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THE

COMPLETE POEMS OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

VOL. II.

ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DONNE.

I. VERSE-LETTERS. II. FUNERAL ELEGIES. III. LYRICAL: SONGS  
AND SONNETS, AND MISCELLANEOUS. IV. EPIGRAMS,  
V. DIVINE POEMS. VI. GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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







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

Times this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
 With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for sinnes

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

12 WAZ

1872 ✓  
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THE COMPLETE POEMS  
OF  
JOHN DONNE, D.D.  
DEAN OF ST. PAULS.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COLLATED WITH  
THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS AND MSS.  
AND ENLARGED  
WITH HITHERTO UNPRINTED AND UNEDITED 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. II.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1873.

100 copies only.

75044  
4/6/06





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Those poems marked with a star [\*] have not before been printed: those with a dagger [†] not hitherto collected: those with a double-dagger [‡] have been derived from authoritative MSS. For account of preceding editions, with several additions and the MSS. utilised, see bibliographical and critical Postscript to our Essay in this Volume. G.

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Donne aged 18. . . . . *forming title-page.*
- Facsimiles (ibid.) of (a) the carved Figure and Head (enlarged)  
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tails) . . . . . *before Essay.*







*Bomr &*





ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF DONNE.

It is possible that, notwithstanding our prolonged and wide researches in all likely quarters—in every case meeting with generous and sympathetic willingness of help from fellow-workers—we may have overlooked Poetry by Donne. But I cannot say that I should greatly lament missing any such ‘waifs and strays,’ hidden away in perchance unexamined MSS. I have added considerably to previous collections; yet substantially our estimate of Donne is little, if at all, affected by the recoveries and discoveries. Nor do I think it probable that any farther Verse or Prose chanced on will modify our verdict on him as Man, Poet, or Preacher. Our two volumes therefore may be accepted as furnishing a complete edition of the Poems of Dr. Donne, and under special advantages of text, from collations of all the early and later printed editions and authoritative MSS., as severally recorded in their places. So that now the student may come intelligently to our promised STUDY of the Life and Writings of our Worthy; by ‘Writings’ here mainly intending his Poetry, and by ‘Life’ those elements of it worked into his Poetry; leaving, as stated in our Preface, the full ‘Life’ for adequate record and discussion to DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP of Norwich.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i, pp. xiii, xiv. Our materials for a Life of Donne, supplementary to Walton’s, shall be transmitted to Dr. Jessopp, together

Two considerable biographic facts must in the outset be made good, inasmuch as both contribute important materials toward a true understanding of the Poetry of Donne; the one elucidative and interpretative, the other corrective; and also indicate veins of inquiry which the new Biographer, it may be hoped, will work:

(a) That the principal 'Divine Poems' belong not to the close but to the commencement of his poetic period, and while he was still a Roman Catholic.

(b) That the poems 'translated' by Dr. Jasper Mayne, and published in 1652, hitherto used as biographic, are unauthentic, and so too, necessarily, the 'Sheaf of Epigrams' to which they belong.

These in order: (a) *That the principal 'Divine Poems' belong not to the close but to the commencement of his poetic period, and while he was still a Roman Catholic.*

Beneath Marshall's engraved portrait of our Worthy, 'Anno Dni 1591, ætatis suæ 18'—reproduced in our quarto form—Izaak Walton placed these tenderly-touched lines:

'This was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time  
Most count their golden age; but 'twas not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined  
From youth's drosse, mirth, and wit, as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise  
Of thy Creator in those last best dayes.

with notices, fuller than hitherto, of his friends celebrated in his Poems and elsewhere. Walton's 'Life' of Donne has been thus characterised by Dean Milman: 'The fame of Donne had the good fortune of being recorded in one of those charming popular biographies by Izaak Walton, which will last as long as English literature lasts; and his life deserved to be recorded by a writer whose words will not die away from the religious mind of England' ('St. Paul's,' p. 323-4). Canston's reprint of the Life is incomparably the best, albeit he has fallen into errors that have misled Dr. Jessopp also in his Memoir prefixed to Donne's 'Essays,' as before. See onward. Walton, with all his graciousness, was uncritical, and rather heedless of dates and the like.

Witness this booke (thy emblem), which *begins*  
*With love, but ends with sighes and teares for sins.*

So far as the arrangement of the Poems in the edition of 1635 (where the portrait and these lines originally appeared), the 'booke' is a 'witness' to the fine praise of golden-tongued Izaak. For whereas the first edition (1633, 4to) was a confused mixture of light and sacred, calling forth contemporary rebuke—the little volume of 1635 evidently had 'pains' taken in its classification; and specially the 'Divine Poems' are placed at the close (before the 'Elegies upon the Author'). The inferential conclusion, accordingly, has been that the 'Divine Poems,' like his noble Sermons—deepest, most penetrative, and matterful in our language—belong to '*those last best days.*' As with Herrick, whose 'Noble Numbers,' or religious poems, preceded not succeeded his 'Hesperides,'—as Dr. George Macdonald would pitifully persuade us,<sup>1</sup>—we

<sup>1</sup> Namely, in his 'England's Antipbon,' as follows: 'Nothing bears Herrick's name so unrefined as the things Dr. Donne wrote in his youth; but the impression made by his earlier poems is of a man of far shallower nature, and greatly more absorbed in the delights of the passing hour. In the year 1648, when he was fifty-seven years of age, being prominent as a Royalist, he was ejected from his living by the dominant Puritans; and in that same year he published his poems, of which the latter part and later written is his Noble Numbers, or religious poems. We may wonder at his publishing the *Hesperides* along with them; but we must not forget that while the manners of a time are never to be taken as a justification of what is wrong, the judgment of men concerning what is wrong will be greatly influenced by those manners—not necessarily on the side of laxity' (pp. 163-4). The italics are ours. Unfortunately the 'Noble Numbers' bears on its title-page the year 1647, while the 'Hesperides' general title-page, including the 'Noble Numbers,' is dated 1648. One may give Herrick the benefit of the doubt whether the year-date was not a mere printer's blunder, or possibly a mere priority of 'copy.' On the poet's own self-vindicatory couplet (adduced by Dr. Macdonald, see our Preface (vol. i, p. ix.) for Cartwright's reply.

have, with a sigh, to give up this chronology. I say with a sigh; for it is sorrowful that after these 'Divine Poems' came the license and grossness of his secular poems; though indeed—as we shall find onward—his previous Roman Catholic experiences help us to see one *motif* (as the French put it), if not solution, of the later characteristics.

Turning, then, to the 'Divine Poems,' we are struck with the series headed 'The Litanie' and 'The Cross,' and the often-recurring introduction of 'the Virgin,' as through and through Roman Catholic. Thus in 'The Litanie,' the subjects in their order (L. XIII.) follow as in the Litanies used in the Roman-Catholic Church, *e.g.* in the Litany of the Saints. Then, in agreement with this, the entire set of poems is permeated with Roman-Catholic doctrine; *e.g.* there is the 'immaculate conception' in st. v., and the ever-continuing sacrifice of the Mass in st. x. 3, 5-6; and other points, as must now be shown. With regard to the 'immaculate conception,' we might hesitate in so designating it, and regard Mary's 'disseizing of sin' as a simple allusion to her being the instrument of Christ's birth, Who by His death 'disseized sin,' did this stand alone.<sup>1</sup> But there is the farther word 'she-cherubin'—cherubin being without taint of sin, original or other—who *herself* made 'one claim for innocence'—a phrase which, while itself expressive of the only human being conceived without sin, makes the natural construction of the rest to be, 'and by that one immaculate conception disseized sin.' It is the same thought also which makes him call her womb (l. 5) 'a strange heaven,' where no sin dwells; and unless we admit the same idea, there is no sense in 'whose

<sup>1</sup> Even in the Satires Roman-Catholic references are found; *e.g.* (ii. l. 33) 'out-swear the letany' (vol. i. p. 15), where the allusion is doubtless to the old Roman Litany with its long catalogue of saints, as if he should say, Swear by all these.



womb was a place of middle kind' (st. xviii.). The 'full of grace,' as familiar to him and scriptural—'Ave Maria, gratiâ plena!' (Vulgate)—is of no account. Again, looking at st. viii. ll. 8-9, and st. ix. 5-6, the former of these show the lines to have been written at an early age, since he was seeking not only the secrets of knowledge but poetiqueness; and the others indicate some special prayers from him, and hence prayers from the apostles on his behalf, and answered in his behalf in a season of doubt. Farther, concerning the Mass, in st. x. 'and ever since in Thine' Thou diest 'long, since 'Thou no more couldst die,' must be interpreted as a reference to, and belief in, the continual propitiatory sacrifice of the Mass; for it were out of harmony with its context to relate the words to 'Thy scatter'd mystic body.'

Once more: in st. xvii. l. 8, st. xix. l. 9, st. xxii. l. 4, it is unimaginable why, as a member of the Church of England, he should ask, first, to be not discoverable by spies; secondly, for grace that he may know when he may not blind, and when without sin he may blind, unjust men; and thirdly, why he should fear the ghostly sword of the magistrate. The recurrence of these things points to a predominating idea of danger and persecution. And this, in st. xxvi., is increased by the recurrence again to the magistrate as often aggravating our vices, to preachers who tax sin before her growth, and to spies and informers. Neither can I understand a Church-of-England man asking God to 'lock His ears,' while (according as we read the passage) either they open theirs to hear magistrates, preachers, and informers decline from God, in urging them to amendment; or, while they open theirs, and under pretence of amendment decline from God, at the exhortations and sayings of these magistrates, preachers, and informers. Yet again, st. xi. shows some immaturity both in substance and construction, and so, in construction, does st. xii. Lastly, to these falls to be added the

doubt, not strong in itself, but corroborative of the rest, that a member of the Church of England would recur to those portions of the Roman Catholic Litanies that had been struck out of his own, or that Donne, awaiting State-preferment, would have alluded in the time of James to the excesses of kings as leading to doubts of the goodness of God, and then have communicated such a Litany to his friends.

Examining next 'The Cross,' if we had not Roman-Catholic *dogmata* interpenetrating the others, it might have been allowable to look upon it as a later poem by Donne, the Church-of-England divine, against Puritan objectors; but the lines of thought in arguing for the picture or material representation of the Cross, are those used by Roman Catholics to this day, including this, that it is everywhere in Nature and Art. Donne writes too not merely of a cross, but of a crucifix, and this not only in ll. 32-6, which I would not otherwise insist on, but most distinctly in l. 2. To these it might be replied, that our Worthy writing against the Puritans might use such arguments for the 'harmless use of the Cross' picture (last line but one), and that he may have seen no harm in the harmless use of a crucifix, since his last-chosen seal was a crucifix-anchor. I can only answer, that to me the general tone seems that of the apology and reply of a Roman Catholic liable to be persecuted for his belief and practice, rather than that of a High-Churchman, and that this is strengthened by ll. 9-10:

'For me no pulpit nor misgrounded law,  
Nor scandal taken, shall this Cross withdraw.'

These sound like the counter-challenge of such a one; nor can I understand how Donne, if then of the Church of England, should have gone out of his way to speak of a 'misgrounded law,' or allow that he was defending a practice contrary to law. The great Falkland, in his

striking Elegy on Donne, touches softly on the over-exaltation by his poet-friend of the Cross, as thus :

Those authems, almost second psalms, he writ  
 To make us know the Cross and value it  
 (*Although we owe that reverence to that name,*  
*We should not need warmth from an under-flame*),  
 Create a fire in us so near extreme,  
 That we would dy for and upon this them,

Finally here, 'On the blessed Virgin Mary' presents the 'holy belief,' then not a dogma, that the Virgin was '*sine labe*,' immaculately conceived, absolutely in st. i., whether we look to the first three lines only, or add to these the 'God's sole daughter' of the fourth line. The only escape from the conclusion that this poem, like the rest criticised, was written by a Roman Catholic is, that Donne continued to hold this view as a member of the Church of England. But his sermons and controversial treatises forbid this.<sup>1</sup>

Thus recognising the Roman-Catholic ingredient in many of these 'Divine Poems,' and thereby relegating them to his youth and first 'imping' of his wings as a Poet, instead of, as heretofore, placing them at the end, as the outcome of his mellowed and hallowed religious life, suggests two remarks, with which we would finish our statement and conclusion thereon : throughout writing not as a Protestant or a clergyman (Nonconformist), but as a literary judicial critic. *First*, that even thus early

<sup>1</sup> In his Preface to the 'Pseudo-Martyr' Donne thus writes : 'I had a longer work to do than many other men ; for I was first to blot-out certaine impressions of the Romaine religion, and to wrestle both against the example and against the reasons by which some hold was taken, and some anticipations early layde upon my conscience, both by persons who by nature had a power and superiority over my will, and others who, by their learning and good life, seemed to me justly to claime an interest for the guiding and rectifying of mine understanding in these matters.' For the process by which he became a Protestant, see Walton, as before.

the thinking, as a rule, is masculine, and glowing with that 'awful fire' which Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, celebrates, and lifted up on those 'divine wings' of Chudleigh's Elegy, while the 'high victorious numbers' and the wording altogether are singularly marked by Donne's most abiding characteristics as a Poet. With emphasis, 'the boy' was 'father to the man.' Critically, it will be well to remember this in studying his Poetry; for it removes all suspicion of affectation of quaint forms later. In QUANTITY it was no superlative in the foremost of his contemporaries to pronounce his 'wit' to have been 'vast,' his 'soul *large*,' his piercingness all but divine. Even in the face, however, of Carew and others' testimonies, I doubt if he 'reigned' over the splendid kingdom of his own marvellous brain as supremely as they avow he did. His genius was too prodigious to be so 'ruled;' and the question of one of the best of the posthumous Elegies is instinctively ours:

'Did he — I fear

The dull will doubt—these at his twentieth year?' (1669, p. 374.)

*Second*, that probably his after-license and almost recklessness of love-phrase was a rebound from his Roman-Catholic teaching and restraints. Not at all controversially or theologically, or as seeking to measure others' by our own opinions, but regarding the thing simply in its literary place and phase, I must avouch that in Roman-Catholic prose and verse alike, even in pure Singers such as Southwell and Crashaw, there is to me an indelicate delicacy, a false shame, a morbid disowning and condemnation of the relations of the sexes, a profoundly untrue way of discussing marriage and family-ties, a perplexing readiness to intrude into the veiled mysteries of the 'mystery of godliness,' God manifest in the flesh, and a sensuous iteration of the word 'womb' and mere fleshly raptures, that, with all niceness and sometimes loveliness of phrase, are nasty in the extreme. From all that Donne,

impetuous and full-blooded, broke away on becoming a Protestant; and, as I conceive, the emancipated youth was driven to ultra-boldness of assertion concerning the relations of the sexes and intercourse. I must sorrowfully but deliberately add, that a study of his Poetry and other writings satisfies me that he plunged into the immoralities of the period. There are penitences deepening into remorse, there are retrospective confessions, there are cries of anguish, there were delays and hesitations in deciding to become a 'divine,' there are omniform verse-records of things done only among the licentious and the base, and ineradicable abominations that, to my mind, shut us up to acknowledge that if Donne became a 'sweet Singer' o' times, such as David would have owned for son, and a Preacher comparable with any in England, his youth was—not in theory or imagination merely, or phrase—profligate and 'gay' in the saddest meaning of the words. That he was 'restored' as really as ever David was, and made white, by the mercy and grace of God, there cannot be a moment's doubt; but that he knew practically the 'paths of the destroyer,' and sinned to the uttermost, it is impossible to deny. No one can read (*neo iudicio*) even his Poetry, *e.g.* his Verse-Letters and Elegies, none his prose Letters, and none his great Sermons, without catching tones of pain, thrills of contrition, stings of accusation, wails over abiding stains and wounds, and passionate weeping, such as only the facts of not a few of the Poems—which in honesty we have felt bound to include in our collection of Donne's poetry—explain. We have but touched herein on a matter that has not been sufficiently weighed in estimating our elder Literature. It was the *mode* to live 'fast' and give full swing to the passions at their worst. Even those who comparatively 'kept' themselves 'apart' show the influence: for the most hasty reader of our Sermon-books (*e.g.* Adams, Taylor, and the like) is amazed at the breadth, not to say coarseness, of

allusion to things now scarcely to be named, that are found therein. But with Donne there was unquestionably, behind his phrases and realistic delineations, self-abandonment to 'pleasure' (so-called). We remark in respect of the Roman-Catholic 'Divine Poems' that there are others whose dates inform us that they were later and Protestant; but as a whole the 'Divine Poems' seem to us to belong to the Roman-Catholic period, and even those later to be coloured by Roman-Catholic training.

Finely has the Archbishop of Dublin, in his 'Household Book of English Poetry,' summed up the whole in his note on the 'Holy Sonnet,' 'As due by many titles,' as follows: 'A rough rugged piece of verse, as indeed almost all Donne's poetry is imperfect in form and workmanship; but it is the genuine cry of one engaged in that most terrible of all struggles, wherein, as we are winners or losers, we have won all or lost all. There is indeed much in Donne, in the unfolding of his moral and spiritual life, which often reminds us of St. Augustine. I do not mean that, noteworthy as on many accounts he was, and in the language of Carew, one of his contemporaries,

A king who ruled as he thought fit  
The universal monarchy of wit,

he at all approached in intellectual or spiritual stature to the great Doctor of the Western Church; but still there was in Donne the same tumultuous youth, the same entanglement in youthful lusts, the same conflict with these, and the same final deliverance from them; and then the same passionate and personal grasp of the central truths of Christianity, linking itself as this did with all that he had suffered, and all that he had sinned, and all through which, by God's grace, he had victoriously struggled' (pp. 403-4).

We have next to show, (*b*) that the poems 'translated' by Dr. Jasper Mayne, and published in 1652, hitherto used

as *biographic*, are *unauthentic*, and so too, necessarily, the 'Sheaf of Epigrams' to which they belong. This—possibly to most—startling conclusion is very much a matter of dates and counter-dates: *e.g.*

I. The most of the Epigrams and Poems in this Collection refer to Duke's Wood (Bois-le-Duc): 'Now *golden* fruit, Prince, hang on Duke's Wood bough.'

II. At the 'siege' and fighting of Duke's Wood, the Prince of Orange commanded, as shown by the punning words '*golden* fruit,' and this, out of various like lines, 'Since the bright name of Orange most doth shine.'

III. As shown by both these, quoted from Epigrams and the headings of others, the Prince of Orange was victorious.

Now from 1584, when William Prince of Orange was assassinated, up to 1618, there was no Prince of Orange in Holland—Philip William, the eldest son of William Prince of Orange, being a Roman Catholic, and detained in Spain. From 1584 his younger and celebrated brother, Maurice Prince of Nassau, was Statholder, and from 1587 captain-general of the Dutch armies, and he did not become Prince of Orange until his brother's death in 1618. Dr. Jessopp (as before) records an 'attempt on Bois-le-Duc [in 1587], and the important engagement outside its walls, which took place on the 13th of June in that year.' Causton's annotations in his excellent reprint of Walton's 'Life' give the date 1590. Both assign these as the period of Donne's (premature) service. Both name Prince Maurice, in obliviousness that at neither of these dates was he Prince of Orange (as onward). Specifically, it does not appear that the 'engagement' of 1587 could be called a 'siege' of Bois-le-Duc, while the Epigrams distinctly speak of a leaguer and a siege.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, though it may be true

<sup>1</sup> The 'engagement,' on examination, proves to have been the skirmish of a detachment. Maurice, then second in command, had

that lads intended for the profession, or practice at least, of arms, were sometimes sent as early as fourteen to the wars, what could take Donne to them and take him away from his studies, when it is clear that he was fond of learning, most precocious, and intended by his family to pursue his studies thoroughly? In my judgment there is insuperable difficulty in such a supposition, the more so as fourteen was an unusual age for one to be sent to the wars unless he went as page or the like: and let it always be remembered that these Epigrams are the sole foundation for this supposed incident, at whatever age it occurred. As to 1590, which the Annotator (as before) seems to fix on, because Essex was sent into Flanders: 1. Essex was not then sent into Flanders, but into France, where, against the will of Elizabeth, his force was em-

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moved with his army to meet Leicester, the commander-in-chief, who was returning. But while in command, he had sent a force under the Count of Hobenlo to ravage Brabant. This he did, and made a feint of besieging Bois-le-Duc; but, disappointed of various reinforcements that were to have been sent him, he, with about 3000 men, attacked and rased Enghelen, a fort near Bois-le-Duc; and at Crevecoeur, some four or five miles distant, he was met by the Lord of Hautepenne, whom he defeated. It is simply ridiculous to apply Epigrams 53, 54, and 55, and that on Sleep, to a small fight which Maurice was not even near, and which the historian on Maurice's side calls a *volitatio* or *escaramouche*. Be it remembered that the heading of Epigrams 53, 54, and 55, is 'To the Prince of Aurange on his *famous Victory* over the Spaniards in Duke's Wood.' So 56 is headed 'A Panegyrick on the Hollanders being Lords of the Sea, occasioned by the Author being in their Army at Duke's Wood;' and 57, 'To Sleep, stealing upon him as he stood upon the guard, in the corner of a running trench, at the *siege* of Duke's Wood.' As shown in our text, there was no 'siege' of Duke's Wood, except in 1600, 1603, and 1629; and to the last alone do the details of the poems apply. Consequently it is simply impossible that our Dr. Donne could have been present at any 'victory' of Bois-le-Duc, and equally that he could have written the poems assigned to him (as *supra*).



ployed against the French, and not against the Spaniards; 2. we have to get over the biographic difficulty, that, according to Walton and all accounts, Donne was in that year apparently a student at the Inns of Court; 3. the sieges of Bois-le-Duc were two unsuccessful ones by Maurice in 1600, and another in 1603, and the successful one by Frederick William in 1629. As to the two earlier, the Prince of Orange, say the Epigrams, was 'victorious;' and Donne in those years was Secretary to the Lord Keeper, and in love with his future wife, and then a married man and a prisoner. Other corroborative proofs from *Reliq. Wott.* are erroneous in their application in every way, and need not be controverted.<sup>1</sup> For, independent of the considerations already adduced, the matter is decided by the mention of Heyn. He was son of a common sailor, born in 1570, and having been captured by the Spaniards, spent four years in captivity, and on his return devoted his life to avenging himself and his country. In 1624 he was second in command of a naval expedition to the Brazils, and this seems to have been the first which would justify the terms in which he is celebrated in the Epigrams. He was in another similar expedition in 1626. But it is far more likely that the reference is to the taking of the plate-fleet in 1628: (*a*) because while the previous captures were chiefly of merchandise, there was on this occasion taken the yearly treasures that were sent to Spain—the 'ore' of the Epigram; and (*b*) because the news of this

<sup>1</sup> The quotations from *Reliq. Wott.* in Causton's reprint of Walton's 'Life' are more preposterous and incorrect than I had imagined. Where Parma entrenched himself, may be a matter of doubt; but he was then, according to the very letter quoted, in French territory, not in the Low Countries at all. The second letter begins distinctly, 'Of France [we hear] this, the King,' &c. Moreover, the word 'wood,' so far from relating to Bois-le-Duc or Duke's Wood, is doubtless fire-wood, and to be combined with victuals—the king hath licensed certain victuals and wood unto the town.

capture arrived before the surrender of Bois-le-Duc. The 'Panegyrick on the Hollanders being Lords of the Sea, occasioned by the Author's being in their Army at Duke's Wood,' is thus necessarily relative to 1628: and Dr. Donne in 1628 was 'preaching' his greatest Sermons. These lines from the 'Panegyrick' on Heyn are unmistakable:

'those lands of gold  
Which the proud tyrant [Spaniard] doth in bondage hold;  
Whose wealth transported from the plunder'd mine,  
*His plate-fleet calls his,* but the sea makes thine.  
Each Dutchman is Columbus; worlds unknown  
To the discovering Spaniard are his grown:  
Nor can I here conceal, nor yet say well,  
Where Heynskirck's praise, or Oliver's excell.  
*Or Heyn's more bold adventure;* whose bright ore  
Prest the seas back with wealth snatcht from the shore.'

(p. 399.)

Thus the siege of Bois-le-Duc, the mention of the Prince of Orange as commanding and VICTORIOUS, and the reference to Heyn and his exploits, all concur in pointing to the successful siege of Bois-le-Duc by Frederick William Prince of Orange in 1628, while difficulties and improbabilities concur in making one disbelieve that Donne engaged in any of the operations in Holland before 1596, much less in any siege of Bois-le-Duc. It is just possible that in the interval between the Cadiz expedition of 1596 and the Island Voyage and Expedition of 1597, Donne may have gone over to Holland and served as a volunteer in the operations then going on; for Sir Francis Vere so filled up his interval of time, and Marshall's portrait exhibits Donne in military costume, with sword. But at that time there was no siege of Bois-le-Duc, and so no authority for Donne's authorship of the Epigrams. Farther: the theory that Donne went abroad previous to 1596 is wholly contrary to two passages in Walton's Life. He tells us distinctly that he went from the University to London, and there pursued his studies; and when he

mentions his going abroad, he says so in words which imply that he had not gone abroad before. Had he previously gone to the wars, it was a part of his life that he or others must have recurred to in after-life, at a time when to travel belonged to a liberal education. That Donne often spoke of his travels, and apparently before Walton, is shown by the statement of the causes that hindered him from going to the Holy Land. Yet Walton is silent on these so-called first travels and more. Again: another argument is, that it is most unlikely that Donne, a Roman Catholic, would fight in the Protestant cause of the Dutch; for fighting for England directly, as many Roman Catholics did, is one thing, and fighting for a foreign Protestant cause and only indirectly for England, another. I cannot understand the author of the three poems, 'To the blessed Virgin Mary,' 'The Cross,' and in especial 'The Litany,' would chose to embrace the Protestant cause in Holland, when he had the rest of Europe to travel in. Besides, the author of these mis-assigned Poems and Epigrams is in enthusiastic sympathy with the Protestants. Finally, in 1628 he was a 'Divine,' and about his Master's work, as every one knows.

There are, no doubt, difficulties in explaining how the 'Sheaf of Epigrams' came to be assigned to Donne; but, 1. Donne jun., who 'gives' an Epistle-dedicatory to the volume, makes no mention therein of these Epigrams and Poems, and not a line of them is found in his editions of his Father's Poems, although from 1633 the Epigrams reprinted by us appeared; 2. There is no evidence that Jasper Mayne's name was not a bookseller's trick to pass the publication, and probably to vex the 'outed' scholar. No difficulties can be put against our above dates and arguments; and hence I reject the 'Sheaf of Epigrams' and related poems without hesitation. I part regretfully from 'A Panegyrick on the Hollanders being Lords of the Sea, occasioned by the Author being in their army at Duke's

Wood,' and 'To Sleep, stealing upon him as he stood upon the guard, in the corner of a running trench, at the siege of Duke's Wood,' and 'To his fellow-sentinels;' but the pieces to an Actress, and the run of the Epigrams, it is a relief to be able to take from him. I would commend to Dr. Jessopp the tracing-out of a 'military' Donne, whose name occurs contemporaneously in the 'Calendars' of the period: also a thorough elucidation of the entire data now recounted.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The title-page of the volume containing the Epigrams is as follows: Parables, Problemes, Essayes, Characters, written by Dr. Donne, Dean of Paul's: To which is added a Book of Epigrams, written in Latin by the same Author: translated into English by J. Maime, D.D.; as also Ignatius his Conclave, a Satyr, translated out of the originall Copy, written in Latin by the same Author; found lately amongst his own Papers. London, Printed by T. N., for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1652' (12mo). It will be noticed that there is a *suppressio veri* here, as the "Ignatius his Conclave" had been published well-nigh a quarter of a century previously. Dr. Jessopp (who, however, misdates the volume 1653 instead of 1652) thus strongly speaks of it: 'So careless was the younger Donne, and so ignorant of his father's works, that he proclaims the Ignatius to have been one of his father's *last* writings, even though an edition (publicly printed) had actually been brought out so late as 1635. The epigrams and poems were written in Donne's boyhood. The wretched man, who would not even leave them in their Latin dress, could not see that there was anything disgraceful in putting forth this obscene trash in the meretricious garb of a jingling English rhyme, and attaching to the unworthy rubbish his father's revered name. On the son, not father, the scandal of their publicity must rest.' (Essays, as before, p. lxx.). That the younger Donne was 'careless,' there are abundant proofs; but there is a lack of evidence that he was so utterly 'unworthy.' Anthony a-Wood's gossip has perhaps been too readily accepted as truth. Altogether, in recollection of his really fine-thoughted Prefaces and Epistles to his father's Sermons, and the 'troops of friends' he names in his Will, I am dissatisfied with the traditional severity against the younger Donne. As R. B., in his elegy on our Donne, puts it:

'Tis reported true, though I  
No'r yet so much desir'd to hear a ly'—

So much for the two facts which we deemed it important to make good in the outset: and now, having on these grounds changed the setting (so to say) of many of the 'Divine Poems,' and withdrawn the (so-called) 'Sheaf of Epigrams' from Donne, it may be as well to record here our reasons for similarly withdrawing other Poems that have been wrongly assigned to him. They are as follows: 1. An Epitaph on Shakespeare, commencing 'Renowned Chaucer, lie a thought more nigh'; 2. To Ben Jonson, 6 Jan. 1603; 3. 'Deare Love, continue'; 4. Psalm cxxxvii.; 5. On the Sacrament. The first was inserted in the 4to of 1633 (p. 149), but withdrawn in 1635 and after-editions. It is now known to be the production of William Basse, a 'pastoral' Poet of some merit, as Mr. Collier's reprints evidence. The second and third are distinctly assigned by Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden to Sir John Roe, as thus: 'That Sir John Roe loved him [Jonson]; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a mask, Roe wrott a moral epistle to him, which began, "That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best"' (Notes of Ben Jonson's Convers. at Hawthornden, p. 86); and the Editor of the Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. [David Laing, Esq. LL.D.] adds in a note: 'Other instances of poems erroneously attributed to Donne might be pointed out. Thus, for instance, the one beginning "Deare Love, continue," &c. is transcribed by Drum-

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*i. e.* that it might prove a lie. Moreover, Dr. Jasper Mayne, not Donne jun., is the (alleged) translator of the Epigrams, and which are not 'rubbish,' although faulty in various ways.

In addition to my acknowledgments in the Preface (vol. i. p. xii.) I cannot too strongly express my obligations to my good friend Dr. Brimsley Nicholson on the two facts set forth in the text, and indeed throughout. With a fulness and patience very admirable, he has spared no pains to respond to my innumerable calls on his extensive reading and rare critical acumen; and this in all the recent Worthies.

mond, and signed "J. R.," probably the initials of John Roe' p. 86). The fourth, the metrical version of Psalm cxxxvii., is found in early MSS. as Francis Davison's, who has similarly versified other Psalms; and the measure is much too smooth, and the wording too uncharacteristic, for Donne. The use of the word 'bairn' [barne] for 'child,' albeit it is found once in Shakespeare ('mercy on's, a *barne!*' Winter's Tale, iii. 3), is foreign to Donne. The authorship has been discussed in Notes and Queries (vi. pp. 49, 137, 157-8, 247-8, 2d series). I have no hesitation in rejecting it. The fifth, four lines usually headed 'On the Sacrament,' 'He was the Word that spake it,' &c. were spoken, as is said, extempore, by the Princess Elizabeth in 1554, when under surveillance at Woodstock, and pressed by Cardinal Pole as to her belief. They are given by Camden with slight verbal variations. Lines entitled 'A Wife,' beginning 'Such as I have to my owne hart propounded,' are ascribed to Donne by Sir John Simeon, in his well known tractate. They have no mark of his style whatever; and I confess I was glad to discover them in the Farmer Chetham MS. signed 'Th. Scotte' (see the Farmer Chetham MS. as edited by me). For the Poems, on the other hand, now either first collected or printed, that belong to Donne, our authorities are given in the places. They have all our Poet's indefinable manner. The 'Expostulation' (vol. i. pp. 210-213) is peculiarly characteristic: and the Student has only to examine critically the so-called related pieces by Ben Jonson, to discern this more and more. The 'Expostulation' is in no way dependent on the other Elegies.

Having thus cleared the way of biographical difficulties and corrected mistakes, we are now free to turn to the Poetry of Donne as a whole; and in so doing, it may be helpful to arrange our farther remarks under four heads, whereby to handle points deemed worthy of examination and touching on the main things alike in his Life

and Verse: I. the Satirist; II. the Thinker and Imaginator; III. the Friend; IV. the Artist.

1. *The Satirist.* Dr. George Macdonald, in his 'Anti-phon,' refuses to present Francis Quarles in proportion to the quantity of his Writings, on the ground that the bulk of them consists of 'Satire;' and he is eloquently indignant on the waste of power that is put forth therein. It so happens that Quarles has written no 'Satires' whatever; so that the critic's condemnation is utterly irrelevant to him. Probably Quarles was confused with George Wither. But in such case it is going from one blunder to a worse; for the 'Satires' of Wither, like the Satires of Donne, are the best answer to Dr. Macdonald's sweeping and over-hasty generalisation. Granted that it is a poor and paltry thing to vent private piques, and spites, and sorenesses in 'Satires,' just as it is poor and paltry to vent these through any medium whatever. But it seems an enormous corollary to draw from such exceptional abuses of a given 'power,' to condemn all 'Satires.' Looking into Donne's specially, they have their blots in provocative allusions; but substantially they seem to us eminently *judicial* and justified. He does not simply scold and call it invective, or give nicknames, or 'report' scandals that have reached him, or hold-up physical or mental infirmities to ridicule; but, fixing his eye keenly on the wickedness he is roused to expose, he does it with a crashing destructiveness, a bearing-down *momentum* of indignation, a sad passionateness of scorn, an honest, unfeeling, unsparring striking at the highest-seated wrong-doers, and a felicitous realism of word-painting, that to our mind makes these first of English Satires very notable indeed. O' times there are solemnities of emotion, as in the Third Satire on 'Religion,' unspeakably pathetic in so young a man as Donne in 1592-3 was, and warranting us to believe that in those early 'Divine Poems,' already noticed, he uttered out the innermost convictions of his soul, and

consequently that in ceasing to be a Roman Catholic, he reached his new standing-ground through an agony of spiritual experience. Our Satirist is pungent, yet never in a fury. He is proportioned too in his noble rage: *e.g.* he does not treat follies and vanities as if they were vices, any more than he does vices as if they were merely follies and vanities. He has vehemence for vices with no lightness; he has lightness for follies and vanities without vehemence and without malice. And again, 'weighing' the large actions condemned against the petty actors of them, he has a fine gentlemanliness of rebuke; contemptuous, dainty of touch, yet penetrative as a Toledo-blade. As pictures of the age, in its manners and usages and morals, these Satires are inestimable. Without a superfluous epithet, though I dare not say without coarseness, you have the whole moving panorama of 'high and low' presented. Occasionally you catch the sound of musical, joyous laughter, and anon the awful tears consecrated to outrages too deep for words. To me these 'Satires' are not so much a given number of printed lines and part of a book, as a man's living heart pulsating with the most tragical reality of emotion. Bishop Hall's 'Satires' placed beside them look thin and empty, and painfully envious of contemporaries. Marston and Wither are worthier to be associated with Donne. I have no room for confirmatory quotations. I write for those only who mean to 'study' the Poetry now furnished: and I promise every painstaking Reader reward for his pains.

One of the 'Curiosities of Literature' more fantastically curious than any in D'Israeli, is, that Pope and Parrell re-versified the Satires of Donne. I know not that I can do better than allow here an open eyed Writer (the late Dr. Samuel Brown of Edinburgh, I believe) to put this thing as follows: 'Pope took it upon himself to "improve" some of Donne's Satires: and he did it, but in much the same style as the sailor, who, having obtained a



curiosity in the form of the weapon of a sword-fish, "improved" it by scraping off and rubbing down all the protuberances by which it was distinguishable from any other bone. Fortunately, however, in most editions of Pope's writings, the original crudities [!] are printed side by side with the polished improvement upon them; as sometimes we see, uplung in triumph at the doors of writing-masters, pairs of documents to some such effect as this: I. "This is my handwriting *before* taking lessons of Mr. Pope. Signed, John Donne." II. "This is my handwriting *after* taking lessons of Mr. Pope. Signed, John Donne." Let us, however, give specimens of these so-different handwritings. The theme is the appearance of a reduced courtier.

I. This is Donne before being improved by Pope [Satire iv. vol. i. pp. 30-31, ll. 17-29]:

"Towards me did run  
A thing more strange than, on Nile's slime, the Sun  
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:  
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:  
Stranger than seven Antiquaries' studies,  
Than Africk's Monsters, Guiana'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  
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."

II. This is Donne after being improved by Pope:

"Behold, there came  
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;  
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,  
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:  
A verier monster than on Afric's shore  
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,  
Or Sloan or Woodward's shelves contain,—  
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign."

