the saying that one ill leads to another and another, each greater than the last.

Line 112, 'restorative'= as a medicine. 'Gold . . . sovereign it is for green wounds if it be outwardly applied; and if young children weare it about them, lesse harme that they have by any sorcery, witchcraft' (Pliny, N. H. by Holland). See also for much quaint lore, Batman on Bartholomew; and for a grotesquely-serious account of the results of swallowing a pill of gold, Richard Baxter's 'Life,' in his noble folio 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,' s. v.

## XIII.

## LOVE-MEMORIES IN ABSENCE.

COME, Fates ! I feare you not. All, whome I owe,  
 Are paide but you. Then 'rest mee e're I goe.  
 But Chance from yow all soueraignty hath gott,  
 Loue woundeth none but those whome Death dares not :  
 Else if you were, and just in equity, 5  
 I should haue vanquisht her, as you did mee.  
 Else louers should not braue Death's pains, and liue :  
 But 'tis a rule, Death comes not to relieue.  
 For pale and wann Death's terrors, are they laide  
 Soe deep in louers, they make Death affraide ? 10  
 Or, (the least comfort) haue I companny ?  
 Orcame she Fates, Loue, Death, as well as mee ?  
 Yes, Fates doe silke unto her distaffe pay  
 For ransome, which tax they on us do lay.  
 Love giues her youth, which is the reason why 15  
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some dye.  
 Poore Death can nothing giue ; yet for her sake,  
 Still in her turne, he doth a louer take.  
 And if Death should proue fals, she fears him nott,  
 For our Muse, to redeeme her, she hath got. 20  
 That last and fatal night wee kist, I thus praide,  
 (Or rather thus despair'd, I should haue saide.)  
 Kisses, and yet despaire ! The forbidden tree  
 Did promiss (and deceaue) no more then she. than

Like lambs that see their teats, yet must eat hay, 25  
 A food, whose tast hath made me pine away :  
 Diues, when thou sawst bliss, and crauest to touch  
 A drop of water, then thy great pains were such.  
 Heere greif wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,  
 And my sighes weary, grones are all my rent ; 30  
 Unable longer to endure the paine,  
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring downe raine.  
 Thus, till drye tears soder mine eyes, I weepe : soder  
 And then I dreame, how you securly sleepe,  
 And in your dreams doe laugh at me. I hate, 35  
 And pray Loue, all may : He pittyes my estate,  
 But sayes, I therin no reuenge shall find ;  
 The sun would shine, though all the world were blind,  
 Yet, to try my hate, LOUE SHEW'D MEE YOUR TEARE ;  
 And I had dyde, had not your smile been there. 40  
 Your froune undoes mee ; your smile is my wealth ;  
 And as you pleas to looke, I haue my health.  
 Methought Loue, pittying mee, when he saw this,  
 Gaue me your hands, the backs and palmes, to kiss.  
 That cur'd me not, but to beare pain gaue strength ;  
 And what it lost in force, it took in length. 46  
 I call'd on Loue againe, who fear'd you soe,  
 That his compassion still prou'd greater woe :  
 For then I dream'd I was in bedd with you,  
 But durst not feele, for fear 't should not prone true.  
 This merritts not your angar, had it been ; 51  
 The Queen of Chastity was naked scene :

And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,  
 Was much more then for Actæon not to looke. than  
 And that breast, which lay ope, I did not knowe 55  
 But for the clernes, from a lump of snowe :  
 Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore  
 From the rose-bud which for my sake you wore.  
 These griefs to issue forth, by verse I proue,  
 Or turne their course by trauell or new loue. 60  
 All would not do, the best at last I tryde,  
 Unable longer to hold out I dyide.  
 And then I found I lost lif's death by flying ;  
 Where hundreds liue, are but so long in dying.  
 Charon did lett me pass ; I him requite 65  
 To walke the groues or shade, wronging my delight :  
 Ile speak out of those ghosts I found alone,  
 Those thousand ghosts, wherof my self made one,  
 All images of thee : I askt them whie ;  
 The Iudge told mee, they all for thee did dye, 70  
 And therefore had for their Elizian bliss  
 Another, their owne loues to kisse.  
 O here I myst, not blisse, but being dead  
 (For loe I dreamt) I dreamt, and waking sed,  
 Heauen if whoe are in thee ther must dwell, 75  
 How is't I now was there, and now I fell ?

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text in this instance is from Haslewood-Kingsborough  
 ms. as before, as this Elegy does not appear in the Stephens'

ms. But we for the first time print ll. 57-76, deriving them from our British-Museum ms. This Elegy (as far as l. 56) originally appeared in 1635 edition, and since in the after-editions. The heading is ours.

Line 4, '*these*:' so usually: our ms. ungrammatically reads 'them.'

Line 5, 'Else:' so in '35, but usually 'True,' as in '69. The former is preferable, because stronger; the meaning being, Else if you were [sovereigns], sovereigns being taken out of sovereignty in l. 3.

Line 9, '*pale and wann*.' Cf. Suckling's 'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?'

Line 12, '*Ore came she*:' usually 'Or can the Fates love Death,' to the confusion of the sense: but I accept the usual order, 'Fates, Loue, Death,' because they so appear in the other copies, and because they are so enumerated in the poem: Fates, l. 13; Love, l. 15; Death, l. 17.

Line 14, '*tax*:' so usually, and I prefer it to 'taske' of our ms. because they take our thread of life to add to her distaff for ransom for themselves. Our ms. also misreads '*they lay*,' from the common error of inadvertently rewriting a word that has caught the eye and memory. Similarly 'their' is misinserted before 'ransom' in l. 14, and 'true' before 'reason' in l. 15; which make the scansion irregular, as well as lessen the neatness of the wording, without adding to the strength. So too in l. 24 our ms. by reading 'Did not promise,' and erasing 'no,' turns the line into mere prose, and throws the words out of accent.

Line 20, '*Muse*:' usually 'Muses,' badly.

„ 21. Usually 'That fatal night we last kiss'd . . . thus praide,' *i.e.* as above from l. 1.

Line 25, '*yet*:' usually 'and,' badly.

„ 28. Our ms. reads here 'A small little drop.' This shows it to have been a transcription from a ms. in which the author had been in doubt which epithet he would decide on, and had written both. So writing 'A small little drop,' the epithet 'great' was erased: but on revision it became clear that the size of the drop was wholly irrelevant, and therefore took away from his meaning, while 'pains' expressed that in which he would say Dives and he were alike. Hence he struck out the epithet from 'drop,' and added one (*i.e.* 'great') to pains, as usually.



Line 30, '*are all*:' so usually: our ms. misreads 'all are.'

„ 36, 'all may:' so usually: our ms. 'alway.' I accept the former—I hate and pray to Love that all 'may,' so that all others may hate her too. Not only is this stronger, but it agrees with Love's answer (l. 38), 'The sun would shine, though all the world were blind' = She would be the same beauty whatever might be the world's opinion of her. The ms. 'way' is not unlikely the error of w for m, of which we have noted another example in 'wench' for 'month.' So in l. 37, I accept the usual 'shall,' instead of 'should' of our ms.—Even if I grant it, that shall be no revenue to you.

Line 46. He being weak through sight of the tear, wanted force to kiss as he would, but made up for this by the duration of the kiss.

Line 50. Cf. Elegy ix. (The Comparison), l. 45, Doth not, &c.

„ 65. I have ventured to read 'I' for 'he him:' and l. 66 'walke' for 'make'—the common clerical error of m for w, as before. So too in l. 72 'Another' for 'In other;' the conceit being that for or in recompense for that Elizian bliss of dying for her [probably an Eliza], they were granted that other, viz. of having their own loves to kiss.

Lines 73-6 are somewhat obscure; but as a (too characteristic) equivoque underlies them, I am not careful to elucidate here. G.

## XIV.

## PARTING.

SINCE SHE MUST GOE, and I must mourne, come Night,  
 Enuiron me with darknes, whilst I write :  
 Shadowe that hell unto mee, which alone  
 I am to suffer, when my loue is gone.  
 Alas, the darkest magick cannot doe itt, 5  
 And thow great hell to boot are shadows to it.

Should Cinthia quit thee, Heauen, and each starre,  
 It would not forme one thought darke as mine are ;  
 I could lend them obscurenes now, and say  
 Out of myselfe, there should be no more day.      10  
 Such is already my felt want of sight,  
 Did not the fyer within me force a light.  
 O Loue, that fire and darknes should be mixt,  
 Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt !  
 Is 't because thou thyselfe art blinde, that wee,      15  
 Thy martirs, must noe more each other see ?  
 Or tak'st thou pride to breake us on thy wheele,  
 And view ould Chaos in the paine we feele ?  
 Or haue we left undone some mutuall rite  
 That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight ?      20  
 No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,  
 Or rather to conspiring Destenye ;  
 Which, since I lou'd, in jeast before, decreed,  
 That I should suffer, when I loved indeed,  
 And therefore now sooner then I can say      than      25  
 I saw the goulden fruite, its rapt away.  
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast streame,  
 And I left wealthy only in a dreame.  
 Yet, Loue, thou'rt blinder then thyselfe in this,      than  
 To vex my doue-like freind for my amiss :      30  
 And, where one sad truth may expiate  
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune runn my fate.  
 Soe blinded Justice doth, when fauorites fall,  
 Strike them, their house, their freinds, their fauorites all.

Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fyers 35  
 Into our blood, inflaming our desires,  
 And madest us sigh and blow, and pant, and burne,  
 And then thyselfe into our flames did'st turne ?  
 Was't not enough, that thou did'st hazard us  
 To paths in loue so darke and ruinous : 40  
 And those so ambushte round with househould spyes,  
 And ouer all thy husband's two red eyes  
 That flam'd with ugly sweat of jealousy :  
 Yett went wee nott still on with constancy ?  
 Haue wee for this kept guards, like spy on spy ? 45  
 Had correspondence, when the foe stood by ?  
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our manny blisses  
 Of meetings, conference, imbracements, kisses ?  
 Shadow'd with negligence, our most respects ?  
 Varyed our language through all dialects 50  
 Of becks, winks, lookes, and often under-boords  
 Spoke dialougs with our feet farr from our woords ?  
 Haue we prou'd all the secrets of our art,  
 Yea, the pale inwards att thy panting hart ? heart  
 And after all this passèd purgatorye 55  
 Shall sad diuorce make us the vulgar story ?  
 First let our eys be riueted quite through  
 Our turning braines, and both our lips grow too :  
 Let our arms clasp like iuys, and our feare ivy's  
 Freez us together, that we may stick here ; 60  
 Till Fortune, that would ruen us with the deed,  
 Straine his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.

For Loue it cannott be, whom hithertoo  
 I haue accus'd, should such a mischiefe doe.  
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaime, 65  
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame :  
 Doe thy great worst, my frend, and I haue charmes  
 (Though not against thy stroakes) against thy harmes.  
 Rend us in sunder, thou can'st not deuide  
 Our bodyes soe, but still our soules are tyde ; 70  
 And we can loue by letters still, and guifts,  
 And thoughts, and dreams : Loue neuer wanteth shifts.  
 I will not looke upon the quickening sone, sun  
 But streight her beauty to my sence shall runn ;  
 The aire shall noate her soft, the fire most pure ; 75  
 Waters suggest her clear, and the Earth sure ;  
 Time shall not loose our passages ; the Spring  
 Shall tell how fresh our love was in 'beginning ;  
 The Summer, how it ripned in the yeare ;  
 And Autumn, what our goulden harvests were. 80  
 The Winter I'le not thinke on to spight thee,  
 But count it a lost season, soe shall shee.  
 And, dearest frend, since wee must part, drown Night  
 With hope of Day ; (burthens well born are light.)  
 The cold and darknes longer hang somewhere,  
 Yett Phœbus equally lights all the spheare. 85  
 And what he cant in like proportion pay,  
 The world enjoyes in mass, and soe we may.  
 Be then euer yourselfe, and let no woe  
 Winn on your health, your youth, your beauty : soe 90

Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,  
 No less be your contempt then constancy:           than  
 That I may grow enamored on your mind,  
 When mine own thoughts I there neglected finde.  
 For this to th' comfort of my deare I vowe,           95  
 My deeds shall stilbe what my deeds are now;  
 The poles shall moue to reach me when I start,  
 And when I change my Loue, I'll change my hart;   heart  
 Nay, if I but wax cold in my desire,  
 Thinke, heauen hath motion lost, and the world fyer:  
 Much more I would; but many woords haue made   101  
 That oft suspected, which men would perswade:  
 Take therefore all in this; I loue so true,  
 As I will neuer look for less in you.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text here is again from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. as before: as neither does this Elegy appear in Stephens' ms. It originally appeared in 1635 edition, and since in all after-editions. 1669 has considerable additions in agreement with our ms.