The watch would scarcely let him pass at noon,  
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon;  
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make  
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take;  
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,  
 Cry, By your priesthood, tell me what you are!"

O wonderful Mr. Pope! powerful to knock-off *such* ex-  
 erescences as

"Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,"

and, 'stranger than strangest;' powerful to introduce *such*  
 improvements as

"Nay, all that *lying* travellers can feign,"<sup>1</sup>

Few will differ from this drastic verdict; and, indeed, apart from Elwin's demonstration of the rottenness of Pope as a man, it were easy to prove, by the 'improvements' on Donne and the like, that, while a matchless Verser, he was no Poet in any deep sense of the much-abused word. Parnell could not be expected to succeed where Pope failed; and he fails egregiously.

The Biographers of Donne must discuss fully the place of his Satires in our Literature, as having been the first in English. It is one of the honours of the (now) venerable Mr. J. Payne Collier that he showed in his 'Poetical Decameron,' that Donne really was the first English Satirist as against the claim of (Bishop) Hall. In the 'Third Conversation' (vol. i, pp. 153-161) the reader will find the subject presented with no little acumen and lore; the result being that Donne's first two Satires (if not three) belong to 1593 (at latest), whereas Hall's were produced in 1596 onward. A subsidiary confirmation of this is met with in the Drummond of Hawthornden MSS., among which, in Drummond's transcript, the 'Fourth Satire' is dated 'Anno 1594' (as before: Editor's note, p. 84). Notwithstanding my profound veneration for Hall, I

<sup>1</sup> Gallery of Poets: No. 1, John Donne, in Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. i, pp. 228-236.

cannot help a suspicion that, inasmuch as the anonymous commendatory poems prefixed to the 'Anatomic' of Donne (see vol. i. pp. xi. xii. 105-6, 129-30), and other authorities, reveal that Hall and Donne were personally acquainted, the former had heard, or read at least, the first four of Donne's Satires in ms., and wrote his own in the recollection of them. In such case the now-famous lines,

'I first adventure with fool-hardy might  
To tread the steps of perilous despite.  
*I first adventure,—follow me who list,*  
And be the *second* English Satirist.'

may have been Hall's challenge to his friend Donne to 'adventure' forth, and not hold in ms. his Satires.

Rumours of Hall's intended 'Vergidemiarum . . . tooth-lesse satyrs' may have reached Donne, and hence perhaps those enigmatical lines in the second Satire :

'hee is worst, who beggerly doth chawe  
Others' wits' fruits, and in his rauenous mawe,  
Rauckly 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.' (Vol. i. p. 15.)

If we are correct, the 'praise' of the 'Anatomic's' prefixed poems may have been a kind of *solatium* for the earlier 'stolen march,' and the knowledge of it be the explanation of the continued anonymousness of the 'praise.' It is clear that Donne, even so soon as 1593, regarded some one as in some way thieving on his manor.

Though the British-Museum ms. 5110 bears the date 1593, and the Hawthornden 1594, none of Donne's Satires appeared in print until after Hall's. All-but-certainly the first two were included in a now-missing privately-printed collection of some of his poems, specially the 'Anatomic' or 'Anniversaries,' which must have been issued to a circle of friends prior to 1614, seeing that Freeman in 1614, in his 'Rubbe and a great Cast,' has an epigram to Donne,

in which he celebrates his 'Storme' and 'Calme,'<sup>1</sup> and two 'short' satires: and this was probably their first appearance in print. I qualify with 'probably,' because among the books read by Drummond of Hawthornden in 1613 is noted 'Jhone Dones *Lyriques*' (as before, p. 20), which seems to intimate an earlier volume still, and part of which may have been the earlier Satires. In his Letter to his 'honored friend G. G. Esquire,' which is dated 'Paris, the 14th of April here, 1612,' Donne writes of his 'Anniversaries' as follows: 'Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in myself is to have descended to print anything in verse, which, though it has excuse even in our own times by men who profess and practise much gravity, yet I confess I wonder how I declin'd to it, and do not pardon myself' (1669, p. 272).<sup>2</sup> In the place we show that the 'Anniversaries' were 'in print' in 1612 (vol. i. p. 104), and called forth the eulogium of John Davies of Hereford; but Donne's words, taken along with Drummond's entry of 'Lyriques,' seem to point to other things printed. Be all this as it may—and some old neglected library may yield up copies of the missing booklets, as did Isham of kindred to the keen eyes of Mr. Charles Edmonds—the

<sup>1</sup> In the 'Conversations of Ben Jonson with Drummond of Hawthornden' is the following 'censure' (= judgment) on these pieces and others: 'He esteemeth John Dons the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the Lost Chaîne [vol. i. pp. 192-6] he hath by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stir, all was so quiet!*' (as before.)

<sup>2</sup> In this Letter Dons vindicates his 'exalted' celebration of Mrs. Drury as follows: 'For the other imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for, since I never saw the gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her or any other in ryme, except I took such a person as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those ladies think that Mrs. Drewry was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers.' (1669, pp. 272-3). Cf. our vol. i, p. 98.

priority of Donne to Hall and Marston as a satirist in English is established. *En passant*, I remark that the close of Satire vi.

‘but till I can write  
Things worth thy tenth reading, dear Nick, good night.’

may be taken as confirmation of the Haslewood Kingsborough ms. (vol. i. p. 56) in its numbering of the Satires as ‘ten’; though ‘tenth reading’ may also be = reciting ten times over, and the reference to Horace’s *Ars Poet.*:

‘Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen;  
Hæc placuit sæculi, hæc deus repetita placabit.’

ii. *The Thinker and Imaginator.* Donne, observes Dr. Macdonald (as before), ‘is represented by Dr. Johnson as one of the chief examples of that school of poets called by himself the metaphysical;’ and he continues, ‘an epithet which, as a definition, is almost false. True it is that Donne and his followers were always ready to deal with metaphysical subjects, but it was from their mode, and not their subjects, that Dr. Johnson classed them.’

By the ‘Thinker’ I intend not the mode but the ‘subjects’ (= objects) of much of Donne’s poetry; and I pronounce it *thoughtful* in the highest and subtlest region of speculative thought. Thomas Carew, in his very remarkable *Elegy*, recognises this intellectual power and *momentum*, as thus:

‘Thou shalt yield no precedence but of time  
And the blinde fate of language, whose tun’d chime  
More charms the outward sense; yet thou maist claim  
From so great disadvantage greater fame,  
Since to the *ace* of thy imperious wit  
Our stubborn language bends, made onely fit  
With her tough oak-rib’d hoops to gird about  
Thy giant phansie, which had prov’d too stout  
For their soft melting phrases.’ (1669, p. 381).

Sidney Godolphin too, in his *Elegy* discerned it:

'Fancy findes some check, from an excess  
 Of merit most . . . of nothing it hath spun:  
 And Truth, as Reason's task and them, doth shun,  
 She makes a faire flight in emptiness  
*Then when a bodied truth doth her oppress:*  
 . . . Great soul, we can no more the worthiness  
 Of what you were, than what you are, express.'  
 (1669, pp. 376-7.)

In our own day, across the Atlantic, Professor Lowell ('Among my Books') puts it even finer: 'Dryden, with his wonted perspicacity, follows Ben Jonson in calling Donne "the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation" (Dedication of Eleonora). Even as a poet Donne

"Had here those brave trans-lunary things  
 That our first poets had,"

To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses, as he could sometimes do, is the supreme function of poetry' (Dryden, p. 63, ed. 1870). Again: 'He [Dryden] shows little of that finer instinct which suggests so much more than it tells, and works the more powerfully as it taxes more the imagination of the reader. In Donne's "Relic" there is an example of what I mean. He fancies one breaking up his grave, and spying

"A bracelet of bright hair about the bone?"

a verse that still shines there in the darkness of the tomb, after two centuries, like one of those inextinguishable lamps whose secret is lost' (ib. p. 63).

To appropriate a familiar word from our English Bible, Donne 'intermeddled' with problems and started inquiries uncommon in the period; Sir John Davies and Abraham Cowley being earlier and later fellow-thinkers. His verse-letters to the (then) Countess of Bedford—a lady of whom the world ought to know more, and I trust will ere very long, from the Bedford MSS., and so I put past my own gatherings on her—and to Herbert Lord Cherbury, are laden with profound speculative and imaginative thought.

They will abundantly recompense the most prolonged study. One characteristic of this thinking is its sudden out-flashing from the common level of the subject in hand—a characteristic common to all Donne's poetry. Shakespeare describes it memorably in the 'dolphin,' which 'shows its back *above the element*' in which it moves (Ant. and Cleo. v. 1), all lustrous and iridescent. So in this Poetry, even in the Satires, and indeed notably there, you are arrested by some quaint image or allusion, that, when you come to dwell on it, is found to carry in its heart some splendid thought altogether out of the beaten track, and which comes with absolute surprise in the place. In Donne's (prose) 'News from the very Country' (1669, pp. 395-6) he says, 'Sentences in Authors, like haire in horse-tailes, concur in one root of beauty and strength: but being pluckt out one by one, serve only for springs and snares:' and I quote the Fullerian gnome because I cannot tarry (even if it were desirable) to quote illustrative and confirmatory passages from Donne's poetry: but at hap-hazard take these half-dozen 'haire's' out of the 'root of beauty and strength.' First, in the 'Relique,' what a strange quaint 'fancy' to enter the poet's brain of the 'bracelet of bright hayre about the bone,' is this—

'think that there a lovinge couple lyes  
Who hope that this device might be a way  
To make their soles at the last bagge daye,  
Meete at this grave, and make a little stay.'

Second: what fantastic, almost grotesque, grandeur is there in this measurement of a young human life by an 'angel's flight'—

'As when an angell downe from heaven doth flye,  
Our quick thought cannot keep him company:  
Wee cannot think, *now he is at the sunne,*  
*Now through the moone, now through the aire doth runne:*  
Yet when hee's come, *we know he did require*  
*To all 't'hist hour'ne and earth, sunne, moone, and aire.'*

The whole 'Obsequies' of Lord Harrington, in which these lines occur, is packed-full of the like unique thoughts, worked out with lastrons imaginative edges. Third: there is profound truth in this 'fancy,' if it be fancy, in 'The Cross'—

'As perchance carvers do not faces make,  
But that away which hid them there do take;  
Let crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,  
And be His image, or not His, but He.'

Fourth: let the reader turn to the 'Fragment,' as it is called, of 'The Resurrection.' Here are two of its thought-laden lines—

'He was all gold when He lay down, but rose  
All tincture.'

'so my soul, more earnestly released,  
Will outstrip hers: *as bullets flown before,*  
*A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.'*

On this poem 'Antiphon' remarks: 'What a strange mode of saying that He is our head, the captain of our salvation, the perfect humanity in which our life is hid! Yet it has its dignity. When one has got over the oddity of these last six lines, the figure contained in them shows itself almost grand. As an individual specimen of the grotesque form holding a fine sense, regard for a moment the words "He was all gold," &c., which means that, entirely good when He died, He was something yet greater when He rose, for He had gained the power of making others good: the *tincture* intended here was a substance whose touch would turn the basest metal into gold' (pp. 123-4). Fifth: speaking of closing the eyes of the dead, how arresting is this—

'O, they confess much in the world amiss  
Who dare not trust a dead-man's eyes with that  
Which they from God and angels cover not.'

Sixth: six, and four, and two, and single lines and half-



lines, you are perpetually marking in the margin as you read Donne: *e.g.*

‘her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought:’—and

‘in all she did  
*Some figure of the golden times was hid:*—and

‘Tears in his eyes quench *the amazing light:*—

and this Wordsworthian touch, of the ‘Robin Redbreast,’

‘The household bird, with the red stomacher.’

Whoso reads ‘The Blossom’ and ‘Thè Primrose’ will understand the delicate praise of Arthur Wilson in his Elegy:

‘Thou sweetly didst contrive  
To Beautie’s elements, and thence derive  
Unspotted lillies white; which thou didst set  
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,  
Making them soft and warm, and by thy power  
*Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.*’ (1669, p. 389.)

But while I thus make the supremest claims for Donne as a Thinker and Imaginator, I must, at the same time, in measure assent to Dr. Macdonald’s criticism on Donne’s *mode* as distinguished from his ‘*subjects*’—highest and deepest problems of thought and experience—and so I give it: ‘The central thought of Dr. Donne is nearly sure to be just: the subordinate thoughts, by means of which he unfolds it, are often grotesque, and so wildly associated as to remind one of the lawlessness of a dream, wherein mere suggestion without choice or fitness rules the sequence. As some of the writers of whom I have last spoken would play with words, Dr. Donne would sport with ideas, and with the visual images or embodiments of them. Certainly in his case much knowledge reveals itself in the association of his ideas, and great facility in the management and utterance of them. True likewise, he says nothing

unrelated to the main idea of the poem: but not the less certainly does the whole resemble the speech of a child of active imagination, to whom judgment as to the character of his suggestions is impossible, his taste being equally gratified with a lovely image and a brilliant absurdity: a butterfly and a shining potsherd are to him similarly desirable. Whatever wild thing starts from the thicket of thought, all is worthy game to the hunting intellect of Dr. Donne, and is followed without question of tone, keeping, or harmony. In his play with words, Sir Philip Sidney kept good heed that even that should serve the end in view; in his play with ideas, Dr. John Donne, so far from serving the end, sometimes obscures it almost hopelessly: the hart escapes while he follows the squirrels and weasels and bats' (pp. 114-5).

Coleridge (*the Coleridge*) has, almost to superlative, marked out the greatness of Donne's thought. 'After all,' he says, in annotating 'Woman's Constancy,' 'there is but one Donne. And now tell me yet wherein, in *his own kind*, he differs from the similar power in Shakespeare? Shakespeare was all men potentially, except Milton; and they differ from him by negation, or privation, or both. This power of dissolving orient pearls, worth a kingdom, in a health to a whore!—this absolute right of dominion over all thoughts, that dukes are bid to clean his shoes, and are yet honoured by it! But, I say, in this lordliness of opulence, in which *the* positive of Donne agrees with *a* positive of Shakespeare, what is it that makes them *homoiousian* indeed, yet not *homoousian*?' (Notes on Donne's Poems in 'Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous,' 1853, p. 251.) Even the light-hearted Carew saw the gleam of the kingly crown on his associate's brow, when he celebrated him dead as

'A king that rul'd as he thought fit  
The universal monarch of wit.'

Let the reader give a month to the Verse-Letters and

Elegies and Funeral Elegies, and he will find how noble o' times is Donne as a Thinker. Nor will he then gainsay our characteristic of surprise and suddenness in the nobleness. As already indicated, in the most unsuspected places a grand thought will be come on. Thus it is of the 'Progress of the Soul'—flagrantly faulty though it be—that such a one as Thomas De Quincey said: 'Few writers have shown a more extraordinary compass of powers than Donne; for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massy diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the Metempsychosis, thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Æschylus, whilst a diamond-dust of rhetorical brilliancies is showered over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose. No criticism was ever more unhappy than that of Dr. Johnson, which denounces all this artificial display as so much perversion of taste. There cannot be a false thought than this: for, upon that principle, a whole class of compositions might be vicious, by conforming to its own ideal' (On Whately's 'Rhetoric,' Blackwood's Mag. Dec. 1828, vol. xxiv.). In truth, what Milman affirms of his Prose holds largely of Donne's Poetry: 'a wonderful solidity of thought . . . an earnest force almost unrivalled, with passages occasionally of splendid, almost impassioned devotion' ('St. Paul's,' p. 329).

As an Imaginator it is impossible to place Donne too high. The light of his imagination lies goldenly over his thinking. Granted to Dr. Macdonald (as above) that a 'shining potsherd' takes him now and again away from the main line of his thought; but it is not the potsherd that does it, but the 'shining,' and the 'shining' is not from the 'potsherd,' but from above in the glory of the sun. Two farther examples must suffice to confirm our estimate of Donne's imaginative faculty. The first occurs in

a 'Valediction, forbidding to mourn'—on parting from his young wife; and of the entire poem even placid Izaak Walton is quickened to say in the 'Life': 'A copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her, to spend some months in France. And I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.' We ask the reader to turn now to the poem in its completeness (see vol. ii, pp. 210-12), and in so doing ask him to pass from it to the Elegy, 'Refusal to allow his young Wife to accompany him abroad as a Page' (vol. i, pp. 161-4), whose 'exquisite delicacy as well as feeling' 'took' even his, in this case, frigid successor at St. Paul's (pp. 325-6).

The metaphor of the 'compasses' in the 'Valediction' only so daring an Imaginator as Donne would have attempted; and the out-of-the-wayness of it is not more noticeable than the imaginativeness which glorifies it. It is used elsewhere by the poet, and with equal success, viz. in the 'Obsequies of the Lord Harrington.' The touches of imaginativeness are also the more noticeable in that the image was fetched from a family-fact: for in the 'Extracts from the Hawthornden Mss.' (as before) we read that the 'Impressa' of old John Heywood—Donne's maternal grandfather—was 'a compass *with one foot in center*, the other broken, the words *Deest quod daretur urbem*' (p. 101). Here, no doubt, was the source of the quaint but really magnificent simile.<sup>1</sup> Of the 'Valediction' Coleridge (as before) writes, 'An admirable poem, which none but Donne could have written. Nothing was ever more

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson, in his Verse-Epistle to Selden, introduces the same metaphor:

\* You that have been  
Ever at home, yet have all countries seen;  
And like a compass, *keeping one foot still*  
*Upon your centre*, do your circle fill  
Of general knowledge.' (Underwoods.)

admirably made out than the figure of the compass' (p. 255).

The second example is found in 'The Anniversary' (vol. ii. p. 181), another commemoration of his Wife. I ask the student similarly to turn to it, and read and re-read it in full, and mark the greatness of the close :

' Let us live nobly, and live and add again  
Years and years unto years, till we attain  
To write threescore : this is the second of our reign.'

'This tender utterance of a husband's love,' says Bellevue, 'with its superb conclusion, "Let us live nobly," &c. is one of the finest and grandest expressions of conjugal affection that adorn our English literature' ('Poets' Corner,' 1868, p. 194). It were easy to multiply proofs of the highest claim possible to be made for Donne as Thinker and Imaginator. In the spirit of our quotation from 'News from the Country,' I prefer sending the reader to the complete poems for himself ; for Coleridge speaks truly on 'Canonization' when he thus remarks : 'One of my favourite poems. As late as ten years ago I used to seek and find out grand lines and fine stanzas ; but my delight has been far greater since it has consisted more in tracing the leading thought throughout the whole. The former is too much like coveting your neighbour's goods ; in the latter you merge yourself in the author, you *become he*.' Similarly, Dr. Samuel Brown (as before) : 'Unfortunately (or shall we say fortunately ?), the best thing in a true poet is that which it is impossible to convey any fit notion of by a few and limited extracts. Every great poet has, in a measure, to create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. The divine *aura* that breathes about his works is not to be found by the chance reader in any particular passage or poem. This only reveals itself to the loving *student* of the Muses, and departs from him who departs from them, or endeavours to *a-muse* himself by

What  
is the  
idea of it

carelessly attending to their songs. The longest and most famous of these " Epithalamiums " has scarcely a quotable passage. Its whole merit lies in this inexplicable, incommunicable *aura* (p. 233).

III. *The Friend*. Our waning space—for the Poems in vol. ii. have stretched out beyond our estimate—forbids the fulfilment of our intention to elucidate the friendships of Donne with his foremost contemporaries. We the less regret it, in that properly the task of love belongs to the Biographer rather than Editor. It may be permitted me to offer another suggestion to our former, viz. that Dr. Jessopp shall shed light on not only the 'names' that occur in the poetry and letters, but those anonymous and semi-anonymous. The 'Brookes,' 'Boulstreds,' 'Drurys,' and specially the group of 'W.'s—the Woodward—demand full treatment. Unless I very much mistake, the long-sought 'A. W.' of the many poems of the 'Poetical Rhapsody' will be discovered among these Woodward. I have come on tantalising confirmations; but hitherto have been unable to follow out the inquiry to certainty. A poet whose numerous poems were long deemed worthy of the great name of Raleigh deserves all earnestness of pursuit until he be revealed. There is—so far as I know—only a single *falsito* note in the Friendships of Donne. His Letters to the King (James) have all the adulation of the period, while his posthumous Satire, and other references, show the inevitable low estimate of the monarch. It is not pleasant to come on the contradiction. Perhaps in the outset he wrote according to the 'brute' of 'common talk.' I am in doubt whether Sir John Davies was hit in the second Satire: but our note in vol. i. p. 20 may be studied along with Epigrams in the Farmer-Chetham MS. as edited by us for the Chetham Society. His celebration of the 'Crudities' (on whose droll authorship we should gladly have enlarged as intended) was mere banter. Of his 'Friends,' R. B. in his Elegy thus sings:

'had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,  
 A jury I would summon on his side  
 That had no sides nor factions: just the touch  
 Of all exceptions, freed from passion, such  
 As not to fear or flatter, e'r were bred;  
 These would I bring though called from the dead,  
 Southampton, Hambleton [Hamilton], Pembroke [Pembroke],  
 Dorset's earls,  
 Huntington, Bedford's countesses (the pearls  
 Once of each sex): if these suffice not, I  
 Ten *Decem viri* have of standers-by:  
 All which for Donne would such a verdict give  
 As can belong to none that now doth live.' (1669, p. 333.)

One of 'Bedford's countesses' ['Lucy'], judging from a request in Donne's (prose) letters to her, seems to have herself 'poetised.' But we must not be tempted now and here to enlarge.

IV. *The Artist.* 'Antiphon' (as before) pronounces Donne 'inartistic,' as follows: 'It is not surprising that, their author being so inartistic with regard to their object, his verses themselves should be harsh and unmusical beyond the worst we would imagine fit to be called verse. He enjoys the unenviable distinction of having no rival in ruggedness of metric movement and associated sounds. This is clearly the result of indifference: an indifference, however, which grows more strange to us when we find that he *can* write a lovely verse and even an exquisite stanza' (p. 116). Coleridge (as before) says, more deeply and truly: 'To read Dryden, Pope, &c. you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure *time*, and discover the *time* of each word by the sense of passion' (p. 249). And again: 'In poems where the writer *thinks*, and expects the reader to do so, the sense must be understood to ascertain the metre' (p. 250). Once more: 'If you would teach a scholar in the highest form how to *read*, take Donne, and of Donne this satire [III.]. When he has learned to read Donne, with all the force and mean-

ing which are involved in the words, then send him to Milton, and he will stalk-on like a master, *enjoying* his walk' (p. 251). I do not adduce the great critic's somewhat paradoxical 'improvement' by simple omission or addition of *that, which, and*, and such 'small deer,' nor do I mind discussing his theory of versification in Donne and others. I venture to assume that our text corrects—and for the first time—those many misprints and other errors that have been so long and so justly complained of—through our anxious collation of printed texts and MSS. never before examined; also it may be allowed me to hope that in our Notes and Illustrations not a few obscurities of construction and allusion have been removed.

But, after all, I fear it must be conceded that it is as Thinker and Imaginator, and Artist of ideas rather than words in verse, we have to assert Donne's incomparable genius. He has nothing of the 'smoothness' of various contemporaries, and very little of the ever-changing music of the Poet of 'all time.' Nevertheless, the various-readings and perpetual fluctuations of text in the MSS. lift up a united protest against any such charge as that of 'indifference.' He must have worked laboriously even in his versification. What satisfied Ben Jonson ought to be sympathetically studied by us. Instead of quoting, I ask the student to read all of Jonson on Donne, specially on the 'Calme,' as given in the 'Conversations.' One line in one of the 'Holy Sonnets' (ix.) tells us that Milton read Donne; as thus,

'if that tree,

Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us.'

Even to the rhythm this recalls the opening of 'Paradise Lost.' In Milton's immortal lines on Shakespeare we read:

'Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument;  
And there sepulchred in such state dost lie,  
That Kings for such a tomb might wish to die.'



Coleridge has written these lines on the margin of one of Donne's letters to the Lady G., where is this: 'No prince would be loath to die that were assured of so fair a tomb to preserve his memory' (as before, p. 258). There are other Miltonic parallels. When Wordsworth's reading, as reflected in his greatest poetry, comes to be adequately traced in its influence on him, Donne will yield not a few *memorabilia*; and so with other singers, from Addison to Robert Browning—who has wealth of admiration for Donne. Even prosaic Benjamin Franklin seems to have turned to him, as Notes and Queries on his famous 'Epitaph' would suggest. 'Cato' drew its almost single *quick* line, that everybody knows, from Elegy xx., 'Opinion' (l. 36); and another line of it keeps ringing through our memory, though we cannot fix it on a great or any name.

We should have liked to trace the influence of Shakespeare on Donne, although, sooth to say, considering the subtlety common to both, that influence is less marked than might have been expected. A poor anecdote of 'gentle Will,' given in 'Wit's Interpreter' and elsewhere, on the authority of Donne, and other data, assure us that Donne and he knew each other, and met (probably) at 'The Mermaid.' Apart from this, on reading the Verse-Letters, and Elegies, and Funeral Elegies, and the class entitled 'Lyrical,' there reach my ear occasionally Shakespearian melody, and now and again as I study I am conscious of an indefinable something suggestive of Shakespeare. In its place I have pointed-out that the song, 'Break of day,' has a flavour of 'Romeo and Juliet;' and similarly you chance on Shakespeare's very own way of starting, pursuing, and illumining a fancy. But just now I must confine myself to a single word elucidative of an obscurity in relation to Shakespeare's Sonnets; for on reconsideration I fall from a personal allusion that I had thought secreted itself in the second Satire, ll. 11-18. The word to which I refer is 'adventurers,' as it occurs

in the Elegy on the Lord C. l. 15, 'With whom *adventurers* more boldly dare.' The Elegy belongs to 1609, or thereabouts; and Donne here, and Thorpe in his still largely misunderstood dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, in the same year, were both led to speak as they have done by the newly aroused, or re-aroused, commercial activity and fancy for commercial speculation among the public, which showed itself in expeditions, colonisation, and the formation of companies. In 1606 two companies were followed by the re-colonisation of Virginia—in relation to which William Crashawe, father of the poet, preached one of his most remarkable sermons. In 1609 the Earl of Southampton was one of the council for the same, and the Somers and Gates expedition left, as did also the Pilgrim Fathers; and in 1610 a fresh colonisation took place, and Virginia received its first governor. In 1609 also the East-India Company, first chartered for fifteen years in 1600, received a new charter, six years before the old had expired; and Surat was occupied in 1612. About the same time too a charter was given to a company for the colonisation of Newfoundland; and as evidence of the popular tendency, James, in 1608, offered Ulster lands to English settlers, and the offer was taken up by a company and effected in 1611. All the shareholders in these and other speculations were called, as they still are in cost-book mining companies in Cornwall, 'The Adventurers.' Well, it has been demonstrated by Malone and others that Shakespeare used in his 'Tempest' materials gathered from the account of the shipwreck of Somers' vessels in the Bermudas; and thus the word 'adventurers' was one inevitable almost to Thorpe in the midst of the popular tendencies, while it may be remarked—without entering on an examination of 'The Tempest' in relation thereto—that Shakespeare's plays were what he called them, 'mirrors of the times,' and that though by his genius they were adapted to all time, they were spe-

cially adapted by him to the days in which each was produced. This in-a-sort digression may shed a ray of light on the Thorpe use of 'adventurer.'

Glancing back on our Essay, I feel how very much remains unsaid; how I must return on the great subject, and especially on certain things in the Life that give significance to the writings, verse and prose. Meanwhile, in the absence of anything approaching a worthy edition of Donne as a poet, or so much as an attempt to vindicate his peculiar claims or to mark his characteristics, even our inadequate words may be acceptable. With every abatement, I re-assert that Donne was not over-estimated in his lifetime; and that it was no 'glamour' of personal love which drew out the wonderful Elegies by his greatest compeers; neither is it asking too much for such an absolute and unique genius, that the reader will master his language and methods, and with all reverence and humility sit at his feet, and look, if not with shut, yet shaded eyes on poems and lines one must wish he had blotted. Let 'Elia's' wise as brave verdict be pondered by all who accept traditional criticism: 'We are too apt to indemnify ourselves for some characteristic excellence we are kind enough to concede to a great author by denying him everything else. Thus Donne and Cowley, by happening to possess more wit and faculty of illustration than other men, are supposed to have been incapable of natural feeling; they are usually opposed to such writers as Shensstone and Parnell; whereas in the very thickest of their conceits—in the bewildering mazes of tropes and figures—a warmth of soul and generous feeling shines through, the "sum" of which "forty thousand" of those natural poets, as they are called, "with all their quantity," could not make up.' (Charac. p. 149: 1867).<sup>1</sup> The Elegies on the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Craik, in his 'History of English Literature and Language' (2 vols. 8vo, 1866), devotes pp. 579-583 (vol. I.) to Donne; and I wish I could have discussed some of his criticisms. But I

death of Donne belong to his biography. Dr. Jessopp will find them worthy of his commentary. Leaving them, except as used throughout this Essay, I close with the imperishable tribute of Ben Jonson, who, spite of his quips over his wine-cup, had a singularly-reverent admiration towards Donne, as man and poet :

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

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL POSTSCRIPT.

I wish to record here the early and later editions of Donne's Poems, and to notice the use made of them and of MSS. in our text.

(a) In the Essay (pp. xxxi. ii.) I refer to the existence of ‘ *printed* poems’ of Donne prior to ‘ 14th April 1612,’ besides the editions of the ‘ Anatomie’ or Anniversaries (on which, and for their title-pages, see vol. i. pp. 102-4). Doubtless it was with Donne as with Drummond of

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must content myself with two golden sentences : ‘ Running through all this bewilderment, a deeper insight detects not only a vein of the most exuberant wit, but often the sunniest and most delicate fancy, and the truest tenderness and depth of feeling’ (p. 580). Again : ‘ His lines, though they will not suit the see-saw style of reading verse—to which probably he intended that they should be invincibly impracticable—are not without a deep and subtle music of their own, in which the cadences respond to the sentiment when enunciated with a true feeling of all that they convey’ (p. 581).

Hawthornden, who is found thus writing: 'I have been [bold] to present you with this of mine [owne], which, though of little worth, is [a] new one, and (singular in this) not to be found in any library; I having caused print only some coppies equalyng the number of my friends, and those to whom I am beholden, which are not many.' (Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS p. 27.) With reference to the Satires as having been printed much earlier than any extant edition, and during Donne's own lifetime, it may be added, that among Ben Jonson's Poems are Lines 'To Lucy Countess of Bedford, with M. Donne's Satyres.' This must have been early. In addition to our words on the Countess (*ante*) let Ben Jonson's 76th Epigram to her be read, and Samuel Daniel.

(*b*) The first surviving edition of the Poems was posthumous. It appeared in 1633 as a small 4to. Its title-page is as follows:

## POEMS

By J. D.

WITH

## ELEGIES

ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

London: Printed by M. F. for Iohn Marriot,  
and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's  
Church-yard in *Fleet-street*, 1663.

Collation: Title-page—*Infinitati Sacrum*, &c. 3 pp. unmarked, reverse of 4th blank, and pp. 406 (but with various mis-paged.)

This volume has been somewhat scurvily treated. There is no doubt that its arrangement is faulty; indeed, the pieces seem to have been added on and on, as they reached the Publisher; but otherwise it was a great gift to our poetic Literature. Its text, in common with all the printed editions, is sometimes inaccurate, and its punctuation perplexing. Nevertheless, substantially I have not found, on collation, that it is greatly inferior to after-editions. In some instances its text shows excellent readings in agreement with my best MSS., as noted in the places. Our note under *c*, of additions to 1633, will show which of the Poems first appeared therein. It would serve no critical end to record the sequence of the pieces. In our Notes and Illustrations the original appearance of each poem is noted, except in the class 'Lyrical.' Most of these, as *c* additions inform, appeared first in 1633 (so far as extant editions are concerned).

(*c*) The next edition was a small 12mo, in 1635: title-page same as in 1633. Prefixed is an address: 'The Printer to the Vnderstanders,' pp. 5 (unpaged); and on reverse, lines 'Hexastichon Bibliopole' and 'Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam, Incerti:' the former signed Jo. Mar., probably Jo[h]n Mar[riot]. After these comes 'Infinitati Sacrvm' &c. (as before) pp. 3 (unpaged); and pp. 388. The Elegies, as before, occupy pp. 31 (unpaged), reverse blank. The arrangement is different; 'Songs and Sonnets' commencing, in bad taste, with 'The Flea,' came first; next Epigrams; next Elegies, numbered 1. to xvii.; next Epithalamiums, or marriage-songs; next Satires; next Verse-Letters; next Anatomic &c. and Funeral Elegies; next Prose Letters, and after the first (in Latin) is the Latin poem to Dr. Andrews; next The Progresse of the Soule; next Divine Poems; finally, the Elegies.

Though no mention is made of 'additions,' this edition published for the first time the Elegies i. (vol. i. pp. 161-3), xi. (pp. 190-1), and xii. (ib. pp. 192-6), and xiii.

as far as l. 56 (ib. 199-201), and xiv. (ib. pp. 203-7), and xv. (ib. 208-9), and xvii. (pp. 214-16); Satire vi. (ib. pp. 51-5); a Dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton and Mr. Donne (vol. ii. pp. 244-6); to Ben Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603 (see our Essay, p. xxv., for the real author of this poem); Epitaph (vol. ii. pp. 141-2); Latin poem to Dr. Andrews (ib. pp. 100-1); on the blessed Virgin Mary (ib. pp. 291-2); the Crosse (ib. pp. 292-4); Vpon the Translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney &c. (ib. pp. 313-15); Ode (ib. pp. 316-7); to Mr. Tilman &c. (ib. pp. 317-19); on the Sacrament (not Doane's: see Essay, p. xxvi.); on Himselfe (ib. pp. 141-2); Hymne to God my God in my sicknesse (ib. pp. 339-41). It is evident that 1635 was an immense advance on 1633, seeing that among the additions are some of the very best of the Poems, *e.g.* the supreme first Elegy, 'Refusal to allow his young wife to accompany him abroad as a page,' and the 'Hymne in Sicknesse,' naming the first and last only. The text reveals new MSS. and considerable care in revision. The Printer (=Publisher) states that 'had it [the vol.] not bene presented here, [it] would have come to us from beyond the seas;' and he speaks of his 'charge and pains in procuring of it,' with a promise 'of more correctnesse or enlargement in the next edition;' and farther adds: 'Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.' This edition withdrew Basse's epitaph upon Shakespeare of 1633; but misinserted the poem to Johnson by Roe, and the four lines on the Sacrament by Elizabeth, and Psalm cxxxvii.

The following Letter (never before printed), relating to Marriot's editions of the Poems (as described), was discovered by my late lamented friend John Bruce, Esq., and by him sent to me. It is in the Record-Office:

*To y<sup>e</sup> most Reuerend, father in God  
William Lorde Arch-Bishop of  
Canterburie Primate and  
Metropolitan of all Eng-  
lande his Grace.*

The humble Petition of John Donne, Clercke.

Both show vnto your Grace that since y<sup>e</sup> death of his Father (latly Deane of Pauls) there hath bene manie scandalous Pamflets printed and published vnder his name, which were none of his, by seuerall Boocksellers, withoute amie leaue or Autoritie: in particuler, one entitole Juuenilia, printed for Henry Seale: another by John Marriot and William Sheares, entitole Ignatius his Conclauce, as alsoe certaine Poems, by y<sup>e</sup> sayde John Marriote: of which abuses they haue bene often warned by your Petitioner, and tolde that if they desisted not, thay should bee proceeded against beefore your Grace, which thay seeme so much to slight, that thay professe suddainly to publish new impressions, verie much to the greife of your petitioner and the discredite of y<sup>e</sup> memorie of his Father.

Wherefore your Petitioner doth beseech your Grace that you would bee pleased by your Commaunde, to stopp their farther proceedinge herein, and to cale the forenamed boocksellers beefore you to giue an account for what thay haue allreadie done; and your Petitioner shall pray, &c.

I require y<sup>e</sup> Partyes whom this Petition concernees not to meddle any farther with y<sup>e</sup> Printing or Selling of any y<sup>e</sup> pretended workes of y<sup>e</sup> late Deane of St. Pauls, saue onely such as shall be licensed by publike authority, and approued by the Petitioner, as they will answere y<sup>e</sup> contrary at theyr perill. And of this I desire Mr. Deane of y<sup>e</sup> Arches to take care.

*Dec. 16, 1637.*

W. CANT.

(*d*) Some arrangement must have been come to as between the younger Donne, for the next edition bears date of 1639, and is identical in every respect with that of 1635, except (*a*) one of Marshall's finest bits of work in the portrait of Donne, aged 18, as reproduced by us (in *fto*): (*b*) the Epistle to the Progress of the Soul, put in its



own place before the poem, agreeably to the 'Errata' note of 1635 at end.<sup>1</sup>

(*e*) Another is dated 1649: same as *d*, only the engraved portrait is worn usually.