Line 4, 'loue:' '35 'soule.'

„ 7, 'Heauen:' '69 'Venus' = the brightest star and leader of the host of heaven.

Line 11, 'felt:.' '69 'self-want.'

„ 23, 'in jeast:.' our ms. here is specially good: usually 'for me before.'

Line 40, 'ruinous:.' '69 'dangerous.'

„ 42-3. 1669 'husband's towring:.' query, lowering? *i. e.* for 'two red:.' and for 'That flam'd' reads 'Inflam'd with th' ouglie.'

Line 49, 'most:.' '69 'best.'

„ 66, 'shame:.' '69 'name:.' and l. 67 reads 'armes' for 'charmes.'

Line 78. Usually 'How fresh . . . the . . . ' and l. 79 'un-ripen'd.'

Line 87, 'he' and 'proportion : '69 'we' and 'portion ;' an example of how our collation of mss. rewards all the toil. So l. 97 'reach' in '69 is 'teach : ' and 'ere' for 'when.' G.

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 XV.

## JULIA.

HARKE, newes, O Enuy, thou shalt hear discry'd  
 My JULIA ; who as yett was ne'er enuide.  
 To vomitt gaulle in slaunderss, swels her vaines  
 With callumny, that hell itself desdaines,  
 Is her continuall practice, to doe her best, 5  
 To teare oppinion euen out of the brest  
 Of nearest frends, and (which is worse then vild)  
 Stick jealousy in wedlock ; her own child  
 'Scapes not the showers of enuy : To repeate  
 The monstrous fashions how, were aliue to eate 10  
 Dear reputation ; would to God she were  
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare  
 My milde reproof : Liued Mantuan now agen  
 (That femall-Mastix) to lim out with his penn  
 This shee Chimera, that hath eyes of fire, 15  
 Burning with angar (angar feeds desire),  
 Tongud like the night-crowe, whose ill-boading cryes  
 Giue out for nothing but new iniuryes.

Her breath like to the aire of Tennarus,  
 That blasts the springs, though ne're so prosperous. 20  
 Her hand, I know not how, usd more to spill  
 The food of others, then herself to fill. than  
 But of her mind, that Orcus, which includes  
 Legions of mischeif, countles multitudes  
 Of former curses, proiects unmade up, 25  
 Abuses yet unfashioned, thought corrupt,  
 Misshapen cauels, palpable untroaths,  
 Inevitable errors, selfe-accusing oathes:  
 Thes, like those attoms swarming in the sun,  
 Throng in her bosome for creation. 30  
 I blush to giue her half her dew ; yet say, due  
 No poyson's halfe so bad as Julia.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Again our text is from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. This Elegy appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in all after-editions.

Line 3, '*her:*' so 1635. Our ms. 'in.'

„ 5, '*to doe:*' 1635 'does.'

„ 8. Here our ms. misinserts 'y<sup>e</sup> sheets of;' and in line 31 'only this I' for 'yet say.'

Line 13, '*Mantuan.*' I presume the poet Baptista Spagnolus, 'the good old Mantuan' of Holofernes in Love's Labour Lost; so called from his birthplace.

Line 19, '*aire:*' 1635 'juice.'

Ib. 'Tennarus' = Teneriffe.

Line 28, 'oathes:' 1635 'loathes.' G.

## XVI.

## THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,  
 Was it my fate to prove it stronge in you?  
 Thought I, but once had breathèd purest ayre,  
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?  
 Is it your beawtie's markes or of your yowth, 5  
 Or your perfectyon not to study truth?  
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe? and hath no eyes?  
 Or those she hath smyle at your periuries?  
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter  
 Whereof they ar made, that they 'are writ in water?  
 And blowne away with wynd? Or doth their breath  
 (Both hott and cold) at once make life and death?  
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
 Formd into words, so many sighs shold meet,  
 As from our hart, soe many oaths, and teares 15  
 Sprinkled amonge (all sweetned by our feares)  
 And the devine impression of stolne kisses,  
 That seald the rest, shold now prove empty blisses?  
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe to break?  
 Or must we read you quight from what you speak, 20  
 And find the truth out the wronge way? or must  
 He first desire you false, wold wish you just?  
 Oh, I prophane: though most of women bee  
 This kynd of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,



My dearest Lou'd ; though froward jealousie      25  
 With circumstance might urg thy 'inconstancye,  
 Sooner I'le think the sun will cease to cheere  
 The teeming earth, and that forget to beare :  
 Sooner that rivers will run backe, or Thames  
 With ribbs of ice in June will bynd her streams ;      30  
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,  
 Wold 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 falshood fownd too late,) 'twas hee      35  
 That made me cast you guilty, and you mee ;  
 Whilst the black wretch betraid each symple word  
 We spake, unto the cunninge of a third ;  
 Curst may he bee, that so our loue did stayne,  
 And wander on the earth, as cursed as Caine,      40  
 Wretched as he, and not deserue least pittie ;  
 In plagueing him let Miserie be wytty.  
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,  
 Till he be noysom as his infamie ;  
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,      45  
 And not be trusted more on his sowl's price ;  
 And after all selfe-torment when he dyes,  
 May wolues tear out his hart, vultures his eyes ; heart  
 Swyne eat his bowels ; and his falsler toungue  
 That uttered all, be to some raven flunge ;      50  
 And let his carion corse be a longer feast  
 To the King's doggs, then any other beast.      than

Now I have cursed, let us our loue revive ;  
 In me the flame was never more alive ;  
 I could begin againe to court and praise,                    55  
 And in that pleasure strengthen the short dayes  
 Of my life's lease. Like painters that do take  
 Not in made workes delight, but whilst they make,  
 I cold renew those tymes, when first I sawe  
 Love in your eyes, that gaue my tounge the lawe    60  
 To like what you likt ; and at maskes and plaies  
 Comend the selfe-same actors, the same waies ;  
 Ask how you did, and often, with intent  
 Of beinge officious, bee impertinent ;  
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these            65  
 Love was as subtilie catcht as a disease ;  
 But, beinge gott, it is a treasure sweet,  
 Which to defend is harder then to get :  
 And ought not to be prophande on eyther part ;  
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.            70

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., as before, where it is headed 'Elegia Decima quarta.' This Elegy appeared originally in 1633 edition, and since in all the after-editions. It is the more important to keep in mind that the dates 1633 and 1635 inform us that it had twice appeared during Ben Jonson's lifetime—for he did not die until 1637 ; a fact quite sufficient to set aside its introduction into his *posthumous* 'Underwoods'—than which a more uncritical and illiterately-edited book it is scarcely possible to imagine. Besides, I have not met with any edition of DONNE not containing this Elegy, and in all the ms. collections—and they are very numerous—it is found ; while in

no ms. is it ever assigned to Jonson, notwithstanding that there are many of his poems in such ms. collections. Internally the whole sentiment, colouring, turns, and wording of the Elegy is Donne's, and the antithesis of Jonson. Lieut. Cunningham in his edition of Ben Jonson (3 vols. 8vo), while retaining this Elegy in the 'Underwoods,' notes its resemblance to Donne, and suggests that probably other two of the Elegies belong to Donne. My answer is, that while the present Elegy is found in all the printed editions of Donne, and similarly in all the mss., those other two never have been found assigned to Donne. Cunningham's idea of the present Elegy springing out of another Elegy, certainly Jonson's, is a mere fancy unsupported by evidence external or internal. See more on this in our Essay.

Line 3, 'Thought:' so usually: our ms. miswrites 'Thoughte.'

„ 8, '*smyle at your periuries:*' a saying quoted by Shakespeare:

'at lovers' perjuries  
They say Jove laughs.'  
Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2.

Usually it is 'it,' not 'she,' the latter quaintly making heaven feminine.

Line 10, '*writ in water.*' Was the dying Keats thinking of this? See our Essay on the place.

Line 25, 'lou'd'=others had been loved. Usually 'love.'

„ 33, '*breast:*' our ms. 'beast;' but I prefer the former, because it implies he was one to whose supposedly faithful 'breast' she confided her secrets.

Line 36, '*cast.*' See former note.

„ 39, '*stayne:*' 1669 '*so our loue hath slain:*' and line 40 usually 'wretched.' I adopt our ms., although some may think 'revive' of line 53, and line 55 'I could begin againe,' agree better with 'hath slain' in line 40.

Line 49, '*falser;*' so usually: our ms. inadvertently 'false.'

G.

## XVII.

## A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harme, good sooth, to any wight,  
 To lord or foole, cuckold, beggar, or knight,  
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave  
 Reformèd or reducèd captaine, knave,  
 Officer, jugler, or iustice of peace, 5  
 Luror or iudge; I touch no fat sowe'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 counsellour will looke red or pale. 10  
     A citizen and his wife the other day,  
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way  
 I overtooke; the wench a pretty peate,  
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate;  
 I saw the lecherous citizen turne backe 15  
 His head, and on his wife's lip steale a smacke,  
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,  
 Riding before to kisse his wife behinde;  
 To get acquaintance with him, I began  
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man; 20  
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguings Bill,  
 Ask'd if the custome-farmers held out still;  
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
 The traffique of the Iland seas had marr'd;

Whether the Brittain Burse did fill apace, 25  
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace ;  
 Of new-built Algate, and the Morefield crosses,  
 Of store of bankerouts and poore merchants' losses,  
 I urgèd him to speake ; but he (as mute  
 As an old courtier worne to his last suite) 30  
 Replies with onely yeas and naves ; at last  
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast  
 On tradesmen's gaines ; that set his tongue agoing,  
 Alas, good Sir (quoth he), there is no doing  
 In court nor city now. She smil'd and I, 35  
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie  
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,  
 And at the present times with such a face  
 He rail'd, as fray'd me ; for he gave no praise  
 To any but my Lord of Essex dayes : 40  
 Call'd those the age of action : true (quoth he)  
 There's now as great an itch of bravery  
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay-downe ;  
 For put to push of pay, away they runne ;  
 Our onely city trades of hope now are 45  
 Bawds, tavern-keepers, whores, and scriveners ;  
 The much of priviledg'd kinsmen, and the store  
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore :  
 In the first state of their creation  
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50  
 A righteous paymaster. Thus ranne he on  
 In a continued rage : so void of reason

Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for feare of treason.  
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer  
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major, 55  
 And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,  
 He swore that none could say amen with faith.  
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,  
 (In happy time) an angel did appeare,  
 The bright signe of a lov'd and well-try'd inne, 60  
 Where many citizens with their wives had been  
 Well-us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,  
 To take some due refreshment by the way;  
 Looke, how he look'd that hid the gold (his hope),  
 And at returne found nothing but a rope; 65  
 So he at me; refus'd and made away,  
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:  
 I found my misse, struck hands, and prai'd him tell  
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;  
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine; 70  
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This tale appeared originally in 1635 edition. Our text is that of 1639.

Line 4, 'Reformèd Captain,' or Reformado. Said by Nares to be an officer who for some disgrace had been deprived of his command, but not of his rank, nor perhaps of his pay. Some of the uses of the word, however, do not seem to agree with this, and I rather think it was eventually, if not originally, applied to any officers who had no present command, and who, awaiting vacancies or the like, were formed into a company by them-

selves. With this Bullaker, Dyche, and Kershaw agree, though not Coles.

Line 6, '*fat sowe's grease*:' evidently a proverbial saying.

„ 9, '*ore tenus*'=by word of mouth, a law term.

„ 10, '*looke*:' not in 1669.

„ 20, '*To*:' 1669 '*And*.'

„ 21, '*Plaguing*:' 1669 '*Plaguy*'=Bill of Mortality for the Plague.

Lines 22-3: these are date-marks if we could get at them.

„ 23, '*Ward*.' There was printed in 1612 a play by R<sup>d</sup>. Daborne, '*A Christian turn'd Turk, or the tragical Lives and Deaths of the two famous Pirates, Ward and Dansiker*;' and Halliwell says it is taken from an account of the overthrow of these two pirates by Andrew Barker (1609, 4to). This gives the (probable) date of this tale. The Iland seas are those around the West Indian and other islands. The Midland seas (as in 1669) were probably the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Seas.

Line 25, '*Brittaine Burse*:'=(now) British.

„ 34. This unseemly equivoque is frequent in the writers of that day.

Line 41, '*quoth he*:' a notable correction in 1669 of the '*Quoth I*' of 1635, 1639, &c.

Line 47, '*kinsmen*:' 1669 '*kingsmen*.'

„ 57, '*say amen*:' because neither Mayor nor Brethren were wise.

Line 58, '*him off*:' *i. e.* to get from him, [and] from what I glowed to hear.

Line 62, '*Well-us'd and often*,' may refer to the inn; but it is simpler to take these words as referring to citizens and wives.

Line 65, '*rope*:' an old story found in many forms, of a man who saw another hide some stolen money in a hole in a barn, and took it, and replaced it by a rope.

Line 68, '*misse*'=I found my failure. This is no equivoque, as '*miss*' in that sense was not used till later. See our MARVELL, *s. v.*

Line 71, '*Signe*,' *i. e.* of their shop. -G.

## XVIII.

## LOVE'S PROGRESS.

WHOEVER loves, if he doth not propose  
 The right true end of loue, hee's one that goes  
 To sea for nothinge but to make him sicke :  
 Love is a beare-whelpe borne, if we ore-licke  
 Our loue, and force it newe strange shapes to take, 5  
 We erre, and of a lump a monster make.  
 Were not a calf a monster, that were grown  
 Faced like a man, though better than his own ?  
 Perfection is in vnity : preferr  
 One woman first, and then one thing in her. 10  
 I, when I valew gold, may thinke uponn  
 The ductilness, the applicatyon,  
 The wholsomenes, the ingenuetye,  
 From rust, from soile, from fire for ever free :  
 But if I loue it, 'tis because 'tis made 15  
 (By our new nature) use, the sowl of trade.  
 All this in woman we might think upon  
 (If women had them), and yet loue but one.  
 Can men more iniure women then to say . than  
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20  
 Makes virtue woman? must I coole my blood  
 Till I both be, and fynd one, wise and good ?  
 Let barren angels loue soe, but if wee  
 Make love to woman, virtue is not shee,



As bewtie's not, nor wealth ; he that strais thus, 25  
 From her to her's, is more adulterous  
 Then if he tooke her mayd. Serch every sphære than  
 And firmament, our Cupid is not there :  
 He's an infernall god, and undergrownd,  
 With Pluto dwells, where gold and fyre abound ; 30  
 Men to such gods their sacrificizing coles  
 Did not on altars lay, but in pytts and holes :  
 Although we see cælestiall bodyes move  
 Above the earth, the earth we tyll and loue :  
 So we her aires contemplate, words, and hart, heart 35  
 And virtues ; but we love the centrique part.  
 Nor is the sowle more worthy, or more fytt  
 For love, then this, as infynite as it. than  
 But in attaying this desirèd place  
 How much they err, that set out at the face ! 40  
 The hayre a forrest is of ambushes,  
 Of springges, snares, fetters, and manacles :  
 The browe becalms us, when 'tis smooth and plaine ;  
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us againe.  
 Smooth, 'tis a paradice, where we wold haue 45  
 Immortal stay ; but wrinkled, 'tis our grave.  
 The nose (like to the first meridian) runns  
 Not betwixt east and west, but 'twixt two sunns ;  
 It leaves a cheeke, a rosie hemispheare  
 On eyther syde, and then directs us where 50  
 Upon the islands Fortunate wee fall,  
 Not faint Canaries, but ambrosiall

And swelling lipps to which when we are come,  
 We anchor there, and thinke ourselves at home,  
 For they seeme all: there syrens' songes, and there 55  
 Wise Delphique oracles, doe fill the care ;  
 There in a creeke, where chosen pearls do swell,  
 The Remora, her cleaving toungue, doth dwell.  
 These and the glorious promontory, her chynn,  
 Being past, the straits of Helespont, between 60  
 The Sestos and Abidos of her brests,  
 (Not of two lovers, but two loves, the nests)  
 Succeeds a bowndless sea, but yet thyne eye  
 Some island moles may scattred there discry,  
 And sayling towards her India, in the way 65  
 Shall at her faire Atlantique navill stay,  
 Though thence the current be thy pylot made,  
 Yet ere thou be where thou would'st be embaide,  
 Thou shalt vpon another forrest sett,  
 Where many shipwrack and no further gett. 70  
 When thou art there, consider thou thy chace  
 Maskt longer by beginninge at the face.  
 Rather sett out belowe ; practize my art ;  
 Some simmetric the foot hath with that part,  
 Which thou dost seek, and is as mapp for that ; 75  
 Lovely enough to stopp, but not stay att :  
 Least subject to disguise and change it is ;  
 Men say the Devil never can change his.  
 It is the embleme, that hath figurèd  
 Firmnes ; 'tis the first part that comes to bedd. 80

Civillie we see refyned : the kisse  
 (Which at the faee begun) transplanted is,  
 Since to the hand, since to the imperiall knee,  
 Now at the Papall foote delights to bee :  
 If kings thinke that the nearer way, and doe 85  
 Rise from the foot, lovers may doe so too.  
 For as free sphæres move faster farr then can than  
 Byrds, whom the ayre resists ; so may that man,  
 Which goes this emptie and ethireall way,  
 Then if at bewtie's enemies he stay. than 90  
 Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made  
 Two purses, and their mowths aversly laid :  
 Then they, which to the lower tribute owe,  
 That way, which that exchequor looks, must goe :  
 He who doth not, his error is as great, 95  
 As who by clyster gives the stomack meate.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., as before, where this Elegy is numbered 'Elegia Nona,' and headed, as we have done, 'Love's Progresse,' and so too in ms. 4955, as before. It appeared originally in 1669 edition (pp. 94-97), but very incorrecly, as a collation will show. We have silently put right from our ms. and other mss.

Line 4, '*ore-licke*.' a reference to the belief that animals licked their young into shape, whence the phrase 'lick into shape.'

Line 12, 'the:' our ms. misreads 'of.'

„ 13, '*ingenuetye*.' Latinate, free-born or noble descent, untaintedness.

Line 16. The reference is to the proverb, 'use is second

nature,' and I accept the usual text rather than 'By use of our new nature,' as in our ms.

Line 20. Our ms. inserts badly 'That' before 'they,' and reads 'they are' for 'they're:' I accept the usual printed text. So in line 21 our ms. misreads 'Make.'

Line 22, '*be*:' so usually. Our ms. misreads 'see'=Must I cool my blood both till I 'be' wise and good, and till I find a woman equally so?

Line 25. Our ms. reads badly 'As bewtie nor wealth is.'

„ 27, 'if he tooke:' our ms. misreads 'then he that tooke.' There is no woman spoken of in particular, but only 'woman' generically. I therefore accept the usual printed text, 'if he tooke,' as it agrees with this, while 'he that tooke' makes a reference to one that has not been referred to.

Line 42, '*sprindges*,' &c. Cf. MARVELL, *s. v.*

„ 60. The construction here is elliptical, or requires a double use of the verb: 'These and . . . her chin being past, and the straits being passed.' There is a similar phrase (lines 3-4) in the 'Funeral Elegy' commencing 'Language, thou art too narrow' (hitherto erroneously included in this Series). 'If we could sigh out our accents, and weep words, grief wears and lessens [grief wears and lessens] that affords breath [to] tears.' See also note on next Elegy, line 40. Cf. too Elegy on Julia, line 5, where 'Is her continual practice' has to do double duty.

Lines 71-2. 1669 reads 'what this chase Misspent, by thy.'

„ 88, 'whom:' so usually. Our ms. reads 'when;' 'when' gives the first sense, 'free spheres move faster when the air resists than birds:' 'whom' frees the sentence from that absurd-sounding ambiguity.

One mourns that ever Donne wrote in this vein of Carew at his worst. G.

## XIX.

## TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powres defie,  
 Untill I labour, I in labour lye.  
 The foe oftymes, havinge the foe in sight,  
 Is tir'd with standinge, though he never fight.  
 Off with that gyrdle, like heavn's zone glysteringe, 5  
 But a farr fayrer world incompassinge.  
 Unpin that spangled brestplate, which you weare,  
 That the 'eyes of busy fools might be stopt there ;  
 Unlace yourselfe, for that (your woman's chyme)  
 Tells me from you, that now 'tis your bedtime. 10  
 Off with that happy busk, which I envye,  
 That still can bee, and still can stand so nigh.  
 Your gowne going off such bewteous state reveales,  
 As when from flowry meads th' hill's shadowe steals.  
 Off with your wirie coronett, and showe 15  
 The hairye diadems which on you doe growe :  
 Off with your hose and shooes, then safely tread  
 In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bedd.  
 In such white robes heaven's angels use to bee  
 Perceiv'd by men ; thou angell bring'st with thee 20  
 A heaven-like Mahomet's paradise ; and though  
 Ill spirits walke in whyte, we easily know  
 By this, these angels from an evill sprite ;  
 Those sett our hayre, but these our flesh upright.

License my roaving hands, and let them goe 25  
 Behynd, before, betweene, above, belowe.  
 Oh my America ! my Newfoundland !  
 My kingdom, safest when with one man man'd.  
 My myne of precious stones ! my emperie !  
 How blest am I, in thus discoveringe thee ! 30  
 To enter in those bonds is to be free ;  
 That where my hand is sett my seale shalbee.  
 Full nakednes ! all joyes are due to thee ;  
 As fowles unbodied boydes uncloth'd must bee,  
 To tast whole joyes. Gems, which you women use,  
 Are, as Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views ; 36  
 That when a foole's eye lighteth on a gemm,  
 His earthly sowle might covrt those, not them :  
 Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made  
 For lay-men, are all women thus arraide. 40  
 Themselves are only mistique books, which wee  
 (Whome their imputed grace will dignifie)  
 Must see revail'd. Then since that I may know,  
 As liberally as to a midwife showe  
 Thyselfe ; cast all, yea y<sup>e</sup> white lynyen hence ; 45  
 There is no penance due to innocence.  
 To teach thee, I'le be naked first ; why, than  
 What needs thou haue more covering then a man ? than

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' MS., as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Decima octava.' This Elegy, the most sensual

ever written by English poet of the genius of Donne, originally appeared in 1669 edition (pp. 97-9).

Line 7, '*spangled brestplate.*' Those who have seen the Corfeot women in their gala dresses, Venetian fashions of two or three hundred years ago, will recognise the 'spangled' and sometimes 'gold' plate, breast-plate, or stomacher of the text.

Line 12. The first 'still'=quiet; the second=yet or continuously.

Line 13, 'bewteous:' so usually: our ms. reads 'beautie's state,' not so good.

Line 15, '*wirie coronett:*' on which the hair and added hair and head-gear were built up.

Line 40, '*lay-men:*' in the sense of ignorant laics, not admitted into the inner precincts. 'For laymen' is to be used with both the preceding and following clause; a kind of ellipse already noted in Donne. G.

## XX.

## OPINION.

THE heavens rejoyce in motion; why should I  
 Abjure my so beloued varyety,  
 And not with many, youth and loue deuide?  
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifide.  
 The sun, that sitting in the chaire of light, 5  
 Sheds flame into what else soe'er seemes bright,  
 Is not contented att one Sign to inn,  
 But ends his yeare, and att a new begins.  
 All things doe willingly in chang delight,  
 The fruitfull mother of our appetite: 10

Riuers the clerer and more pleasing are, [clear ;  
 Where their faire-spreading streams run wide and  
 And a dead lake, that no strange barque doth greeete,  
 Corrupts itself and what doth liue in itt.  
 Let no man tell me such a one is faire 15  
 And worthy all alone my loue to sheire. share  
 Nature hath done in her the liberall part  
 Of a kind mistress, and emploide her art  
 To make her loucable ; and I auerr  
 Him not humane, that would return from her ; 20  
 I loue her well ; and could, if need weer, dye were  
 To doe her seruice. But followes itt that I  
 Must serue her only, when I may haue choice ?  
 The lawe is hard, and shall not haue my voice.  
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire, 25  
 And houlds me in the sunnbeams of her haire ;  
 Her nymphlike features such agreements haue,  
 That I could venture with her to the graue :  
 Another's broune, I like her not the worse ;  
 Her toungue is soft, and takes me with discourse ; 30  
 Others, for that they well descended are,  
 Doe in my loue obtaine as larg a share ;  
 And though they be not faire, 'tis much with me  
 To winn their loue only for their degree ;  
 And though I faile of my required ends, 35  
 The attempt is glorious, and ittself comends.  
 How happy weer our sires in ancient time, were  
 Who held plurality of loues no crime !