(*f*) Another is dated 1650: same as *d*, and it does not appear that the younger Donne had anything to do with it, as stated by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Hand-Book*. It corresponds precisely with *d*.

(*g*) Another 1654: *ib.*, *ib.*

(*h*) Another 1669, of which the following is the title-page:

## POEMS &c.

BY

J O H N D O N N E,

*Late Dean of St. Pauls.*

WITH

## E L E G I E S

ON THE

### AUTHOR'S DEATH.

To which is added

*Divers Copies under his own hand,*

Never before printed.

In the Savoy,

Printed by T. N. for *Henry Herringman*, at the sign of the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the New Exchange. 1669. [Sm. 8vo.]

Collation: Title-page—Epistle-dedicatory to Lord Craven, pp. 3—on p. 4 the usual lines and B. Jonson's 'Donne, the delight of Phoebus,' &c. and pp. 414.

<sup>1</sup> In Addl. mss. 15226 (p. 16) is a poem entitled 'Dr. Dunne

The Epistle-dedicatory is signed by John Donne, *i.e.* his son. The 'never before printed' poems are such as we should willingly have gone without in large part, especially the following: Love's Progress (vol. i. pp. 218-21); to his Mistress going to bed (ib. pp. 223-4); Opinion (ib. pp. 225-28); Satire viii. (ib. pp. 61-2); upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities (vol. ii. pp. 93-6); the Token (ib. p. 241-2); News from the very Country (prose); Latin lines to Jonson (vol. ii. pp. 98-9); Catalogus Librorum—a quaint fantastique, ending slyly 'Tarltonus, de privilegiis Parliamenti'; the Anchor and Serpent poems (vol. ii. pp. 344 *et seqq.*); out of Gazeus (vol. ii. p. 321); Ben Jonson's two poems on Donne: Opinion (vol. i. pp. 225-8), and 'He that cannot choose but loue' (vol. ii. pp. 242-3). It thus appears that, notwithstanding his Letter to Laud, the younger Donne included all that had appeared in Marriot's 1635 volume, and did not even exclude Roe's two pieces, the Lines to Ben Jonson and 'Nice and chaste,' or the four lines on the Sacrament, while his additions were trivial, and in part 'naughty.'

Of more modern editions I simply name these three: 1. 1719, 12mo (Tonson); 2. 1779, 3 vols. 18mo (Edinburgh)—very neat; 3. 1864, Boston, U.S., 'Little, Brown, and Co.'—uncritical and careless, though typographically worthy.

In our Notes and Illustrations will be found various readings from all the early editions—*a, b, c, d, e, f, g,* and *h*. 1635 and 1669 seem to us to have been printed from authentic mss., though repeatedly we have been called on

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upon y<sup>e</sup> Eucharist; but it is a bad copy of the Lines in Thomas Tuke's 'Holy Eucharist and Popish Breaden God' (in our 'Fuller Worthies,' Miscellanies, vol. iii.). In Addl. mss. 19268 is another poem headed 'Dr. Don's Elegy on the death of Kinge James;' but it is simply impossible that he could have written such rubbish. It is without one gleam of his characteristics.

to correct their errors. One of the 'curiosities' of our Literature is, that a considerable number of Donne's Poems were early translated into Dutch; on which, through us, there has of late been an interesting correspondence in the *Athenæum*. Waldron the 'Player'—a man of brains and taste—earlier, and Sir John Simeon later, deserve a meed of thanks for their first publication of some poems by Donne, as in the places pointed out.

Of the mss. used in the preparation of our text account is given in the successive places. We attach great value to the Stephens' ms. now in possession of F. W. Cosens, Esq. of London, notwithstanding singular oversights of the Copyist, who seems to have 'nodded' over his task (see our vol. i. p. 3). The Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. consists of a large number of autograph and other ms. poetry, temp. Elizabeth-Charles I., many unpublished and of rare interest, as elsewhere we hope to evidence. In its Donne poems the readings are occasionally good. Those in the British Museum are described in vol. i. pp. 2-3. I add, that another there, Addl. mss. 18647, has furnished some very good readings; 4955 is a fine specimen of calligraphy, but in Donne little more. Throughout we have found that the Copyists, failing to understand what they were transcribing, did not hesitate to 'improve' (as they imagined) on their ms. This has demanded our constant vigilance, as seen in the Notes and Illustrations. We give no single line without what we regard as original or early authority. Of necessity, in the multiplication of readings in the mss. and printed editions, we have been now and again cautiously eclectic, where one offered an evident correction of another. None but those who have engaged in like work can understand the toil involved in such collations. I cherish the hope that our labour has not been in vain; but that now Donne, as a Poet, is presentable and readable. Much of his ruggedness and metric faults disappear when his own revised text is found; and the more

you study him the more you are impressed with the uniqueness of his genius—a genius recognised by very opposite minds, *e.g.* Sir Isaac Newton gave early a place of honour to a portrait of him, a 'picture' which the illustrious Philosopher himself made (*Nichols' Illustrations of Literary History*, iv. 30, 1822).



I.

VERSE-LETTERS.

VOL. II.

B

NOTE.

I HAVE brought together here all the Letters in Verse found in the different editions of the Poems. Those addressed to the same person follow each other. As before, our text has the advantage of authoritative mss. given in the places. The commendatory poems to Jouson (including the Latin, which have never hitherto been translated), as well as 'Sappho to Philænis,' seemed most fittingly placed in this division. Some of DOXNE'S truest poetic utterances will be found in these remarkable Letters to remarkable Ladies and 'Gentlemen' in the deepest sense. One short Verse-letter to Viscount Doncaster with 'Holy Sonnets' is given preferably in its own place. G.



## THE STORME.<sup>1</sup>

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

Thou which art! ('tis nothinge to be soe);  
Thou, which art still thy selfe, by this shalt knowe  
Part of our passage; and a hand or eye  
By Hilliard drawne is worth a History  
By a course painter made; and, without pride, course 5  
When by thy judgment they are dignified,  
My lines are such; 'tis the pre-eminence  
Of friendship onlie, t'impute excellence.  
England, to whom we owe what we bee and haue,  
Sadd that her sonnes did seeke a foreigne graue 10  
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can soothsay,  
Honor and misery have one face, one way),  
From out her pregnant entrailes sigh'd a wynd,  
Which at th' air's myddle marble roome did fynd  
Such stronge resistance, that it self it threwe 15  
Downwards againe, and so when it did viewe  
How in the port our fleet deare tyme did leese, lose

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before, inscribed 'To Sr Basile Brooke.' See Notes and Illustrations on this and on Christopher Brooke. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 56-9). G.

Witheringe like prisoners, which stay but for fees,—  
 Myldly it kist our sayles, and fresh and sweet,  
 As to a stomack starv'd, whose insydes meet, 20  
 Meat comes, it came ; and sweld our sayles, when wee  
 So joy'd, as Sara 'her swelling joy'd to see :  
 But 'twas but so kynd, as our countrymen,  
 Which bring freinds one daye's way, and leave them  
 then.

Then like two mightie kings, which dwelling farr 25  
 Asunder ioyne against a third in warr,  
 The South and West wynds joyn'd, and, as they blew,  
 Waves like a rowlling trench before them threw.  
 Sooner then you read this lyne, did the gale, than  
 Like shott not fear'd till felt, our sayles assayle ; 30  
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same  
 Hath now a STORME, anon a tempest's name.  
 Jonas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,  
 Who when the storme ragde most, did wake thee then :  
 Sleepe is paine's easiest salve, and doth fulfyll 35  
 All offices of death, excepte— to kill.  
 But when I wakt, I sawe that I sawe not :  
 I and the sunn, which sho'd teach me, 'had forgott  
 East, west, day, night ; and I cold only say, could  
 Had the world lasted, now yt had bene day. 40  
 Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all  
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call :  
 Lightninge was all our light, and it rayn'd more  
 Then if the Sun had drunk the sea before. than



Some coffyn'd in their cabbins lye æqually 45  
 Greived that they are not dead, and yet must dye :  
 And as synn-burthen'd sowles from graues will creep  
 At the last laie, some forth their cabbins peep,  
 And trembling ask what newes, and do heare so,  
 Like jealyous husbands, what they wold not know ; 50  
 Some, sittinge on the hatches, wold seeme there  
 With hydeous gazinge to feare away Feare ;  
 There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast  
 Shakte with an ague, and the hould and waist  
 With a salt dropsy clog'd ; and all our tacklings 55  
 Snappinge like to too-high-stretcht treble-strings ;  
 And from our tatterd sayles raggs droop down soe,  
 As from one hand in chaynes a yeare agoe ;  
 Even our ordynance, plact for our defence,  
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence. 60  
 Pumping hath tyrd our men, and what's the gaine ?  
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe :  
 Hearing hath deaft our saylors, and if thay  
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.  
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualm, 65  
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calm :  
 Darknes (Light's elder brother) his byrthright  
 Claynes o're the world, and to heaven hath chased light :  
 All things are one ; and that one none can bee,  
 Since all formes uniforme deformitie 70  
 Doth cover ; so that we (except God say  
 Another '*Fiat*') shall haue noe more day :

So violent yet longe these furyes bee,  
That though thine absence starue me, I wish not thee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

On Christopher Brooke, to whom this (and other poems) is addressed, it may be permitted me to refer to my collective edition of his Poems in the Miscellanies of our FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY (vol. iv.): and in the Essay of our present volume farther notices will be found, and of other members of the Family. It may be supposed that the Stephens' ms. derived its inscription to 'Sir Basile Brooke' (on whom as *supra*) from a copy of it furnished to him either by the Author or C. Brooke. 'The Storme' has been included in all subsequent editions.

Our text, from the Stephens' ms., as before, shows a carefully revised copy. Line 18 is perhaps the best example of this; for 'prisoners *lie*' in ward for original debt, but they 'stay' after they would otherwise be enfranchised because they cannot pay the prison fees. Hence our 'stay' is preferable to 'lie' of 1633, and usually. So in l. 5, 'course' = coarse, is better than the usual 'worse,' seeing 'worse' implies that Hilliard was a bad painter. Similarly in l. 50, 'Like' (as in 1633) is an improvement on the usual 'As' in its relation to 'do heare so' of l. 49 = in consequence of asking *that which* &c. Again, in l. 60, 'Strive' for the usual 'Strives' is superior, because it makes the striving, the individual act of each piece of ordnance. Other examples are 'soothsay' (l. 11) = prognosticate for 'gainsay'; 'downwards' (l. 16) for 'downward'; 'sweld' (l. 21) for 'swole'; 'joyne' (l. 26) for 'meet'; 'elder' (l. 67) for 'eldest.' But I have not accepted 'gett' for 'scape' (l. 60). There are also, as elsewhere, slips on the part of the Stephens' transcriber, *e.g.* in l. 9, 'or' for 'and,' seeing that the being and having are coexistent, and not alternative; l. 40, reading 'but' for 'only' makes the line deficient a syllable; l. 53, 'Then,' a misreading of 'There' (of 1633, &c.) = some seated on the hatches gazed and 'there' (colloquial, as often, for thence or being there) noted, &c.; l. 56, in 1633 reads 'like too high stretched'; '35,' 'like too-too-high-stretched,' and so 1639; l. 57, 1633, '35,' '39,' and '69,' spell 'tottered'; I accept 'to too' of 1669; l. 64, 'know' for 'knew' is ungrammatical: the latter adopted, as required by 'hath deaft'; l.

66, 'Hell's' for 'Hell' I doubt, and think it an error caused by the 's' of 'somewhat,' because the verb of the three clauses, death is—Hell [is]—Bermudas [are], is expressed in the first; l. 70, as 'Fiat' has become a noun in English, and as here, *teste* 'say,' it is used as the Latin form of God's spoken command 'Fiat lux.' I have placed it within quotation-marks and italicised it.

Heading: for Donne's relations to Essex and military career, see our Essay in the present volume.

Line 4, Nicholas Hilliard was an excellent painter; born in Exeter 1547, died 1619. Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth sat to him.

Line 11, '*soothsay*:' as *supra*—prognosticate as a sooth-sayer.

Line 14, 'middle marble room:' derived probably from the word *firmamentum*—one of the spheres of the element of air.

Line 22, '*So joy'd as Sara 'her swelling joy'd to see.*' Quaint old Thomas Adams, in one of his most brilliant Sermons, says similarly, 'Her Sarah's pride rose as her belly rose.' It is astounding how broad-spoken those old preachers were!

Line 24, '*bring friends one daye's way.*' So in the New Testament. This custom gives the full meaning to Aumerle's answer in Richard II. (act i. sc. 4):

*Rich.* Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?  
*Aum.* I brought 'high Hereford,' if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

Line 54, 'waist:' the amidship portion of the vessel where the deck-curve is lowest.

Line 66, '*Bermudas calm.*' This reminds of Shakespeare's '*still-ve'x'd Bermoothes*' (Tempest, i. 2); and cf. MARVELL'S famous poem on the Bermudas Exiles. G.





### THE CALME.<sup>1</sup>

OUR STORME is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage ;  
A stupid CALME succeeds, which nought doth 'swage ;  
The fable is inverted, and farr more  
A block afflicts now, then a storke before.  
Storms chafe, and soone weare out themselves or us ; 5  
In calmes Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.  
As steady as I could wish my thoughtes were,  
Smooth as thy mistris' glasse, or what shines there,  
The sea is now, and as those isles which wee  
Seeke, when we can move, our ships rooted bee. 10  
As water did in stormes, now pytch runs out,  
As lead, when a fyr'd church becomes one spowt,—  
And all our bewty and our trymme decayes,  
Like court removings or like ended playes.  
The fighting place the seaman's raggs supply, 15  
And all the tacklinge is a fripperie.  
No use of lanthorns ; and in one place lay  
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.  
Earth's hollowneses, which the world's lungs are,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 59-61). G.

Have no more wynd then th' upper vault of ayre; 20  
 We can nor lost freinds nor sought foes discover,  
 But meteor-like (save that we move not) hover.  
 Only the calenture together drawes  
 Deare freinds, which meet dead in great fishes' mawes;  
 And on the hatches, as on alters, lyes 25  
 Each one, his own preist and owne sacrifice.  
 Who live, that miracle do multiply  
 Where walkers in hott ovens do not dye:  
 If in despight of these we swym, that hath  
 No more refreshinge then a brimstone-bathe; 30  
 But from the sea into the ship we tunne,  
 Like parboyld wretches, on the coals to burne.  
 Like Bajazet in cage, the shephards' scoffie,  
 Or like slack-sin'ed Sampson, his haire off, slack-sinew'd  
 Languish our shippis. Now as a miriade 35  
 Of ants durst th' emperour's lov'd snake invade,  
 The crawling gallies, sea-jailles, fyunny chipps,  
 Might brave our pinnaces, now bed-rid shippis:  
 Whether a rotten state and hope of gaine,  
 Or to disuse me from the queasie paine 40  
 Of being belovd and loving, or the thirst  
 Of honor, or fayre death, out pusht me first,  
 I loose my end; for here as well as I  
 A desperate man may live, a coward dye.  
 Staggs, dogg, and each, which from or towards flies, 45  
 Is payd with life or praie, or doinge dyes:  
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilie lay

A scourge 'gainst which we all forgot to praye,  
 He that at sea praies for more wynn, as well  
 Under the pole may begg cold, heate in hell. 50  
 What are we then? How little more, alas!  
 Is man now than before he was he was!  
 Nothinge for us as wee 'are for nothing fytt;  
 Chance or ourselues still dispropertyon yt.  
 We have nor will, nor power, nor sense; I lye, 55  
 I should not then thus feele this misery.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See Essay in present volume for Ben Jonson's remark on this poem in his *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*.

Our text (Stephens' ms., as before), as in 'The Storme,' shows a more revised original: *e.g.* l. 21, 'discover' for 'recover' is better, and so is 'each' of l. 45 for 'all,' as agreeing with the verb 'flies' in the singular, while l. 44 is very superior to the usual 'A desperate may live, and a coward dye' (as in 1633, &c.). So too l. 2 for 'A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage' (as in 1633, &c.); also 'those' in l. 9 for 'the;' 'in cage,' l. 33, for 'enag'd;' 'as,' l. 53, hitherto dropped out. But there are in the 'Calme,' as in the 'Storme,' various errors of transcription, which show the constant call for vigilance in reading these early mss.: *e.g.* l. 19, is 'hollownes' for 'hollownesses,' the latter required by the metre; but it is possible that 'hollownes' of our ms. was meant for it, just as *mistriss*=*mistriss'*=*mistresses*. I accept 'hollownesses' from 1633, &c.; l. 20, 'th' is misinserted; 'of ayre' is preferable, because the allusion is not to the air or the atmosphere, but as one of the spheres of air the element (as in 'The Storme' before, l. 14); l. 21, 'lost' is substituted for 'sought' of 1633, &c., not to advantage, being caught probably from the previous 'lost friends'—a common mistake of copyists; l. 24, 'jawes' is written for 'mawes:' but while the dead friends might meet commingled in the 'maw,' it was improbable they would in the 'jaw,' unless each fish bit at the

same time the bodies of two friends thrown over separately (seeing they did not meet till 'dead'); l. 27 has 'where' for 'that,' and 'doth' for 'do': 'where' was most likely substituted for 'that,' through the eye catching the 'where' of the succeeding line, and this and the word 'miracle' in singular caused 'doth' to be written for 'do.' But the nominative of 'do multiply' is 'Those] who live,' and 'where' reduces the sentence to nonsense—a somewhat uncommon thing in Donne anywhere; l. 29, I prefer 'these' of 1633 to 'this,' as the reference is not only to the immediately preceding clause, but to the danger of the sharks; l. 31, 'sea,' erroneously caught from previous occurrence, is miswritten for 'ship;' ll. 37-8 in the *ms.* is a jumble of old and new readings. The first was probably that of 1633:

The crawling Gallies, Sea goales, funny chips,  
Might brave our Venices, now bel-riddle ships.

That is, the 'Gallies' (which were a foreign not English form of vessels) and 'sea-goales' (=jails, because rowed by galley-slaves=slaves and criminals, might now brave us, whose ships and even light pinnaces are motionless and full of sick. Probably the word 'Venices' for 'pinnaces' of 1635, '39, &c. alludes to some contemporary collision with Venetian gallies, of which we are ignorant, and the sentiment is, 'The Spanish gallies, our foes, might now, like Venice, brave us.' But the line in the *ms.*, as in 1633, has part of both readings, and yields no sense. I adopt the text of 1635, as of 1669. This type of error leads to the belief that here, as elsewhere, the copyist transcribed from an original wherein the author had altered some words without making the necessary changes in the context; l. 48 misinserts 'against' for 'gainst,' and 'us' before 'which,' confusing meaning and metre alike; 1633, &c. accepted.

Line 14, '*court removing*' destroy trim and beauty; but these are rather lost in 'ended,' not in 'ending plays.' The last scene of Hamlet is rather more full of pomp than the rest. Hence I prefer the 'ended' of 1633, 1635, &c., and judge our *ms.* 'ending' (as in 1669) a change from 'removing.'

Line 15, '*fighting place*.' That is, the places where the 'close-fights' were put up, whose place the seamen's rags 'supply.' These close-fights are said to have been wooden screens; but from this and other passages, I am inclined to believe that the word also included nettings such as the present 'boarding-nettings.'

Line 16, 'And all the tacklinge is a fripperie.' This well describes the appearance of a ship's rigging on a washing-day.

Line 17, '*No use of lanthorns.*' As there was during the darkness of the storm rather too much light. See 'The Storme,' preceding.

Line 19, '*lungs.*' Really the world's lungs in the opinion of those whose philosophy made the world to be a living animal.

Line 23, '*calcuture*' = a sailors' disease from desire of seeing land, when they feel inclined to cast themselves into the sea, taking it for green fields = a fever.

Line 33, '*Like Bajazet in cage.*' Alluding to the history, or perhaps to Marlowe's play, where Bajazet encaged is the scoff of Tamburlain and of his fellow-shepherds, now his generals. It may be doubted, however, whether 'shepherds' should not be shepherd's, *i.e.* Tamburlain's, not shepherds' scoff.

Line 36, 'Of ants durst the emperour's lov'd snake.' The story is told by Suetonius of Tiberius's tame snake, which was eaten by ants (Tib. c. 72). '*Erat ci in oblectamentis serpens draco, quem ex consuetudine manu sua cibaturus, cum consumptum a formicis invenisset, monitus est ut vim multitudinis caveret.*'

Line 37, '*finny chips*:' as they were called 'sea-gaols' (spelled 'gulls' in 1633, &c.) from the criminal character of their rowers, so from the resemblance of the oars to 'fins' they are called 'finny.' 'Chips' refers deprecatingly to their build, lighter than those of vessels carrying merchandise, or built to bear heavier masts and rigging.

Line 49, '*more wynd.*' Sailors are 'strong in custome' that one should not even wish for wind. Over and over in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Adriatic, I have had a succeeding stiff gale credited to my innocent 'whistling' on deck in the monotony of very calm weather. Anecdotes abound to verify the long-lived superstition.

Line 52, '*Is man now than before he was he was*' = How little more, alas, is man now than he was before he was! *i.e.* before he existed—in other words, how little more is he than nothing! Nothing [is fit for us, as we are for nothing fit. G.





TO MR. C. B.<sup>1</sup>

Thy freind, whom thy deserts to thee enchaine,  
    Urged by this inexcusable occasion,  
    Thee and the saint of his affection  
Leavinge behinde, doth of both wants complaine ;  
And let the love I bear to both sustaine      5  
    No blott nor maimme by this division ;  
    Stronge is this loue, which ties our harts in one,  
And stronge that love pursu'de with amorous paine :  
But though besides thy selfe I leave behinde  
    Heauen's liberall, and Earth's thrice-faire sunn,   10  
    Goinge to where staru'd Winter ay doth wonn ;  
Yet Loue's hott fires, which martyr my sadd minde,  
- Doe send out scaldinge sighs which have the art  
    To melt all ice, but that which walls her hart.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647. Plat. 201 H. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (p. 97). G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This is the C[hristopher] B[rooke] of the preceding poems, on whom see as before. Written before the Northern Voyage, during which he experienced 'The Storme' and 'The Calme.'

Line 10, 'Heaven's sun and his thrice-fair Mistress, his earthly sun.' Cf. Epithalamiums, vol. i. p. 258 *et alibi*.

Line 11, 'won' = dwell. See the Fletchers and other Worthies, *s. n.*

Line 13, 'out : ' in 1633, &c. 'forth.' G.

TO MR. S. B.<sup>1</sup>

O THOU, which to search out the secret parts  
Of the India, or rather Paradise  
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advise  
Lately launched into the vast sea of arts ;  
Disdaine not in thy constant travellinge           5  
To doe as other voyagers, and make  
Some turnes into less creeks, and wisely take  
Fresh water at the Heliconian springe.  
I sing not Syren-like to tempt ; for I  
Am harsh ; nor as those schismatiques with you, 10  
Which drawe all witts of good hope to their crue ;  
But seeing in you brighte sparks of poetrie,  
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire  
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before, where it is addressed  
'To M. F. B.' Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (p. 98). G.

NOTE.

Heading : This is Dr. Samuel Brooke], brother of Christopher, on whom see our Essay. He was also celebrated by Crashaw. G.



TO MR. B. B.<sup>1</sup>

Is not thy sacred hunger of science  
Yet satisfied? is not thy braine's rich hie  
Fulfill'd with hony, which thou dost derive  
From the Arts' spiritts and their quintessence?  
Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdrawe 5  
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,  
Here toughly chaw and sturdely digest  
Th' immense vast volumes of our Common Lawe;  
And beginn soone, lest my greife greeve thee too,  
Which is, that that which I should haue begunne 10  
In my youthe's morninge, now late must be done;  
And I, as giddie travellers must doe,  
Which stray or sleepe all daye, and havinge lost  
Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride  
post.  
If thou unto thy Muse be married, 15  
Embrace her ever, ever multiplie;  
Be farr from me that strange adulterie  
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. See Notes and Illustrations on 'B. B.' Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 99-100). G.

My Muse (for I hadd one) because I'm colde,  
 Divorced her selfe, the cause being in mee ;    20  
 That I can take noe new in bigamee,  
 Not my will only, but power doth withhold ;  
 Hence comes it that these rimes, which never had  
 Mother, want matter ; and they only have  
 A little forme, the which their father gave :    25  
 They are profane, imperfect, O, too bad  
 To be counted children of poetrie,  
 Except confirm'd and bishopp'd by thee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Doubtless Sir B[asil] Brooke, as before, on whom see our Essay.

Line 13, our ms. reads 'and' for 'or.' We can 'stray *or* sleep' during the day; but it is incorrect to say we 'stray *and* sleep,' unless indeed we be sleep-walkers. I adopt '*or*' from 1633, &c. Line 4 I have printed Arts' not as usual Art's, being = the several liberal Arts studied at Cambridge. G.





TO SIR HENRIE WOTTON,  
AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soule is  
Our good and greate king's lou'd hand and fear'd  
By which to you he derives much of his, [name,  
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a coppie writt 5  
From his originall, and a faire beame  
Of the same warme and dazeling sunn, though he it  
Must in another sphere his virtue streame :

After those learned papers, which your hand  
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10  
From which rich treasury you may commaund  
Fit matter, whether you will write or doe :

After those loving papers, which freinds send,  
With glad greif to your seaward steps, farewell,  
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend 15  
To hea'n in troops at a good man's passing-bell ;

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. See our Essay for notices of WOTTON. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 104-5). G.

Admit this honest paper, and allowe  
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske ;  
 What you must saye at Venice, this means now,  
 And hath for nature, what you have for taske— 20  
 To swcare much love, not to be changed before  
 Honour alone will to your fortune fitt ;  
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune more  
 Then I have done your noble-wantinge wit. than  
 But 'tis an easier loade (though both oppresse) 25  
 To want then govern greatnes ; for wee are than  
 In that our owne and only business ;  
 In this, wee must for others' vices care.  
 'Tis therefore well your spiritts now are plac'd  
 In their last furnace, in activitie ; 30  
 Which fits them (schooles and courts and warres o' repast)  
 To touch and test in any best degree.  
 For mee (if there be such a thinge as I),  
 Fortune (if there be such a thinge as shee)  
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35  
 That shee thinks nothunge else so fitt for mee.  
 But though shee part us, to heare my oft prayres  
 For your increase God is as neere me heare ;  
 And to send you what I shall begg, His stayres  
 In length and ease are alike everywhere. 40

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : Wotton having survived until December 1639, no doubt saw the editions of Donne's poems of 1633, '35, and '39.

Line 2, '*good and great king*'=James I. Cf. Satire vi. in vol. i.

Line 3, '*derives*:' in causal sense=he makes to flow out.

„ 4, '*how he may*'=so far as is permitted him to give of his rank and station.

Line 13. There is an error of construction here, and as 'which' is in all the editions and in the MSS., it may be presumed to be Donne's own. Misled perhaps by the 'with' of l. 14, and the attempt to make the line agree with ll. 1 and 9, he has written papers which friends send farewell instead of 'with,' or 'in which,' or 'where.'

Line 16, '*passing-bell*:' rung to announce one in extremity of dying.

Lines 21-2, '*To swear*:' i.e. To swear love unchangeable, until this your advance into the rank of the nobility my loving you must change to honouring you. Noble-wanting wit=wit which has not yet received its true deservings—a peerage. Usually, as in 1633, &c. 'Then I have done your honour wanting it,' which is very inferior.

Line 32, '*test*,' not 'tast,' as in 1669, because the meaning is, that being chemically purified, the 'spirits' are now to be used to touch and 'test' the purity or impurity of others' spirits.

Line 39, '*His stayres . . . are alike everywhere*.' So gallant Sir Humfrey Gilbert said, 'it was as near heaven by sea as by land.' G.

### TO SIR HENRIE WOTTON, KNIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

SIR, more then kisses letters mingle sowles,  
 For thus frends absent speake. This ease controwles  
 The tedyousness of my life : but for these  
 I co'ld ideat nothing which co'ld please ;  
 But should either wyther in one day, or passe 5  
 To a bottle of hay which am a locke of grasse.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 61-3). G.

Life is a voyage, and in our life's wayes  
 Countries, courts, townes, are rocks or remoras ;  
 They breake or stopp all shippes, yet our state's such  
 That though then pytel they stain worse, we must touch.  
 If in the furnace of the over lyne,                    11 [than  
 Or in the adverse icye poles thou pyne,  
 Thou know'st two temperate regions guirded in  
 Dwell there ; but oh what refuge canst thou wyn  
 Parceld in the Court, and in the country frozen ?    15  
 Shall cytties buylt of both extreame be chosen ?  
 Can doung or garlick be a perfume ? Or can  
 A scorpion or torpedo cure a mann ?  
 Cytties are worst of all these three ; and why ?  
 (O knottie rydle) all are worst equallye :            20  
 Cytties are sepulchers ; they which dwell there  
 Are carcasses, as if none such there were ;  
 And courts are theaters, where some men play  
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end of one clay.  
 The country is a desert, where the good            25  
 Gain'd inhabits not, borne is not understood ;  
 There men become beastes, and prone to all evils ;  
 In cytties, blocks ; and in a lewd Court, devills.  
 As in the first Chaos confusedlye  
 Each element's qualities were in the other three,    30  
 So pryde, lust, covetise, being severall  
 To these three places, yet are all in all ;  
 And myngled thus, their issue is incestuous :  
 Falshood is deniznd ; Virtue is barborous.



Let no man say there, Virtue's flynty wall           35  
 Shall locke vice in me; I'll doe none, but know all.  
 Men are sponges, which, to powre out, receive;  
 Who knowe false play, rather then loose, deceave.  
 For in best understandings synn begann;  
 Angells synd first, then devills, and then mann.   40  
 Only perchance beasts synnd not; wretched wee  
 Are beasts in all but white integritie.  
 I thinke if men, which in these places live,  
 Durst looke for themselves, and themselves retrieve,  
 They wold like strangers greet themselves, seing than 45  
 Utopyan yowth, growne old Italian.

Be then thyne owne home, and in thyself dwell;  
 Inn anywhere; contynnance maketh hell.  
 And seeing the snayle, which everywhere doth come,  
 Caryng his owne howse still, still is at home,       50  
 Follow (for he is easie-pac't) this snayle,  
 Be thy own pallace, or all the world's thy jayle.  
 And in the world's sea, doe not like corke sleep  
 Upon the water's topp, nor in the deepe  
 Sinke like a lead without a lyne,—but as       55  
 Fishes glyde, leavinge no print where they passe,  
 Nor makinge sound, soe closely thy course goe,  
 Let men dispute whether thou breath, or no:  
 Onely in this be no Galenist,—to make  
 Court's hott ambitions wholsome; do not take     60  
 A dram of country's dulnes; do not add  
 Correctives, but as chymicks purge the badd.

But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe  
 Say o're these lessons, which I learu'd of you :  
 Where, free from Germany's schisme, and lightnes 65  
 Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,  
 Having from those suckt all they had of worth,  
 And brought home that faith which you caryed forth,  
 I thoroughly loue : but if my selfe I haue won  
 To knowe my rules, I haue, and you have DONNE. 70

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*ideat*' = express 'ideas' of.

„ 5-6, '*or*:' usually, as in 1633, '*and*.' This change alters the single simile to the double one, contained in both Ps. xxxvii. 2 and Ps. ciii. 15. '*Hay*' (l. 6) is a remembrance of the Vulgate translation. See note in our SOUTHWELL on '*bottle*,' as here.

Line 8, '*remoras*.' The small sucking-fish *echinus remora*, fastening on the rudder, was supposedly able to stop a ship (Pliny, N. H. s. v. &c.).

Line 10. Against our ms. in 1633, &c. this line reads 'That though then pitch they sta'ne worse, wee must touch,' which we accept in preference to placing 'worse' after 'though.'

Line 11, '*over*:' usually (1633, '35, '39, '49) '*raging*,' which is equally suitable for the '*tropic*;' and so '*poles*' for '*pole*' (l. 12) makes l. 13 more correct.

Line 14, '*oh*:' I prefer this '*oh*' of 1633, &c. to '*in this*' of our ms. '*This*' means '*voyage*' (l. 7); but seems to refer to '*region*,' and '*oh*' gives better rhythm.

Line 24. Our ms. misinserts '*and*' after '*end*;' doubtless an erroneous reduplication of '*end*.'

Line 31, '*covetise*:' so in 1633, &c., and I accept it in preference to '*covetousness*' of our ms.

Line 37, '*spunges*:' so in 1633, &c. Our ms. miswrites '*springs*,' which are usually emblems of purity, while '*sponge*' was frequently used as a depreciatory name for bad men. Cf. the passage in Hamlet (iv. 2), from which probably it became, as it did, a commonly-used simile. See Marston's Satires, &c.

Line 48, '*contynuaunce*.' This thought seems to have been strong in Donne. See its often use in the Elegies (vol. i.). Inn = dwell as in an 'inn.' Cf. Phineas Fletcher, *s. v.*

Lines 59-62, '*Galenist*.' The medical world or medical practice had been divided into the Galenistic and chymic. In his Mountebank, Bembo, addressing Lord Rochester, says, 'This city has ever been infested with a numerous company, whose arrogant confidence, backed with their ignorance, has enabled them to impose on the people . . . in phisic, chymical or Galenic; in astrology;' &c. &c. The chemist made use of minerals. The Galenists, following Galen, only used medicines drawn from the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Line 70, '*Donne*.' The Poet in his familiar Letters plays frequently thus on his own name. G.

## TO SIR HENRIE WOTTON.

FROM Y<sup>r</sup> COURT.<sup>1</sup>

HERE's no more newes then virtue; 'I may as well than  
Tell you Calice or Saint Michael's tales, as tell  
That vice doth here habituallie dwell :

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and downe,  
And toyle to sweeten rest; soe may God frowne, 5  
If but to loathe both, I haunt Court and towne.

For heere no one is from the extremitie  
Of vice by any other reason free,  
But that the next to him still 's worse then hee.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate 10  
(God's commissarie) doth so throughly hate,  
As in the Court's squadron to marshal their state ;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 76-7). G.

If they stand arm'd with sillie honestie,  
 With wishinge prayers, and neat integrity,  
 Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they bee. 15  
 Suspicious bouldnes to this place belounges,  
 And to have as many cares as all have toungues;  
 Tender to know, tough to acknowledg wrongs  
 Beleive me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest dayes,  
 When to be like the Court was a plair's praise, 20  
 Playes were not so like Courts as Court's like plais.  
 Then let us at these myniick anties jest,  
 Whose deepest projects and egregious guests  
 Are but dull morals of a game at chests.  
 But now 'tis incongruity to smyle; 25  
 Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while  
*At court*, though *from court* were the better style.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms. in this is not so satisfactory, and we return on 1633, &c. in these places: l. 1, 'Here is' for 'Here's'; l. 2 misinserts 'for news' before 'as tell'; l. 4, 'stomack' for 'stomachs'; l. 7, 'free' misinserted after 'is' by a reduplication of the 'free' of the succeeding line; l. 9, 'still is' for the more Elizabethan collocation 'still's'; l. 18, 'tends' stupidly for 'tender,' and 'loath' for 'tough'; l. 22, again very stupidly, 'antiques' (noun) is changed into 'antique' (adjective), and 'jest' (verb) into 'jests' (noun). The mimic anties are the courtiers like players: the transcriber seems to have ventured all this to improve the rhyme; l. 21, 'are' is misinserted before 'like:' intended doubtless to give the (supposed) true meaning, but destructive of rhythm and all. Cf. Court's, l. 20. The meaning in context (ll. 20-1) is, 'When at my giddiest plays were to me'—for he is speaking of himself and his own appreciation of Court—not

so much like Courts as Courts were like Plays, [must I not now in my sober age esteem them less?]; l. 25, 'it is' for 'tis,' erroneously.

Line 2, *tales*, i. e. of the Armada. The rendezvous of its parted ships was off the Land's End, and it was first described at the entrance of the Channel, while its final defeat as an invading Armada was in Calais roads.

Line 11, '*God's commissarie*'—agent or deputy. See note, vol. i. pp. 90-1.

Line 23, '*gests*'—gests=doings, from Latin *gesta*, as *gesta Romanorum*.

Line 24, '*morals*:' used in a sense derived from the old 'Moralities,' and meaning representations or semblances. It is still preserved in the vulgar colloquialism, 'he's the very moral of a man,' where the preservation is due to its likeness to the word 'model.' '*Chests*:' a common variation of 'chess.' This leads to our rejection of our ms. reading of 'dumb' for 'dull.' '*Dull morals*,' or poor semblances, can be understood; but the deep projects and egregious *gests* of Court were not 'dumb,' and if they were, why call them 'dumb' when the reality or game itself is the most silent of games?