With them it was accounted charrety  
 To stirr up race of all indifferently ; 40  
 Kindred were not exempted from the bands,  
 Which with the Persians still in usage stands.  
 Women were then no sooner askt then won ; than  
 And what they did was honest, and well done.  
 But since this title honnour hath been used, 45  
 Ower weake credulety hath been abusde ;  
 The goulden lawes of nature are repeald,  
 Which our first fathers in such reuerence held ;  
 Our liberty's reverst, and chartar's gone,  
 And we made servants to OPINION ; 50  
 A monster in no certeine shape attird,  
 And whose originall is much desired ;  
 Formless at first, butt growing on, itt fashions,  
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.  
 Here Loue received immedicinable harmes, 55  
 And was despoilèd of his daring armes ;  
 A greater want then is his dareing eyes,  
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flyes ;  
 His sinewy bow, and those imortal darts,  
 Wherewith hee's wont to bruise resisting harts. hearts  
 Only some few, strong in themselues, and free, 61  
 Retaine the seeds of ancient liberty ;  
 Following that part of loue, although deprest,  
 And make a throne for him within their brest ;  
 In spite of modern censures, him avouing 65  
 Their soveraigne, all seruice him allowing.

Amongst which troope, although I am the least,  
 Yet equall in affections with the best,  
 I glory in subjection of his hand,  
 Nor neuer did decline his least comaund ; 70  
 For in whateuer form the message came,  
 My heart did open, and receaue the flame.  
 But time will in its course a point descrye,  
 When I this lovèd seruice must denye ;  
 For our allegience temporary is ; 75  
 With firmer age returne ower libertyes.  
 What time, in grauer judgement, wee repos'd,  
 Shall not soe easily be to change disposed ;  
 Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,  
 But beauty with true worth soe rarely weying ; 80  
 Which being found assembled in some one,  
 Wee'll loue her euer, and loue her alone.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. This Elegy appeared originally in 1669 edition (pp. 411-414).

Line 2, '*beloued*.' 1669 'much lov'd.'

„ 3. 1669 badly reads 'many youth and lov'd.'

„ 5. Usually 'soever' = soe'er, which accordingly I have ventured to give; but even thus there is a syllable which will not come into scansion, and 'soe'er doth seem bright' is unmetrical prose. From other instances it is plain Donne did not always at once detect that he had written an Alexandrine instead of an ordinary five-foot verse. I correct by reading 'seemes' for 'doth seem.'

Line 7, '*inn*.' See our PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER, s. v.

„ 8, '*att*.' 1669 'with.'

„ 12, '*clear*.' our ms. 'faire.' I accept 1669.

Line 16, 'sheire' = (as in margin) share: so usually, but our ms. reads 'to inheire.'

Line 36. See our Essay on this line and Addison.

„ 45, 'title:' 1669 'little,' badly.

„ 50, 'Opinion:' so 1669: our ms. badly 'Oppression;'  
and so line 52 'desired' is in ms. 'admird.'

Line 55, 'immedicinable:' 1669 'immedicable.'

„ 77. 1669 reads 'in years and judgement.'

„ 82, 'loue:' 1669 badly 'leane.' G.

## XXI.

## A PARADOX OF A PAINTED FACE.

Not kisse! by Jouve I must, and make impression!  
 As longe as Cupid dares to hould his scessyoun session  
 Within my flesh and blood, our kisses shall  
 Out-minvte tyme, and without number fall.  
 Doe I not know these balls of blushinge redd 5  
 That on thy cheeks thus amorously are spread,  
 Thy snowie necke, those vaines vpon thy browe  
 Which with their azure twinklinge sweetly bowe,  
 Are artificiall, borrowed, and no more thyne owne  
 Then chayncs which on St. George's day are showne  
 Are proper to their wearers; yet for this 11  
 I idole thee, and begge a luschyous kisse.  
 The fucus and ceruse, which on thy face  
 Thy cuning hand layes on to add new grāce,  
 Deceive me with such pleasinge fraud, that I 15  
 •Fynd in thy art, what can in Nature lye.

Much like a paynter that vpon some wall  
 On which the cadent sun-beames vse to fall  
 Paynts with such art a guylded butterflie  
 That sillie maids with slowe-mov'd fingers trie      20  
 To catch it, and then blush at their mistake,  
 Yet of this painted flie most reckoninge make :  
 Such is our state, since what we looke vpon  
 Is nought but colour and proportionn.  
 Take we a face as full of frawde and lyes      25  
 As gipsies in your common lottereyes,  
 That is more false and more sophisticate  
 Then are saints' reliques, or a man of state ;  
 Yet such beinge glosed by the sleight of arte  
 Gaine admiration, wining many a hart.      30  
 Put case there be a difference in the mold,  
 Yet may thy Venus be more choice, and hold  
 A dearer treasure. Oftentimes we see  
 Rich Candyan wyne in wooden bowles to bee ;  
 The oderiferous civett doth not lye      35  
 Within the pretious muscatt's eare or eye,  
 But in a baser place ; for prudent Nature  
 In drawinge us of various formes and feature,  
 Gives from y<sup>e</sup> envious shopp of her large treasure  
 To faire partes comlynnesse, to baser pleasure.      40  
 The fairest flowres that in y<sup>e</sup> Springe do grow  
 Are not soe much for vse, as for the showe ;  
 As lyllics, hyacinths, and your gorgeous byrth  
 Of all pied-flowers, which dyaper the Earth,

Please more with their discoloured purple traine 45  
 Then holsome pot-herbs which for vse remayne.  
 Shall I a gawdie-speckled serpent kisse  
 For that the colours which he wears be his ?  
 A perfum'd cordevant who will not weare  
 Because y<sup>e</sup> sent is borrowed otherwhere ? 50  
 The robes and vestments which do grace vs all  
 Are not our owne, but adventitiall.  
 Tyme rifles Nature's bewtie, but slie Art  
 Repaires by cuninge this decayinge part ;  
 Fills here a wrinkle and there purls a vayne, 55  
 And with a nymble hand runs ore againe  
 The breaches dented in by th' arme of Tyme,  
 And makes deformitie to be noe cryme ;  
 As when great men be grypt by sicknes' hand  
 Industrious phisick pregnantly doth stand 60  
 To patch vp fowle diseases, and doth strive  
 To keepe their totteringe carcasses alive.  
 Bewtie's a candle-light, which euery puffe  
 Blowes out, and leaves naught but a stinking snuff  
 To fill our nostrills with. This boldly thinke, 65  
 The clearest candle makes y<sup>e</sup> greatest stinke ;  
 As your pure food and cleanest nutriment  
 Getts the most hott and most strong excrement.  
 Why hang we then on things so apt to varye,  
 So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie, 70  
 That agues, coughs, the tooth-ake, or catharr  
 (Slight howses of diseases) spoyle and marr ?

But when old age their bewty hath in chace,  
 And ploughes vpp furrowes in their once smooth face,  
 Then they become forsaken, and doe shewe 75  
 Like stately abbies ruyn'd longe agoe.  
 Nature but gives the modell and first draught  
 Of faire perfection, which by Art is taught  
 To make itselſe a compleat forme and birth  
 Soe, stands a coppie to these shapes on Earth. 80  
 Jove grant me then a repairable face,  
 Which whil'st that coulors are, can want noe grace ;  
 Pigmalion's painted statue I wold loue,  
 Soe it were warme or soft, or could but move.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegy was first printed by Sir John Simeon in his tractate of Donne poems from mss. for the Philobiblon Society (on which see our Preface) ; but as throughout Sir John modernised the orthography, I take our text in preference from the Stephens' ms. as before. In the Simeon copy the heading is simply 'To a Painted Lady.' These variations, taken from Simeon's copy, may be recorded (orthographical not noted) :

Line 1, 'will.'

„ 3, 'Within:' our ms. 'vpon:' the former accepted.

„ 5, 'Do not I . . . white and red.'

„ 8, 'wrinkles.'

„ 9, 'borrowed' dropped.

„ 10, 'showne:' our ms. 'worne:' the former accepted.

„ 11, 'the.'

„ 13, 'fucus and the ceruse on:' 'fucus,' Latin, counterfeit painting, deceit: used in those days as the name for the preparations employed in colouring the skin.

Line 14, 'more.'

„ 15-16. First printed by us.

„ 19, 'such gilded art a.'

Line 21, 'it' and 'then' dropped.

„ 22, 'more.'

„ 23, 'Such:' our ms. miswrites 'Sure,' and 'estate' for 'state,' and 'that' for 'what;,' 'what' being preferable, as making what it is a general reflection, there being probably an allusion to the philosophic idea of the day that we see the accidents, colours, and proportion, but not the true *substantia* of anything.

Line 25, 'Make.'

„ 26, 'their cunning'st flatteries.' I do not remember any other allusion to this custom (except as below), nor do I know whether the gipsies were real or 'stage' gipsies :

'He's a scurvy informer; has more cosenage  
In him than is in five travelling lotteries.'  
Middleton, Anything for a Quiet Life, act 1.

Line 29, 'thus.'

„ 31-34 first printed by us.

„ 37, 'baser,' wrongly; and so in line 38, 'use' for 'us.'

„ 39, 'Gives unto them the shop,' which is nonsense.

„ 43, 'the.'

„ 47-8 in Simeon copy follow our lines 49-50, but run

thus :

'A gaudy speckled serpent who would kiss  
Because the colours that he wears are his?'

Line 51, 'do' I insert from Simeon copy.

„ 53, 'rifles:' our ms. badly 'rifled;,' but I retain 'bew-tie' for 'bountie.'

Line 54, 'decayed.'

„ 55, 'here:' I accept this for 'there,' but not 'pearls' for 'purls:' purls=makes a vein ripple or run wavelingly. Cf. 'winding meanders,' El. xxv. line 24.

Line 58, 'Making.'

„ 61, 'old.'

„ 64, Simeon reads badly 'stuff.' See our note on 'snuff' in Satire ii. line 6.

Line 67, 'pure:' spelled oddly 'poare.'

„ 74, 'wrinkles.' I accept 'once' for 'owne' of our ms.

„ 77, 'or.'

„ 78, 'wrought.'

„ 79. Our ms. 'Speak to y<sup>t</sup> selfe . . . breath.' I accept the Simeon copy.

Line 81, 'you' for 'then.'

Line 82, 'are' dropped in ms. from the common cause of error, alliterative letters and similar syllables: '*colours are.*'

Line 83, 'image . . . could.'

„ 84, 'and soft and;' 'could' is spelled 'cold.'

„ 49, 'cordevant' is Spanish leather, so named from Cordova, once famous for its manufacture. G.

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 XXII.

## LOVE'S WAR.

TILL I have peace with thee, warr other men ;  
 And when I haue peace, can I leave thee then ?  
 All other warrs are scrupelous, only thou  
 A faire free cyttie, maist thy selfe allowe  
 To any one. In Flanders, who can tell                    5  
 Whether the master 'press, or men rebell?            oppress  
 Onely we knowe, that which all ideots say,  
 They beare most blowes that come to part the fray.  
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate  
 Even our men, yea and our God of late ;                10  
 Yet she relies vpon our angells well,  
 Which n'ere returne no more then they that fell.  
 Sicke Ireland is with a strange warr possesst,  
 Like to an ague, now raging, now at rest,  
 Which tyme will cure : yet it must doe her good        15  
 If she were purg'd, and her head-vaine let blood.  
 And Midas joyes, our Spanish jorneyes give,  
 We touche all gold, but fynd no food to live.



And I shold be in the hot parchinge clyme  
 To dust and ashes turnd before my tyme. 20  
 To mewe me in a shipp is to intrall  
 Me in a prisonn, that were like to fall ;  
 Or in a cloister, save that there men dwell  
 In a calme Heav'n, here in a swaying Hell.  
 Long voiages are long consumptions, 25  
 And shippes are carts for executyons ;  
 Yea, they are deaths : It is all one to flye  
 Into another world, as 'tis to die.  
 Heere let me warre, in these arms let me lye ;  
 Here let me parley : better bleed then dye. 30  
 Thyne arms imprison mee, and myn arms thee ;  
 Thy hart thy ransom is, take myne for mee.  
 Other men warr, that thay their rest may gaine,  
 But we will rest that we may fight againe.  
 Those warrs th' ignorant, these the experient love ; 35  
 There we are alwais vnder, heere aboue ;  
 There engines farr of[f] breed a iust true feare ;  
 Neere thrusts, pickes, stabbs, yea bullets, hurt not heere.  
 There lyes are wronges, here safe vprightly lye ;  
 There men kill men, wee'le make one by and by. 40  
 Thou nothinge, I not halfe soe much to doe  
 In these warrs, as they may which from vs two  
 Shall springe. Thowsands we see which travail not  
 To warr, but stay, swords, arms, and shott  
 To make at home ; and shall not I do then 45  
 More gloriovs service, staying to make men ?

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegy was first printed by Waldron (on whom see our Essay), and, ignorant thereof, by Sir John Simeon, as before; but again, and for the same reasons, I follow the Stephens' ms., where it is headed simply 'Elegia Decima quinta.' These variations from our ms. are noteworthy:

Line 1. Characteristically Donne writes in our ms. 'I warr with,' oblivious of scansion, &c. 'Warr other men'=let other men warr—second and greatly-improved thought. So in like manner 'The present wars devour him' (Coriol. i. 1); a phrase surprisingly puzzling to some, even after Warburton had pointed out its true meaning.

Line 6, 'press'=oppress (as in margin). Our ms. reads 'master-peers.'

Line 8, 'who,' and line 12, 'which.' The allusion is to the assistance at various times given to the Provinces in their War of Independence.

Lines 10-11. Perhaps referring to the force which was sent to the assistance of Henry of Navarre under Essex in 1591. The Queen, who had given him and the Dutch money and other secret assistance before, then sent him 20,000*l.* in gold.

Line 15, 'straying;' and line 15, 'must' for 'will.'

„ 16, 'dead-vaine.'

„ 18. I accept 'touche' for the first 'fynd.'

„ 24, 'swaggering.'

„ 27, 'is't not.'

„ 30, 'batter, bleed, and.' The explanation of such a phrase can be found in Sir Thomas Browne's Pseudod. b. iii. c. ix.; and the computation has been usefully—for their purpose—employed by quacks in the present day.

Line 32. I accept 'for' instead of 'from' of our ms.; and 'thy' for 'the ransom,' as the context demands.

Line 35. Our ms. 'unexperient.'

„ 37. Our ms. 'their:' Simeon 'these:' accepted.

„ 41, 'shall do.'

Waldron has this footnote: "'Than they which fell' (line 14). The ms. from which this and the following Elegy were printed reads, 'then they,' &c., the common orthography of the time. It is dated 1625. For the sake of perspicuity, some other trifling variations have been made—as bear for bare, vein for

vaine—and a few commas inserted. The distinction between *angels*, coin so-called, and the Fallen Angels scarcely needs being pointed out." All the references go to show that this Elegy was written in the reign of Elizabeth. G.

## XXIII.

## LOVE'S POWER.

SHALL Love, that gave Latona's heire the foile, · Apollo  
(Proud of his archerie and Pethon's spoile,) Python's  
And so enthral'd him to a nimph's disdainē  
As, when his hopes were dead, hee, full of paine,  
Made him above all trees the lawrell grace, 5  
An embleme of Loue's glory, his disgrace;  
Shall he, I say, be termed a foot-boy now  
Which made all powers in Heauen and Earth to bowe?  
Or is't a fancy which themselves doe frame,  
And therefore dare baptize by any name? 10  
A flaming straw! which one sparke kindles bright,  
And first hard breath out of itselſe doth fright;  
Whose father was a smile, and death a frowne,  
Soon proud of little and for lesse cast downe?  
'Tis so! and this a lackie terme you may, lackey 15  
For it runs oft, and makes but shortest stay.  
But thou, O Love! free from Time's eating rust,  
That sett'st a limite unto boundles lust,  
Making desire grow infinitely stronge,  
And yett to one chast subiect still belong; 20

Bridling self-love, that flatters us in ease,  
 Quick'ning our witts to striue that they may please ;  
 Fixing the wand'ring thoughts of straying youth,  
 The firmest bond of Faith, the knott of Truth :  
 Thou that did'st never lodge in worthles hart, heart 25  
 Thou art a master, whersoe're thou art.  
 Thou mak'st food loathsome, sleep to be unrest,  
 Lost labor easeful, scornfull lookes a feast ;  
 And when thou wilt, thy ioyes as farr excell joys  
 All elce as, when thou punish'st, thy Hell. else 30  
 Oh make that rebell feele thy matchles power,  
 Thou that mad'st Jove a bull, a swan, a showre.  
 Give him a love as tirannous as faire,  
 That his desire goe yoakèd with despaire ;  
 Live in her eyes, but in her frozen heart 35  
 Lett no thaw come that may have sence of smart.  
 Lett her a constant silence never breake,  
 Till he doe wish repulse to heare her speake ;  
 And last, such sence of error lett him haue  
 As he may never dare for mercy crave. 40  
 Then none will more capittulate with thee,  
 But of their harts will yield the empire free. hearts

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

First printed by Sir John Simeon, as before ; but through  
 a friend who collated this and others in our Vol. II. at Sir  
 John's sale, I have been enabled to give the original ortho-  
 graphy. I regret that there was no time to do the same for

Nos. xxiv. and xxv. that follow, which I am obliged to give as in the Simeon tractate.

Who the rebel was that represented Love as a post-boy, and so gave rise to the present poem, it is probably impossible now to discover. Ben Jonson in his *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) introduces Cupid as a gamesome boy-deity, who disguises himself as a page or foot-boy in the Court of Cynthia, and is foiled in his attempts, in part through those who may be likened to 'themselves' of line 9, &c. having drunk of the fountain of 'self-love' (line 21). Line 11, 'proud' = when proud; line 30, 'thy Hell' [excels all other Hells]. G.

## XXIV.

## LOVE AND REASON.

BASE Love, the stain of youth, the scorn of age,  
 The folly of a man, a woman's rage;  
 The canker of a froward will thou art,  
 The business of an idle, empty heart;  
 The rack of Jealousy and sad Mistrust,                   5  
 The smooth and justified excuse of lust;  
 The thief which wastes the taper of our life;  
 The quiet name of restless jars and strife;  
 The fly which dost corrupt and quite distaste  
 All happiness if thou therein be cast;                   10  
 The greatest and the most concealed impostor  
 That ever vain credulity did foster;  
 A mountebank extolling trifles small,  
 A juggler playing loose, not fast with all;  
 An alchymist, whose promises are gold,                   15  
 Payment but dross, and hope at highest sold.

This, this is Love, and worse than I can say  
 When he a master is, and bears the sway,  
 He guides like Phaeton, burns and destroys,  
 Parches and stifles what would else be joys.           20  
 But when clear Reason, sitting in the throne,  
 Governs his beams,—which otherwise are none  
 But darts and mischiefs,—oh, then, sunlike, he  
 Doth actuate, produce, ripen, and free  
 From grossness, those good seeds which in us lie   25  
 Till then as in a grave, and there would die.  
 All high perfections in a perfect lover  
 His warmth does cherish, and his light discover.  
 He gives an even temper of delight  
 Without a minute's loss; nor fears affright           30  
 Nor interrupt the joys such love doth bring,  
 Nor no enjoying can dry up the spring.  
 Unto another he lends out our pleasure,  
 That—with the use—it may come home a treasure.  
 Pure link of bodies where no lust controuls,           35  
 The fastness and security of souls!  
 Sweetest path of life, virtue in full sail,  
 Tree-budding hope whose fruit doth never fail!  
 To this dear love I do no rebel stand,  
 Though not employed, yet ready at command.       40  
 Wherefore, oh Reason high, thou who art king  
 Of the world's king, and dost in order bring  
 The wild affections, which so often swerve  
 From thy just rule, and rebel passions serve;

Thou without whose light love's fire is but smoke, 45  
 Which puts out eyes and mind's true sense doth choak;  
 Restore this lover to himself again,  
 Send him a lively feeling of his pain,  
 Give him a healthy and discerning taste  
 Of food and rest, that he may rest at last, 50  
 By strength of thee, from his strange strong disease,  
 Wherein the danger is that it doth please.  
 Grant this, oh Reason, at his deep'st request  
 Who never loved to see your power supprett.  
 And now to you, Sir Love, your love I crave, 55  
 Of you no mastery I desire to have.  
 But that we may, like honest friends, agree,  
 Let us to Reason fellow-servants be.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From Sir John Simeon's tractate, as before. But while Sir John assures us very earnestly that he had well weighed the evidence furnished in the different mss. of his own and of (now) Lord Houghton of the authorship of all printed by him being Donne's, a critical perusal of the present Elegy suggests that it cannot have been written *by*, though probably it was addressed *to*, him. Line 39 (to notice only it)—

'To this dear love I do no rebel stand'—

seems plainly the poetic rejoinder of the person whom Donne had addressed in Elegy xxiii. This grows plainer still when we find that in reply to Donne's humorous curses he gives as 'a soft answer turning away wrath' the prayer beginning line 41; and then applying to Donne the title of SIR LOVE, clearly applies to him the phrase Donne had applied to Love: 'Thou art a master' (El. xxiii. line 26), and concludes with, 'of you, Sir Love:'

'Of you no mastery I desire to have,  
 But that we may, like honest friends, agree.' (ll. 55 *et seqq.*)

The same is also referred to, line 18, 'When he a master is,' &c. And again [Reason],

'Give him a healthy and discerning taste  
Of food and rest, that he may rest at last' (ll. 49-50.)

refers to Donne's

'Thou [Love] mak'st food loathsome, sleep to be unrest.'

So line 35 refers to Donne's line 18, and lines 41-3 to Donne's lines 23 and 26; for reason, king of the world's king, is reason king of man. I am indebted to the insight of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for above line of detection.

On line 7 see former note on the opinion of philosophers on this; line 34, 'use'=usury, interest. G.

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XXV.

TO A LADY OF DARK COMPLEXION.

If shadows be the picture's excellence  
And make it seem more lively to the sense;  
If stars in the bright day are lost from sight  
And seem most glorious in the mask of Night;  
Why should you think, rare creature, that you lack 5  
Perfection, cause your eyes and hair are black;  
Or that your heavenly beauty, which exceeds  
The new-sprung lilies in their maidenheads,  
The damask colour of your cheeks and lips  
Should suffer by their darkness an eclipse? 10  
Rich diamonds shine brightest being set  
And compassèd within a field of jet;  
Nor were it fit that nature should have made  
So bright a sun to shine without some shade—



It seems that Nature, when she first did fancy      15  
 Your rare composure, studied nigromancy :  
 That when to you this gift she did impart  
 She usèd altogether the black art,  
 By which infused powers from magic book  
 You do command, like spirits, with a look.      20  
 She drew those magic circles in your eyes,  
 And made your hair the chains with which she ties  
 Rebelling hearts. Those blue veins, which appear  
 Winding meanders about either sphere,  
 Mysterious figures are ; and when you list,      25  
 Your voice commandeth as the exorcist.  
 O, if in magic you have power so far,  
 Vouchsafe to make me your familiar.  
 Nor hath dame Nature her black art revealed  
 To outward parts alone, some lie concealed.      30  
 For as by heads of springs men often know  
 The nature of the streams which run below,  
 So your black hair and eyes do give direction  
 To think the rest to be of like complexion ;  
 That rest where all rest lies that blesseth man,      35  
 That Indian mine, that straight of Magelan,  
 That world-dividing gulph, where he who ventures  
 With swelling sails and ravisht senses, enters  
 To a new world of bliss. Pardon I pray,  
 If my rude Muse presumeth to display      40  
 Secrets unknown, or hath her bounds o'erpast  
 In praising sweetness which I ne'er did taste.