Line 25, '*incongruity to smile*,' either because 'Vice habitually here doth well,' or, and perhaps more probably, because the acts are but 'dull morals' of a serious game. Possibly from the change of 'tis an' to 'now 'tis,' it may refer to some specially serious or mournful trial at Court. G.

## TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.<sup>1</sup>

Who makes the last a patterne for next yeare,

Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reades,  
Scene things he sees, heard things again doth heare,

And makes his life but like a paire of beades.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 72-4). See Notes and Illustrations on Goodyere. G.

A pallace, when 'tis that which it should bee,           5  
     Leaves growing, and stands such, or els decayes ;  
 But he which dwels there is not soe ; for hee  
     Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your boddy, her morning hath her noone,  
     And shall not better ; her next change is night :   10  
 But her farr larger guest, to whome sunn and moon  
     Are sparks and short-liud, claims another right.

The noble soule by age growes lustier,  
     Her appetite and her digestion mende ;  
 We must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her           15  
     With woman's milke and pap unto the end.

Prouide you manlier diat ; you haue seene  
     All libraryes, which are schools, campes and Courts ;  
 But aske your garners if you haue not been  
     In haruest too indulgent to your sports.           20

Would you redem it ? Then your self transplant  
     Awhile from hence. Perchance outlandish ground  
 Bears no more witt than ours ; but yett more scant  
     Are those diuersions there, which heere abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefitt,                       25  
     Wee can beginnings, but not habitts choake :  
 Goe, whither ? Hence ; you gett, if you forgett ;  
     New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoake.

Our soule, whose country's Heaven, and God her father,  
 Into this world, corruption's sinke, is sent ;     30  
 Yet soe much in her travell she doth gather,  
 That she returnes home wiser then she went.

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,  
 And make you asham'd to make your hawke's prayse  
                   yours,

Which when her self she lessens in the ayre,     35  
 You then first say that high enough she towres.

Howsoere, keepe the liuely tast you houlde  
 Of God ; loue Him as now, but feare Him more :  
 And in your afternoons thinke what you tould  
 And promis'd Him at morning-prayer before.     40

Let falsehood like a discord anger you ;  
 Els be not froward. But why doe I touch  
 Things, of which none is in your practise new,  
 And fables and fruit-trenchers preach as much ?

But thus I make you keep your promis, Sir ;     45  
 Riding I had you, though you still stayed theer,  
 And in these thoughts, although you neuer stirr,  
 You came with me to Micham, and are heere.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: The name variously occurs as *Godyer*, *Goodere*, *Goodyear*, and *Goodyer*—variations on which it is marvellous *Donne* did not play and pun. He was knighted in July 1608, as of Baginton, co. Warwick, and was one of the Gentlemen of the

Privy Chamber to King James I. He died in 1629 in his 78th year, and was buried in the chancel of Hatfield church, Herts. His wife Damara, daughter and heiress of John Rumball, gent., to whom he had been married 53 years, died in the previous year, and was also buried at Hatfield. They had seven sons and seven daughters, of whom only two sons, Francis and Thomas, and four daughters, Anne, Judith, Ursula, and Lucy, survived him. His monument gives the name 'Godyer,' while in his Will it is 'Goodere.' This Verse-Letter was probably written at New Year's time, or on Sir Henry's birthday. Our ms., as before, has some inferior readings, as will appear in the places.

Line 1, '*last*.' I accept this from 1669 edition, albeit '*past*' (with a capital) occurs from 1633 to 1649, and our ms. As above, it seems pretty evident that this poem was written at the close of one year and beginning of another, whether that other began in January or on Sir Henry's birthday, and therefore Donne would speak not of the '*past*' time in contradistinction to the coming or current year, but of the '*past*' year. But '*past*' as it stands rather brings up the thought of '*past*' time: hence Donne, I think, later altered it to '*last*.'

Line 4, '*pair*' = set. A pair of cards was a pack, and in mining language, a '*pare* of men' is still the phrase for the set or gang of men who take any particular portion of work.

Line 8, '*urge*.' Our ms. has '*grow*.' I prefer the former from 1633, &c. inasmuch as it agrees better with '*fortune raise*;' and the person who is attempting to raise his fortune can '*grow*' no more in body, though he can '*urge*' himself '*upward*.' '*Upward*' a so is preferable to '*upwards*' of our ms.

Line 9, '*had*.' Our ms. misreads '*shall*;' caught probably from l. 10. There is a double simile, and the body, &c. of ll. 9-10 answers to the palace (the soul's palace, as the Elizabethan writers call it) of ll. 5-6, and the '*he*' of ll. 11-12 and of ll. 13-14. The three answering clauses of the first simile end—growing, morning—stand such, noon and shall not better—decays, night.

Line 11, '*farr*.' This is superior to the usual '*fair*' of 1633, &c. Cf. '*sparks*,' l. 12.

Line 16, '*the*.' Our ms. misreads '*her*,' which would mean '*till the end of the immortal soul*.' But not saying anything so absurd, Donne speaks of '*the end*' of the present connection between the soul and its body. '*Her*' caught probably from the context.



Line 44, '*preach*;' usually 'teach.' The '*preach*' is superior, as reference is made to scriptural texts and phrases inscribed on the '*fruit-trenchers*,' *e. g.* 'Give us this day our daily bread,' 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' and the like. G.

TO THE COUNTES OF BEDFORD.<sup>1</sup>

MADAM,

Reason is our soule's left hand, Faith her right ;  
 By these we reach divinitie,—that's you :  
 Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,  
 Grew from their Reason ; myne from fair Faith grew.

But as, although a squint left-handednes 5  
 Be' ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand,  
 So wold I (not to' increase, but to express  
 My fayth) as I believe, soe understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saintes,  
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies ; 10  
 Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,  
 And what you read, and what yourselfe devise.

But soone, the reasons why you' are lov'd by all,  
 Grow infynite, and so passe Reason's reach,  
 Then back again to' implicit Fayth I fall, 15  
 And rest on that y<sup>e</sup> catholique voice doth teach ;—

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 77-9). See Notes and Illustrations on the Lady addressed in this and subsequent poems: also our Essay on the remarkable friendship between her and Donne. G.

That you are good :—and not one heretique  
 Denyes it ; if he did, yet you are soe ;  
 For rocks which high do seeme and deep-rooted stick,  
 Waves wash, not undermyne nor overthrow. 20

In every thinge there naturally growes  
 A balsamum, to keepe it fresh and newe,  
 If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes ;  
 Your birth and bewty are this balme in you.

But you of learninge and religion 25  
 And virtue' and such ingredients haue made  
 A Mithridate, whose operation  
 Keeps off or cures what can be donne or sayd. saith

Yet this is not your phisick, but your food,  
 A dyet fitt for you ; for you are heere 30  
 The first good angell, since the world's frame stood,  
 That ever did in woman's shape appeare.

Since you are then God's maisterpiece, and soe  
 His factour for our loves, doe as you doe ;  
 Make your return home gracious, and bestow 35  
 This life on that ; soe make one life of two :

For so, God help me, I wold not misse you there  
 For all the good which you can do me here.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Lucy, eldest daughter of Sir John Harington, first Lord Harington, of Exton, co. Rutland, married Edward Russell, third Earl of Bedford, and died without issue. Her father

died in 1613, when her only brother, John, succeeded to the title; but he also died the next year (1614), leaving no issue, when the title became extinct, and the estates went to his sisters, our Countess of Bedford and Dame Frances Chichester. The Earl died 3d May 1627. She long survived him. See our Essay for more about her.

Line 3, 'light.' Our ms. reads 'sight' inferiorly.

„ 16, 'voice.' Our ms. reads 'faith,' but 'voice' is clearly preferable. With 'faith' there is an unpleasant reduplication, and the more unpleasant that the meanings are different. 'Voice' = Vox ecclesiæ, is more correct and a greater compliment, as distinctly expressing a *consensus universalis*.

Line 19, 'and.' Not in 1633, &c.

„ 27, 'Mithridate.' See note in vol. i. s.v.

„ 32, 'appeare.' Our ms. spells 'appyre.'

„ 36, 'This life on that.' We must remain ignorant whose life is 'that;' it may be her husband's; but cf. Epistle onward, 'You that are she,' &c. We should also require to know the circumstances under which they were written to understand this and other of these very remarkable Letters. From the closing lines it would seem that both the Countess and Donne had come up to town, though his 'home' was near the Countess's country-seat. G.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.<sup>1</sup>

MADAME,

You haue refind me, and to worthiest things,  
Vertue, art, beauty, fortune; now I see  
Rarenes or use, not nature, value brings;  
And such, as they are circumstanced, they bee.

Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin t' excuse,     5

But of two good things we may leave or chuse.

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 79-82). G.

Therefore att Court, which is not Vertue's clime,  
 Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)  
 Makes her not be, or not show, all my rhyme  
 Your virtues challenge, which there rarest bee ; 10  
     For as dark texts need notes, some there must be  
     To usher Vertue, and say, ' This is she.'

So in the countrye's beauty. To this place  
 You are the season, Maddam, you the day ;  
 'Tis but a graue of spices, till your face 15  
 Exhale them, and a thick, close bud display.  
     Widdowed and reclud els, her sweets sh' inshrines,  
     As China, when the sunn at Brazile dines.

Out from your charriott morning breaks att night,  
 And falsifyes both computations soe ; 20  
 Since a new world doth rise here from your light,  
 Wee your new creatures by new reck'nings goe :  
     This shews that you from nature lothly stray,  
     That suffer not an artificiall day.

In this you 'have made the Court th' antipodes, 25  
 And wil'd your delligate, the vulgar sunn,  
 To do profane autumnall offices,  
 Whilst beere to you we sacrificers runn ;  
     And whether preists or organs, you we' obey,  
     We sound your influence, and your dictates say. 30

Yet to that diety which dwells in you,  
 Your vertuous soule, I now not sacrifice ;

These are petitions, and not himms ; they sue  
But that I may suruey the edifice.

In all religions as much care hath been 35  
Of temples' frames and beauty, 'as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby  
Esteem religions, and hould fast the best,  
But serue discourse and curiosity  
With that which doth religion but inuest, 40  
And shunn th' intangling laborinths of scholes,  
And make it witt to think the wiser fooles ;—

Soe in this pilgrimage I would behould  
You as y' are, Vertue's temple, not as she ;  
What wals of tender christal her enfould, 45  
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure alters bee,  
And after this suruey oppose to all  
Bablers of chappels, you, th' Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but merly 'as faire, merely  
On these I cast a lay and countrie eye. 50  
Of past and future storyes, which are rare,  
I find you all record and prophesye.  
Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admitt  
No sad nor guilty legends,—you are itt.

If good and louely weer not one, of both 55  
You were the transcript and originall,

The elements, the parent, and the growth,  
 And every peece of you is both their all :  
 Soe' entire are all your deeds and you, that you  
 Must do the same things still; you cannot two. 60

But these (as nice, thine schoole-divinity finical  
 Serves heresy to further or repress)  
 Tast of poetique rage, or flattery,  
 And need not, wher all harts one truth profess ;  
 Oft from new proofes and new phrase new doubts  
 growe, 65  
 As strang attire alters the men wee know. strange

Leaving then buissey praise, and all appeale  
 To higher courts, sence's decree is true ;  
 The mine, the magazin, the comonweal,  
 The story of beauty, 'in Twicknam is and you ; 70  
 Who hath seen one, would both; as who hath beene  
 In paradise, would seeke the Cherubine.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 4, '*they*' = rareness and use.  
 ,, 8, '*height*.' Our ms. misreads 'bright.' See 'lowness'  
 in same line.  
 Line 9, '*my*.' Our ms. has 'her' erroneously, caught from  
 'Makes her.'  
 Line 11, '*some there*.' Our ms. 'there some:' that 'there'  
 [in the Court] as opposed to 'dark texts.'  
 Line 13 = So in the Country is beauty most rare: l. 10.  
 ,, 14, '*you the day*.' Our ms. inserts 'are'—less Donne-  
 like.

Line 17, '*sweets*:' as in spices.

„ 19. After speaking of her at Court and in the Country, the Poet returns to her at Court, and the key to the rather difficult thoughts that follow is, that she is spoken of as gracing the frequent night-festivities and revels of the Court of James and his Queen during the autumnal season (l. 27). Hence her sun-like appearance makes the Court the antipodes of the rest of the town or *profanum vulgus*, to whom she wills that the vulgar sun should do his offices.

Line 20. Both computations here are the computations of ordinary day and night. And the meaning of ll. 23-4, which are at first glance opposed in meaning to the previous lines of the stanza, seems to be this—that she will not allow the Night to become an artificial Day through torch- and candle-light, but by her sun-presence makes it a true Day.

Line 21, '*light*.' Our ms. has '*sight*,' which is ambiguous, and the animal world requires '*light*,' but hardly arises from seeing the sun, or from the sun considered as a sight or eye.

Line 31, '*that*.' Our ms. reads '*the diety*'—your virtuous soul. The collocation asks for '*that*' rather than '*the*,' and '*that*' separates the phrase from '*the diety*.'

Line 34, '*the*.' Our ms. has '*your*,' probably Donne's: but as it means rather the edifice built for or to you than that part of you—the body—which is the '*edifice*,' the latter is doubtless the revised form. It is '*the*' in 1633, &c.

Line 39, '*serre*'=minister to, or feed.

„ 44, '*not as she*.' Our ms. reads '*and not she*.' Here the ms. form rather seems to say that the Countess is not Virtue. '*Not as she*,' as in 1633, &c. expresses the true meaning—that he just now looks at her body, not at her mind.

Line 48, '*Escorial*.' As I write these notes, tidings reach of the partial destruction by fire of this glory of Spain. Its immense size and cost seem to have given this pile a preëminence over other buildings which its architectural beauty does not deserve.

Line 50, '*these . . . lay*.' Our ms. by '*this*' destroys the whole sense of the passage. '*This*' refers one to the Escorial, to her. The true sense is—Yet on '*these*' beauties—chapels as I have chosen to call them—I cast a '*lay*' or foolishly-admiring and wondering eye, not as '*consecrate*,' but merely as pretty to look at; you I find, like a consecrated temple, all record and prophecy. '*Lay*:' probably both in primary sense of laic,

and in secondary sense of ignorant (see Note in vol. i. s. v.), viewing them not only as unconsecrate, but as ignorantly admiring what looks fair, without inquiring into or caring for their use.

Line 60. The talk being of 'goodness' and 'deeds' as one with the Countess and her loveliness, and not of the converse of the proposition, I prefer 'do' and 'things' of 1633, &c. to our ms. 'be' and 'thing.'—You must 'do' the same good 'things' always, and not vary: you cannot do 'two' different things, do one the reverse of or different from what you have done, because one being good, the other must be ill.

Line 62, '*Serves . . . further.*' The sarcastic meaning clearly is, that fine-drawn unsubstantial or mere wordy distinctions in divinity 'further' heresies as much as 'repress' the same or other heresies; and ll. 63 and 65 show this to be the sense, and that 'founder' of our ms. is nonsense, as is 'senses' for 'serves.'

Line 66, '*alters . . . men.*' The variations in l. 11, 'some there' and 'there some,' as noticed in the place, and that in l. 48 'Builders' (1669) and 'Babblers' (1633), and of l. 61 'nicest' (1669), and 'nice, thin' (1633), show (*meo judicio*) that, confused and blundering as it is, the copies in 1633 are later. Hence, 'aliens the men we know' (1669) is the earlier reading, and 'alters the men we know' the later; and hence also our ms., which has 'aliens the man we know,' is from a copy similar to the '69, or from a copy earlier than '33, according as we take 'man' to be a clerical error or an author's variation. There may be difference of opinion here and elsewhere as to the best reading, for an author's after-change is not necessarily for the better. Whether we take 'aliens' = alienates, or, as is more probable, = makes aliens of, the phrase is too strong for the facts and too strong to correspond with the new phrases, that merely create new doubts, and not actual heresy and separating difference. This Donne saw, and tried to put right by changing 'aliens' to 'alters.' As also the sense of the previous line is 'our' new phrases may create doubts [in others], so I think Donne here means to say in correspondence with this, as strange attire [on me or us] alters towards [me or us] the demeanour of our acquaintance, rather than—the strange attire of our acquaintance or acquaintances alters them in our apprehension, and causes us to doubt their identity. 'Alters,' therefore, I accept, and 'men' as in 1633, &c.

Line 68. The clear meaning is—the decree of our senses as



to your goodness and loveliness is a true one; hence 'tis' of our ms. for 'is' is a mistake.

Line 71, 'hath.' Here our ms. has 'had,' and it is perhaps better than 'hath,' but only so to our nineteenth-century ears; for 'hath' probably stood for who 'may have' been in Paradise would naturally seek the Cherubin. G.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,<sup>1</sup>

T<sup>H</sup> HAVE written then, when you writ, seem'd to me  
 Worst of spiritual vices, simony :  
 And not t<sup>H</sup> have written then, seems little less  
 Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.  
 In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confess, 5  
 In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness :  
 But 'tis not so : Nothings, as I am, may  
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.  
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more  
 By having leave to write so, than before. 10  
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,  
 May not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone ?  
 Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane ;  
 Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dian's fane.  
 So whether my hymns you admit or chuse, 15  
 In me you 'have 'hallowèd a pagan muse,  
 And denizen'd a stranger, who, mis-taught

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 160-163). Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 84-7). G.

By blamers of the times they mar'd, hath sought  
 Virtues in corners, which now bravely do  
 Shine in—the world's best part, or all it—you. 20  
 I have been told that vertue in Courtiers' hearts  
 Suffers an ostracism and departs.  
 Profit, ease, fitness, plenty bid it go,  
 But whither, only knowing you, I know ;  
 You, or your vertue, two vast uses serves, 25  
 It ransoms one sex and one Court preserves ;  
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true  
 Is known to any other, not to you ;  
 And you can never know it ; to admit  
 No knowledg of your worth, is some of it. 30  
 But since to you your praises discords be,  
 Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.  
 Oh, to confess we know not what we would  
 Is half excuse, we know not what we should.  
 Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills ; 35  
 We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills ;  
 As new phylosophy arrests the sun,  
 And bids the passive earth about it run,  
 So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends ;  
 Only the body's busie and pretends. 40  
 As dead low earth eclipses and controuls  
 The quick high moon, so doth the body, souls :  
 In none but us are such mixt engines found,  
 As hands of double office ; for the ground  
 We till with them, and them to heaven we raise ; 45

Who prayerless labours, or without this prayes,  
 Doth but one half, that's none: He which said *Plough,*  
*And look not back,* to look *up* doth allow.  
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys  
 The soyle's disease, and into cockle strays:      50  
 Let the minde's thoughts be but transplanted so  
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.  
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?  
 We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove  
 These, not ingrav'd but inborn dignities,      55  
 Caskets of souls, temples and palaces.  
 For bodies shall from death redeem'd be,  
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;  
 As men to 'our prisons now, souls to 'us are sent,  
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.      60  
 First seeds of every creature are in us;  
 What ere the world hath bad, or precious,  
 Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,  
 That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes in man are seen:  
 But who e'r saw, though nature can work so,      65  
 That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?  
 We 'have added to the world Virginia, and sent  
 Two new stars lately to the firmament;  
 Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity  
 T' increase with ours those fair souls' company?      70  
 But I must end this letter; though it do  
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.  
 Vertue hath some perversness; for she will

Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.  
 Even in you, Vertue's best paradise, 75  
 Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.  
 Too many vertues, or too much of one  
 Begets in you unjust suspicion,  
 And ignorance of vice makes vertue less,  
 Quenching compassion of our wretchedness. 80  
 But these are riddles : som aspersion  
 Of vice becomes well some complexion.  
 Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode  
 The bad with bad, a spider with a toad ;  
 For so, ill thralls not them but they tame ill, 85  
 And make her do much good against her will ;  
 But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,  
 Vice hath no office or good work to do.  
 Take then no vicious purge ; but be content  
 With cordial vertue, your known nourishment. 90

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 14, '*Here Peter Jove's,*' &c. London St. Paul's was on the site of a temple to Diana; and it is a commonplace that the great statue of St. Peter was transmogrified thereto from one to Jove (Jupiter Capitolinus); and so with temple-sites, &c.

Line 16— In praising others, his was a Pagan muse, but is now consecrate to her, the true divinity.

Line 20. The sense is, it shines in you the world's best part, or rather all the world.

Line 25, 'two.' I accept this from '69 for the usual 'to,' seeing that 'two' are enumerated in next line.

Lines 27-8— No true thing is known to others and not to you,—your own worth excepted.

Lines 33-4. Our ms. miswrites 'should' 'would.' 1633, &c. 'would' 'should,' which I prefer as more plain, and agreeing with half exense.

Line 40, '*pretends*;' in primary sense of stretching forward.

„ 46=prays without labour or without labouring; therefore 'this' (as in 1633, &c.), not 'these' of our ms.

Line 50, '*into cockle strays*.' I do not know whether this is a poetical expression of Donne's, or whether it was believed that corn-seed could degenerate into cockle. Query—Is the superabundance of 'cockle' (=weeds) over the 'corn' intended to mark the 'soil's disease'?

Line 53, '*our love*.' Love, the mind's thought transplanted into the body and growing bastardly, becomes lust; and the reference is primarily to that ascetic theory of the Fall which made it consist in that which was the consummation of the first as of every marriage; secondarily to the lusts which, supposedly springing therefrom, form so great a part of the sins of the world. If these were not the primary reference, the whole clause, with its mention of redemption, would lose much of its force. We hurt our bodies; for by the sin (ll. 51-5) our bodies came under the penalty of [natural] death, and have had to be redeemed from it. In the next line, however (l. 56), Donne, in pursuit of his conceit, appears to have run into a divinity fog or bog.

Line 55, '*inborn dignities*'=dignities which they have by nature or inherit, not superadded.

Lines 63-6. These seem to contradict l. 62, 'or precious;' but the meaning is, that hence, *i. e.* from the soil's disease or body's ill, we produce only bad, and not (though nature can work so, and though original nature did work so) anything good.

Line 64, 'stones . . . snakes.' In 1639 there was published in London 'A most certaine and true relation of a strange monster or serpent, found in the left ventricle of the heart of John Pennant, gentleman, of the age of 21 years, by Edward May, Doctor of Philosophy and Physick . . . Physician Extraordinary to the Queen of Great Brittainy.' The writer also says that Shenkins speaks of worms in the heart, &c. The 'serpent' (of which May gives two drawings) was doubtless white fibrinous coagulum from the blood; and Shenkins' worms the same or inflammatory fibrine drawn into bands by the heart's action in pericarditis. May also speaks of 'yccles and frogs' swallowed with water, and afterwards cast up from the

stomach: and as evidence of their frequency quotes a proverbial saying, that he who drinks the water of the Alps has a frog to his brother; though I rather apprehend the allusion is to the disease goitre.

Line 68, '*added Virginia.*' If Donne's meaning be—We English have added to our worldly dignity by adding Virginia, why should we grudge to add our souls to those two we have sent on before, and so increase not heaven's but our dignity?—then the reference is to the final recolonisation of Virginia in 1609. One of the stars might be Henry Prince of Wales, who died in November 1612; and the second star might be Henry IV. of France, assassinated in 1610; introduced by Donne not merely on account of his great name, but on account of the similarity of his name, and for the sake of the compliment, to Prince Henry, in associating him with one so 'mighty.' Still, Elizabeth and Henry may be the 'two stars.'

Line 72, '*two truths:*' query=that Virtue is wholly good, and the Countess wholly Virtue?

Line 74, 'her'=herself. G.

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## TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.<sup>1</sup>

THIS twilight of two years, not past, nor next,  
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,  
 Who (meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,  
 Whose *what* and *where* in disputation is,)  
 If I should call me *anything*, should miss. 5

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 163-165). Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 87-90). G.

I summe the years, and me, and finde me not  
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new :  
That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot ;  
Nor trust I this with hopes ; and yet scarce true  
This bravery is, since these times shew'd me you. 10

In recompence I would show future times  
What you were, and teach them to urge towards such :  
Verse embalms vertue ; and tombs or thrones of rimes  
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much  
As spice doth bodies from corrupt airs' touch. 15

Mine are short-liv'd ; the tincture of your name  
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,  
New spirits ; for strong agents, with the same  
Force that doth warm and cherish us, do wast ;  
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last. 20

So, my verse, built of your just praise, might want  
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,  
And, made of miracle, now faith is scant,  
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place ;  
And you and it too much grace might disgrace. 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confess  
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I  
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)  
Should name, know, or express a thing so high,  
And—not an inch—measure infinity. 30

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,  
 But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,  
 And turn to God, who knows I think this true,  
 And useth oft, when such a heart missaies,  
 To make it good ; for such a praiser praies. 35

He will best teach you how you should lay out  
 His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood ;  
 He will perplex security with doubt,  
 And clear those doubts ; hide from you, and shew  
 you, good,  
 And so increase your appetite and food. 40

He will teach you that good and bad have not  
 One latitude in cloysters and in Court ;  
 Indifferent there the greatest space hath got ;  
 Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,  
 On this side sin, with that place may comport. 45

Yet He, as He bounds seas, will fix your hours,  
 Which pleasure and delight may not ingress ;  
 And though what none else lost be truest yours,  
 He will make you, what you did not, possess,  
 By using others' (not vice, but) weakness. 50

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,  
 And make you doubt that others do not so ; suspect  
 He will provide you keys and locks to spy  
 And 'scape spies—to good ends ; and He will show  
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know. 55



For your own conscience He gives innocence,  
 But for your fame a discreet wariness,  
 And though to 'scape then to revenge offence than  
 Be better, He shews both, and to repress  
 Joy when your state swells, sadness when 'tis less. 60

From need of teares He will defend your soul,  
 Or make a rebaptizing of one tear ;  
 He cannot (that's, He will not) disinroul  
 Your name ; and when with active joy we hear  
 This private gospel, then 'tis our New Year. 65

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 9, 'true This'=and yet this jetting bravery is scarce true ; for since knowing you I have trusted in hope.

Line 16, '*tincture*.' Cf. Henry Vaughan, *s. v.*

„ 19, '*wast*'=cause [us] to waste.

„ 47, '*ingress*'=enter into, encroach upon.

„ 58, '*to repress*'=shows [how] to repress. G.

TO THE COUNTES OF BEDFORD.<sup>1</sup>

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,  
 And soe refin'd, that when God was alone,  
 And creatureles at first, Himselfe had none ;

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 108-110). G.

But as of the elements, these which we tread  
 Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed,     5  
 And those are barren both, above our head ;

Soe from lowe persons doth all honnour flowe ;  
 Kings, whome they would haue honor'd, to us showe  
 And but direct our honnour, not bestowe.

For when from hearbs the pure part must be woon   10  
 From gross by 'stilling, this is better done  
 By despis'd dung then by the fire or sunn :     than

Care not then, Madam, how lowe your praises lye ;  
 In labourers' ballats oft more pyety  
 God finds than in *Te Deum's* melodye ;     15

And ordinance raised on towers soe many mile  
 Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,  
 As fires from the earth's lowe vaults in Sicile Isle. *Ætina*

Should I say I liu'd darker then were true,     than  
 Your radiation can all clouds subdew     20  
 But one ; 'tis best light to contemplate yow—

Yow, for whose boddy God made better clay,  
 Or tooke soule's stuff such as shall late decay,  
 Or such as needs small change att the last day.

This, as an amber dropp enwraps a bee,     25  
 Couering discouers your quick soule ; that wee  
 May in your through-shine face our hart's thoughts see.

Yow teach (though wee learn not) a thing unkuowne  
 To our late times, the use of specular stone,  
 Through which all things within without were showne.

Of such were temples ; soe, and such yow are ;      31  
 Being and seeming is your equall care ;  
 And Vertue's whole some is but Know and Dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soule, and soe  
 Religion is a Christian's, and yow knowe      35  
 How these are one ; her *yea* is not her *noe*.

But, as our soule of growth and soule of sence  
 Have birthright of our reason's soule, yet hence  
 They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,

Nature's first lesson soe, Discretion,      40  
 Must not grudg Zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,  
 Not banish itselſe, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to soder still and knitt      *solder*  
 These two, and dare to breake them ; nor must witt  
 Be colleague to Religion, but bee itt.      45

In those poore types of God, round circles, soe  
 Religion's types, the peiceless centers flow  
 And are in all the lines which all ways goe.

If euer eyther wrought in you alone,  
 Or principally, then Religion 50  
 Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion.

Go thither still, goe the same way you went ;  
 Whoso would change, doth conett or repent ;  
 Neyther can reach you, great and innocent.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 9. The thoughts here, occur often in Donne.

„ 13, '*Madam*:' our ms. has 'Lady;,' but as it is not found elsewhere in these Countess' Letters, I prefer 'Madam' of 1633, &c. So too I accept 'praises' rather than 'prayers' of our ms., as best agreeing with what is spoken of honour and with 'labourers' ballats' and 'Te Deum.'

Line 21, '*But one*:' possibly the king's disfavour or want of favour.

Line 23. Here the readings of our ms. and 1633, &c. are indifferant. As the old philosophy supposed a *materies primordia* from which the four elements and thence everything else were formed, so I presume 'soul's stuff' represents what may be called an *immateries primordia*. But I do not imagine that 'soul's stuff' was supposed to be immortal, but that this was given to the soul when formed from it; and hence and because 'as shall late decay' is more correct when speaking of 'a body,' and because the changes in ll. 13 and 27, &c. of the printed copy appear to be the later, I have preferred that reading in this line 23 to 'shall last for ay' of our ms., and so also 'Whoso' before 'Whoe'er' in l. 53.

Line 27, '*face*:' in 1633, &c. 'front.' Our ms. has 'your' for 'our,' in error.

Line 30, '*were*.' I prefer 'were' of 1633, &c. to 'are' of our ms., as the poet does not say she is specular stone, and as its use was lost. With reference to 'specular,' Johnson, quoting this as one passage, explains 'specular' as like a looking-glass

or mirror. But it is clear from his description that Donne here uses 'specular' as translucent.

Line 36, '*her you* i. e. religion' is not her no'—alike in Discretion as in Religion, her '*yea*' is not her no, i. e. in one as a matter of truthfulness, in the other in consequence of due consideration before speaking or acting.

Line 37, '*soul of growth.*' See note, vol. i. s. v.

.. 40. The construction here is—So, Nature's first lesson, Discretion; or, So Discretion, Nature's first lesson.

Line 48. The meaning of this very forced thought seems to be—As there is a centre which flows, as it were, into each diameter, and yet that centre 'a point without parts,' so discretion, zeal, wit 'wisdom', and religion must one and indivisible flow through every part and act of our being. G.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

BEGUN IN FRANCE, BUT NEVER PERFECTED.<sup>1</sup>

Though I be dead and buried, yet I have  
 (Living in you) court enough in my grave;  
 As oft as there I think my self to be,  
 So many resurrections waken me:  
 That thankfulness your favours have begot 5  
 In me, embalms me that I do not rot.  
 This season, as 'tis Easter, as 'tis Spring,  
 Must both to growth and to confession bring  
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so  
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow; 10

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 187-8). Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (p. 111). G.

First I confess I have to others lent  
 Your stock, and over-prodigally spent  
 Your treasure ; for, since I had never known  
 Vertue and beauty, but as they are grown  
 In you, I should not think or say they shine      15  
 (So as I have) in any other mine.  
 Next I confess this my confession ;  
 For 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon  
 Your praise to you, where half-rights seem too much,  
 And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.      20  
 Next I confess my 'impenitence ; for I  
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby  
 Remote low spirits, which shall ne'r read you,  
 May in less lessons find enough to do,  
 By studying copies, not originals.      25

*Desunt cetera.*

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Probably this Letter was written with reference to his encomium-poems on Mrs. Drury (in vol. i.). Lines 11-16 are in themselves doubtful, but taken with ll. 22-25, they seem to refer thereto. He was at the time in France.

Line 1, '*dead*;' italicised in 1633, &c. Is there a reason? Cf. To Countess of Salisbury, l. 72.

Line 3, '*there*,' *i.e.* living in you.

.. 21, '*impenitence*;' in '69 '*impenitence*.' G.

TO YE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.<sup>1</sup>

You that are shee and you, that's double shee,  
 In her dead face halfe of yourselfe shall see ;  
 She was the other part ; for soe they doe,  
 Which buyld them friendships, become one of two ;  
 Soe two, that but themselves no third can fitt,         5  
 Which were to be soe, when they were not yett ;  
 Twynns, though their byrth Cuzko and Mosko take,  
 As divers stars one constellation make ;  
 Payrde like two eyes, have equall motion soe,  
 Both but one means to see, one way to goe.         10  
 Had you dyde first, a eukass shee had beene,  
 And we your rich tombe in her face had scene.  
 She like the sowle is gone, and you here stay,  
 Not a lyve freind, but th' other halfe of clay ;  
 And since you act that part, as men say, heere         15  
 Lyes such a prince, when but one part is there.  
 And doe all honour and devotyon due  
 Unto the whole ; soe we all reverence you ;  
 For such a friendship who wold not adore  
 In you, who are all what both were before ?         20  
 Not all, as if some perished by this,  
 But soe as all in you contracted is ;  
 As of this all though many parts decay,  
 The pure, which elemented them, shall stay.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 298-9). G.

And though diffused and spread in infinite,      25  
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite ;  
 Soe, Maddam, as her sowl to heav'n is fledd,  
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bedd ;  
 Her virtues doe, as to their proper sphære,  
 Retorne to dwell with you, of whom they were ;      30  
 As perfect motions are all circular,  
 Soe they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.  
 She was all spyces, you all mettals ; soc  
 In you two we did both rich Indias knowe.  
 And as no fyer nor rust can spend or wast      35  
 One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,  
 Though it be foret in water, earth, salt, ayer,  
 Expanst in infinite, none will impaire,  
 So to your self you may addityons take.  
 But nothing can you lesse or changèd make.      40  
 Seek not, in seekinge new, to seeme to doubt  
 That you can match her, or not be without ;  
 But let some faythfull book in her roome bee,  
 Yet but of Judith, noe such book as shée.      except

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, &c. Each complot, ll. 5-6, 7-8, 9-10, seems to contain a separate thought, while each line is in a minor degree a separate clause. So two [in one, or united] that . . . which were to be so [*i.e.* such a two], foreordained when as yet they were not—Twins are they, though, &c. Payred [are they] like two eyes, have equal motion, so *i.e.* like to two eyes, Both [have] &c.



Line 7, '*Cuzko*' (or *Cusco*): a chief city of Peru, formerly the capital of the Incas.

Line 24, '*pure*?' query, 'power'?

„ 44, '*Judith*.' 'She was also of a goodly countenance, and very beautiful to behold. . . And there was none that gave her an ill word; for she feared God greatly' (*Judith* viii. 7-8, and the same, xi. 21); 'and Holofernes and his servants' said: 'There is not such a woman from one end of the earth to the other, both for beauty of face and wisdom of words.' G.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.<sup>1</sup>

MADAM,

Man to God's image, Eve to man's was made,

Nor finde we that God breath'd a soul in her:

Canons will not, Church-functions you invade,

Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,

5

Wonders because they 'are rare; but a new star

Whose motion with the firmament agrees,

Is miracle; for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence

A seldom comet is; but active good

10

A miracle, which reason scapes and sense;

For Art and Nature this in them withstood.

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 166-8). Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 90-3). See Notes and Illustrations on the Lady here addressed. G.

As such a star, the Magi led to view  
 The manger cradled Infant, God below,  
 By Vertue's beams, by fame deriv'd from you, 15  
 May apt souls—and the worst may—vertue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well [bend,  
 By the sun's fall, which now towards earth doth  
 Then we might fear that vertue, since she fell  
 So low as woman, should be near her end. 20

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

She gilded us, but you are gold ; and she 25  
 Informèd us, but transubstantiates you :  
 Soft dispositions, which ductile be,  
 Elixar-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,  
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so ; 30  
 But Vertue, having made you vertue, 'is fain  
 T' adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see ;  
 As water being into air raref'd,  
 Neither appear, till in one cloud they be, 35  
 So for our sakes you do low names abide :

Taught by great constellations,—which, being fram'd  
 Of the most stars, take low names, Crab and Bull,  
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd,—  
 You covet not great names, of great things full. 40

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

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,        45  
 And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,  
 I, which do so, as your true subject owe  
 Some tribute for that ; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,  
 For then your judgment is below my praise :    50  
 If they were so, oft flatteries work as far  
 As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise :

So my ill, reaching you, might there grow good,  
 But I remain a poisoned fountain still.  
 But not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,    55  
 Are more above all flattery than my will ;

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you,  
 But my own judgment, who did long ago  
 Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,    59  
 And vertue should your beauty 'and birth outgrow.