Starved men do know there's meat, and blind men may,  
 Though hid from light, presume there is a day.  
 The rover, in the mark his arrow strikes 45  
 Sometimes as well as he that shoots at pricks ;  
 And if that I might aim my shaft aright,  
 The black mark I would hit and not the white.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From Sir John Simeon, as before, as printed by him from his mss. The queen [Elizabeth] being fair, all beauties were golden-haired, and gray eyes were esteemed the loveliest ; and as we have seen in our own day, those who had dark hair used auricome dyes. This explains the heading and treatment generally.

Line 6, '*nigromancy.*' This is not a punning coinage of Donne's ; for both forms — *nigromancy* = the black art = German *Schwarzkunst* ; and *necromancy* = divination by calling up the deceased — existed in English, Italian, and French. As *necromancy* in its general sense is a misnomer — for it can only be applied to such arts as that of the Witch of Endor — it may be that *nigromancy*, as having to do with spirits of blackness, was a mediæval coinage, suggested by *necromantia*, and this is supported in some degree by the Teutonic forms. The evidence, however, seems stronger for the belief that *nigromancy* is but a corruption of the modern Latin race pronunciation of the former *necro*, assisted by the evident fitness of the word *niger* so compounded. Thus the Italian pronunciation of *necro* would be *negro*, and this would glide, with the assistance mentioned, into *nigro*. In Spanish also there is, so far as I can find, but one form — *negromancia* (*negro* being also = black in Sp.) ; and it confirms this view, that the dictionary compilers of those days, and especially such a one as Minshew, make no distinction between the two forms.

Line 46, 'pricks:' miswritten 'picks:' the rover shot at any casual mark, the other at a 'prick,' or established and measured mark. Minshew gives 'prick' as = butt, though sometimes it would appear to be used preëminently of its

centre. From the use of the verb 'pricking' in Ascham it would seem that a 'butt' was called a 'prick,' because, it being for instruction and exercise in accuracy, the arrow was not shot with a long or strong flight so as to pierce, but for a short distance, with moderate strength (and even with a weaker bow), so as only to 'prick' the mark. I commend this to my admirable and erudite friend Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, who has edited with such scholarliness Ascham's 'Scholemaster.' G.

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 XXVI.

## AN ELEGIE TO MRS. BOULSTRED.

SHALL I goe force an elegy? abuse  
 My witt? and breake the hymen of my Muse  
 For one poore hower's love? deserues it such  
 Which serues not mee to doe on her as much?  
 Or if it would, I would that fortune shunn— 5  
 Who would be rich to be soe soon vndone?  
 The beggar's best that wealth doth never know,  
 And but to shew it him increaseth woe.  
 But we two may enioy an hower, when never  
 It returns, who would have a losse for ever? 10  
 Nor can soe short a loue, if true, but bring  
 A half-hower's feare with thought of loosing.  
 Before it all howers were hope, and all are,  
 That shall come after it, yeares of dispaire.  
 This ioy brings this doubt, whether it were more 15  
 To haue enioyed it, or haue dy'de before.

'Tis a lost Paradize, a fall from grace,  
 Which I think Adam felt more than his race ;  
 Nor need these angels any other Hell,  
 It is enough for them from Heaven they fell. 20  
 Beside, conquest in love is all in all,  
 That when I list shee under me may fall ;  
 And for this turne, both for delight and view  
 I'll haue a Succuba as good as you.  
 But when these toyes are past, and o' blood ends, our  
 The best injoying is, wee still are freindes. 26  
 Loue can but be friendship's outside, there two their  
 Beauties differ as minds and bodyes do.  
 Thus I this good still fayne would be to take,  
 Vnles one hower another happy make ; 30  
 Or that I might forgett it instantly ;  
 Or in that blest estate that I might dye.  
 But why doe I thus trauaile in the skill  
 Of dispos'd Poetry, and perchance spill  
 My fortune, or undoe myself in sport 35  
 By hauing but that daungerous name in Court ?  
 I'll leave, and since I doe your poet proue,  
 Keepe you my lines as secret as my love.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegie as published by Sir John Simeon (as before, pp. 13-14) differs in several places from his own ms. (exclusive of modernised spelling), as a collation thereof by my scrupulously-accurate friend Colonel Chester reveals. I exactly reproduce the original ms. Sir John seems to have made up his text from

some other copies ; but as he does not adduce these, it seems better to adhere to the ms. itself. These departures from the ms. being important, it is deemed expedient to record them : Line 7, 'his wealth he doth not know ;' line 25, 'hast' for 'our' —the former better certainly, yet unauthentic ; line 29, 'this great good still would ;' line 30, 'but a poet's name ;' line 34, 'Of deeper mysteries.' With reference to our heading, which is that of the ms., it is noticeable from the after-elegies 'on,' and not 'to,' the Lady. Sooth to say, this Elegy is obscure and unsatisfactory. G.

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 XXVII.

## LOVE AND WIT.

TREW love fynds wytt, but he whose witt doth move  
 Him to love, confesseth he doth not love ;  
 And from his wytt, passions and true desire  
 Are forc't as hard as from the flynnit is fyre.  
 My Love's all fyer, whose flames my sowle doth nurs,  
 Whose smoakes are syghs, whose euery spark's a vers.  
 Doth measure win women ? Then I know the why  
 Most of our ladyes with the Scots doe lye.  
 A Scot is measured, in each syllable, terse  
 And smooth as a verse, and like that smooth verse 10  
 Is shallow, and wants matter cut in bands,  
 And they're rugged. Her state better stands  
 Whom dawncinge measures tempted, not y<sup>e</sup> Scott ;  
 In brieft their out of measure cost, so gott.  
 Greene-sicknes wenches (not needs must, but) may 15  
 Looke pale, breathe short : at Court none so long stay.

Good wit never dispairèd there, or ay me sayd, ah me  
 For never wench at Covrt was ravishèd.  
 And she but cheats on Heav'n whom soe you wynn,  
 Thinkinge to share the sport, but not the synn. 20

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

We print this for the first time from the Stephens' ms., where it is headed simply 'Elegia Vndecima.' In the Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. (624, p. 165) there is another copy, with the name 'John Done' appended. It offers these various readings:

Line 1, 'Trew:' our ms. miswrites 'Even.' Cf. this line with Elegy xxiii. Love's Pow'r.

Line 9, 'A Scott measure:' both our text and this seem corrupt here. I have ventured to read 'A Scott is measured' for 'A Scot's;'; the meaning—a Scot is measured [in his pronunciation] terse in each syllable. As may be seen by comparison of Shakespeare's later writings, it became the fashion to run words and syllables together, and to pronounce them as it were blurringly. The Scots were seemingly behind the fashion, besides having naturally that pronunciation which gave the spelling *qhair* and the like—a difference which led to great disputing. So much for 'measured and terse;'; but 'smooth' I do not understand, except that, to myself a Scot, our vernacular seems liquid and musical as Italian in much of it. Possibly Raleigh, and the fashionable maritime expeditions, might have brought into vogue a more Devonian pronunciation.

Line 10. I take the 'And' before 'smooth' from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms.

Line 11, 'writt in his hands:' *ibid.* Both texts obscure.

*Ib.* 'Is shallow and wants matter, but [=except] in his hands, [which have the itch]; and are also, unlike his smooth speech, rugged.'

Lines 12-13. Possibly said with some remembrance of Queen Elizabeth, whom Sir C. Hatton pleased by his dancing, and who hated the Scots.

Line 14, 'she's out of measure lost:' *ibid.*

*Ib.* 'Her state,' &c. being a comparison, he now returns,

and says, In brief, those so obtained by Scots and by measure, that is, not by force of burning affection, are out of measure, or wholly lost.

Line 16. *Id est*, none long stay so or such.

„ 17, 'or (aymer) sed:.' *ibid.*: meaningless. 'Ay me' = ah me: restores sense. The meaning seems to be, that true forceful love was never known at Court, but that 'wit,' which moved one to love fancifully, or in a measured way, never became disconsolate through ill success; for the women were never ravished, but loved, as they ever did, by measure, and gave themselves up measuredly and willingly, without being forced either by their lovers' forceful love or by their own.

Line 18, 'mingled:.' *ibid.* G.

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 XXVIII.

## A LOVE-MONSTER.

BEHOLD a wonder such as hath not bene  
 From Pirrhus age vnto this present seene!  
 Six fingers, two heads, and such rarieties  
 Which sometyme haue been thought as prodigies  
 May passe as common things. No monster there 5  
 Compar'd with this which I about me beare.  
 Sporting with Calda as I oft before  
 Had done with her, and many of them more,  
 When in few dayes somthinge began t' appeare  
 The thought whereof amazed me with feare. 10  
 I 'had thought that I 'had plundyred a sandy shore,  
 For what's more barren then a comon whore?  
 But now I see the signes, feele them and handle,  
 And know, alas, I 'am in for sope and candle.

But heer's the wonder, that noe Oedipus 15  
 Nor sphinx can ere vnryddle without vs.  
 The father and the mother are the same,  
 And I the agent both and patient am.  
 I gott the chyld and beare it, she is free,  
 The care of being delivered lyes in mee. 20  
 My belly swells and cannot be conceald,  
 The poyson is gone too farr to be heald.  
 All men that see me [do] faint, halt and shrinke,  
 Wonder to see't, but know not what to think.  
 Now is the tyme of my deliverance neare, 25  
 And now I labour betwixt hope and feare.  
 Hopinge y<sup>e</sup> best, yet euermore in doubt  
 How this Cæsarian bratt can be cut out.  
 A barber is my mydwife, and a knyfe  
 That cuts the infant's throat doth give it life. 30  
 One such a chance acruid to Jove, when hee  
 Slylie on earth stole secret leacherye.  
 When Vulcan launc't him and so drest y<sup>e</sup> sore  
 That from that tyme he never felt it more.  
 The chyld he Pallas call'd, because, quoth hee, 35  
 Hereafter I do meane wyser to bee.  
 So call I myne as aptly and as fytt,  
 For I'me resolvèd, myne shal teach me wytt.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From the Stephens' MS. (for the first time), where it is headed simply 'Elegia Vicesima prima.' The conceits of the age and of Donne were often so far-fetched, that a satisfactory



solution of the subject of this poem is, as he says, impossible without his own aid. Perhaps he had a Winchester goose or poulain, or possibly, from the expressions in line 30, paraphimosis.

Line 2, 'Pirrhus age:' when the Romans were affrighted by his elephants.

Line 14: probably used to facilitate delivery and to wash the child, &c. Cf. Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, where a 'promoter' looking out for those who sold or ate meat in Lent is left with a new-born baby in a basket of meat, and says (ii. 2, vol. iv. p. 37, ed. Dyce):

' Half our gettings  
Must run in sugar-sops and nurses' wages now,  
Besides many a pound of *soap and tallow*;  
We've need to get loins of mutton still, to save  
Suet to change for candles.'

Line 28 refers to the Cæsarian operation. G.





IV.

EPITHALAMIUMS, OR MARRIAGE  
SONGS.

NOTE.

Our text of this division of Donne's poetry is that of 1669, with the results of collation of all the printed editions and mss. in Notes and Illustrations. These in this case are slight, as the variations are almost wholly in orthography, and so not demanding record. See our Essay (Vol. II.) for critical remarks on these Epithalamiums and the class to which they belong: also our edition of Donne's friend CHRISTOPHER BROOKE (in Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies, Vol. IV.) for his Epithalamium. G.



AN EPITHALAMION .

ON FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHENE AND THE  
LADY ELIZABETH  
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 marryest every year  
The lyrique larke, and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with the red stomacher ;  
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcion ;  
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 fowl and beasts the cage and park)  
 Did not contain, one bed contains, through thee ;  
 Two phœnixes, whose joynèd brests  
 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 signifie  
 That a great princess falls, but doth not die ;  
 Be thou a new star, that to us portends  
 Ends of much wonder ; and be thou those ends.  
 Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,  
 May all men date records from this day, Valentine.

## 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 wayes  
 Must be effected ; and when all is past,  
 And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast,  
 You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine,  
 Besides this bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

## V.

But oh ! what ayles the sun, that here he staies  
 Longer to-day than other daies ?  
 Stayes he new light from these to get ?  
 And finding here such stores, is loath to set ?  
 And why do you two walk  
 So slowly pac'd in this procession ?  
 Is all your care but to be look'd upon,  
 And be to others spectacle and talk ?  
 The feast with gluttonous delays  
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise ;

The masquers come late, and I think will stay,  
 Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.  
 Alas, did not antiquitie assign  
 A night, as well as day, to thee, old Valentine ?

## 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 peeces) go  
 So nicely about the bride ?  
 A bride, before a good-night could be said,  
 Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,  
 As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.  
 But now she is laid : what though she be ?  
 Yet there are more delays ; for where is he ?  
 He comes, and passeth through sphear after sphear ;  
 First her sheets, then her armes, 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 there ;  
 She gives the best light to his sphear,  
 Or each is both, and all, and so  
 They unto one another nothing owe ;  
 And yet they do, but are  
 So just and rich in that coin which they pay,  
 That neither would, nor needs, forbear, nor stay ;  
 Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare :



They quickly pay their debt, and then  
 Take no acquittances, but pay again ;  
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall  
 No such occasion 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 restored 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 uprise) will stay  
 Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,  
 Only desir'd, because your face we see ;  
 Others near you shall whispering speak,  
 And wagers lay, at which side day will break,  
 And win by observing then, whose hand it is,  
 That opens first a curtain, hers or his ;  
 This will be tryed to-morrow after nine,  
 Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine !

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text of this 'Epithalamium' is from 1669 edition, with collation of the others, as explained in the general note prefixed. It originally appeared in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 118-122), and since in all the after-editions.

The Marriage celebrated took place at Whitehall on 14th

February 1612-13. Frederick V. Duke of Bavaria and Elector Palatine of the Rhine (spelled as usual 'Rhene' in the inscription), afterwards elected king of Bohemia, was driven from his dominions by the Emperor Ferdinand, and died at Mentz 29th November 1632. The Princess Elizabeth, eldest and only surviving daughter of James I. by Anne of Denmark, was born 19th August 1596, at the palace of Falkland in Fifeshire, Scotland. She—the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia in history—died at Leicester House, in London, 13th February 1661-2, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 17th of the same month. They were the parents of 'Prince Rupert.'

The texts of printed editions and mss. are nearly identical, but these variants may be recorded in 1635 edition :

St. iv. last line has ô (ms. 'our'); probably an error for o' = of (1669, &c.).

St. v. last line reads O Val. for 'old:' the latter agrees better with context, 'Antiquity,' &c.

St. vii. line 1 reads 'Moon here' for 'Moon there;' the latter preferable.

Then in st. vii. line 12, 1669 omits 'such' by mistake; or possibly the author, discontented with the word, struck it out, without deciding on another. Several of the mss. (especially the Stephens') similarly drop words, to loss of metre.

On the other hand, the Stephens' ms. offers variations worth record :

St. i. l. 12, 'his wife, and brings his feather bed' (ms.).  
   which  her

Both the sense and allusion make the latter preferable. In human marriages the man does not 'bring' furniture; and there is reason to believe that a bed was sometimes a gift with the bride.

Ib. line 13, 'than others shine' (ms.).  
   ever

As the poet is speaking not of other days, but of past Valentines, the latter is preferable.

St. ii. line 7. Cf. Progress of the Soul, st. iii. line 1, and note that the words 'cage' and 'park,' used in both, confirm the view expressed there, that Janus is = Noah.

St. iii. line 9, 'this blazing' (ms.).  
   their

'This blazing' makes it an act of the princess; and by context, 'their meteor portents' gives the better reading.

St. iv. line 4, 'grow' (MS.).  
go

Here the MS. may be said to be equally good; yet 'go' might be defended, because he is speaking of before the marriage ceremony, and of 'going' to it. Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. 'growe.'

St. vi. is not in the MS.

„ vii. line 6, 'their' (MS.).  
that

'That' seems preferable; as also in these: line 7, 'or stay' for 'now stay;'; and line 11, 'and' for 'they;'; and line 13, 'and' for 'more;'; and st. viii. line 10, 'at whose side' (MS.) for 'which.' I prefer the printed texts. Other differences, mainly in spelling, do not call for notice. From whatever cause, the printed texts of the Epithalamiums are unusually good and accurate. This point requires notice:

St. viii. line 12. A strange custom this of visiting the yesterday-married couple in their chamber at morn, and while yet asleep or not risen. G.

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## ECLOGUE.

December 26, 1613.

*ALLOPHANES finding IDIOS in the Country that Chrismas time, reprehends his absence from Court at that Marriage of the Earl of Summerset; IDIOS gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.*

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,  
 What could to countrie's solitude entice  
 Thee, in this yeare's cold and decrepit tyme?  
 Nature's instinct drawes to the warmer clyme

Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare           5  
 In numerous fleets sayle through their sea, the ayre.  
 What delicacy can in fields appeare,  
 Whil'st Flora herself doth a freez jerkin wear?       frieze  
 Whil'st winds do all the trees and hedges strip  
 Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip           10  
 Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost  
 Have 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 avancèd is,           15  
 The sun staves longer up; and yet not his  
 The glory is; far other, other fires:  
 First, zeal to Prince and State; then Love's desires  
 Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great lights,  
 The first doth govern daies, the other nights.       20  
 And then that early light, which did appear  
 Before the sun and moon created were,—  
 The prince's favour,—is diffus'd o'er all,  
 From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;  
 Then from those wombes of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,  
 At every glance a constellation flies,           26  
 And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent  
 In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.       [anticipate  
 First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,  
 Then from their beams their jewels' lusters rise,       30  
 And from their jewels torches do take fire;  
 And all is warmth and light and good desire.

Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,  
 Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell :  
 Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get 35  
 Continual but artificial heat ;  
 Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,  
 And make our Court an everlasting East.  
 And canst thou be from thence ?

IDIOS.

No, I am there :

As heaven, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where, 40  
 So are those Courts, whose princes animate,  
 Not only all their house, but all their State.  
 Let no man think, because he's full, he hath all ;  
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal  
 Not only in fulness but capacity, 45  
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,  
 And comprehend, the blessings they bestow.  
 So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know  
 More of heaven's glory, than a worldling can. than  
 As man is of the world, the heart of man 50  
 Is an epitome of God's great book  
 Of creatures, and man need no farther look ;  
 So's the country, of Courts where sweet peace doth,  
 As their own common soul, give life to both.  
 And am I then from Court ?

ALLOPHANES.

Dreamer, thou art. 55

Think'st thou, fantastique, 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? 60  
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold  
 Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold:  
 But never shall, except it chance to lye  
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;  
 As for divine things, faith comes from above, 65  
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move  
 From higher powers; from God, religion springs;  
 Wisdom and honour, from the use of kings;  
 Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,  
 That angels, though on earth employ'd they be, 70  
 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 75  
 A Court, where all affections do assent  
 Unto the king's, and that, that kings' are just?  
 And where it is no levity to trust,  
 Where there is no ambition but t' obey,  
 Where none need whisper anything, yet may; 80  
 Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all  
 Finde that the king therein is liberal  
 To them in him, because his favours bend  
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend?

Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more,—  
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before. 86  
 Our little Cupid hath sued livery,  
 And is no more in his minority ;  
 He is admitted now into that brest  
 Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest. 90  
 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 95  
 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 ; hearts 100  
 But since I'm 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 MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old year, thou shalt not die, 105  
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,  
 And should'st within five days expire.  
 Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,

Than thy old soul, the sun,  
 When he doth in his largest circle run : 110  
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,  
 And open wide their easie liquid jaw  
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art,  
 Either unto the northern pole impart 114  
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

## II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,  
 In this new couple dost thou prize,  
 When his eye as inflaming is  
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his ?  
 Be tryed by beauty, and than then 120  
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man ;  
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,  
 Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride  
 Becomes a man : should chance or envie's art  
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part, 125  
 Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving  
 heart ?

## III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you  
 Single, so much one are you two,  
 Let me here contemplate thee  
 First, chearful bridegroom, and first let me see, 130  
 How thou prevent'st the sun,  
 And his red foaming horses dost outrun ;



How, having laid down in thy sovereign's brest  
 All businesses, from thence to reinvest  
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135  
 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, 'tis fit 140  
 Thou in first rising should allow for it.  
 Powder thy radiant hair,  
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,  
 Thou who, to all which come to look upon,  
 Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaeton. 145  
 For our ease give thine eyes the unusual part  
 Of joy, a tear ; so quencht, thou mai'st impart,  
 To us that come, thy 'inflaming eyes ; to him, thy lov-  
 ing heart.

## V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,  
 Who can the sun in Winter see ; 150  
 So dost thou, when in silk and gold  
 Thou cloud'st thyself ; since we, which do behold,  
 Are dust and worms, 'tis just  
 Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.  
 Let every jewel be a glorious star ; 155  
 Yet stars are not so pure as their sphears are.

And though thou stoop to appear to us in part,  
 Still in that picture thou intirely art, [heart.  
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving

## VI. GOING TO THE CHAPPEL.

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we, 160  
 As men, which through a cypres see  
 The rising sun, do think it two,  
 So, as you go to church, do think of you :  
 But that vail being gone,  
 By the church-rites you are from thenceforth one. 165  
 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 [heart.  
 All blessings which are seen or thought by angel's eye or

## VII. THE BENEDICTION.

Blest pair of swans, O may you interbring 171  
 Daily new joys, and never sing :  
 Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,  
 Till honor, yea till wisdom grow so stale,  
 That new great hights to trie, 175  
 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 errour overthwart [heart.  
 With any West these radiant eyes, with any North this

## VIII. FEASTS AND REVALS.

revals

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. 185  
 And were the doctrine new  
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true ;  
 For every part to dance and revel goes,  
 They tread the ayr, and fall not where they rose.  
 Though six hours since the sun to bed did part, 190  
 The maskes and banquets will not yet impart  
 A sunset to these weary eyes, a center to this heart.

## IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep ?  
 To sit up, till thou fain would sleep ?  
 Thou maist not, when thou'rt laid, do so. 195  
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,  
 And you must entertain,  
 And do all this day's dances o're again.  
 Know, that if sun and moon together do  
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too, 200  
 Therefore thou maist, faire bride, to bed depart ;  
 Thou art not gone being gone ; where're thou art,  
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy  
 loving heart.

## X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a starr fall, runs apace  
 And finds a gelly in the place,                   jelly   205  
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much,  
 Being told this starre is faln, and finds her such.  
 And as friends may look strange  
 By a new fashion, or apparel's change,  
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had been, 210  
 These clothes—their bodies—never yet had seen.  
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,  
 But must forthwith surrender every part           [heart.  
 As freely, as each to each before gave either hand or

## XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,   215  
 Unchanged for fifteen hundred year,  
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,  
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.  
 Fire ever doth aspire,  
 And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,—   220  
 But ends in ashes ; which these cannot do,  
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too.  
 This is joye's bonfire, then, where Love's strong arts  
 Make of so noble individual parts                   224  
 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.