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

So I but your Recorder am in this, 65  
 Or Mouth and Speaker of the universe,  
 A ministerial Notary; for 'tis  
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse :

I was your prophet in your younger days,  
 And now your chaplain, God in you to praise. 70

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Lady Elizabeth Stanley, youngest of the three daughters and co-heirs of Ferdinando fifth Earl of Derby, by Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, co. North., Kt. She was wife of Henry Hastings fifth Earl of Huntingdon, to whom she was married June 1603. She died in London, 20th January 1633. See the remarkable epitaph on her by Falkland (our edition of Falkland's Poems: Miscell. iii. pp. 418-9).

Line 6. One limit of date is given by this (much the same as that by date of marriage and mention of her as 'mother'). See note in vol. i.

Line 17. If worlds were years, we should conclude the season to be autumn or winter; but 'world's' seems to refer to some at that time astronomical theory or belief as to the nearer approach of the earth towards the sun, of which I am ignorant.

Line 26, '*informèd.*' Form in mediæval philosophy was that which added to the *substantia* made it what in each case it was to us, or appeared to be. Thus 'form' was what made bread bread, and wine wine. But virtue in you altered the very *substantia* itself, leaving you with the form of woman, as bread and

wine were supposed to be in the Mass. This seems to explain the conceit in the next stanza. See vol. i. s. v.

Line 41, 'one' = her husband (l. 42). Others see you dimly, veiled as you are to them in kindred flesh *i.e.* kinswoman's', contrasting with those to whom she was revealed as 'in' a friend.

Line 44, 'prince' frequently used as a word of common gender. See our SOUTHWELL, s. v.

Line 48. The conceit is—as she is a virtuous prince, from whom all virtues flow, and as the contemplating her is in itself an act of virtue, so he as a practiser of such virtue becomes the recipient of her bounty and her subject.

Lines 59-60. Query, in some lost poem?

„ 64 = that which I doe 'say'. G.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.<sup>1</sup>

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime  
 That gives us man up now, like Adam's time  
 Before he eat, man's shape; that would yet be     at  
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' companie)  
 So naked at this day, as though man there     5  
 From Paradise so great a distance were,  
 As yet the news could not arriv'd be  
 Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;  
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,  
 And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.     10

But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,  
 Sees men at children's shapes, rivers at brooks,

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 182-6). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 191-195). G.

And loseth younger formes ; so to your eye  
 These, Madam, that without your distance lie,  
 Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,           15  
 Who are at home but wit's mere atomi.  
 But I, who can behold them move and stay,  
 Have found myself to you just their midway ;  
 And now must pity them, for as they do  
 Seem sick to me, just so must I to you.           20  
 Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see  
 A sighing ode, nor cross-arm'd elegie :  
 I come not to call pity from your heart,  
 Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part  
 Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,           25  
 And faithfully (without your smile) were gone.  
 I cannot feel the tempest of a frown ;  
 I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down ;  
 Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,  
 I hate that thing whispers itself away.           30  
 Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees  
 Doth talk, doth yet in Love's cold agne freeze.  
 'Tis love but with such fatal weakness made,  
 That it destroys it self with its own shade.  
 Who first lookt sad, griev'd, pin'd and shew'd his pain,  
 Was he that first taught women to disdain.           36 .  
     As all things were one nothing, dull and weak,  
 Untill this raw disorder'd heap did break,  
 And several desires led parts away,  
 Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,           40

Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,  
Themselves imprison'd were and purify'd ;  
So was Love first in vast confusion hid,  
An unripe willingness which nothing did,  
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease,                   45  
That found a want, but knew not what would please.  
What pretty innocence in those days mov'd !  
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd ;  
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,  
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why. 50  
That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,  
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.  
As all discoverers, whose first assay                   essay  
Finds but the place, after, the nearest way ;  
So passion is to woman's love, about,                   55  
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.  
It is not Love that sues or doth contend ;  
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.  
Man's better part consists of purer fire,  
And finds itself allow'd, 'ere it desire.                   60  
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,  
And journeys not till it find Summer-way ;  
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,  
Is sport for every girl to practise on.  
Who strives through woman's scorns women to know,  
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo ;                   66  
It must be sickness after one disdain,  
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.

Let others sin and grieve ; one cunning sleight  
 Shall freez my love to crystal in a night. 70  
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still,  
 And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.  
 It is her fault, if I unsure remain ;  
 She only can untie, I bind again.  
 The honesties of love with ease I do, 75  
 But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But, Madam, I now think on you ; and here,  
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear ;  
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,  
 But a foul shadow, not your break of day ; 80  
 You are at first hand all that's fair and right,  
 And others' good reflects but back your light.  
 You are a perfectness, so curious hit,  
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it ;  
 For what is more doth what you are 'restrain ; 85  
 And though beyond, is down the hill again.  
 We have no next way to you, we cross to it ;  
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute ;  
 Each good in you's a light ; so many a shade  
 You make, and in them are your motions made : 90  
 These are your pictures to the life. From far  
 We see you move, and here your Zanis are ;  
 So that no fountain good there is doth grow  
 In you, but our dimm actions faintly show.

Then finde I, if man's noblest part be love, 95  
 Your purest luster must that shadow move.



The soul with body is a heaven combin'd  
 With earth, and for man's ease but nearer joy'n'd ;  
 Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand :  
 We guess not their large natures, but command 100  
 And love ; in you that bounty is of light,  
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite ;  
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,  
 But soul we find too earthly to ascend ;  
 Till slow access hath made it wholly pure, 105  
 Able immortal clearness to endure.  
 Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,  
 Hath weight will force him headlong back again ;  
 No more can impure man retain and move  
 In that pure region of a worthy love, 110  
 Then earthly substance can unfor'd aspire, Than  
 And leave his nature to converse with fire.

Such may have eye and hand ; may sigh, may speak ;  
 But like swoln bubbles, when they're highest they  
 breake :

Though far remov'd, Northern fleets scarce finde 115  
 The sun's sweet comfort, yet some think him too kind.  
 There is an equal distance from her eye ;  
 Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.  
 But as air takes the sunbeams equal-bright  
 From the first rates to his last opposite, 120  
 So happy's man, blest with a vertuous love,  
 Remote or near, or howsoe'r they move :  
 There vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,

There is no emptiness, but all is joy.  
 He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move) 125  
 To style his wandring rage of passion, love.  
 Love, that imports in every thing delight,  
 Is fancied by the soul, not appetite.  
 Why love among the vertues is not known,  
 Is, that love is them all contract in one. 130

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: As shown by the opening lines and by l. 115 and others, this, like the one noted earlier, was written during his northern voyage. There is a curious change of subjects, and yet a return to and binding together of the later ones in the last lines, which probably implies that the choice of them was due to circumstances of which we are now ignorant.

With reference to our text hereof (1669), I have preferred 'doth yet' (l. 32) of '35 edition to 'yet doth,' and in l. 37 to strike out 'but' before 'one,' as in the same; also l. 50, 'both knew' for 'yet knew,' and l. 57, 'snes' for 'sueth,' as better for the metre of Donne, who keeps to the two feet as much as possible. Again, in l. 67 the changes are indifferent, but going by the preceding, 'It must be sickness' [not love] in the later. This too is somewhat stronger than 'It is [the] mere sickness [of love],' which might be the thought conveyed to the reader. In l. 115, in 1669 the word is 'Isles,' but 'fleets' is more personal, and I adopt it from 1635. Line 116 in 1635 reads 'The Sunnes comfort, others thinke him too kinde.' Line 120, I prefer 'first raies' of '35 to 'raies first' of '69. Line 121, I venture to read 'happy's'=happy is, for 'happy.' 1635 reads 'So able man.' From 1635 I accept 'There' in l. 123 for 'Their,' which spoils the sense.

Lines 2-4. That is so ignorant, that they may be considered ignorant of good and evil: men's shapes only, as he then calls them, not men; or, as in l. 16, 'wit's mere atomi.'

The whole sentence down to l. 10 is lengthened out and ill-constructed otherwise than by the confusion of 'man' and 'they.' The most difficult is the clause beginning (l. 9) 'Depriv'd,

where the participle in -ed is not only supposed to contain within it the auxiliary verb 'are' or 'were,' as 'having been' or 'who was']—see 'she was' in line above—is held by Milton to be contained in

And he by friar's lantern led  
Tells—

but has to be supplied with a nominative—as, for instance 'men that were' or 'who were'—that does not exist except potentially or by inference. But I read and punctuate

Before he eat, man's shape ;

that is, That gives us man up now, as before Adam, man's shape and nothing more, not man knowing good and evil. This makes the next clause begin, that &c., and so gives the repetition of the 'that' as the nominative to 'depriv'd,' the 'that' were, depriv'd' answering to the 'that' and 'they' of l. 4.

Line 11. Cf. Edgar in *Lear*, iv. 6.

„ 22, 'cross-arm'd': an epithet derived from one of the customary affected and fashionable modes of expressing melancholy; as witness the quaint frontispiece of Burton's old folio.

Line 66, '*his shadow*'=seeks to do an impossibility. Our American cousins talk of a man who walked so fast that his shadow couldn't keep up with him.

Line 78, '*at our heights*.' Is the reference to the high latitudes they are in, but drawing his thought from the sun hardly rising above the horizon and in clouds, he likens her to it? The construction of l. 80 is—you rise from our noon-day [which is] a foul shadow, not 'like, or such as' your break of day.

Line 84, '*youngest*.' and therefore most high-flown and adoring. The sense is, that the extreme of flattery does not reach to the expressing of your perfectness, but only in its imperfectness blots it.

Line 92, '*Zany*.' Mr. Dyce has been curiously as absurdly accused of not knowing the meaning of this word, and a long explanation has been paraded as something new. But it is explained by l. 94. A 'zany' is a foolishly-imperfect imitator. The merry-andrew is a zany when he imitates the mountebank, and so is the circus-clown when he shadows his master or attempts a previously-performed feat; and it may be added, so too is an incompetent critic accusing a scholar like Mr. Dyce of ignorance of so small a matter.

Line 96, '*luster*:' man's noblest part, love, being a shadow compared to her lustre.

Lines 99-102. I am not sure that the gloss is correct; but the meaning here seems to be—where we understand thoughts to be the stars of the soul or heaven. We guess not their large natures, but, *i. e.* except, those of command and love; that bounty is of light, &c. I have punctuated accordingly. It is barely possible that in l. 99 there is an intended conceit or punning use of 'understand,' as=stand under. This would agree with the juxtaposition of 'guess.'

Line 103, '*intend*'=stretch towards.

„ 109, '*retain*,' reflective=retain himself.

„ 112, '*converse*'=turn with or mingle, as *conversatio*, *ἀναστροφή*, in Gal. i. 13, and elsewhere.

Line 117. A good example of Donne's elliptical brevity. The sense is—Though, &c. ll. 115-16 [yet as there is an equal distance in the temperate zones when they enjoy a temperate heat, so] There is an equal distance from her eye, &c. G.

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A LETTER TO THE LADY CARY, AND  
MRS. ESSEX RICH.

FROM AMIENS.<sup>1</sup>

MADDAME,

Heer, wher by all all saints inuokèd are,  
'Twee too much schysm to be singular,  
And 'gainst a practice generall to warr.

Yet turning to saints, should my 'humility  
To other sainte then you directed bee,                   than 5  
That weer to make my schisme heresy.

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 112-15). See Notes and Illustrations on the Ladies addressed. G.

Nor would I bee a conuertite so cold,  
 As not to tell it; if this bee too bold,  
 Pardons are in this markett cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,      10  
 I thought it some apostleship in mee  
 To speake things which by faith alone I see :

That is, of you, who are a firmament  
 Of vertues, where no one is growne or spent ;  
 They 'are your materials, not your ornament.      15

Others, whome wee call vertuous, are not soe  
 In their whole substance; but their vertues growe  
 But in their humors, and at seasons showe.

For when, through tastless flat humillity,  
 In dough-backd men some harmlesnes wee see,      20  
 'Tis but his fligme that's vertuous, and not hee : phlegm

So is the blood somtimes ; who euer ran  
 To danger unimportund, hee was than  
 No better then a sanguine-vertuous man.      than

So cloisterall men, who, in pretense of feare,      25  
 All contributions to this life forbear,  
 Have vertue 'in mallancholly, and only there.

Spirituall-chollerick critiks, which in all  
 Religions find faults, and forgieue no fall,  
 Haue, through this zeale, vertue but in their gall.      30

We 'are thus but parcell-guilt ; no Gould wee 'are grown,  
 When vertue is ower soule's completion ;  
 Who knowes his vertue's place or name hath none.

Vertue's but agnish when 'tis seuerall,  
 By occation waked, and circumstantiall ; 35  
 True vertue is soule, always in all deeds, all.

This vertue thinking to giue dignitye  
 To your soule, found theree no infirmity ;  
 For your soule was as good vertue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you, 40  
 Which is scarce less then soul, as she could doe, than  
 And so hath made your beauty vertue too.

Hence comes itt that your beauty wounds not harts,  
 As others, with prophane and sensual darts,  
 But as an influence vertuous thoughts imparts. 45

But if such frends by th' honor of your sight  
 Grow capable of this so great a light,  
 As to partake your vertues and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,  
 Where it finds simpathy and matter too, 50  
 Vertue and beauty of the same stuff as you ?

Which is your noble worthy sister ; she,  
 Of whome, if what in this my ecstasye  
 And reuelation of you both I see,

I should write heere : as in short galleries 55  
 The master at the end larg glasses eyes,  
 So to present the roome twice to ower eyes ;  
 So should I giue this letter length, and say  
 That which I sayde of you : ther is no way  
 From eyther but to the 'other, not to stray. 60  
 May, therefore, this be 'enough to testify  
 My true deuotion, free from flattery :  
 He that belieues himself doth neuer lye.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: these Ladies were sisters, daughters of Robert Rich, third Lord Rich, by his first wife Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter Earl of Essex. Lettice, their eldest daughter, married, first, Sir George Cary, of Cockington, co. Devon, Kt. ; and secondly, Sir Arthur Lake. Essex, their third daughter, married Sir Thomas Cheeke, of Pirgo, co. Essex, Kt. The date of this Letter, if not given by 'Amiens,' is limited between Lord Cary's marriage and widowhood and marriage of Lady Essex Rich.

Line 10, '*too*:' stronger and better (as in '69) than 'a' of ms.

Line 18, '*their seasons*' indicates rather their blooming-time, whereas his meaning is, they only show 'at seasons,' and not at others. Cf. 'so is the blood sometimes,' l. 22. I accept therefore 'at' from '69. He now takes the four humours, and the four temperaments supposed to depend on them.

Line 20, '*dow-backed*:' apparently, from the various examples = dough-baked, *i.e.* insufficiently baked and still soft or doughy. So Shakespeare's 'unbaked and *doughy* youth' (All's Well, iv. 5) was probably founded on the same word.

Line 26, '*contributions*:' so in '69, and accepted instead of 'contribution,' as expressing better the various ways in which a social man can contribute.

Line 28, '*which*:' accepted from '69 for 'whoc' of '33. 'Who'

best agrees with l. 25 and l. 22; but 'which' is a more lowering relative and more sarcastic in agreement with the tone of the stanza.

Line 31, 'parcell-guilt'—gilded as the 'goblet' in *MerryWives of Windsor*. See our Poems of Christopher Brooke, *s.v.*

Line 34, 'several.' When, like fields that are called 'several,' that is, separated from the common for the use of particular owners, virtue is only for the use of one humour.

Line 35, 'waked:' accepted from '69 for 'wood' of '33, which is less expressive.

Line 47, 'so:' accepted from '69 as preferable to 'too' of '33.

„ 53, 'in:' *ibid.* for 'of' of *ms.*

„ 58, 'this:' *ib.* for 'the' of *ms.*

„ 60, 'stray:' *ib.* for 'stay' of *ms.*, and 'to' for 'by.' *G.*

## TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST 1614.<sup>1</sup>

FAIR, great, and good! since seeing you we see  
 What Heaven can doe, what any earth can be;  
 Since now your beauty shines; now,—when the sun  
 Grown stale, is to so low a value run,  
 That his dishevel'd beams and scattered fires                   5  
 Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tyres  
 In lovers' sonnets,—you come to repair  
 God's book of creatures,—teaching what is fair.  
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dry'd,  
 All vertues eb'd out to a dead low tyde,                   10

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 191-3). Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 115-18). See Notes and Illustrations on the Lady addressed. *G.*



All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,  
 Where every man thinks by himself to stand,  
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,  
 Ciments of greatness, being vapour'd hence,  
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15  
 Courts, city, church, are all shops of small-wares,  
 All having blown to sparkes their noble fire,  
 And drawn their sound gold ingot into wyre,  
 All trying by a love of littleness  
 To make abridgments and to draw to less 20  
 Even that nothing which at first we were ;  
 Since in these times your greatness doth appear,  
 And that we learn by it that man, to get  
 Towards Him that's infinite, must first be great ;  
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25  
 So much as to accuse, much less mend it,—  
 For who can judge or witness of those times,  
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes !  
 Where he, that would be good, is thought by all  
 A monster, or at best phantastical ?— 30  
 Since now you durst be good, and that I do  
 Discern, by daring to contemplate you,  
 That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,  
 Through your light's largeness, vertue understood ;  
 If, in this sacrifice of mine, be shown 35  
 Any small spark of these, call it your own ;  
 And if things like these have been said by me  
 Of others, call not that idclatric.

For had God made man first, and man had seen  
 The third daie's fruits and flowers and various green, 40  
 He might have said the best that he could say  
 Of those fair creatures which were made that day ;  
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth  
 Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,  
 He might have said the best that he could say, 45  
 And not be chid for praising yesterday :  
 So, though some things are not together true,  
 As that another's worthiest, and—that you ;  
 Yet to say so, doth not condemn a man,  
 If, when he spoke them, they were both true than. then  
 How fair a proof of this in our soul grows ! 51  
 We first have souls of growth and sense ; and those,  
 When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,  
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name :  
 Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast 55  
 The power and praise of both them on the last :  
 No more do I wrong any, if I adore  
 The same things now which I ador'd before,  
 The subject chang'd and measure. The same thing  
 In a low constable and in the king 60  
 I reverence,—his power to work on me :  
 So did I humbly reverence each degree  
 Of fair, great, good ; but more, now I am come  
 From having found their walks to finde their home.  
 And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they 65  
 For my last soul did fit and mould my clay ;

So am I debtor unto them whose worth  
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth  
 This new great lesson, thus to study you,  
 Which none, not reading others first, could do. 70  
 Nor lack I light to read this book, though I  
 In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie ;  
 For as your fellow-angels, so you doe  
 Illustrate them who come to study you.  
 The first whom we in histories do find 75  
 To have profest all arts was one born blind ;  
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as we,  
 Not those by which angels are seen and see ;  
 So, though I 'am born without those eyes to live,  
 Which Fortune, who hath none her self, doth give, 80  
 Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,  
 Yet may I see you thus as now I doe ;  
 I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,  
 And though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Lady Catharine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, by his second wife, Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Knevit, of Charlton, Wilts, Kt., and widow of Richard, eldest son of Robert Lord Rich. She married, 1st December 1608, William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, by whom she had eight sons and five daughters. She survived on to 1673.

Line 2, 'and' after 'doe' I drop, as in 1635.

„ 10, 'dead low,' not 'dead-low' as in '69—a tide at its lowest or highest; 'dead' not qualifying 'low,' but a tide that is low.

Line 31. Here is another of Donne's large ellipses: [and I do discern] that,—through your light's largeness,—[that] virtue [may be] understood.

Line 65, '*souls*'=the two souls of growth and sense.

.. 72. Compare Ep. to Countess of Bedford, l. 1 (p. 49, *ante*), where '*dead*' is in italics.

TO MRS. M. II.<sup>1</sup>

MAD paper, stay, and grudge not heere to burne  
 With all those sons, whom my braine did create ;  
 At least lye hid with mee, till thou returne  
 To rags againe, which was thy natieue state.  
 What though thou hast enough unworthynes           5  
 To come unto great place as others doe:  
 That's much; it emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confes;  
 But that's not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.  
 And that thou canst not learne, or not of mee;  
 Yet thou wilt goe; goe, sith thou goest to her   since  
 Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she       11  
 Truth, whome they dare to pardon, dares preferre.  
 But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,  
 Which equally claimes loue and reuerence,  
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt dye,       15  
 And haueing little now, have then no sence.

<sup>1</sup> From Hazlewood-Kingsborough MS., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 106-8). G.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand--which is  
 A miracle, and made such to worcke more--  
 Doth touch thee, sapeles leafe, thou grow'st by this  
 Her creature, glorifide more then before.      20

Then, as a mother which delights to heare  
 Her early child misspeak halfe-uttered words,  
 Or, because maiesty doth neuer feare  
 Ill or bould speech, she audience affords,

And then, cold speachles wretch, thou dyest againe,   25  
 And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?  
 From speach of ill, and her, thou must absteine,  
 And is there any good which is not shee ?

Yet mai'st thou praise her seruants, though not her ;  
 And Vertue, Witt, and Honor her attend ;      30  
 And since they're but her cloathes, thou shalt not err,  
 If thou her shape, beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny when thou hast done ?  
 Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,  
 Whether all noble ambitious witts do runn.      35  
 A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee knowe,  
 Weer san'd before, and did that heauen pertake,  
 When she reuolues his papers, marke what showe  
 Of fauour she, alone, to them doth make.      40

Marke if, to gett them, she o'erskip the rest ;  
 Marke if she read them twice, or kiss the name ;  
 Marke if she do the same that they protest ;  
 Marke if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke if slight things be 'objected, and o'erblown ; 45  
 Marke if her oaths against him be not still  
 Reseru'd, and that she grieve she's not her owne,  
 And chides the doctrine that denyes free-will.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spy,  
 Nor to make myself her familiar ; 50  
 But so much doe I loue her choice, that I  
 Would faine loue him that shalbe lou'd of her.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms. rightly corrects misprints in the printed editions: as 'my' (l. 2) for 'thy:' 'was' (l. 4) for 'is:' while 'hast' (l. 5) in the indicative for 'have' marks more distinctly and strongly that the lines are unworthy. In l. 8 'that's' for 'tis' repeats the 'That's much' of the previous line, and is therefore more emphatic ; and in l. 7 'it' (a-wanting usually) is required by the sense.

Line 7, '*It emboldens, and pulls, and thrusts,*' i. e. crowds forward, as impudent unworth does.

Line 11, '*prince:*' common gender, as before.

„ 12. The reading of our ms. 'dare to grant a pardon to truth,' after treating it as a crime to be repented of, and the speaker as a criminal, is another proof decisive of the later and authoritative date of the original of the ms.

Line 27—'Thou must not speak of ill before her, and to her thou must not speak of herself; but she herself is all good; therefore, as thou must speak neither of ill nor good, thou must perforce be silent.' The Lady had probably this affectation, or otherwise told Donne not to write of her in his verses to her.

This explains the virtual anonymity to us of the mere initials, although I hazard a conjecture that they represent Mrs. or Lady Magdalen Herbert, to whom Donne addressed a fine Sonnet. See 'Divine Poems' and relative notes.

Lines 30-32. Our ms. omits 'and' before 'Vertue,' and this is an improvement on the printed texts, and the more so in l. 30, that its presence slurs the second syllable of Vertue, 'Vertue and;' but 'doe' before 'attend' spoils the parallelism of ll. 30-32. There are some errors in the ms. which the printed texts help us to correct: *e.g.* l. 19, 'teach' is clearly an error for 'touch.'

Line 33. Whether 'Wee know' be a change by the author or a misreading, it is plain that 'Who knows?' agrees with the reply 'perchance,' while 'Wee know' does not.

Line 50, '*flesh*' is in every way out of place, and is probably a misreading of 'self her.' The expression would not have been (I fear) too gross for Donne in his love-song days, but is so for the context.

Line 44. I can make nothing of 'whither' of our ms. and printed copies. What could it matter where her woman came to? But it matters a good deal to a lover 'whether' his lady's manner and sayings, when reading a rival's verses, alter according as she is alone or when her woman is watching her. And this from the 'alone' of l. 40, and the mention of her woman in this line, seems to have been Donne's thought. Hence I print 'whether,' 'came' being for 'come' by stress of rhyme. G.

#### TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.<sup>1</sup>

LIKE one, who 'in her third wydowhood doth profes  
Her self a nun, tyde to retirednes,  
So 'affects my Muse now a chast fallownes;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 74-5). On Woodward and the entire group of these 'W.'s' see our Essay. G.

Since she to few, yet too-too many 'hath showne  
 How love-song weeds and satirique thorns are growne, 5  
 Where seeds of better arts were early sowne.

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

For though to us it seem but light and thinne, 10  
 Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throws in  
 Men's works, vanitie weighs as much as synn.

If our sowles have staynd their first whyte, yet wee  
 May cloth them with fayth and deare honesty,  
 Which God imputes as native puritie. 15

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

Seeke we then ourselues in ourselues; for as  
 Men force the sunn with much more force to passe, 20  
 By gathering his beams with a christall glasse,

So we—if wee into ourselues will turne,  
 Blowinge our sparkes of virtue—may outburne  
 The strawe which doth about our harts sojourn.

You know phisityans, when they wold infuse 25  
 Into any 'oyle the sowle of symples, use  
 Places where thay may ly still warme, to chuse.



So works retyrednes in us; to roame  
 Giddelie and be enery where but at home,  
 Such freedom doth a banishment become. 30

We are but farmors of ourselues; yet may, farmers  
 If we can stock ourselues and thryve, uplay  
 Much, much deare treasure for the great rent-day.

Manure thyselfe then, to thy self be 'improv'd,  
 And with vayne outward thinges be no more mov'd, 35  
 But to know that I love thee and wold be below'd.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 10, '*But*' of 1669 preferable to 'to be' of our ms.

„ 14, '*integrity*.' This was not an uncommon word with Donne, and it rhymes better than 'honesty' of '69. Hence I think it his first word; but seeing that '*integrity*' or wholeness was too strong—for he is speaking not of an imputed integrity through faith, but of putting on faith and those works which are the result of or part of a living or true faith—he changed it to '*honesty*' in its fuller and antique sense. Thus it would answer rather to the '*righteousness*' or '*justitia*' of the Vulgate in Job xxix. and Ps. cxxxii. (cxxx. Vulg.). I accept '*honesty*' accordingly. So too in l. 23 I have preferred '69 'our' to 'the;' and l. 21, '*gathering*' is more correct than '*drawing*' of our ms. Also in l. 31, '*We are but*' rather than '*But we are but*.'

Line 34. 1669 has 'he improved,' not 'he approv'd.' This is not a mistake, as l. 19 &c. shows. Donne in all these cases is speaking of one's ordinary self, and one's truer or ideal self. Not only too does it give sense, but it gives a sense agreeing better perhaps with the word '*manure*' and the thought expressed by it. Hence I accept '*improved*,' albeit it may be more difficult to decide whether it is better to continue the thought, or as with '*approve'd*' to introduce a new one. G.

TO MR. R. W.<sup>1</sup>

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber bee,  
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lynes, to dreame of mee;  
 Never did Morpheus, nor his brother, weare  
 Shapes so like those shappes, whom they would appeare,  
 As this my letter is like mee; for it 5  
 Hath my name, words, hands, feete, heart, mind, and  
 witt;

It is my deed of guift of mee to thee;  
 It is my will, myselfe the legacy.  
 So thy retirings I love, yea, envie,  
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholie, 10  
 That I reioice that, unto where thou art,  
 Though I stay heere, I can thus send my hart,  
 As kindly as any enamour'd patient  
 His picture to his absent Love hath sent.  
 All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee; than 15  
 Havens are heavens, and ships wing'd angells bee,  
 The which both ghospel and sterne threatnings bringe;  
 Guyanae's harvest is nipt in the Springe,  
 I feare; and with us, meethinks, Fate deales soe.  
 As with the Jewes' guide God did; hee did showe 20  
 Him the ritch land, but barr'd his entry in:  
 Our slowness is our punishment and sinn.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 100-11). G.

Perchance these Spanish businesses beinge done—  
 Which, as the earth betweene the moone and sunn  
 Eclipse the light which Guyana would give— 25  
 Our discountynu'd hopes wee shall retrieve:  
 But if as (All th' All must) hopes smooke awaye,  
 Is not almighty Vertue an India?  
 If men be worlds, there is in every one  
 Something to answere in some proportion 30  
 All the world's ritches: and in good men this  
 Vertue our formes' forme, and our soules' soule is.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 3, '*brother*' = Icelus or Phobetor, the giver of the dream-shapes of other animals, as Morpheus was of those of man.

Line 4, '*appeare*,' *i. e.* appear [to be] or like whom, &c.

„ 13, '*patient*' = suffering one.

„ 15, '*newes*:' here '*news*' has a plural verb, a collective being then entitled to a singular or plural verb at the will of the writer, according to the exigences of the verse, or more properly according to whether the sense of the context agrees better with one or the other.

Line 20, '*Jewes' guide*' = Moses. See Numbers xx. 12.

„ 23, '*Spanish businesses*.' Curiously enough the one surviving letter of Rowland Woodward of this Letter is one addressed by him to 'Mr. Windbank,' on Mr. Alured's tractate against the Spanish match. It will be found in Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa* (2 vols., 1781). In 1633 it is '*business*,' but l. 25 requires the plural (*Eclipse* . . .) as in 1635, &c.

Line 26, '*retrieve*:' primary sense of find again.

„ 27, '*All th' All must*:' explained by *Tempest*, iv. I, and the similar passage in Earl of Stirling's '*Darius*.' But *Donne* has changed '*air*' and '*vapour*' into '*smoke*,' in reference to the world's perishing by fire. G.



TO M. I. W.<sup>1</sup>

ALL hail, sweet Poett! and full of more strong fire  
Then hath or shall enkinde my dull spirit;      Than  
I lou'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit  
Of witt and art I love not but admire:  
Who have before or shall write after thee,      5  
Their works, tho' toughly labour'd, will bee  
Like infancy or age to man's firme stay,  
Or early and late twilights to mid-daye.  
  
Men saye, and truly, that they better bee  
Which be envièd than pitied; therefore I,      10  
Because I wish the best, do thee envie.  
O, wouldst thou by like reason pittie mee,  
But care not for me, I, that ever was  
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas—  
But for thy grace, gott in the Muses' Schoole—      15  
A monster and a begger, am a foole.  
  
O, how I greeve that late-borne modestie  
Hath gott such roote in easie waxen harts,  
That men maye not themselves their owne good parts  
Extoll, without suspect of surquedric:      20

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 1to of 1633 (pp. 93-4). G.

For but thy selfe no subject can be found  
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound  
 Thy worth, but thine: how good it were to see  
 A poeme in thy praise, and writt by thee!

Now if this songe be too 'harsh for rime, yet as 25  
 The painter's bad god made a good divell,  
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evell,  
 If thou forgett the rime as thou dost pass,  
 Then write that I may follow, and soe bee  
 Thy debtor, thy ecco, thy foyl, thy Zancee. 30  
 I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,  
 All the world's lyon, though I be thy ape.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Probably these were intended for commendatory verses; and thus may be explained two of the variations between our ms. and the printed text: 'my dull,' l. 2, for 'any,' and 'thy,' l. 3, for 'this,' being the epistolary reading, 'any' and 'this' the commendatory-verse reading. As the poem is here among the Letters, I adopt the former.

Line 6, '*toughly*:' Chetham ms. 'roughly,' which is bad.

„ 15, '*But for*:' our ms. 'Before,' inferiorly.

„ 20, '*surquedrie*' = presumption.

„ 23, '*worth*:' inadvertently 'works' in our ms.

„ 27-8, '*pass*,' *i. e.* If thou forget, &c. it will be good prose, though the verse be evil.

Line 30, '*Zancee*.' See former note (p. 63). G.



TO MR. T. W.<sup>1</sup>

HASTE thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure  
Will give thee leave, to him, my paine and pleasure ;  
I've given thee—and yet thou art too weak—  
Feet, and a reasoninge soule and tonge to speake.  
Tell him all questions which men have defended,     5  
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended ;  
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation  
Of him—at least in this earth's habitation :  
And 'tis where I am, where in every street  
Infections followe, overtake and meete.             10  
Live I or dye, by you my love is sent ;  
You are my pawnes, or else my testament.

<sup>1</sup> From Add. ms. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (p. 95). G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 2, '*paine and pleasure*'=T. W. Cf. l. 7, 'privation,' *i. e.* absence from him.

Line 12, '*You*:' our ms. prefixes 'And' superfluously, and worse, in that it obscures the fact that the first half of the line refers to 'Live I,' and the second to 'or die.' There is no alternative of choice, as is implied by '*and*:' but there is one or the other, according as Donne is alive or dead when the Letter reaches, he being in the midst of the plague or other epidemic. G.

TO MR. T. W.<sup>1</sup>

PREGNANT againe with th' old twines, Hope and Feare,  
 Ofte have I ask'd for thee, both how and where  
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were :

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly  
 Watch motions of the giver's hand and eye,                    5  
 And evermore conceine some hope thereby.

And now thine alme is given, thy letter's read,  
 Thy body risen againe, the which was dead,  
 And thy poore starvelinge bountifully fedd.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,                    10  
 And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace  
 Thy love, though I think thy love in this case

To be as gluttons', which saye 'midst their meat,  
 Thy love that best of which they most doe eat.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 95-6). G.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, '*alme*:' usually '*alms*.'

„ 12, '*thy love*.' This probably refers to the love sent or spoken of at the end of T. W.'s letter, and gives a bit at his unfrequent letters, and a sly hint that his love is like a glutton's, due to the exceptionally long letter which Donne had previously written to him. So only can I explain the simile and '*thy*.' G.

TO T. W.<sup>1</sup>

ATT once from hence my lines and I depart;  
 I to my soft still walkes, they to my hart;  
 I to the nurse, they to the child of Art.  
 Yet as a firme house, though the carpenter  
 Perish, doth stand; as an embassador 5  
 Lyes safe, how ere his kinge be in daunger;  
 So, tho' I languish, prest with melancholy,  
 My verse, the strict mapp of my miserie,  
 Shall live to see that for whose want I die.  
 Therefore I envie them, and doe repent 10  
 That from unhappy mee things happy 'are sent:  
 Yet as a picture or bare sacrament,  
     Accept these lines; and if in them there bee  
     Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. MSS. 18647, as before; and forms part of the preceding poem, *i.e.* the two make one complete poem. Usually headed 'Incerto.' Appeared originally in 1635 edition (p. 178). G.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Though to the same, the present little verse-letter was probably not sent at the same time. As to himself and as to his friend's love, the thoughts are not only not consecutive but different. The style too is different, and the sense of the last stanza of the former is in every way a finish. So too is its form, the additional lines being only found at the close, as here and as in those to the Countess of Bedford (p. 30), and to the Countess of Huntingdon (p. 56), and never in the middle.

Line 14, '*Merit*' = meriture, any deserving of thy love: much as we have depart — departure, in next poem; 'that' shows this. G.





TO MR. I. L.<sup>1</sup>

Or that short roll of freinds writt in my heart,  
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,  
Whether in the English prouinces they bee,  
Or drink of Po, Sequane or Danuby,  
There's none, that sometymes greetes us not; and yet 5  
Your Trent is Lethe, that past, us you forgett;  
You do not duties of societies,  
If from th' embrace of a lou'd wife you rise,  
Veiw your fatt beasts, stretch'd barns, and laboured  
feilds,  
Eate, play, ride, take all ioyes which all daye yeilds, 10  
And then againe to your embracements goe;  
Some howers on us your freinds, and some bestow  
Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,  
I that my love; shee that her guifts on you are spent.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18617, as before. Appeared originally in the fto of 1633 (pp. 101-2). See Notes and Illustrations for a little on I. L. G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

**Heading:** It is somewhat tantalising to find several poems (of no great moment certainly) in the Farmer ms. in Chetham Library signed 'I. L.' only. See our edition of this ms. as edited for the Chetham Society. Line 12 is an Alexandrine. G.

TO MR. I. L.<sup>1</sup>

BLEST are your North parts, for all this long tyme  
 My sun is with you, cold and darke 'is our clyme.  
 Heaven's sun, which stay'd so longe from us this yeare,  
 Stayd in your North, I think, for she was there,  
 And hither by kinde Nature drawn from thence,     5  
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence ;  
 Yet I, as long as she from hence doth staye,  
 Think this no South, noe Summer, nor noe daye.  
 With thee my kinde and unkinde hart is runne,  
 There sacrifice is to that beauteous sun.     10  
 So may thy pastures with their flowrie feasts,  
 As suddenly as lard, fatt thy leane beasts ;  
 So maye thy woods oft poll'd yet ever weare  
 A greene and, when thee list, a golden hayre ;  
 Soe maye all thy sheepe bring forth twins ; and soe     15  
 In chase and race may thy horse all out-goe ;  
 So maye thy love and courage ne're be colde ;  
 Thy sonne ne'r ward ; thy lou'd wife ne're seeme old ;  
 But mai'st thou wish great things, and them attaine,  
 As thou tell'st her, and non but her, my paine.     20

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Usually 'I. P. :' but ought to be I. L., as in preceding. So in our ms. Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (p. 102). G.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 2, 'My sun.' According to date, his lady-love or wife. This to us masculine attribution is more than once used by Donne in speaking of or addressing a lady.