## 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 ; 230  
 Whatever celebrates this festivall  
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.  
 Nor may yourself be priest : but let me go  
 Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon  
 Such altars as prize your devotion. 235

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This 'Eclogue' and Epithalamium appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 123-129), and has since been reprinted in all the editions. Our text is that of 1669, as before. There are no variations calling for record. It was fitting that Ben Jonson should write his delicious Masque of 'Hymenæi' at the marriage of the Lady Frances Howard (in her fourteenth year) with the Earl of Essex (in his fifteenth year); for there was then scope and warrant for all 'Pleasures of Imagination' and 'Pleasures of Hope;' but it is deplorable to read his verses 'To the most noble and above his titles, Robert, Earle of Somerset, sent to him on his Wedding-day, 1613' (Cunningham's Jonson, vol. iii. pp. 465-6; from Notes and Queries, 1st series, vol. v. p. 193), and equally so to have Donne celebrating the same vilely adulterous second marriage of the divorced 'Countess' of Essex with the minion of James, Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester (created just before it Earl of Somerset). This infamous marriage led to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and the trial and condemnation of the earl and countess—whose lives, re-prieved by the king, were dragged out in mutual recrimination and loathing. Somerset died obliviously; his devilish wife the object of national horror. I fear that as Bacon got Campion to write his Masque for the present occasion, he too over-persuaded Donne to prepare his Eclogue and Epithalamium. Be this as it may, it is saddening to find the great names of Bacon and

Jonson and Donne mixed-up with a marriage so disgraceful. The 'Insatiate Countess,' whether by Marston or not, probably reproduces (though founded on an older story) the popular opinion of our 'Countess,' spite of her beauty and fascination. On these see ll. 25, &c., and st. ii. iv. v. &c.: on the public opinion of her, ll. 122-4: l. 167, again, refers to the differences of opinion among those who tried the case of divorce. Archbishop Abbot gave against it, notwithstanding the king's reproof, and three out of the five doctors of law went with him; but some of the bishops took the king's view, and the divorce was decreed by seven against five: ll. 121, 142, and 222 remind us that the plea of divorce being that she forcedly remained a virgin, she was married as a virgin-bride, with 'untrimmed locks,' that is with loose and flowing hair.

Line 5, '*that*:' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. '*their*.'

„ 6, '*fleets*:' cf. MARVELL, and our relative note.

„ 12. The construction 'having taken' is colloquial and irregular: and I accept the 'have taken' of 1633.

Line 21, '*then*:' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. '*show*.'

„ 37, '*disgest*'=separate in a reflective sense, tend to dissolve as things digested in a retort or in the stomach: 'disgest' accepted from 1635 edition.

Line 39, '*from thence*:' this reduplication is now a forbidden colloquialism.

Line 40, '*dispos'd*.' This and the example line 62 show how 'dispos'd' came (like 'procative') to have the particular meaning first noticed by Dyce, and how the particular disposition is to be deduced from the context. See Jonson's Tale of a Tub (act iv. sc. 5), where out of three uses, the second, like the example in Love's Labour Lost (ii. 1), seems to show that it sometimes stood merely for disposed [to be merry].

Lines 54-5. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'I am not then from court.'

Line 57. Ibid. 'East Indian.'

„ 62-3. If this be a piece of mediæval natural science, it is unknown to me.

Line 67, '*powers*:' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. '*points*.'

„ 77, '*and* [doth present this] that kings' are just.'

„ 80. I accept here Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. instead of 1669 'Where men need whisper nothing . . .'

Line 83, '*to them in him*:' the particular one favoured, the bridegroom.

Line 86, '*wise then, and before:*' the allusion is to the saying that one cannot love and be wise.

Line 87, '*livery*' = release from wardship.

„ 89, '*into:*' Haslewood-Kingsborough '*within.*'

„ 116. Ibid. reads '*undeserving . . . what eyes.*'

„ 131, '*prevent'st the sun.*' This, and the wording of lines 5-8, vi. line 1, vii. line 2, and the opening of the Epith. at Lincoln's-inn, have greater point and appropriateness when we remember the customs of the period. In more than one old play the people rise before sunrise to be ready for a bridal; and in one the father is surprised at the girls not being up; but not surprised when from their absence he supposes that they rose before him, and slipped off to church.

Line 145, '*Phaeton*' [and scorch them].

„ 150, '*Winter.*' I accept this reading from Addl. MSS. 18647, Plut. 201 H. In 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649, and 1669 '*water:*' in Stephens' MS. '*waters:*' but line 152 '*cloud'st*' shows Winter to be the true reading, because the thought. It is no question of non-viewing the direct splendour of the sun.

Line 161, '*cypres*' = crape.

„ 172, '*never sing,*' and therefore never die; the allusion being to the myth that swans sing [only] before they die.

Lines 205-6, '*gelly*' = jelly. One of those popular beliefs which in all probability arose from a coincidence, some gelatinous matter having been found where an aerolite had buried itself and been lost, or where a star had seemingly fallen.

Line 211, '*These clothes*' = their bodies, and so I punctuate (—).

Line 215, '*lamp.*' The ever-burning light in Tullia's tomb and in another are mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Epid.* l. iii. c. 21: '*Why some lamps included in close bodies have burned many hundred years, as that discovered in the sepulchre of Tullia, the sister of Cicero, and that of Olibius many years after, near Padua?*' The belief is supposed to have arisen from the taking fire of pent-up gases at the moment of opening. G.

## EPITHALAMION : MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

## I.

THE sun-beams in the East are spred,  
 Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed ;  
     No more shall you return to it alone,  
 It nurseth sadness ; and your bodie's print,  
 Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint :      5  
     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.      10  
 Come glad from thence, go gladder then you came, than  
*To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

## II.

Daughters of London ! you which be  
 Our golden mines and furnish'd treasure ;  
     You which are angels, yet still bring with you      15  
 Thousands of angels on your marriage dayes,  
 Help with your presence, and devise to praise  
     These rites, which also unto you grow due ;  
     Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd



By you fit place for every flower and jewel ;      20  
 Make her for Love fit fuel

    As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indie ;  
 So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,  
*To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

## III.

And you, frolic Patricians,      25  
 Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans ;

    Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of others' wits ;  
 Ye countrymen, who but your beasts love none ;  
 Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,

    Of study and play made strange hermaphrodits, 30

    Here shine ; this bridegroom to the Temple bring.

Loe, in yon path, which store of strew'd flowers graceth,  
 The sober virgin paceth ;

    Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing.

Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame ;      35

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

## IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple 'unfold,

And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,

    Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they be ;

Then may thy lean and hunger-starvèd womb      40

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 farre forever,  
 Which might these two dissever ; 45  
     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.*

## v.

Winter dayes bring much delight,  
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night ; 50  
     Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats, than  
 Other disports then dancing jollities,                    than  
 Other love-tricks then glancing with the eyes,        than  
     But that the sun still in our half-sphear sweats ;  
     He flies in winter, but he now stands still ; 55  
 Yet shadows turn ; noon-point he hath attain'd,  
 His steeds will be restrain'd,  
     But gallop lively down the western hill :  
 Thou shalt, when he hath run the heaven's half-frame,  
*To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.* 60

## vi.

The amorous evening starre is rose ;  
 Why then should not our amorous star inclose  
     Herself in her wish'd bed ? Release your strings,  
 Musitians, and dancers, take some truce  
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65  
     As much wearines as perfection brings.

You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts,  
Rest duly ; at night, all their toyles are dispenced ;  
But in their beds commenced

Are other labors, and more dainty feasts. 70  
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,  
*To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.*

## VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now vntie,  
And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lie

A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossess 75  
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on  
T' adorn the day, not thee ; for thou alone,

Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness ;  
This bed is only to virginities  
A grave, but to a better state a cradle. 80  
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.*

## VIII.

Even like a faithful man, content 85  
That this life for a better should be spent,

So she a mother's rich stile doth preferre,  
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,  
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly  
The priest comes on his knees t' imbowel her. 90

Now sleep, or watch with more joy ; and, oh, light  
 Of heav'n ! to-morrow rise thou hot and early,  
 This sun will love so dearly  
 Her rest, that long, long, we shall want her sight.  
 Wonders are wrought ; for she which had no name 95  
*To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.*

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Epithalamium appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 135-138), and since in all the editions. Our text is that of 1669, as before. The variations are of no importance.

St. i. line 1. See note on previous poem (iii. 5).

Ib. line 6, 'meet' = do meet = will meet.

St. iii. line 1 (line 25), 'Patricians:' Addl. mss. 18647 reads 'Puritans . . . Come of . . .'

Ib. line 6. The students of the Law constantly supplemented 'study' with masques and plays, either acting themselves or hiring others to act before them. One very magnificent entertainment was given to Queen Elizabeth by those of the Inner Temple at Christmas 1561-2, when they performed *Ferrex and Pollux* ; and the Four Inns combined in February 1634 to present before the court Shirley's *Masque of the Triumph of Peace*, the music of which cost 1000*l.*, and the clothes of the horsemen were valued at 10,000*l.*, and the whole charges 20,000*l.* See Collier, *Ann. of Stage*, i. 179, and iii. 59, and authorities there noted.

St. iv. line 9 (line 45); ms. 18647 reads 'Never night . . .'

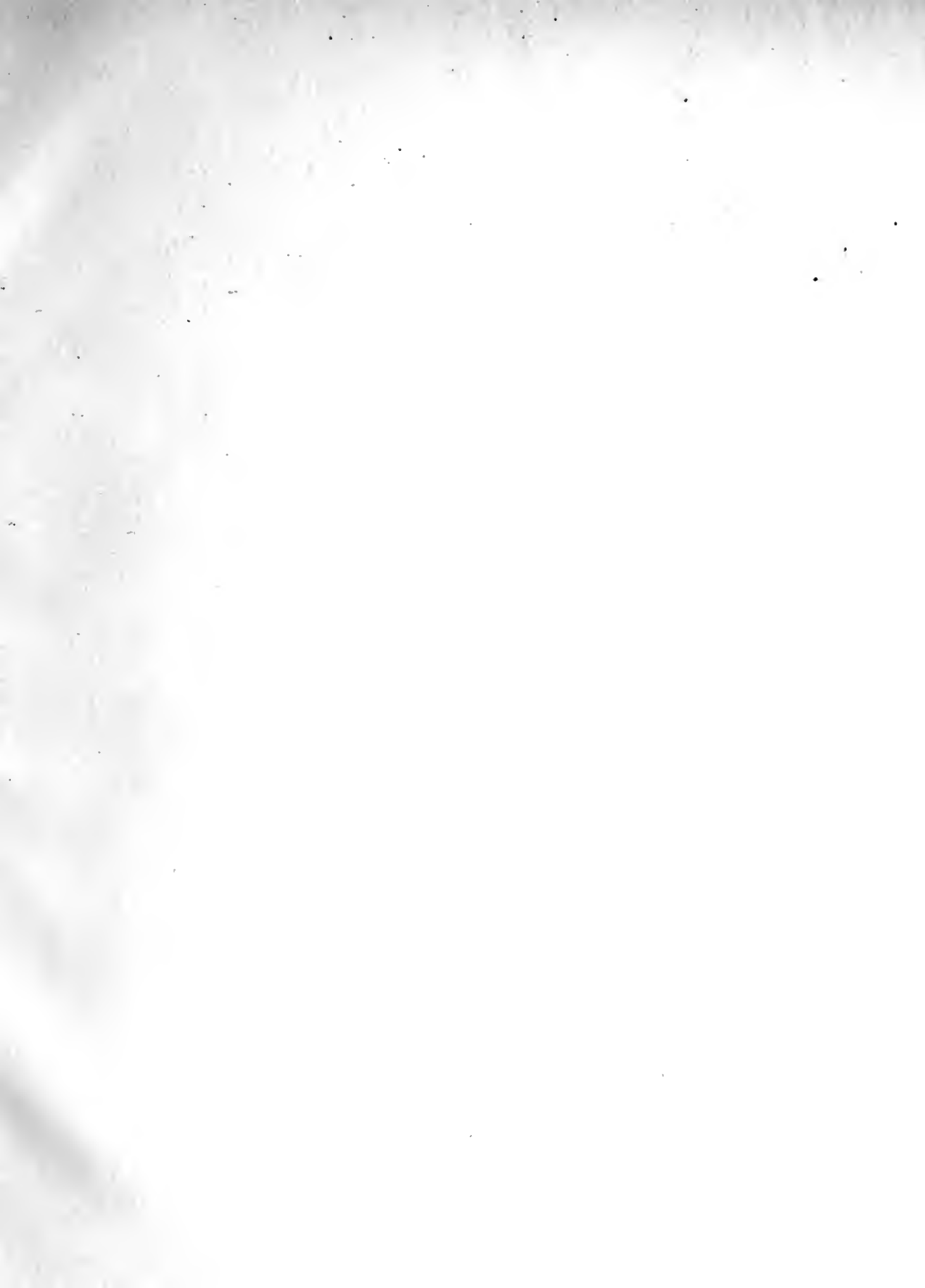
„ vi. line 8 (line 68), 'dispenc'd.' a license for 'dispensed' [with].

St. viii. line 9 (line 93), 'This sun . . .' = the bridegroom: a thought reversed from Psalm xix. 4-5.

## END OF VOL. I.











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