Line 9, '*kinde and unkinde*:' she is kind, but now in her absence unkind. Cf. to T. W. (p. 82), 'my pain and pleasure.' Our MS., by 'is' for 'in' (l. 10), restores the sense. But even with 'is' there is some obscurity, arising from his first calling her his 'sun' and then his heart, and then returning to the simile of the sun. G.

TO SR. THOMAS ROE, 1603.<sup>1</sup>

DEARE TOM,

Tell her, if shee to hyrd servants shewe  
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe,  
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace;  
 For who hath but one mynd hath but one face.  
 If then why I tooke not my leave she aske,                       5  
 Aske her againe why shee did not unmasque.  
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee  
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied mee?  
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?  
 Or else was she unwillinge I shold goe?                       10  
 I think the best, and loue so faythfullie,  
 I cannot choose but think that she loues mee.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. Appeared originally in the 1635 edition (pp. 209-10). See Notes and Illustrations on Roe. G.

If this prove not my fayth, then let her try  
 How in her service it would fructifie.  
 Ladies have bowldly lov'd ; bid her renewe 15  
 That decaï'd worth, and prove the tymes past true.  
 Then he, whose wytt and verse now goes thus lame,  
 With songs to her will the wyld Irish tame.  
 How'ere, I'll weare the blacke and whyte rybband ;  
 Whyte for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand. 20  
 I do esteeme her favor, not their stuffe ;  
 If what I haue was given, I haue enough,  
 And all's well ; for had she lov'd, I had hadd  
 All my freind's hate ; for now departinge sad  
 I feele not that : yet as the rack the gowte 25  
 Cures, so hath this worse grieffe that quite put out :  
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,  
 Which, I dare foresay, nothing cures but death.  
 Tell her all this before I am forgott,  
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not. 30  
     Burthened with it, I was to departe lesse  
 Willinge then those which dye, and not confesse. than

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : The well-known Ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul and to various European Courts, son of Robert Roe, of Lower Leyton, Essex, and grandson of Sir Thomas Roe, Lord Mayor of London in 1568 ; educated at Magdalen College, Oxford ; knighted 23d March 1604-5. His first important public employment was his mission to the Great Mogul in 1614 ; and he continued in similar services until 1641.

He became Chancellor of the Order of the Garter in 1636, and was also a Privy Councillor. He died 6th November 1644.

As in some others of the Stephens' mss., we have evidence herein of great carelessness on the part of the copyist or recopist. Whatever difficulty there may be in understanding these clauses, it is clear from the whole poem that 'not' of our ms. in l. 24 is a mistake for 'now' (1633, &c.), and in l. 26 'this this' a mistake for 'hath this' (1633, &c.), and 'quite' erroneously dropped. By the former the sense is destroyed, and by the latter the metre. Again, in l. 27, the remembrance of the 'first' of 'first disease' has caused it to be written instead of 'worse' (1633, &c.), which is manifestly the right word; and similarly the 'nought' of l. 27 has caused the 'nothing' of l. 28 to be written as 'nought,' a monosyllable when a dissyllable is required. Again, 'dare' in the same line shows 'foresay' (1633, &c.) to be the right word, though the scribe has written the more common 'foresee.' Farther: in l. 14, 'it' seems to refer to 'faith,' and to be correct; but the meaning of 'then . . . fructify' is amplified and explained in ll. 15-18; ll. 15-16 explain the clause from 'then' to 'service,' and ll. 17-18 explain how he, Donne, would then fructify. Once more, in l. 13, 'prove,' not the indicative 'proves,' is required by the sense (as in 1633, &c.). But the differences in l. 17 are doubtless due to Donne himself; and while 'take' in l. 5 might be defended by 'now departing,' as showing that the Letter was written, or supposed to be written, on leaving, 'tooke' of our ms. is borne out by the 'I was to depart' of l. 31, and I adopt it.

Line 13, 'If this,' *i. e.* if this thinking the best.

„ 17. A verb singular after a double nominative, and the variations 'grows' and 'goes,' which make the others 'thus' and 'so,' must be by the author, and prove the *s* is not a misprint.

Line 19. From l. 21 it appears that she had given or sent him this ribbon, as indicating that his favour or disfavour were balanced. If, as is very probable, the lady was she who became his wife, she may have been modestly enigmatical, and while seeming to give the above indication of her feelings, have really meant that she was favourable, but friends unfavourable. G.



TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE  
SIEGE OF JULIERS.<sup>1</sup>

MAN is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded bee,  
Wisdome makes him an arke where all agree ;  
The foole in whom theis beastes do lyve at jarr,  
Is sport to others, and a theater :  
Nor scapes he soe, but is himselfe their praye ;       5  
All which was man in him is eate away ;  
And now his beastes on one another feede,  
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.  
How happie is he, who hath due place assignde  
To 'his beastes ! and disaforested his mynd,       10  
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in ;  
Can sove, and dare trust corne, where they have bene ;  
Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and euery beast,  
And bee not asse himselfe to all the rest !  
Else man not only is the heard of swyne,       15  
But he's those devills too, who did inclyne

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Herbert's is too great a name to need annotation, yet see Notes and Illustrations. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 82-4). G.

Them to an headlonge rage and made them worse ;  
 For man can add waight to heaven's heaviest curse.  
 As sowls, they say, by our first touch take in  
 The poysonous tincture of originall sin,                    20  
 So to the punishments which God doth flinge,  
 Our apprehension contributes the stinge.  
 To us, as to His chickens, He doth cast  
 Hemlock ; and we, as men, His hemlocke taste,  
 We doe infuse to what He meant for meat                    25  
 Corasives or intensives, cold or heate :  
 For God no such spécifique poison hath  
 As kyls, we know not how ; His fiercest wrath  
 Hath noe antipathie, but may bee good  
 At least for phisik, if not for our food.                    30  
 Thus man, that might be 'His pleasure, is His rod ;  
 And is His devill, that might be his God.  
 Since then our busynes is to rectifye  
 Nature to what it was, we are led awry  
 By them who man to us in little shoue ;                    35  
 Greater then due noe forme we can bestowe                    than  
 On him ; for man into himselfe can drawe  
 All that his faith can swallow, 'or reason chawe ;  
 All that is filled, and all that which doth fill,  
 All the rownd world, to man is but a pill ;                    40  
 In all it works not, but it is in all  
 Poisonous, or purgatiue, or cordyall.  
 For knowledge kyndles calentures in some,  
 And is to others icie opium.

As brave as true is that profession than,           then 45  
 Which you do use to make of knowing man.  
 This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon  
 All worthy books, and now are such a one :  
 Actions are authors, and of these in you  
 Your friends fynd every day a mart of newe.           50

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Sir Edward Herbert, eldest son of Richard Herbert, Esq., was not created 'Lord Herbert of Cherbury' until 7th May 1629; so that the heading of the present poem on its original appearance in the 4to of 1633 was in accord with its date, not the date of its being addressed to him. He had successors, but remains *the* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, renowned for his philosophic speculations. His historical Collections are in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. Died 1648. His younger brother was George Herbert.

The changes in our ms. from the printed text of 'which' to 'who' (l. 9), 'dares' to 'dare' (l. 12), 'is' to 'be' (l. 14), 'she' to 'it' (l. 34)—for their nature is, according to the context, more properly called 'it'—and the discarding of one of the three 'you's' in l. 46, seem to show that it is a later copy, as does l. 26, if we read 'intensive cold' or 'intensives, cold,' because it is more correct to say we infuse 'corrosives' or the like, than 'corrosiveness.' But 'rather is' (l. 16) appears to me an ill-judged change from 'hee's . . . too,' inasmuch as it does not agree so well with 'not only is' of l. 15 as does 'he's those devills too.' 'Hartiest,' again, of our ms. (l. 18) is in all probability error for 'heaviest' of 1633, &c., not only because we have 'add weight,' but because throughout ll. 23-30 Donne insists that the Deity does not curse with a will to curse. In l. 10 also the rhythm of 'To his . . . disforested,' as in '69, is preferable to 'To his . . . disforested' of ms. In l. 38 there is an unusually great change. In the printed texts 'draw All'(:) ends the clause, and 'All his faith . . . chaw'(:) begins the clause that ends at 'full'(:). In our ms. the substitution of 'that his faith' runs the first clause on to 'chaw'(:). If too we accept



'fyt' for 'fill'd,' we must delete comma after 'fill;' but it seems an error, for that which is filled is required to complete that which fills, and to say that which is 'fit' seems very like saying that what is fit for food is food.

Line 10, '*disaforested*' = to take away the privileges of forest land, and thereby of the wild beasts that were protected by them.

Line 11, '*empaled*' = surrounded with a pale.

„ 15, 'swine.' See St. Matthew viii. 30-31.

„ 19, '*first touch*' = at the very first contact with our bodies.

Line 24. The sense seems to be, that God gives punishment as man gives hemlock to chickens, namely, as food or physie, but that we take the punishment as man takes hemlock, *i.e.* as a deadly poison. Still, I am not aware that hemlock is or was given to fowls either as food or physie.

Lines 31-2, '*his*' = his own, as in l. 31, or may in this line be = God's. Query, would it be forced to take the '*his*' as = God's, and the '*his*' of l. 31 as = devil's, the devil of him the devil, when he might be the God of the devil?

Line 43, '*calenture*.' See former note (p. 12). Here apparently a general term for the ardent fevers of the torrid zone. G.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.<sup>1</sup>

On, to what height will love of greatness drive  
 Thy learnèd spirit, *sesqui-superlative!*  
 Venice' vast lake thou' hast seen, and wouldst seek than  
 Some vaster thing, and foundst a courtizan ;  
 That inland sea having discover'd well, 5  
 A cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell

<sup>1</sup> From 1669 edition (pp. 260-3). Appeared originally in 'The Odcombian Banquet' (1611). See our Essay, on Coryat and his books. G.

From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see : and thou  
 This book, greater than all, producest now.  
 Infinite work ! which doth so far extend,  
 That none can study it to any end. 10  
 'Tis no one thing ; it is not fruit nor root,  
 Nor poorly limited with head or foot.  
 If man be therefore man, because he can  
 Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.  
 One half being made, thy modesty was such, 15  
 That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.  
 When wilt thou be at full, great lunatique ?  
 Not till thou 'exceed the world ? Canst thou be like  
 A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows  
 To be far greater than the mother-nose ? 20  
 Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,  
 Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show,  
 Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus ; appear  
 As deep a statesman as a garreteer.  
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25  
 Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.  
 Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look  
 Upon the progress of thy glorious book,  
 To which both Indies sacrifices send ;  
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30  
 Meaning to see 't no more upon the press :  
 The East sends hither her deliciousness ;  
 And thy leaves must embrace what comes from hence,  
 The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.

This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop 35  
 To neighbor wares, when merchants do unhoop  
 Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then  
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men;  
 If for vast tons of currants and of figs,  
 Of medicinal and aromatic twigs, 40  
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,  
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;  
 If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,  
 Home-manufactures to thick popular Fairs;  
 If *omni-pregnant* there, upon warm stalls 45  
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;  
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,  
 That they all kind of matter comprehend.  
 Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,  
 A Pandect mak'st and universal book. 50  
 The bravest heroes for their country's good  
 Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood;  
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,  
 Do public good, cut in anatomies:  
 So will thy book in peeces; for a lord, 55  
 Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board,  
 Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be  
 For friends to pass time, and keep company:  
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit  
 Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit. 60  
 Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;  
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.

Thou shalt not ease the criticks of next age  
 So much as once their hunger to assuage:  
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to find thee ly 65  
 All in one bottom, in one Library.  
 Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,  
 And so one may which on another looks,  
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you ;  
 But hardly much : and yet I think this true ; 70  
 As Sibil's was, your book is mystical,  
 For every peece is as much worth as all.  
 Therefore mine impotency I confess,  
 The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less ;  
 The gyant wit 'orthrows me, I am gone ; 75  
 And rather then read all, I would read none.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These commendatory verses (burlesquely), like those to Ben Jonson and others, do not belong properly to the Verse-letters. But, as stated in the introductory Note, they find an appropriate place in this division as anywhere.

Line 23, '*Gallo-Belgicus*?' a yearly, and then half-yearly, political register.

Line 24, '*Garroteer*' = garret hack, with probably a sort of punning reference to *gazetteer*.

Lines 55-6. I do not understand the allusion or allusions here. Perhaps that in ll. 55-8 refers to the custom spoken of by Harington on Playe (as quoted by Nares): 'Whear lords and great men have been disposed to play deepe play, and not having money about them, have cut cardes insteede of counters, with asseverance (on theyr honors) to pay for every peece of carde so lost a *portegue*.' The Portesene, Portaque, or Portuguese, was the great crusado of that country, worth.3*l.* 12*s.* G.



TO BEN JOHNSON.

9<sup>*o*</sup> NOVEMBERIS 1603.<sup>1</sup>

If great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe ;  
If meane, I will spare them ; I know the pelfe  
Which is yll got, the owner doth upbraid ;  
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid  
And a jurie : but 'twill revenge in this,             5  
That, though himselfe be judge, he guilty is.  
What care I though of weakness men tax me ?  
I'd rather sufferer then doer bee ;                 10  
That I did trust, it was my nature's praise,  
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.         10  
That judgment is, that surely can comprise  
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.  
What though ? though lesse, yet some of both hate we,  
Who have learn'd it by use and miserie.  
Poor I, whom everie petty crosse doth trouble,         15  
Whoe apprehend each hurt, that's done me, double.  
Am of this, though it shold sink me, careles,  
It wold but force me to a stricter goodness.  
They have great odds of mee who gaine do wynn—  
If such gayne be not losse—from everie synne.         20

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 208-9).

The standing of great men's lives wold afford  
 A pryttye some, if God wold sell His word.  
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.  
 How unlike they are that they are lik'ned to!  
 Yet I conclude they are amidst my evils: 25  
 If good, like gods,—the naught are so like devills.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: The reference to great men wronging him is repeated in lines 8 and 21-6, and the date was just at the time Sejanus had been damned, and Jonson brought before the Council for it, and accused by the Earl of Northampton of popery and treason (see more in next poem's Notes and Illustrations). But there is no certain allusion to these things, and the references to ill-got pelf, judges and juries, and breaches of word, are perplexing. Misfortunes seldom come single, and when a man is in disgrace, most people turn on him. This Letter therefore may refer to some contemporary and consequent misfortune.

Line 4. The succeeding lines, where the judge only is alluded to, make me read it not as in our ms., 'corrupt a judge and jury, and make me afraid;' but 'corrupt a judge, and make me and a jury afraid' (and therefore give an adverse verdict). I punctuate as '35.

Line 7, 'though:' our ms. misplaces it before 'men.'

„ 17, 'this:' our ms. adds 'mynd.' Of what mind? The printed text is here better—I am careless of this, *i. e.* of the wrong done by great men (l. 1), or of what is probably the same, the breach of word (l. 10). G.

## AMICISSIMO ET MERITISSIMO BENJ. JONSON.

IN VOLPONEM.<sup>1</sup>

QuoD arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,  
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris

<sup>1</sup> From 1669 edition (pp. 396-7), with misprints corrected. G.

Consulti, veteres sequi acularierque,  
 O omnes saperemus ad salutem !  
 His sed sunt veteres amicosi ;            11. 5  
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu.  
 Illos qui sequeris, novator audes,  
 Fac tamen quod agis, tuique prima  
 Libri canitie induantur hora :  
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda ;        10  
 Nascanturque senes oportet, illi  
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.  
 Præcis ingenium facit laborque  
 Te parem : hos superes, ut et futuros  
 Ex nostra vitiositate sumas,            15  
 Qua præcos superamus et futuros.

## TRANSLATION.

TO MY MOST FRIENDLY AND DESERVING  
 BENJ. JONSON.

ON HIS 'VOLPONE,' OR THE FOX.

What thou hast dared with thy poetic pen,  
 If ancient teachers of the laws of men  
 And God had dared to follow out like thee,  
 Wise to salvation all of us would be.  
 Those ancients, with what cobwebs they abound !  
 Nor is such follower of those ancients found  
 As thou, who, following, darest break new ground.

Go on and prosper, then : and let thy books  
 Put on from their first moment reverend looks :  
 No literary effort childhood brooks.  
 Old at their very birth books needs must be  
 To which thou givest immortality.  
 Genius and toil thee on a level place  
 With ancients : them excel, that the new race  
 Rise from our wickedness, in which, alas,  
 Both past and future ages we surpass.

---

DE LIBRO,

CUM MUTUARETUR IMPRESSO, DOMI A PUERIS FRUSTATIM  
 LACERATO, ET POST REDDITO MANUSCRIPTO.

DOCTISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE VIRO D.D.  
 ANDREWS.<sup>1</sup>

PARTURIUNT madido quae nixu prela recepta,  
 Sed quae scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.  
 Transiit in Sequanam Moenus, victoris in aedes,  
 Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.  
 Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,                   5  
 Si modo sit preli sanguine tinctus, abit ;  
 Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,  
 Involat et veterum serinia summa patrum.

<sup>1</sup> From 1635 ed., where it originally appeared (p. 278). G.



Dicat Apollo modum, pueros infundere libro  
 Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo : 10  
 Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos  
 Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.  
 Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, annon  
 Ipse pater juvenem me dabit arte senem ?  
 Hæi miseris senibus ! nos vertit dura senectus 15  
 Omnes in pueros, neminem at in juvenem :  
 Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antiquæ Dierum,  
 Quo viso, et vivit et juvenescit Adam.  
 Interea infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ  
 Libris et cœlorum æmula amicitia : 20  
 Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,  
 Non mihi tam charus, tam meus ante fuit.

## TRANSLATION.

TO MY VERY LEARNED FRIEND DR. ANDREWS.

CONCERNING A PRINTED BOOK, WHICH, WHEN IT WAS BOR-  
 ROWED BY HIM, WAS TORN TO PIECES AT HIS HOUSE  
 BY THE CHILDREN, AND AFTERWARDS RETURNED IN  
 MANUSCRIPT.<sup>1</sup>

Damp from the press is born the current book,  
 But manuscripts wear a more reverent look.

<sup>1</sup> This little piece sheds a welcome ray of light on a 'sweet singer,' whose verse continues almost wholly unknown in a famous folio ms. of the British Museum, wherein he occupies with Donne, Ben Jonson, and others, a large space with somewhat

To the Seine Mœnus passed, to Louis' home,  
 From thence to Frankfort, in thy hands to roam.  
 The book which, dyed with printers' ink, is thrust  
 On shelves abandoned to the moths and dust,  
 If writ with pen it reach us, is respected,  
 And straight in ancient fathers' chests protected.  
 Apollo must explain how boys can pour  
 On a new book long years and aspect hoar.  
 No wonder that a doctor's sons we see  
 Able to give new book new destiny.  
 If boys make old the recent, their sire's art  
 To me an old man may new youth impart.  
 Ah, poor old men ! harsh age turns us, forsooth,  
 To second childhood all, ne'er one to youth.  
 'Tis Thy prerogative, Ancient of Days,  
 With life and youth to crown who on Thee gaze.  
 The weariness of this frail life meanwhile  
 With books and love heaven-during we beguile;  
 Mid which that little book thou dost restore  
 Ne'er was so dear, so much my own, before.

---

notable poems (Harl. 4955). The name 'Mœnus' (l. 3) appears to be the name of, or to indicate, the book which was torn while at Dr. Andrews' house, but which was also carried with him to Paris and Frankfort while being copied in ms. No doubt Louis XIV. is the conqueror alluded to. G.



SAPPHO TO PHILENIS.<sup>1</sup>

WHERE is that holy fire which Verse is saide  
To have? is that enchantinge force decay'd!  
Verse, that drawes Nature's works to Nature's lawe,  
Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannott drawe,  
Have my teares quench'd my old poetique fire,           5  
Why quench'd they not aswell that of desire?  
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,  
But I, their maker, want their libertie:  
Only thine image in my hart doth sitt;  
But that is waxe, and fires environ it.           10  
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,  
And I am robb'd of picture, hart, and sence.  
Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,  
Which both to keepe and loose greeves equally,  
That tells mee how faire thou art; thou art so faire,   15  
As gods—when gods to thee I doe compare—  
Are grac'd thereby: and to make blinde men see  
What things gods are, I say they 'are like to thee,  
For if wee justly call each silly man           19  
A little world, what shall wee call thee than?       then

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 1635 edition opp. 205-7. G.

Thou art not soft, and cleare, and straight, and faire,  
 As downe, as starrs, cadars and lilies are ;  
 But thy right hand, and cheeke, and eye only  
 Are like thy other hand, and cheeke, and eye.  
 Such was my Phao 'awhile, but shalbe never 25  
 As thou wast, art, and, oh, maist thou bee ever !  
 Heere lovers sweare, in their idolatry,  
 That I am such ; but greef' discollers mee :  
 And yet I greeve the less, lest greefe remoove  
 My beauty, and make mee 'unworthy of thy love. 30  
 Playes some soft boy with thee ? oh, there wants yet  
 A mutuall feelinge, which should sweeten it.  
 His chin a thorny hairy 'unevenesse  
 Doth threaten, and some dayly change possess.  
 Thy body is a natural paradise, 35  
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,  
 Nor needs perfection ; why should'st thou than then  
 Admitt the tillage of a harsh rough man ?  
 Men leave behinde them that which their sinn shows,  
 And are as theeves trac'd, which robb when it snowes ;  
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are 41  
 Than fishes leave in streames, or birds in ayre.  
 And betweene us all sweetnes maye be had,  
 All, all that Nature yealds, or Art can add.  
 My two lipps, eyes, thighes differ from thy two, 45  
 But so as thine from one another doe :  
 And, oh, no more ; the likeness beinge such,  
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch ?

Hand to strange hand, lipp to lipp none denies ;  
 Why should they breast to breast or thighs to thighs ?  
 Likenes begetts such strange selfe-flatterie,                    51  
 That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee.  
 My selfe I 'embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,  
 And amorously thank my selfe for this.  
 Mee in my glasse I call thee ; but, alasse,                    55  
 When I would kisse, teares dim mine eyes and glasse.  
 O, cure this lovinge madness, and restore  
 Mee to mee, thee my halfe, my all, my more.  
 So may thy cheekes' red outweare scarlet dye,  
 And their white, whiteness of the Galaxy ;                    60  
 So may thy mightie, amazinge beautie move  
 Envie in all woemen, and in all men love ;  
 And so be change and sicknes farr from thee,  
 As thou by cominge near keep'st them from mee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 3, 'to:' printed text 'from:' either gives the same sense—in accordance with.

Line 37, '*Nor needs perfection:*' expressing, as in last line of each stanza of the Epithalamium made at Lincoln's Inne, that each sex found its complement in its union with the other.

Line 44. Our ms. misinserts 'all' before 'Nature:' for 'Nature' is here nature as existing in Sappho and Philenis, or rather human nature; whereas 'all Nature' seems ambiguously to refer to the whole of creation. G.



II.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

NOTE.

As distinguishing them from the Elegies proper, the word 'Funeral' has been chosen to designate this portion of the Poems, all more or less directly celebrating the dead. Again in relative 'Notes and Illustrations' biographical details &c. are furnished. G.





## AN ELEGIE

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE  
PRINCE HENRY.<sup>1</sup>

Look to me, Faith, and look to my Faith, God ;  
For both my centers feel this period.  
Of waight one center, one of greatness is ;  
And Reason is that center, Faith is this ;  
For into 'our Reason flow, and there do end       5  
All that this natural world doth comprehend ;  
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,  
Shut in, for man, in one circumference ;  
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are  
So disproportioned and so angulare,               10  
As is God's Essence, place, and providence,  
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence,  
These things, eccentrique else, on Faith do strike ;  
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.  
For Reason, put to 'her best extension,           15  
Almost meets Faith, and makes both centers one ;  
And nothing ever came so near to this  
As contemplation of that Prince we miss.

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 239-42). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 251-4). G.

For all, that Faith might credit mankind could,  
 Reason still seconded, that this Princee would.      20  
 If then least moving of the center make  
 More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,  
 What must this do, centers distracted so,  
 That we see not what to believe or know ?  
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,      25  
 Whose reputation was an ecstasie  
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,  
 Till he discover'd what ways he would take ;  
 For whom, what princes angled, when they try'd,  
 Met a torpedo and were stupefi'd ;      30  
 And others' studied how he would be bent ;  
 Was his great father's greatest instrument,  
 And activ'st spirit, to convey and ty  
 This soul of peace to Christianity,—  
 Was it not well believ'd, that he would make      35  
 This general peace th' eternal overtake,  
 And that his times might have stretcht out so far,  
 As to touch those, of which they emblemes are ?  
 For to confirm this just belief, that now  
 The last daies came, we saw heaven did allow      40  
 That, but from his aspéct and exercise,  
 In peaceful times rumours of warrs should rise.  
 But now this faith is heresie : we must  
 Still stay, and vex our great grandmother, Dust.  
 Oh, is God prodigal ? hath He spent His store      45  
 Of plagues on us : and only now, when more

Would ease us much, doth He grudg misery,  
And will not let's enjoy our curse, to dy ?  
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,  
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall ; 50  
So God, in our desire to dy, doth know  
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so ;  
Therefore we live, though such a life we have  
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.  
What had his growth and generation done, 55  
When, what we are, his putrefaction  
Sustains in us,—earth, which griefs animate ?  
Nor hath our world now other soul than that.  
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,  
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire— 60  
With grief to see him—he had staid below,  
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.  
Is th' other center, Reason, faster, then ?  
Where should we look for that, now we 'are not men ?  
For if our Reason be our connexion 65  
Of causes, now to us there can be none.  
For, as if all the substances were spent,  
'Twere madness to inquire of accident,  
So is it to look for Reason, he being gone,  
The only subject Reason wrought upon. 70  
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links  
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,  
When miracle doth come, and so steal in  
A new link, man knows not where to begin ;

At a much deader fault must Reason be, 75  
 Death having broke off such a link as he.  
 But now, for us with busy proof to come,  
 That we have no Reason, would prove we had some ;  
 So would just lamentations : therefore we  
 May safelier say that we are dead, than he. 80  
 So, if our griefs we do not well declare,  
 We 'have double excuse ; he's not dead, we are.  
 Yet would not I die yet ; for though I be  
 Too narrow to think him as he is he,—  
 Our soul's best baiting and mid-period 85  
 In her long journey of considering God,—  
 Yet, no dishonour, I can reach him thus,  
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.  
 Oh may I, since I live, but see or hear  
 That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphear, 90  
 I pardon Fate my life ; who ere thou be,  
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she :  
 I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,  
 By th' oaths which only you two never broke,  
 By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see 95  
 These lines, you wish I knew your history ;  
 So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,  
 I were an angel, singing what you were.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, '*equidistant* : ' probably those not quotidian but most distant around the circumference of the sphere of this natural world.

Line 19, '*could*' = could [do].

„ 26, '*ecstasie*' = whose reputation caused a rapt fit or rapture in those who considered it.

Line 29, '*what*' = whatsoever, those who.

„ 31. Lines 26-34, all, as shown by the repetition of the words of line 25 in line 35, are parenthetically descriptive, and consist of at least three main clauses, beginning 'Whose,' line 26, 'For whom,' line 29, and 'Was,' elliptical for [Who, was, in line 32, the 'who' requiring to be taken out of the previous 'whom.' But I can make nothing either of 'others studies' of our text ('69) or the modern 'others' studies;'] and believing that 'others' is a miscomposing caused by the s of 'others studies' for 'studied'—some princes angled for him, others (= other princes) studied how he would be bent, *i. e.* what his natural bents were, that they might learn how with best success to manage him—I have ventured so to print, in spite of the early editions.

Line 41, '*aspèct and exercise*:' alluding to his martial tendencies, and dexterity in and liking for all martial exercises, which in truth hardly betokened him a peaceful follower of his peace-loving father.

Line 54, '*mandrakes*:' see note, *s. v.* in vol. i.

„ 68, '*inquire of*:' not in sense 'inquire of (off or from) God,' but inquire concerning or regarding; if no substantiae, there could be no 'accidentals.'

Line 82, '*we are*:' our text ('69) properly removes 'and' of '35 before 'we.'

Line 92, '*conscience*:' = consciousness, as elsewhere in Donne and contemporaries.

Line 93, '*charms*:' a prettily-chosen word, if it be remembered that 'charm' was used then (and by Milton) for the carmen or sweet notes of singing-birds, as well as for the words of Love's incantations.

Lines 97-8. Let it be your wish, says Donne, to acquaint me with the history of your loves; so to acquaint me that I may sing them also, and as you were two heavens here, so sing them as would an angel. The lady was Mrs. Elizabeth Drury of Donne's 'Anatomie' (vol. i.).

Note in regard to this Elegy the statement made by Ben Jonson to Drummond, that Donne said he wrote it to match Sir Edward Herbert in obscurity. I confess I find nothing unusually obscure, and some of Donne's other poems are far more

difficult. Prince Henry's premature death was lamented by all the foremost poets of the period: Hazlitt (*Handbook, s.n.*) records the Collections. See also our edition of the Poems of Christopher Brooke in *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library* (vol. iv.) for his noticeable Elegy. He died 1612. G.

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### OBSEQUIES

OF Y<sup>r</sup> LORD HARRINGTON, BROTHER TO Y<sup>r</sup> COUNTESS OF  
BEDFORD.<sup>1</sup>

FAIRE sowle, which wast not onlie as all sowles bee,  
Then when thou wast infused, harmonie,  
But did'st contynue soe, and now dost beare  
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphære ;  
If looking up to God, or downe to us,                   5  
Thou fynd that any waie is pervyous  
'Twixt heaven and earth, and that men's actions doe  
Come to your knowledge and affections too,  
See, and with joye, me to that good degree  
Of goodnes growne, that I can studie thee,                   10  
And by these meditations refynde  
Can unapparrell and enlarge my mynd,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before; but the heading as in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 139-148), where it is blunderingly headed 'Obsequies to the Lord Harrington's Brother;' and so it has gone on. See Notes and Illustrations for a little Letter sent to the Countess of Bedford, on her brother's death, with this poem. G.

And soe can make by this soft ecstasie  
 This place a mapp of heav'n, myselfe of thee.  
 Thou seest me here at midnight ; now all rest, 15  
 Time's dead low-water ; when all mynds devest  
 To-morrow's busynes ; when the labourers haue  
 Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard graue,  
 Subject to change, will scarce be 'a tipe of this.  
 Now when the clyent, whose last hearinge is 20  
 To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemn'd man—  
 Who when he opes his eyes must shut them than then  
 Again by death—although sad watch he keepe,  
 Doth practize dying by a lyttle sleepe ;  
 Thou at this mydnight seest me, and as soone 25  
 As that sun rysets to mee, mydnight's noone ;  
 All the world growes transparent, and I see  
 Through all, both State and Church in seeing thee ;  
 And I discerne by favour of this light  
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30  
 God is the glasse ; as thou, when thou dost see  
 Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,  
 Soe, yet unglorified, I comprehend  
 All, in these myrrors of thy waies and end. 34  
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see  
 All, since the becinge of all things is Hee,  
 Yet are the truncks, which do to us deryve  
 Things in proportyon fitt by perspective,  
 Deeds of good men ; for by their being heere,  
 Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be neere. 40

But where can I affirme or where arrest  
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?  
 For fluent virtue cannot be lookt on,  
 Nor can indure a contemplacioun.  
 As bodies chaunge, and as I do not weare 45  
 Those spirits, humors, blood, I did last yeare;  
 And as, if on a streame I fix myne eye,  
 That dropp which I lookt on, is presently  
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone;  
 Soe in this sea of virtues, can not one 50  
 Be 'insysted on; virtues, as rivers, passe,  
 Yet still remaines that virtuous man there was.  
 And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and soe  
 Part of his body to another owe,  
 Yet at the last two perfect bodyes rise, 55  
 Because God knowes where every atome lyes;  
 Soe, if one knowledge were made of all those,  
 Who knew his mynutes well, he might dispose  
 His virtues into names and rancks; but I  
 Shold iniure Nature, Virtue, and Destinie, 60  
 Shold I deuide and discontynue soe  
 Virtue, which did in one intireness growe.  
 For as hee that shold say, spirits are framde  
 Of all the purest parts that can be namde,  
 Honors not spyrits halfe so much as hee 65  
 Who says they haue no parts, but symple bee,  
 So is 'it of virtue; for a poynt and one  
 Are much intyrer then a myllyon. than



And had Fate meant to 'haue had his virtues told,  
 It would haue let him live to haue been old. 70  
 Soe then that virtue in season, and then this  
 We might haue seen, and said that now he is  
 Wyttie, now wise, now temperate, now just.  
 In good short liues, virtues are faine to thrust,  
 And—to be sure betymes to get a place 75  
 When they wold exercise—lack roome and space;  
 Soe was it in this person, forcet to bee,  
 For lacke of tyme, his own epitome,  
 Soe to exhibitt in few years as much  
 As all the long-breathd Chroniclers can touch. 80  
 As when an angell downe from heaven doth flye,  
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company ;  
 Wee cannot think, now he is at the sunne,  
 Now through the moone, now through the aire doth runn,  
 Yet when hee's come, we know he did repaire 85  
 To all 'twixt heav'ne and earth, sunn, moone, and aire ;  
 And as this angell in an instant knowes,  
 And yet we know this suddaine knowledg growes  
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,  
 Which he successively to order brings, 90  
 When they, whose slow-pacede lame thoughts cannot goe  
 So fast as hee, think that he doth not soe :  
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell  
 On every sillable, nor stay to spell,  
 Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see 95  
 And lay together every A and B,

So 'in short-lyved good men is not understood  
 Each severall virtue, but the compound good ;  
 For they all Virtue's paths in that pace tread,  
 As angels goe and know, and as men read. 100  
 Oh, why shold then these men, these lumps of balme,  
 Sent hither this world's tempest to becalme,  
 Before by deeds they are diffused and spread,  
 And soe make us alive, themselves be dead?  
 O sowle ! O circle ! why so quickly bee 105  
 Thy ends, thy byrth and death, close up in thee?  
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was placed  
 In heaven, the other might securely 'have paced  
 In the most large extent, through every path 109  
 Which the whole world, or man, the 'abridgment, hath.  
 Thou know'st that though the tropique circles haue,  
 Yea and those small ones, which the poles engraue,  
 All the same rowndnes, evennes, and all  
 The endlessness of the 'Equinoctiall ;  
 Yet when we come to measure destences, 115  
 How heere, how there, the sunn affected is,  
 When he doth fayntly work, and when prevayle,  
 Only great circles then can bee our scale ;  
 Soe, though thy circle to thy self expresse  
 All tending to thy endles happynes, 120  
 And we, by our good use of yt, may trye  
 Both how to live well, younge, and how to dye,  
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures  
 His torrid zone at Court, and calentures

Of hott Ambytion, Irreligion's ice, 125  
 Zeal's agues, and hydroptique avarice—  
 Infirmities which need the scale of Truth,  
 As well as lust and ignorance of yowth.  
 Why didst not thou for these give medieyne too,  
 And by thy doinge tell us what to doe? 130  
 Though, as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel  
 Doth each mis-motion and distemper feele,  
 Whose hands gett shaking palsies, and whose string,  
 His synewes slackens, and whose sowle, the spring,  
 Expires or languishes, whose pulse, the flee, 135  
 Either beats not or beats unevenly,  
 Whose voyce, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumbe  
 Or idle, as men which to their last howres come ;  
 If these clocks be not wound or be wound still,  
 Or be not set, or sett at every will ; 140  
 So yowth is easiest to destructyon,  
 If then we follow all, or follow none.  
 Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chyme,  
 Placed to informe whole towns to 'mploy their time.  
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145  
 When small clocks' faults only 'on the wearer fall,  
 So worke the faults of age, on which the eye  
 Of children, servants, or the State rely ;  
 Why wold'st not thou then, which hadst such a sowle,  
 A ckecke so true as might the sun controle. 150  
 And daylie hadst from Him who gave it thee  
 Instructyons, such as it cold never bee

Disordered. stay here, as a generall  
 And great sunn-dyall, to haue set us all ?  
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155  
 To this unnaturall course ? or why consent  
 To this, not myracle, but prodigie,  
 That when the ebbs longer then flowings bee, than  
 Virtue, whose flood did with thy yowth begin,  
 Should so much faster ebb out then flowe in ? than 160  
 Though her flood were blowne in by thy first breath,  
 All is at once suncke in the whirlepoole, death ;  
 Which word I wold not name, but that I see  
 Death, els a desart, grown a court by thee.  
 Now I am sure that if a man wold haue 165  
 Good companie, his entrie is a grave.  
 Meethinks all cytties now but ant-hills bee,  
 Where when the severall labourers I see  
 For chyldren, howse, provision, takinge paine,  
 They 'are all but ants carying eggs, straw, or graine : 170  
 And churchyards are our cytties, unto which  
 The most repaire, that are in goodnes rich ;  
 There is the best concourse and confluence,  
 There are the holy suburbes, and from thence  
 Begins God's cytty, New Jerusalem, 175  
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them :  
 At that gate ther, tryumphant sowle, dost thou  
 Begyn thy tryumph. But since lawes allow  
 That all the tryumph-day the people may  
 All that they will, 'gainst the tryumph say, 180

Let me here use that freedom, and expresse  
 My griefe, though not to make thy tryumphs lesse.  
 By lawe to tryumph none admytted bee  
 Till they, as magistrates, get victory ;  
 Then though to thy force all yowth's foes did yeild, 185  
 Yet till fitt time had brought thee to that field,  
 To which thy rancke in this State destynde thee,  
 That there thy counseles might get victorie,  
 And soe in that capacity remove  
 All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects' loue, 190  
 Thou coul'st no tittle to this tryumph haue,  
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.  
 Then, though victoriously, thou 'hadst fought as yet  
 But with thine owne affectyons, with the heate  
 Of yowth's desires and colde of ignorance, 195  
 But till thou shouldst successfully advance  
 Thine armes 'gainst foraigne enemies, which are  
 Both envie and acclamacions popular—  
 For both these engines equally defecate,  
 Though by a dyvers myne, those y<sup>t</sup> are great ; 200  
 Till then thy warr was but a civill warr,  
 For which to tryumph none admytted are ;  
 No more are they who, though with good successe,  
 In a defensive warr their power expresse.  
 Before men tryumph, the dominyon 205  
 Must be enlarged, and not preserved alone ;  
 Why should'st thou then, whose battels were to wyu  
 Thy selfe from those straights Nature put thee in,

And to deliver upp to God that state,  
 Of which He gave thee the vicariate, 210  
 Which is thy sowle and body, as entyre  
 As he who takes indentures, doth requyre,  
 But didst not stay, to 'enlarge His kingdome too,  
 By makinge others, what thou didst, to doe ; 214  
 Why shold'st thou tryumph now, when heav'n no more  
 Hath gott, by getting thee, then 'it had before ? than  
 For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,  
 Of one another in possession were.  
 But this from tryumph most disables thee,  
 That that place which is conquer'd must be 220  
 Left safe from present warr, and likely doubt  
 Of imminent commotions to breake out ;  
 And hath he left us soe ? or can it bee  
 His teritorie was noe more but hee ?  
 No, we were all his charge ; the dyocese 225  
 Of every 'exemplar man, the whole world is ;  
 And he was joyn'd in commission  
 With tutular angeles, sent to every one.  
 But though this freedom to upbraide and chyde  
 Him who tryumph'd, were lawfull, it was tyde 230  
 With this, that it might never reflectyon have  
 Unto the senate who the triumph gave ;  
 Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not  
 At that authority by which he gott  
 Leave to tryumph, before by age he might ; 235  
 So though, tryumphant sowle, I dare to wright, write

Mov'de with a reverentiall anger, thus,  
 That thou soe early would'st abandon us,  
 Yet am I farr from daring to dispute  
 With that great soveraignty, whose absolute 240  
 Prerogative hath thus dispenc'd with thee  
 'Gainst Nature's lawes, which just impugners bee  
 Of early tryumphs: and I, though with paine,  
 Lessen our losse, to magnify thy gaine  
 Of tryumph, when I say it was more fytt 245  
 That all men shold lack thee than thou lacke it.  
 Though then in our tymes be not sufferèd  
 That testymony of love unto the dead,  
 To dye with them and in their graves be hydd,  
 As Saxon wives and French Soldarii did; 250  
 And though in noe degree I can expresse  
 Griefe in great Alexander's great excesse,  
 Who at his friend's death made whole townes divest  
 Their walls and bulwarks that became them best;  
 Doe not, fayre soul, this sacrificize refuse, 255  
 That in thy grave I doe inter my Muse,  
 Which by my greife, great as thy worth, being cast  
 Behyndhand, yet hath spokt, and spokt her last.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following letter is prefixed to the poem in 4to of 1633 (p. 139):

*'To the Countess of Bedford.*

'Madam,—I have learnt by those lawes in web I am little conversant, that he which bestowes any cost vpon the dead,

obliges him which is dead, but not the heir; I doe not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke me for yt, or thinke that I thanke you in yt; your favour and benefites to mee are soe much aboute my merrits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to bee judged by words, which must expresse yt. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune beinge yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours; so his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece; in which quality I humbly present yt, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth your Ladyship's most humble and thankfull servant, J[OHN] D[ONNE].'

In our MS. there are certain lines deleted in this Letter, which I have restored from 1633. The copyist's eye had slipped down to the second phrase, 'the evidences concerning . . . belong to you,' and so omitted from the first 'also' down to 'yours'—a portion absolutely necessary to the sense. Her brother's fortune came to her by law, and so therefore did the documentary evidence of right of possession. Donne could not give them any more than the fortune, but he says—in like manner as his virtues are yours, so the evidences should be yours, which therefore I give you. The words 'little conversant' in the commencement remind us that Donne once studied Law.

See former note on Countess of Bedford (pages 30-1).

John Lord Harrington of Exton, the subject of these 'Obsequies,' was eldest son of Lord and Lady Harrington, to whose care and tuition King James committed the education of his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards the unfortunate 'Queen of Bohemia.' The young Lord Harrington was the intimate friend of Henry Prince of Wales; both of them 'bright examples, in the great world, of early piety, usefull knowledge, and unaffected manners.' Being well grounded in religion and learning at home, his noble father sent him to travel abroad, in France and Italy, attended by his tutor, 'Master Tovey, a grave and learned religious man, formerly head-master of the Free School at Coventry.' But 'how dangerous a thing it is for religious gentlemen to travel into these Popish countries may appear by the example of this nobleman and his tutor, whose sound religion and heavenly zeal for the truth being taken notice of by the Jesuits, they took an opportunity to administer a slow-working poison



to them, that, seeing they had no hopes of corrupting their minds, they might destroy their bodies, and bring them to their graves.' Of this poison, Mr. Tovey, being aged, and so less able to encounter with the strength of it, died presently after his return into England; but the Lord Harrington, being of strong and able body and in the prime of his age, bore it better, and conflicted with it longer: yet the violence of it appeared in his face presently after his return. He died at Kew in 1613. (*Nagge Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 114.) See also our edition of TONSHILL, in Nichols' Puritan Commentaries, for notices of that famous Divine's funeral-sermon on Lord Harrington.

There are several errors in our MS.: l. 9, 'see and with joy' = joyfully see, is miswritten '*wish* joy;' so l. 11, 'affirm?' for 'affirm.' is connected with 'deeds;' so l. 57, 'ones' for 'one'—a clear case of error from the belief of the transcriber that he understood the sentence. The antecedent to 'who' is not 'one's,' but [he] Who might dispose, standing for 'he' who might dispose; so l. 89, 'amazing' for 'amassing,' which agrees with the context, and is required by the sense; so l. 99, 'are' for 'all,' and l. 124, 'This' for 'His,' *i. e.* age's; and l. 129, 'flesh'—a curious error for 'these,' since, as he had given medicine for flesh in youth, the use of the word here is less than meaningless. So too l. 138, 'honre's' for 'howres' = men who come to their last hours, and l. 152, 'yet' for 'it' (*y<sup>t</sup>*); for it is not the instructions that might not be disordered, but he the clock; and l. 158, 'where' for 'when,' *i. e.* when in nature or in the ordinary course of nature; and l. 243, 'though I' for 'I though'—the latter required by sense and construction, the other being an accidental transposition. I have accepted the corrections of the MS. from the early printed texts, as before.

There are other variations (though some of these may also be errors) which, taken together, show that the MS. was from an earlier copy: *e. g.* l. 11, 'those' MS., 'these' '33, the nearer pronoun being the stronger; l. 34, 'waic' MS., 'waics' '33, where the plural is the better; l. 35, 'be trulle our glass' MS., 'be our true glass' '33, where the MS. reading is prosaic as well as less expressive; l. 43, 'fluent' MS., 'fluid' '33, here 'fluent' is perhaps ambiguous, though the better word—as the original word often is, when properly understood—I retain it; l. 80, 'Chronicles' MS., 'Chroniclors' '33, the personal form agreeing best with 'long-breath'd;' l. 97, 'goodness' MS., 'good men' '33, 'men' is more distinct, and 'goodness' does not fit in so well

with 'several virtue' and 'compound good;' l. 99, the whole of the previous context shows that 'pace' is the proper word, and I can hardly believe that 'way' of the ms. was ever the Author's word, but rather the error of a corrector, who took 'pace' for 'path;' l. 116, 'where' ms., 'when' '33 (*bis*, where 'but' repeats the previous line, 'When' refers to the seasons, as dependent on the 'here' and 'there' of the sun's position; l. 130, 'set' ms., 'tell' '33, the simile has yet to come, and finishes with the same word 'set,' l. 154, 'tell' therefore avoids the repetition; l. 133, 'hand' ms., 'hands' '33; l. 168, 'do see' ms., 'see' '33, 'do' is useless to sense, and though with it the line can be scanned, it is injurious to the rhythm; l. 172, 'who' ms., 'that' '33, 'who' is here ambiguous, and less rhythmical; l. 183, 'triumph' ms., 'trumphs' '33, the plural agrees better with 'they,' &c. l. 173; l. 194, 'thy own' ms., 'thine own' '33, the latter the more euphonic form; l. 196, 'successively' ms., 'successfully' '33, not the advancing one's arms against an enemy, but the successfully doing so, was necessary; l. 220, 'must be free' ms., 'must be' '33, 'free' is quite unnecessary to the sense as expressed in next line, and therefore injurious, indeed as applied to a conquered and not a freed territory it is bad, I read therefore 'conquer'd . . . be;' l. 229, 'thy' ms., 'this' '33, Donne has just been addressing the dead as 'thou,' and the reader has never been addressed, hence 'this' seems preferable. So in several lesser variations, as l. 63, 'should;' l. 129, 'didst;' and 'flee' in l. 135 is a better spelling than 'fly,' the rhyme being 'unevenly.' I have given these details (while correcting by the printed text), as a proof that Donne most carefully and minutely worked on his Verse. Our ms. is to be specially preferred in l. 155, 'any' for 'can;' and 'cold' for 'colds,' l. 195.

Line 2, '*harmony*:' cf. *Anatomic of the World*, II. 311-12, and note on it, vol. i. p. 135.

Line 12, '*unapparell*'=divest it of body, and be pure as before and as Adam in his innocence.

Line 15=the deeds of good men are the trunks and tubes, &c. . . . perspective.

Line 67, '*point and one*:' not a point+one, but a point as having no parts, or one as not divisible into integers.

Line 75=they lack time and space to be sure of gaining a space for exercise, and therefore thrust forward.

Line 131, '*mismotion*.' This readiness to feel 'mismotion'

will in part explain the time spent by fashionable gallants in comparing watches and times. '*Petruchio*: How, ne'er a watch? O, monstrous! How do you consume your hours? Ne'er a watch! 'Tis the greatest solecism in society that e'er I heard of; ne'er a watch! . . . You have not a gentleman that's a true gentleman without one: 'tis the main appendix to a plush lining; besides, it helps much to discourse; for while others confer notes together, we confer our watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it' (*Marmion's Antiquary*, act i. sc. i., 1641).

Line 135, '*flee*:' the 'fly' as now known is that winged portion of the striking apparatus of a clock which regulates the slowness or quickness of the strokes. In a non-striking clock or watch there is no 'fly.' I know not whether the 'balance,' which may in some sort be likened to a 'fly-wheel,' was ever so called, but it is not known by that name in the present day. 'Beats' in context is= causes the hammer to beat.

Lines 215-17, '*heaven*:' Donne's friend Walton said finely of Dr. Richard Sibbes in like manner:

Of this best man let this just praise be given,  
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.

(Memoir of Sibbes, in our edition of his Works (7 vols. 8vo), vol. i. p. xx.)

Line 223: another of those changes, for a time, from the second to the third person. See vol. i., and our MARVELL, vol. i. on Blake's Victory.

Lines 237-8, '*thus*:' placed so for the rhyme. Donne does not write thus, viz. that thou &c., but is moved with reverential anger that thou so early would 'thus' abandon us. In other instances and for the same reason he changes the usual position of 'so.'

Line 250, '*Saxon wares* . . . *Soldarii*:' the former a commonplace in (mythical) Saxon history; the latter, '*Soldarii*,' is a misspelling for '*soldarii*.' It suggests the 'soldiers' who took the *solidata*, which was 'stipendium unius solidi quod datur militi.' See Ducange *s. v.*, who gives for our word '*Soldarii*;' but the proper form is *Siloduri* or *Siloduni*, as is plain from Athenæus (*Deip. lib. vi. c. 54* ed. Schweigh., Argen. 1802, tom. ii. p. 455). Cf. also Caesar, *B. G. iii. 22*.

Line 252, '*great Alexander*:' viz. on Hephestion's death, Plutarch, *Alex. c. 72*; *Ælian*, *Var. Hist. l. vii. c. 8*. Old North

thus quaintly tells of the 'great excess:' 'Alexander unwisely took the chance of his [Hephestion's] death, and comanded all the heares of his horse and mules to be presently shorn, in token of mourning, and that al the battlements of the wals of cities should also be overthrown, and hong vp pore Glaucus his Phisitian vpon a crosse, and comanded that no minstrel should be heard play of any kind of instrument within his campe.' [Hephestion was then declared by the Oracle to be a demigod.] 'In the end, to passe over his mourning and sorrow, he went vnto the warres, as vnto a hunting of men, and there subdued the people of the Cossacians, whom he pluck'd vp by the rootes, and slae man, woman, and childe. And this was called the sacrifice of Hephestion's funeralls.'

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AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE  
LADIE MARCKHAM.<sup>1</sup>

MAN is the world, and death the ocean  
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.  
 This sea environs all, and though as yet  
 God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,  
 Yet doth it roare and gnawe, and still pretend,     5  
 And breaks our banks, whenere it takes a freind:  
 Then our land-waters (teares of passion) vent;  
 Our waters, then above our firmament—  
 Teares, which our soule doth for her sinn lett fall—  
 Take all a brackish tast, and funerall;     10  
 And eu'n those teares, which should wash sin, are sin.  
 Wee, after God's Noah, drowne our world againe.

<sup>1</sup> From Add. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 66-8). See Notes and Illustrations on Lady Markham. G.

Nothinge but man, of all envenom'd things,  
 Doth work uppon it selfe with inborne stings.  
 Teares are false spectacles ; wee cannot see 15  
 Through passion's mist, what wee are, or what shee.  
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach ;  
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,  
 And leaves embroider'd works uppon the sand,  
 So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand, 20  
 As men of China, 'after an age's stave,  
 Do take up porcelane, where they buried claye,  
 So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines  
 The diamonds, rubies, sapphiers, pearles, and mines  
 Of which this flesh was) her soule shall inspire 25  
 Flesh of such stuff, as God, when His last fire  
 Annulls this world, to recompence it, shall  
 Make and name then th' elixar of this all.  
 They saye the sea, when th' earth it gaires, looseth too ;  
 If carnall Death, the yonger brother, doe 30  
 Usurpe the body, 'our soule, which subject is  
 To th' elder Death by sinn, is freed by this ;  
 They perish both, when they attempt the iust ;  
 For graves our trophées are, and both Deaths' dust.  
 Soe unobnoxious now, shee 'hath buried both ; 35  
 For none to death sinnes, which to sin is loath,  
 Nor doe they die, which are not loth to dye ;  
 So she hath this and that virginittie.  
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,  
 That kept her from sin, yet made her repent. 40

Of what small spotts pure white complains ! Alasse,  
 How little poyson cracks a cristall glasse !  
 She sinn'd but iust enough to let us see  
 That God's word must be true—all sinners be.  
 So much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45  
 That extreame truth lack'd little of a lie,  
 Making omissions acts, layinge the tuteh  
 Of sinn on things, that sometyme may be such.  
 As Moses' cherubins, whose natures doe  
 Surpasse all speede, by him are winged too, 50  
 So would her soule, already 'in heaven, sceme then  
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.  
 How fitt she was for God, I am content  
 To speake, that Death his vayn haste maye repent :  
 How fit for us, how even and how sweete, 55  
 How good in all her titles, and how meete  
 To have reform'd this forward heresy  
 That woemen can noe parts of freindship bee ;  
 How morall, how divine, shall not be tould,  
 Lest they that heare her vertues thinke her olde ; 60  
 And lest wee take Deathe's part, and make him gladd  
 Of such a prey, and to his triumphs add.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 22 our *ms.* has 'purslane' (which is the name of a garden plant), but probably a mere misspelling for 'porcelaine,' or 'porc'laine;' in l. 29 our *ms.* inserts 'th' earth it,' making an Alexandrine, and so showing probably an earlier copy. So does 'breaks' in l. 42 for 'cracks,' which runs better with 'crystal.' Again, in l. 36, the singular of '33 after 'none' is more

correct; and 'natures,' l. 19, expresses each one's individual nature better than the singular. Hence too the printed text variations in ll. 5, 6, and 12 may be considered the later though the less rhythmical, but 'God's Noah' (l. 12) is quaint and Donne-like. In '69 ll. 5-6 read

Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend  
To break our bank, &c.

and l. 12 'We, after God, need drown our world again.' Our ms., l. 28, gives the true word 'then' for the erroneous 'them' of the printed texts.

Line 5, '*pretend*' = stretch forward, as elsewhere in Donne and contemporaries.

Line 14, '*inborn stings*;' Donne is probably correct, but he forgot the story that a scorpion environed with fire stings itself to death.

Line 22, '*porcelain*;' see note in our MARVELL, *s. v.*

„ 23, '*linbeck*;' see former note in vol. i. *s. r.*

„ 34, '*both Deaths' dust*' = the dust of both deaths.

„ 38 = the virginity of the flesh and the virginity of those uncontaminated by sin.

On Lady Markham I avail myself of Dyce's note in his Beaumont and Fletcher (vol. i. pp. xxx.-i.), as follows: 'She was Bridget, daughter of Sir James Harington, Bart. (a younger brother of John Lord Harington, father of Lucy Countess of Bedford); and she was the wife of Sir Anthony Markham, Knight, of Sedgebrook, in Nottinghamshire.' She died 4th May 1609. Francis Beaumont celebrated her in an Elegy (Works, vol. xi. 503). See Dyce's farther notes, i. pp. xxx.-i. G.

### ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.<sup>1</sup>

DEATH, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,  
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 258-9). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 272-73). See our Essay for critical remarks on this group of Poems. G.

The executioner of wrath thou art,  
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.  
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grief denounces;     5  
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.  
 From out the crystal palace of her brest  
 The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest—  
 Not by the thundering voice wherewith God threats,  
 But as with crown'd saints in heaven He treats—     10  
 And, waited on by angels, home was brought,  
 To joy that—it through many dangers sought—  
 The key of merey gently did unlock  
 The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.  
     Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,     15  
 Because to mortal eyes it did decay;  
 A better witness than thou art assures  
 That, though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;  
 No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,  
 When her best soul inhabits it again.     20  
 Go, then, to people curst before they were,  
 Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.  
 Glory not thou thy self in these hot tears,  
 Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:  
 The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,     25  
 Which wills our souls in these streams washt should be;  
 And on our hearts, her memorie's best tomb,  
 In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.  
 Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine  
 Through flesh's misty vail those beams divine;     30



Deaf were the eares not charn'd with that sweet sound  
 Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound ;  
 Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt  
 At what in her last act it saw and felt. 34

Weep not, nor grudg then, to have lost her sight,  
 Taught thus, our after-staye's but a short night :  
 But by all souls, not by corruption choaked,  
 Let in high-raised notes that power be 'invoked ;  
 Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,  
 From sorrows here to a 'kingdom ever blest. 40  
 And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,  
*The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.*

## NOTE.

Line 12, '*sought.*' Many instances are to be found in our old writers where some form of the substantive verb has to be supplied to the participle in -ed. Here '*sought*' requires '*being.*' G.

ELEGIE ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.<sup>1</sup>

DEATH, I recant, and say, Unsaid by mee  
 Whate're hath slipt, that might dynimish thee :  
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis to say,  
 That any can thy summons disobay.  
 Th' earth's face is but thy table ; there are sett 5  
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.

<sup>1</sup> From the Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 69-71). G.

In a rude hunger now he millyons drawes  
 Into his blowdy, 'or plaguy, 'or starv'd jawes :  
 Now he will seeme to spare, and doth more wast  
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last : 10  
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eats us not,  
 But breaks off freinds, and lets us peecemeale rott.  
 Nor will the earth serue him ; he sinks the Deepe,  
 Where harmles fish monastique sylence keepe ;  
 Who, were Death dead, by roes of living sand 15  
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.  
 He rownds the aire, and breaks the hymnick notes  
 In birds', Heav'n's quiristers, organick throats ;  
 Which, if they did not dye, might seeme to bee  
 A tenth ranck in the heavenly hierarchie. 20  
 O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in ?  
 And how without creation didst begin ?  
 Thou hast, and shall see dead, before thou dy'st,  
 All the fowr Monarchies and Antechrist.  
 How could I think thee nothing, that see now 25  
 In all this all, nothing els is but thou ?  
 Our byrthes and lives, virtues and vices, bee  
 Wastfull consumptions and degrees of thee,  
 For we to live, our bellowes weare, and breath ;  
 Nor are we mortall, dyinge, dead, but death. 30  
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of pray,  
 So much reclaym'd by God, that thou must lay  
 All that thou kil'st at His feete, yet doth Hee  
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.

And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35  
 One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine  
 owne ;

She was more storyes high : hopeles to come  
 To her sowle, thou 'hast ofered at her lower room.  
 Her sowle and body was a kinge and court ;  
 But thou hast both of captaine mist and fort. 40  
 As houses fall not though the kings remove,  
 Bodyes of saints rest for their sowles above.  
 Death gets 'twixt sowles and bodyes such a place  
 As synn insinuat's 'twixt just men and grace ;  
 Both work a separatyon, no dyvorce : 45  
 Her sowle is gone to usher up her corse,  
 Which shalbe 'almost another sowle, for there  
 Bodies are purer then best soules are here. than  
 Because in her her virtues did out goe 49  
 Her yeares, wold'st thou, O emulous Death, do see,  
 And kyll her yonge to thy losse? must the cost  
 Of bewty 'and wytt, apt to do harme, be lost?  
 What though thou fownd'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of  
 youth?

Oh, euerie age a diuers sin pursu'th.  
 Thou shold'st haue stay'd, and taken better hold ; 55  
 Shortly, ambyitious, covitous, when old,  
 She might haue prov'd ; and such devotion  
 Might once have strai'd to superstition.  
 If all her virtues must haue growne, yet might  
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight. 60

Had she perséver'd iust, there wold haue been  
 Some that wold synn, misthinking she did synn;  
 Such as wold call her friendship love, and faine  
 To soeyablenes a name prophane;  
 Or synn by temptinge; or, not daring that, 65  
 By wishinge, thoughe they neuer told her what.  
 Thus might'st thou 'haue slaine more sowles, hadst thou  
 not crost  
 Thyself, and, to tryumph, thine army lost.  
 Yet, though theise wais be lost, thou hast left one,  
 Which is, immoderate greife that she is gone. 70  
 But we may 'scape that synn, yet weep as much;  
 Our tears are dewe, because we are not such. due  
 Som tears that knott of freinds her death must cost,  
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Some errors occur in our ms. 'Poison,' l. 3, for 'treason,' the latter being required by the whole context down to 'disobey.' 'Monarchies' too, not 'monarks,' l. 24, and 'els is,' not 'els,' are required by sense and metre. So, in l. 32, 'maist' is a bad miswriting for 'must.' Other variations seem earlier readings or errors. Line 5, 'and the meat' is inferior to 'there are sett' on account of 'dishes;' l. 13, Death does not 'suck' the deep, and the phrase rather interferes with the result if Death were not—*i.e.* that the sea would be sucked up in living sand; but as he lets us 'piecemeal rot' on land, so he makes the sea a sink, or pollutes it with rotting bodies of fish, where-as &c. So too in l. 25, 'could' is better than 'can,' and 'O' than 'a;' and l. 58, 'on'st' is in no way required instead of 'once.' Again, in l. 68, 'thy' is not so good as 'thine' before 'army.' All corrected accordingly by '33, &c.

Line 1, 'unsaid' = unsaid is. See note on l. 10 of previous

Elegy. The reference is to xvii. of the Holy Sonnets, which commences 'Death, be not proud,' as does the Elegy before the present one.

Line 13, '*sinks*' = makes a sink of.

„ 14, '*silence*.' Nearly all fish are mute, but there is strong, and it may be said sufficient, evidence that some few are not.

Line 16, '*sponge*' = sponge up or soak up : an uncommon use.

Line 20, '*tenth rank*.' See note, vol. i. and herein, *s. r.* G.

UPON Y<sup>E</sup> DEATH OF MRS. BOLSTRED.<sup>1</sup>

LANGUAGE, thou art too narrow and too weake  
 To ease us now ; great sorrowes cannot speak ;  
 If we co'ld sigh out accents, and weep words,  
 Greife wears and lessens, that tears breath affords ;  
 Sadd hearts, the less they seeme, the more they are—  
 So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bare ;      bar      5  
 Not that they know not, feel not their estate,  
 But extreame sense hath made them desperate ;  
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that wee bee,  
 Tyrant in th' fifth and greatest monarchy,      10  
 Was't that she did possess all harts before,  
 Thou hast kil'd her to make thine empirie more ?  
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,  
 As in a deluge perish th' innocent ?

<sup>1</sup> From the Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared in 4to of 1633, where it is headed simply 'Elegie' (pp. 296-8), and in 1635 edition (pp. 87-9) 'Death.' G.

Was't not enough to have that pällace won, 15  
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone ?  
 Hadst thou stai'd there, and lookt out at her eyes,  
 All had adorde thee, that now from thee flyes;  
 For they lett out more light then they tooke in, <sup>than</sup>  
 They told not when, but did the day beginn ; 20  
 She was too sappherine and cleere for thee ;  
 Claie, flint, and jett now thy fytt dwellings bee :  
 Alas, she was too pure, but not too weake ;  
 Whoe're saw cristall ordynance but wold break ?  
 And if we be thy conquest, by her fall 25  
 Th' hast lost thy end, for in her we perish all :  
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,  
 That know her better now, who knew her well.  
 If we should vapour out, and pyne and dye ;  
 Since she first went, that were not misery : 30  
 She chaungd our world with hers : now she is gone,  
 Mirth and prosperity is oppressyon :  
 For of all morall virtues she was all  
 That Ethiques speake of virtues cardynall.  
 Her sowle was paralize ; the Cherubine 35  
 Sett to keepe it was Grace, that kept out synn :  
 She had no more than lett in death, for wee  
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree :  
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should loue  
 Her—like that plant—Hym and His laws about : 40  
 And when we tears, the mercy shed in this,  
 To raise our mynds to heav'n, where now she is :

Who if her virtues wo'ld have let her stay,  
 We 'had hadd a saint, have now a holyday.  
 Her hart was that strange bush, where sacred fyte, 45  
 Religion, did not consume, but 'inspire  
 Such pyetic, so chast use of God's day,  
 That what we turne to feasts, she turn'd to pray,  
 And did prefigure here in devout tast  
 The rest of her high saboth that shall last. 50  
 Angells did hand her up, who next God dwell,  
 For she was of that order whence most fell ;  
 Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,  
 She co'ld not dy, vnles they saw her dead ;  
 For from lesse virtue and less beautyousnes 55  
 The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses ;  
 The rayvnous earth, that now woos her to bee  
 Earth too, wilbe a Lemnia ; and the tree,  
 That wraps that christall in a woden tombe,  
 Shall take vp spruse, fill'd with dyamond : 60  
 And we her sad-glad freinds all beare a part  
 Of greife, for all wo'ld break a stoique's hart.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following variations in our ms. seem errors: 'dwelling,'  
 l. 22, for 'dwellings,' seeing the things mentioned are different  
 materials not found together, or making any one whole; 'poore'  
 for 'pure,' l. 23; l. 31, 'is she' for 'she is;' and l. 58, 'Lemina'  
 for 'Lemnia.' Moreover, that '33 &c. were from a later revised  
 copy is shown by the improvements in ll. 40-1, compared with  
 OUR MS.:

And when we see His mercy shown in this,  
 'Twill raise, &c.

and by l. 45, where our ms. has 'crest' for 'bush.' This originally referred to the brightness or glory of Moses' face when he came down from Sinai, and as thus a 'heart' was made into a 'crest,' the latter was changed to the [burning] bush. Then there are after-touches which changed 'nor' of ms. into 'not' (l. 7); 'for in her perish all' to 'in her we perish all' (l. 26), cf. context; 'that,' l. 28, into 'who;' 'or' to 'and,' l. 29, because they are coincident acts of soul (life) and body; and in especial the 'framed their' to 'framed them' (l. 56), and 'glad-sad' to 'sad-glad' (l. 61). At first sight the 'each' of ms. (l. 61) seems preferable to 'all,' but this tends to make the 'all' of next line = 'all framed,' while with 'all' the intended sense is quite clear, and a stress laid on the universal sympathy felt not by each singly, but by each and all in common. Corrections made accordingly by '33, &c.

Lines 2-3. For construction, see note on Elegy xviii. l. 66, vol. i. p. 222.

Line 18, '*flies*:' sing. after that. See relative note in our SOUTHWELL.

Line 44. The construction and position of the clauses of these two lines would require to insert a second 'who' at '[who] have now;' but Donne and others rather affected the mental supplying of such iterations.

Line 52. The three Angelic Hierarchies (Epiphania, Epi-phononia, and Ephionia, as some called them) were each subdivided into three, as enumerated in note in vol. i. s. r. But sometimes a Hierarchy, and sometimes its subdivisions, were called 'orders.' The 'angels who next God dwell' were therefore the Seraphim, or more probably the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones. Lucifer was held to have been higher than any of those hierarchies, and had his station next the Deity, while those whom he excited to rebel were taken out of all the orders. Hence in Hell, under Lucifer, were nine orders of devils supposed, though I cannot quite follow this in the descriptions, to be the converse in function of their former brethren. For as those disobedient

Were not of all the Hierarchies extruded,

so they

— though the benefit of Grace they lose,  
Yet still that naturall pow'r and force retain  
At first bequeath'd them; being reduc'd againe  
To Order, and their Offices still keepe,  
As once in Heav'n, so in th' infernall Deepe,



Heywood's Hierar. of the Blessed Angels, p. 111, l. 7; and see p. 436 for their powers and princes. Of the refinement, which, as here in Donne, takes 'the most' of the disobedient to be of one of the higher orders, I know nothing.

Line 58, '*Lemnia*:' Terra Lemnia, a red earth from Lemnos, supposed to be an antidote to poison, and useful in pestilential fevers, dysenteries, ordinary and putrefying sores, and bites of mad dogs. Here the reference is to its power of drying and stopping putrefaction. G.

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 EPITAPH.<sup>1</sup>

MADAME,

That I might make your cabinet my Tombe,  
 And for my fame, which I love next my soule,  
 Next to my soule provide the happyest roome,  
 Admitt to that place thys last funerall seroule.  
 Others by wills give legacyes ; but I,           5  
 Dying, of you doe beg a legacye.

OMNIBUS.

My fortune and my choyce this custome breake,  
 When wee are speechlesse growne to make stonespeake :  
 Though noe stone tell thee what I was, yett thou  
 In my Grave's inside see, what thou art nowe :       10  
 Yett thou 'art not yett soe good ; till Death vs lay  
 To ripe and mellowe here, wee are stubborne clay.

<sup>1</sup> From Harleian ms. 4955. See Notes and Illustrations at close for another use by Donne of the opening lines. Appeared originally in 1635 edition (p. 271). G.

Parents make vs earth, and soules dignifye  
 Vs to bee glasse ; here to growe gold wee lye.  
 Whilst in our soules sin bred and pampered is,      15  
 Our soules become worm-eaten carkases ;  
 So wee ourselues miraculouslye destroy :  
 Here bodyes with lesse myracle enioy  
 Such priuiledges, enabled here to scale  
 Heauen, when the trumpett's ayre shall them exhale. 20  
 Heare this, and mend thyselfe, and thou mend'st mee,  
 By making mee, beeing dead, doe good to thee ;  
     And thincke mee well compos'd, that I could now  
     A last-sicke hower to syllables allowe.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1669 edition there are two versions of this poem (pp. 257-8), the epistle one being apparently the earlier, as it ends at 'carcasses' (l. 16), and alters 'well' to 'choice,' 'senseless' to 'speechless' (in opposition to 'speech'), and 'see' to 'see'st' in ll. 7, 8, and 10. The 'see' (l. 10) might show that the ms. was intermediate, but perhaps it is too slight a ground to found upon.

Line 5, 'testament' for 'wills' is inadmissible by metre.

„ 7, 'fortune' = want of fortune.

„ 11, 'till vs Death lay:' less rhythmical than 'till Death vs lay' of printed text.

Line 19, 'such' shows that, as before noticed, the substantive verb has to be supplied, and not only it, but 'that they' that they are enabled. See note, Elegy on Mrs. B.

Line 22, 'to.' So our ms., and the more usual and natural; but 'for' does not perhaps so distinctly make out that the passer-by was bad.

Line 24, 'last-sick' = an hour in his last sickness. G.



### ELEGY ON THE LORD C.<sup>1</sup>

Sorrow, who to this howse scarce knew the way,  
Is, oh, heir of it ; our all is his pray.      prey  
This strange chance claimes strang wonder, and to us  
Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.  
'Tis well, his live's loud-speaking works deserue,      5  
And give praise too ; our could tongues co'ld not serve :  
'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,  
That to fill this deep ill he might have store.  
Oh, if a sweet-brier clymbe up by a tree,  
If to a paradise that transplanted bee,      10  
Or fel'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,  
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,  
Soe we for him dead. Though no family  
E're rig'd a sowle for heaven's discovery,  
With whom adventurers more boldly dare      15  
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.  
We loose, what all freinds lov'd—him ; he gains now  
But life by death, which worst foes wo'ld allow,  
If he co'ld have foes, in whose practize grew  
All vertues, whose name subtile Schole-men knew.      20

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Appeared originally in 1635 ed. (p. 274). On the allusion of l. 15, as elucidating a point in Shakespeare-Literature, see our Essay in this volume. G.

What ease, can hope, that we should see him, begett,  
 When we must dye first, and cannot dye yett?  
 His children are his pictures; oh, they bee  
 Pictures of him dead; senceless, cold as hee.  
 Heere needs no marble tombe, since he is gone; 25  
 Hee, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

---

A HYMN TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MAR-  
 QUCESS HAMILTON.<sup>1</sup>

Whether that soule which now comes up to you  
 Fill any former ranke, or make a new,  
 Whether it take a name nam'd there before,  
 Or be a name itselſe, and order more  
 Then was in heaven till now; for may not hee 5  
 Be so, if every severall angel bee  
 A kinde alone?—what ever order grow  
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so.  
 One of your orders growes by his accesse,  
 But by his losse grow all our orders lesse; 10  
 The name of father, master, friend, the name  
 Of subject and of prince, in one is lame;  
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,  
 The household widdow'd, and the Garter slack;

<sup>1</sup> From edit. 1635, where it originally appeared (pp. 350-1).  
 See Notes and Illustrations for a Letter that usually accom-  
 panies this, and for notices of Hamilton. G.

The chappell wants an eare, Councell a tongue, 15  
 Story a theame, and musicke lacks a song.  
 Blest order that hath him; the losse of him  
 Gangreen'd all orders here; all lost a limbe.  
 Never made body such haste to confesse  
 What a soule was; all former comelinesse 20  
 Fled in a minute, when the soule was gone,  
 And, having lost that beautie, would have none:  
 So fell our monasteries, in an instant growne,  
 Not to lesse houses, but to heapes of stone;  
 So sent his body that faire forme it wore, 25  
 Vnto the spheare of formes, and doth (before  
 His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone)  
 Anticipate a resurrection;  
 For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,  
 So in the forme thereof his bodie's there: 30  
 And if, faire soule, not with first innocents  
 Thy station be, but with the penitents;—  
 And who shall dare to ask then, when I am  
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,  
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then, 35  
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?—  
 When thou rememb'rest what sinnes thou didst finde  
 Amongst those many friends now left behinde,  
 And seest such sinners as they are, with thee  
 Got thither by repentance, let it bee 40  
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane;  
 Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following Letter is prefixed to the poem in its place (p. 349):

‘*To Sir Robert Carr.*’

‘Sir,—I presume you rather trie what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse: you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best, when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth, as it defeats all Poctry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity. But I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loth to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of your poore friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

‘J. D.’

Probably this was Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James I. and Charles I. He was raised to the honour of Earl of Ancrum 24th June 1633. He wrote a Paraphrase in English verse of select Psalms, about 1624, a transcript of which exists among the Drummond Papers. Editor’s (David Laing, Esq. LL.D.) Notes on Extracts from Hawthornden MSS. pp. 30, 76. Drummond’s uncle Fowler also made various anagrams on his name, latinised into *Robertus Carus Ancramus*, and Drummond’s remarks on these show him to have been held in esteem and honour (p. 29). His own spelling of his name was *Karr*.

See Sir John Beaumont’s and Lord Falkland’s Poems (our eds.) for other Elegies on Hamilton, and notices of him. He died 2d March 1624-5.

Line 5. See notes on Angels’ Hierarchies in vol. i. and *ante*.

Lines 14-15. As these refer to his various appointments (see notice of them *above*), he either had some appointment also in the Chapel-royal, or the reference is to his attendance there as Lord Steward of the Household.

Line 22, ‘*beauty*.’ Hence, as is rendered probable by his age, he died of some pestilential disorder which produced rapid putrefaction after death.

Lines 34-6. A curious variation of Isaiah i. 18 and Rev. vii. 14. G.

III.

LYRICAL.

SONGS AND SONNETS, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTE.

While giving the successive sources of our text, we have not deemed it necessary to note the original appearance of each of these shorter pieces; but in the Contents the markings will point this out to the critical student. We have collected and added a considerable number of poems herein, as stated in their places. G.





TEX SONNETS TO PHILOMEL<sup>1</sup>

SONNET I.

*Upon Loue's entring by his Eares.*

OFt did I heare, our Eyes the passage were  
By which Loue entred to auaille our hearts ;  
Therefore I guarded them, and voyd of feare  
Neglected the defence of other parts.  
Loue knowing this, the vsuall way forsooke,           5  
And seeking, found a by-way by mine Eare :  
At which hee entring, my Hart pris'ner tooke,  
And vnto thee sweet Philomel did beare.  
Yet let my hart thy hart to pittie moue,           9  
Whose paine is great, although smal fault appeare :  
First it lies bound in fettering chaines of Loue,  
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.  
And with Loue's flame 'tis enermore consumed,  
Only because to loue thee it presumed.

SONNET II.

O why did Fame my Hart to Loue betray,           15  
By telling my Deare's vertue and perfection ?

<sup>1</sup> From Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' 1602 (pp. 170-176: Collier's edition). See Notes and Illustrations at close. G.

Why did my Traytor Eares to it conuay  
 That Syren-song, cause of my Hart's infection?  
 Had I bene deafe, or Fame her gifts concealed,  
 Then had my Hart been free from hopeles loue: 20  
 Or were my state likewise by it reuealed,  
 Well might it Philomel to pittie moue.  
 Then shold she kno how loue doth make me lāguish,  
 Distracting mee twixt hope and dreadful feare: 24  
 Then shold she kno my care, my pla[i]nts and anguish;  
 All which for her deere sake I meekely beare.  
 Yea I could quietly Death's paynes abide,  
 So that shee knew that for her sake I dide.

## SONNET III.

*Of his owne and his Mistris' sicknes at one time.*

Sickenes entending my Loue to betray  
 Before I should sight of my Deare obtaine, 30  
 Did his pale collours in my face display,  
 Lest that my Fauour might her fauour gaine.  
 Yet not content hērewith, like meanes it wrought  
 My Philomel's bright beauty to deface:  
 And Nature's glory to disgrace it sought, 35  
 That my conceiuèd Loue it might displace.  
 But my firme Loue could this assault well beare,  
 Which Vertue had, not beauty, for his ground:  
 And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare, 39  
 Through sicknes' vail, which made my loue aboūd.

If sicke, thought I, her beauty so excell,  
How matchlesse would it bee if shée were well!

## SONNET IV.

*Another of her Sicknes and Recouery.*

Pale Death himselfe did loue my Philomel,  
When hee her Vertues and rare beutie saw :  
Therefore hee Sicknesse sent, which should expell 45  
His riual, Life, and my Deere to him draw.  
But her bright beauty dazeled so his Eyes,  
That his dart Life did misse, though her it hitt :  
Yet not therewith content, new meanes hee tries  
To bring her vnto Death, and make Life flitt. 50  
But Nature soone perceiuing, that hee meant  
To spoyle her only Phoenix, her chiefe pride,  
Assembled all her force, and did preuent  
The greatest mischiefe that could her betide.  
So both our liues and loues Nature defendel, 55  
For had shée dide, my loue and life had ended.

## SONNET V.

*Allusion to Theseus' Voyage to Crete against the Minotaure.*

My Loue is say'd, against Dislike to fight,  
Which, like vild monster, threatens his decay ;  
The ship is Hope, which by Desire's great might,  
Is swiftly borne towards the wishèd Bay : 60

The company which with my Loue doth fare,  
 Though met in one, is a dissenting crew ;  
 They are Ioy, Greefe, and neuer-sleeping Care,  
 And Doubt, which ne'r beleeuēs good news for true.  
 Black feare the Flag is which my ship doth beare, 65  
 Which, Deere, take downe, if my Loue victor be,  
 And let white Comfort in his place appeare,  
 When Loue victoriously returns to mee,  
 Lest I from rocke Despayre come tumbling downe,  
 And in a Sea of Teares bee fore't to drown. 70

## SONNET VI.

*Vpon her looking secretly out of a window as hee passed by.*

Once did my Philomel reflect on mee  
 Her christall-pointed Eyes as I passt by,  
 Thinking not to be seene, yet would mee see ;  
 But soone my hungry Eyes their foode did spie.  
 Alas, my Deere, couldst thou suppose that face, 75  
 Which needs not enuy Phœbus' cheefest pride,  
 Could secret bee, although in secret place,  
 And that transparant glas such beams could hide ?  
 But if I had beene blinde, yet Loue's hot flame  
 Kindled in my poore heart by thy bright Eye, 80  
 Did plainly shew when it so neere thee came,  
 By more then vsuall heate, the cause was mee : than  
 So, though thou hidden wert, my hart and eye  
 Did turne to thee by mutuall Sympathy.

## SONNET VII.

When time nor place would let me often view      85  
     Nature's chiefe Mirror and my sole delight ;  
 Her liuely Picture in my hart I drew,  
     That I might it behold both day and night.  
 But shee, like Phillip's Son, scorning that I  
     Should portray her wanting Apelles' art,      90  
 Commaunded Loue, who nought dare hir deny,  
     To burne the Picture which was in my Hart.  
 The more Loue burn'd, the more her picture shiu'd ;  
     The more it shin'de, the more my hart did burne ;  
 So, what to hurt her picture was assign'd,      95  
     To my Hart's ruine and decay did turne.  
 Loue could not burne the Saint—it was diuine ;  
 And therefore fir'd my hart, the Saint's poore shrine.

## SONNET VIII.

When as the Sun eclipsèd is, some say      99  
     It thunder, lightning, raine and wind portendeth :  
 And not vnlike but such things happen may,  
     Sith like effects my Sun eclipsèd sendeth.  
 Witnes my throat made hoars with thundring cries,  
     And hart with Loue's hot-flashing lightnings fired :  
 Witnes the showers which stil fal from mine cies,      105  
     And brest with sighs like stormy winds neare riued.

Shine out, then, once againe, sweete Sun, on mee,  
 And with thy beames dissolue clouds of dispaite,  
 Whereof these raging Meteors framèd bee,  
 In my poore hart by absence of my faire. 110  
 So shalt thou proue thy Beames, thy heate, thy light,  
 To match the Sun in glory, grace, and might.

## SONNET IX.

*Vpon sending her a Gold Ring with this Posie 'Pure and  
 Endlesse.'*

If you would knowe the loue which you I beare,  
 Compare it with the Ring, which your faire hand  
 Shall make more pretious when you shal it weare; 115  
 So my loue's Nature you shal vnderstand.  
 Is it of mettal pure? so you shall proue  
 My loue, which ne're disloyal thought did stain.  
 Hath it no end? so endles is my loue,  
 Vnlesse you it destroy with your disdain. 120  
 Doth it the purer waxe the more 'tis tride?  
 So doth my loue: yet herein they dissent,  
 That whereas Gold the more 'tis purifi'd,  
 By waxing lesse, doth shew some part is spent,  
 My loue doth wax more pure by your more trying, 125  
 And yet encreaseth in the purifying.

## SONNET X.

My Cruell Deere hauing captiu'de my hart,  
 And bound it fast in Chaynes of restles Loue,  
 Requires it out of bondage to depart;  
 Yet is shee sure from her it cannot moue. 130  
 Draw back, sayd shee, your hopelesse loue from me,  
 Your work requireth a more worthy place;  
 Vnto your sute though I cannot agree,  
 Full many will it louingly embrace.  
 It may bee so, my Deere; but as the Sun 135  
 When it appeares doth make the stars to vanish,  
 So when your selfe into my thoughts do run,  
 All others quite out of my Hart you bannish.  
 The beames of your Perfections shine so bright,  
 That straightway they dispell all others' light. 140

MELOPHILUS.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

One likes to think that these Sonnets were addressed to Donne's future Wife. The date (1602) of publication seems to admit of it. They sound tender and true; more tender and true than when he is in what honest Sir Hugh Evans would call his 'pribble prabble and affectations.' Whoever she was, she had a sweet voice, and attracted the Poet thereby.

St. i. l. 2, '*auailé*' = conquer.

., v. Heading: This heading makes me think the headings of these Sonnets are not by Donne, or that if they are his words, they are not a heading, but an explanatory gloss.

St. viii. l. 9. I have filled-in 'out,' as demanded by the verse and rhythm. G.



### THE FLEA.<sup>1</sup>

MARKE but this flea, and marke in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is ;  
Mee it suckt first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea our two bloods myngled bee :  
Confesse it. This cannot be said 5  
A synne or shame, or losse of maydenhead ;  
Yet this enioyes before it wooc,  
And pamper'd swels with one blood made of two ;  
And this, alas, is more then we wo'ld doe ! than  
Oh, stay, three lives in one flea spare, 10  
Where we almost, nay, more then marryed are. than  
This flea is yow and I ; and this  
Our mariage-bedd and mariage-temple is ;  
Though parents grudge and you, we 'are mett,  
And eloyster'd in these living walls of jett. 15  
Though use make you apt to kill mee,  
Let not to this, self-murther added bee,  
And sacreledge—three sins in killing three.  
Cruell and soldaine, hast thou since  
Purpled thy nayle in blood of innocence ? 20

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.



Wherein co'ld this flea guiltie bee,  
 Except in that dropp which it suckt from thee?  
 Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
 Fynd'st not thyselfe, nor mee, the weaker now.  
 'Tis true. Then learne how false fears bee: 25  
 Just so much honor, when thou yech'st to mee,  
 Will wast, as this ilea's death tooke life from thee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Accepting our *ms.*, as from a late and revised copy, there yet appear to be three errors in it: l. 15, 'those' for 'these,' the latter required by 'This flea' of line 12. Line 16, 'thee' for 'you': we have 'you,' ll. 12, 14, and the usage of old speech would demand 'you' in this place rather than 'thee,' even if the previous pronoun had been 'thou,' and 'thee' rhymes unnecessarily with 'me' and 'be.' Line 23, 'saith' for 'saist.' I prefer also 'wherein,' l. 21, to 'In what,' as better agreeing with 'In that drop;' and 'make' to 'makes' (l. 16). G.

ON A FLEA ON HIS MISTRESS' BOSOM.<sup>1</sup>

MADAM, that flea which crept between your brest  
 I envyde that there he should make his rest;  
 The little creature's fortune was soe good  
 That angells' feed not on so precious food.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' *ms.*, as before. Sir John Simon (as before, p. 28) gives it, but not accurately, from his own *ms.*, which, as with the others, we collated. I only note in l. 13 mis-reading 'now' for 'vowe;' and l. 7, 'killed' for 'kill.' I place it here as fittingly associated with the earlier printed. G.

How it did sucke, how eagerly sucke you!— 5  
 Madam, shall fleas before me tickle you?—  
 Oh, I not hould can; pardon if I kill yt!  
 Sweet blood, to you I aske this, that which fill'd it  
 Runne from my ladie's brest. Come, happie flea,  
 That dyde for suckinge of that milky-sea. 10  
 Oh, now againe I cold e'en wish thee there,  
 About her hart, about her any where:  
 I would vowe, deare flea, thou sholdst not dye,  
 If [that] thou couldst suck from her her crueltie.

## NOTE.

Line 9, '*runne*'=that has run, or perhaps in causal sense, made to run. The clause 'that . . . brest' is the explanation of the epithet 'sweet,' and of his asking pardon of the blood: hence I have punctuated [.] instead of [:-]

Marston, in Satire viii. of his Scourge of Villanie (1598), when satirising lovers' wishes as expressed in their love-verses, says:

Here's one would be a flea (jest comical!);  
 Another, his sweet ladie's vermin-call

G.

THE GOOD-MORROW.<sup>1</sup>

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I  
 Did till we lov'd; were we not wean'd till then,  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?  
 Or slumbred we in the Seaven Sleepers' den?

<sup>1</sup> From 1633 (p. 165). G.

'Twas so : but this, all pleasures fancies bee ;           5  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.  
 And now good-morrow to our waking soules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare ;  
 For love, all love of other sights controules,           10  
 And makes one little roome an every where.  
 Let sea-discoversers to new worlds have showne,  
 Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne ;  
 Let us possesse one world —each hath one, and is one.  
 My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,           15  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest ;  
 Where can we finde two better hemispheares  
 Without sharpe North, without declining West ?  
 What ever dyes was not mixt equally ;  
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I               20  
 Love so alike that none doe slacken, none can die.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our Stephens' ms. is in this earlier and less satisfactory: *e.g.* in l. 5 it reads 'But as' for 'But this'—Except this pleasure of loving one another, all pleasures be fancies—a far prettier and stronger thought than 'But as,' which makes the love he is praising neither more nor less of a fancy than other pleasures. But from '69 (l. 4) I gladly take the reading 'slumberd' for 'snorted' of '33, '35, &c. 'Snorted'—a word fitted for Donne and Marston's satirical writings, but used by both in their earlier days—here gives the idea that he and his love were Cree's swine, or suchlike.

Line 13—Let maps to other (than sea-discoversers, that is, to the rest of mankind) worlds, &c.

Line 19, 'was;' in '69 'is.' G.



SONG.<sup>1</sup>

Goe and catch a fallinge starre,  
    Gett with chyldre a mandrake roote,  
Tell me where all past howres are,  
    Or who cleft the devill's foote ;  
Teach me to heare Mayrmaids singinge,  
Or to keepe off envye's stinginge,  
    Or fynde  
    What wynde  
Serves to advance an honest mynde.

If thou be'est borne to strange sights,  
    Things invisible goe see,  
Ryde ten thousand dayes and nights,  
    Till age snow white hairs on thee.  
Thou at thy retorne wilt tell me  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
    And sweare,  
    No where  
Lives a woman trew and fayre.

If thou find'st one, let me know ;  
    Such a pylgrimage were sweete :  
Yet do not ; I wo'ld not goe,  
    Though at next dore we should meete.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. G.

Though she weare true when you mett her,  
 And last soe till you wryte your letter,  
     Yet shee  
     Will be  
 False, ere I come, to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.<sup>1</sup>

Now thou hast lovde me one whole day,  
 To-morrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?  
 Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?  
     Or say that now  
 We are not iust those persons which wee were?      5  
 Or that oaths made in reverentiall fear  
 Of Loue and his wrath, any may forswear?  
 Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,  
 Soe louers' contractes, images of those,  
 Bynd but till Sleepe, Death's image, them unloose? 10  
     Or, your owne end to justifie,  
 For having purpos'd chaunge and falsehood, you  
 Can haue no waye but falshood to bee true?  
 Vayne lunatique, against these scapes I co'ld  
     Dispute and conquer, if I wo'ld;      15  
     Which I abstaine to doe,  
 For by to-morrowe I may thinke soe too.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In l. 8 I prefer 'deaths' of '33 &c. to 'death' of our ms., though we have 'Sleepe.' One is personified, the other is not. Two 'deaths' is ambiguous till we reach the rest of the thought as to 'Sleepe,' and each marriage is destroyed by a separate death. So too l. 9, 'lovers'' for 'love's,' required by metre. In l. 7 the allusion is to the saying, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries; in l. 11 is a bit at casuistic doctrines of intention and mental reservation. G.

THE UNDERTAKING.<sup>1</sup>

I HAVE done one braver thinge  
 Then all the Worthyes did; than  
 And yet a braver thence doth springe,  
 Which is, to keep that lydd.  
 It were but madnes now to 'impart  
 The skill of specular stone,  
 When he, which can haue learn'd the arte  
 To cut yt, can fynd none.  
 So, if I now should utter this,  
 Others (because no more  
 Such stuffe to work upon there is)  
 Would loue but as before.  
 But he who louelynes within  
 Hath fownd, all outward loathes  
 For he who coulors lous and skin  
 Lous but their oldest clothes.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

If, as I haue, you alsoe doe  
 Vertue in women see,  
 And dare love that, and say soe too,  
 And forgett the Hee and Shee ;—

And if this loue, though plac'd so,  
 From prophane men you hyde,  
 Which will noe fayth on this bestowe,  
 Or, if they doe, deryde ;—

Then you haue done a brauer thinge  
 Then all the Worthies did, than  
 And a braver thence will springe,  
 Which is, to keep that hydd.

## NOTE.

In st. i. l. 3 our ms. omits 'And;' and in last st. reads 'it' for 'that' (l. 4)—both wrongly. The latter is a repetition of the 'that' of l. 4. On l. 6, 'specular stone,' see former note. G.

THE SUN-RISING.<sup>1</sup>

BUSIE old foole, unrulie Sunne,  
 Why dost thou thus  
 Through windowes and through curtains call on us ?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons runne ?

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Saucie pedantique wretch, goe chide 5  
 Late schoole-boys and sowre 'prentices ;  
 Goe tell court-huntsmen that the King will ryde ;  
 Call country ants to harvest offices.  
 Loue, all alike, no season knows nor elime,  
 Nor howrs, dayes, monthes, which are the rages of tyme.

[ragz

Thy beams soe reverend and stronge, 11  
 Dost thou not thinke  
 I could eclipse and clowd them with a winke,  
 But that I would not loose her sight soe longe ?  
 If her eyes haue not blynded thyne, 15  
 Looke, and to-morrow late tell mee  
 Whether both the 'Indiaes of spice and mine  
 Bee where thou left them, or lie here with mee ;  
 Ask for those kinges, whom thou saw'st yesterday ;  
 And thou shalt heare—all here in one bed lay. 20

She 'is all states, and all princes I, ay  
 Nothinge else is.  
 Princes doe but play us ; comparde to this,  
 All honor's mimick, all wealth alchemy.  
 Thou, Sunne, art halfe as happy 'as wee, 25  
 In that the world's contracted thus :  
 Thine age asks ease ; and since thy duties bee  
 To warme the world, that's done in warminge us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art euerywhere ;  
 This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere. 30



## NOTE.

Our ms. erroneously reads in l. 24 'or' for 'all;' and in l. 21, 'She is all princes and states'—corrected from 1669, &c. So too, l. 18, 'he' for 'he'—the latter preferable. Cf. 'bed,' ll. 20 and 30. G.

THE INDIFFERENT,<sup>1</sup>

I CAN love both faire and browne ;  
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want be-  
     traies ;  
 Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who sports and  
     plays ;  
 Her whom the country formed, and whome the towne ;  
 Her who believes, and her who tries ;  
 Her who still weeps with spungie cies,  
 And her who is drye corke, and never cryes :  
 I can loue her, and her, and you, and you,  
 I can loue any, soe she be not true.

Will not other vice content you ?  
 Will it not serve your turne to doe as did your mother ?  
 Or have you all old vices worne, and now wold find  
     out other ?  
 Or doth a shame that men are true torment you ?  
 Oh, we are not, be not you soe ;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Let mee, and doe you twentie knowe.  
 Robb me, but bynd me not, and lett me goe :  
 Must I, that came to travail thorough you,  
 Grow the fixt subject, because you are true ?

Venus hard me sing this songe, heard  
 And by Love's sweetest sweet varyety, she swore  
 She learnt not this till now, and that it sho'ld be soe  
 no more.

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere longe,  
 And sayd : Alas, some two or three  
 Poor heretiques in loue there bee,  
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy ;  
 But I haue tould them : Since you wilbe true,  
 You shalbe true to them who're false to you.

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms. is from a revised copy, as shown in st. ii., where, as the Poet now addresses one, he has altered 'mothers,' &c. to 'mother,' and 'no' to 'not'—a great improvement ; and st. iii. 'sweet' for 'part.' But there are one or two mistakes of transcription : *e.g.* st. ii. 'th'rough,' where 'thorough' is required by the metre ; and probably st. iii. l. 6, 'they' for 'there ;' and for scanning's sake we must read 'to' or 't' establish' or 'to 'stablish' as '69 ; and 'who're' in last line, not 'who were.' All corrected accordingly. G.





LOVE'S VSURY.<sup>1</sup>

For every houre that thou wilt spare me now,  
I will allow,  
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,  
When with my browne my gray haire equall bee ;  
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let  
Mee travell, sojourne, plot, snatch, owne, forget,  
Resume my last yeare's relit ; thinke that yet  
We 'had never met.

Let mee thinke any rivall's letter mine,  
And at next nine  
Keepe midnight's promise ; mistake by the way  
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay ;  
Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport  
From country *grasse* to comfitures of Court,  
Or cities *quelque-chose* ; let not report  
My minde transport.

This bargaine's good ; if when I 'am old, I bee  
Inflam'd by thee,  
If thine owne honour, or my shame or paine,  
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine.

<sup>1</sup> From 1633 (pp. 201-2). G.

Do thy will then, then subject and degree,  
 And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee.  
 Spare mee till then; I'll beare it, though she bee  
 One that loves mee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms. (Stephens') is less satisfactory, save in l. 5, where its sequence, 'plot, snatch, own,' is preferable to 'snatch, plot, have.' In st. i. l. 5, I accept 'range' for 'raigne.' He is not asking Jove that love may now be supreme in his body, that his body may 'reign,' but that his body may not be confined by Jove to one object, but may 'range,' travel, sojourn, snatch, &c. He wants to love none.

St. ii. l. 7, '*Quelque-choses*'—little delicacies, whether of meat or comfitures: degenerated into 'kick-shaws.' G.

CANONISATION.<sup>1</sup>

For God's sake, hould your toungue, and let me loue,  
 Or chyde my palsey or my gowte,  
 My fyne gray haire or ruynd fortune flowte;  
 With wealth your state, your mynd with arts improve,  
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5  
 Obserue his Honour or his Grace,  
 Or the King's real or his stamp'd face  
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,  
 So you will let me loue.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

- Alas, alas, who's iniur'd by my loue? 10  
 What marchant's shippes haue my sighs drown'd?  
 Who saies my tears haue overflow'd his ground?  
 When did my colds a forward Springe remove?  
 When did these heats which my reynes fill  
 Add one man to the plaguey bill? 15  
 Soldiers find warrs, and lawyers find out still  
 Iytigious men whom quarrels move;  
 While shee and I do loue.
- Call 'us what you will, we are made such by loue;  
 Call her one, me another flye; 20  
 We 'are tapers too, and at our owne cost dye;  
 And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;  
 The phœnix-riddle hath more wytt  
 By us; we two being one, are yt:  
 So to one neutral thinge both sexes fytt. 25  
 We dye, and rise the same, and proue  
 Mysterious by this loue.
- We can die by it, if not live by loue.  
 And if unfitt for tombe or hearse  
 Our legend bee, it wilbe fitt for verse; 30  
 And if no peece of chronicle we proue,  
 We'll buyld in sonnets prettie roomes.  
 As well a well-wrought urne becomes  
 The greatest ashes as half-acre tombes;  
 And by these himnes all shall approue 35  
 Us canonized for loue.

And thus invoke us : You whom reverend loue  
 Made one another's hermitage ;  
 You to whom loue was peace that now is rage,  
 Who did the whole world's extract, and droue 40  
 Into the glasses of your eyes,  
 Soe made such mirrors and such spyes,  
 That they did all to you epitomize ;  
 Countries, townes, courts, begg from aboue  
 A patterne of your loue. 45

## NOTE.

From ll. 2-3 this would seem to have been written in the person of another. I have silently corrected some misreadings of our ms. by '69. G.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.<sup>1</sup>

I AM two fogles, I knowe,  
 For lovinge, and for sayinge soe  
 In whyninge poetrie ;  
 But where's that wise man that wo'ld not bee I,  
 If she would not deny ? 5  
 Then, as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes  
 Do purge sea-water's fretfull salt away,  
 I thought, if I could draw my paynes  
 Through rhyme's vexatyon, I sho'ld them allay.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce, 10  
 For he tames yt that fetters it in vearse.  
 But when I haue done soe,  
 Some man, his art and voyce to showe,  
 Doth sett and sing my payne,  
 And, by delyghtinge many, frees againe 15  
 Greife, which verse did restrayne.  
 To love and greif tribute of verse belongs,  
 But not of such as pleases when 'tis real;  
 Both are increased by such songes ;  
 For both their tryumphs soe are publish'd, 20  
 And I, which was two fooles, doe soe grow three :  
 Whoe are a lyttle wise, the best fooles be.

## NOTE.

On ll. 6-7 see our SOUTHWELL and relative note, s. v. G.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.<sup>1</sup>

If yet I haue not all thy loue,  
 Deare, I shall neuer haue it all ;  
 I cannot breath another sigh to move,  
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall ;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

And all my treasure, which sho'ld purchase thee,     5  
 Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I haue spent ;  
 Yet no more can bee due to mee,  
 Then at the bargain made was meant :             Than  
 If, then, thy giuft of loue were partiall,  
 That some to me, some sho'ld to others fall,     10  
     Deare, I shall neuer haue it all.

Or if, then, thou gavest me all,  
 All was but all which thou hadst then :  
 But if in thy hart since there be, or shall  
 New loue created bee by other menn,             15  
 Which haue their stocks entire, and can in tears,  
 In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbydd me,  
 This new loue may begett new feares ;  
 For this loue was not vowle by thee,  
 And yet it was, thy giuft being generall ;     20  
 The ground, thy hart, is myne, whatever shall  
     Growe there, deare, I should haue it all.

Yet I would not haue all yett ;  
 He that bath all can haue no more ;  
 And since my loue doth every day admytt     25  
 New growth, thou should'st haue new rewards in store.  
 Thou canst not every day give me thy harte ;  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it :  
 Love's ryddles are that, though thy hart depart,  
 It stays at home, and thou with loosing sav'st it.     30



But we will loue a way more lyberall  
 Then changing hearts—to joyne us ; soe we shall Than  
 Bee one, and one another's All.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

As elsewhere, I have silently corrected by the printed texts some miswritings of our ms. In line 1 it substitutes 'your' for 'thy.' Everywhere else in the poem it is 'thou' and 'thee,' and the Elizabethan, like the French, writers made the second singular the mark of endearment, as may be seen in Shakespeare's Sonnets. In l. 32 I read 'us,' from '69, for 'them,' believing that 'to join us' was Donne's after-expression. What is to us an irregular use of the infinitive was then not unfrequent. G.

SONG,<sup>1</sup>

SWEETEST LOUE, I doe not goe  
 For weayness of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can showe  
 A fyttter Loue for mee ;  
 But since that I 5  
 Must dye at last, 'tis best  
 Thus to use my selfe in jest,  
 Thus by fayn'd death to dye.  
 Yesternight the sunn went hence,  
 And yet is here to-day ; 10  
 He hath no desire nor sence,  
 Nor halfe so short a way.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Then feare not mee ;  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Hastier journeyes, since I take  
 More wings and spurrs then hee. 15  
 than

Oh how feeble is man's power,  
 That, if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot add another hower,  
 Nor a lost hower recall ! 20  
 But come bad chance,  
 And we joyne to yt our strength,  
 And we teach yt art and length,  
 Itselſe o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wynd, 25  
 But sigh'st my sowle away ;  
 When thou weep'st, unkyndly kynde,  
 My life's-blood doth decay.  
 It cannot bee  
 That thou louest me, as thou sai'st, 30  
 If in thyne my life thou waste,  
 That art the best of me.

Let not thy devininge harte  
 Forethinke me any yll ;  
 Destinie may take thy parte, 35  
 And may thy fears fulfill ;

But think that wee  
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;  
 They, who one another keepe  
 Alive, ne're parted bee.

40

## NOTE.

Again I have silently corrected obvious errors of our ms. by printed texts. In l. 35 is a curious phrase, and one is almost inclined to read with Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'my part' = my half of us two; but the consensus of otherwise differing copies is against this. The text seems to mean that his destiny may take her part, that is, be a sorrowful one, and 'fore-think him ill.' G.

THE LEGACY.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN I last dide—and, Deare, I dye died  
 As often as from thee I goe,  
 Though it be but an hower agoe,  
 And Louers' howers are full eternitie—  
 I can remember yet, that I 5  
 Something did say, and something did bestowe;  
 Though I bee dead, which sent me, I should bee  
 Mine owne executor and legacie.

I heard me say: Tell her anone,  
 That my self, that is you, not I, 10  
 Did kill mee; and when I felt me dye,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before, but errors corrected by '69. G.

I bid me send my hart, when I was gone ;  
 But I, alas, co'ld there fynd none. [lye,  
     When I had rypt mee, and searcht where harts should  
 It kyl'd me againe, that I, who still was true     15  
 In life, in my last will should cosen you.

Yet I found something like a hart,  
     For colours it and corners hadd ;  
     It was not good, it was not badd,  
 It was entire to none, and few had parte :     20  
 As good as could be made by arte,  
     It seem'd, and therefore for our losse be sadd ;  
 I meant to send that hart instead of myne,  
 But, oh, no man co'ld hould yt, for 'twas thyne.

A FEVER.<sup>1</sup>

O! I doe not die, for I shall hate  
     All women so, when thou art gone,  
 That thee I shall not celebrate,  
     When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I knowe ;  
     To leave this world behind, is death ;  
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,  
     The whole world vapors with thy breath.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. In l. 8 vapors = evaporates, goes off in vapour. G.

Or if, when thou, the world's sowle, goest,  
It stay, 'tis but thy carkas then,  
The fairest woman but thy ghost,  
But corrupt wormes the worthiest men.

Oh wrangling schooles, that search what fire  
Shall burne this world! had none the witt  
Unto this knowledge to aspire,  
That this her feaver might be yt!

And yet she cannot wast by this,  
Nor longe beare this tormentinge wronge;  
For much corruption needful is,  
To fewell such a feaver longe.

Thy burninge fyttis but meteors bee,  
Whose matter in thee soone is spent;  
Thy bewtie, and all parts, which are thee,  
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mynd, seizing thee,  
Though it in thee cannot perséver;  
For I had rather owner bee  
Of thee one hour then all else ever.

than





AIRE AND ANGELLS.<sup>1</sup>

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee,  
Before I knew thy face or name ;  
So in a voyee, so in a shapeles flame,  
Angells affect us oft, and worshipt bee :  
    Still when, to where thou wert, I came,                     5  
Some lovely glorious nothinge I did see ;  
    But since my sowle, whose child love is,  
Takes lyms of flesh, and els co'ld nothing doe ;  
    More subtyll then the parent is,                     than  
Loue must not bee, but take a body too ;                     10  
    And therefore what thou wert, and whoe,  
    I bydd love aske, and nowe,  
That it assume thy body, I allowe,  
And fix itselke in thy lipp, eye, and browe.  
  
Whilst thus to ballast loue I thought,                     15  
And soe more steady to haue gone,  
With wares which wo'ld sinke admiration,  
I saw I had Love's pinnace overfraught ;  
    Ever thy hayre for loue to worke upon  
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought ;           20

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before, silently corrected by '69. G.

For nor in nothinge, nor in thinges  
 Extreame and scattering-bright, came loue in heere ;  
 Then as an angel face and winges  
 Of ayre, not pure, as it, yet pure doth weare,  
 Soe thy loue may be my lover's sphære ;                    25  
       Just such disparitie  
 As is 'twixt ayre and angels' puritie,  
 'Twixt women's loue and men's will ever bee.

BREAK OF DAY.<sup>1</sup>

STAY, O Sweet, and do not rise,  
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
 Because that you and I must part.  
       Stay, or else my joys will die,  
       And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true 'tis day ; what though it bee ?  
 O wilt thou therefore rise from mee ?  
 Why should we rise because 'tis light ?  
 Did we lye down because 'twas night ?  
       Loue, which in spight of darknes brought us hither,  
       Should in despight of light keepe us together.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eie ;  
 If it co'ld speake as well as spie,  
 This were the worst that it co'ld say :  
 That beinge well, I fayne wo'ld stay ;  
     And that I lou'd my hart and honor soe,  
     That I wo'ld not from him, that had them, goe.

Must busynes thee from hence remoue ?  
 Oh, that's the worst disease of loue ;  
 The poore, the false, the fowle, Loue can  
 Admitt, but not the busyed man.  
     He which hath busines, and makes love, doth do  
     Such wronge as when a maryed man doth wooe.

## NOTE.

I presume from the want of variations in most copies of st. i., that it is not in the MSS., as it is not in the editions prior to '69. Its metre in the last two lines differs from the others, and it may be supposed that, as Donne did not alter it to correspond with the others, he struck it out. It and next st. remind of *Romeo and Juliet*. Our MS. in st. ii. l. 4 misreads 'despight' 'spight' required by the metre. As revealing the cause of these errors, and to show how early they arose, it may be noted that the '35 and '39 editions put 'spight' for 'despight' in next line. G.







### THE ANNIVERSARY.<sup>1</sup>

All Kings, and all their favorites,  
All glorie of honors, bewties, wyttis,  
The sunn ytselſe, which makes tymes as they paſſe,  
Is elder by a yeare now then it was than  
When thou and I firſt one another ſawe : 5  
All other things to their deſtruction drawe,  
Only our loue hath noe decay ;  
This no to-morrowe hath, nor yesterdai ;  
Runninge, it never runns from us away,  
But truly keeps his firſt-laſt-everlaſting day. 10

Two graues muſt hyde thine and my corſe ;  
If one might, death were noe dyvorce :  
Alas, as well as other princes, wee,  
Who prince enough in one another bee,  
Muſt leave at laſt in death theſe eyes and cares, 15  
Oft fedd with true oaths and with ſweet ſalt tears.

But ſowles where nothinge dwells but love,  
All other thoughts being inmates, then ſhall prone  
This, or a loue increasèd, there aboue,  
When bodyes to their graues, ſowles from their graues  
remove. 20

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

And then we shalbe thoroughlie blest :  
 But we no more then all the rest. than  
 Here upon earth we 'are kings, and none but wee,  
 None are such kings, and of such, subjects bee ;  
 Who is soe safe as wee ? where none can doe 25  
 Treason to us, except one of us two ?  
 True and false fears let us refraine ;  
 Let us loue noble, and liue, and add againe  
 Years and years unto years, till we attayne  
 To wryte threescore : this is the second of our raigne. 30

---

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME IN THE  
WINDOW.<sup>1</sup>

My name engrav'd herein,  
 Doth contribute my firmnes to this glasse,  
 Which ever since that charme hath beene  
 As hard as that which grav'd it was ;  
 Thine eyes will give it price enough to mocke  
 The dyamonds of eyther rocke.

'Tis much that glasse should bee  
 As all-confessinge and through-shine as I ;  
 'Tis more that it shows thee to thee,  
 And cleare reflects thee to thyne eye.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

But all such rules Lone's magique can undoe ;  
 Heere you see mee, and I am you.

As noe one poynt nor dash,  
 Which are but accessaries to this name,  
 The showres and tempests can outwash,  
 So shall all tymes find me the same ;  
 You this entirenes better may fulfill,  
 Who haue the patterne with you still.

Or if too hard and deepe  
 This learninge bee for a scratcht name to teach,  
 It as a given death's-head keepe,  
 Louers' mortalitie to preach ;  
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee  
 My ruinous anatomie.

Then as all my souls bee  
 Emparadiz'd in you, in whome alone  
 I understand and grow and see,  
 The rafters of my bodie, bone,  
 Beinge still with you, the muscle, sinewe, and vaine,  
 Which tile this howse will come againe ;

Till my returne, repaire  
 And recompact my scatter'd body soe,  
 As all the virtuous powers, which are  
 Fixt in the starrs, are said to flowe  
 Into such characters as grav'd be,  
 When those stars had supremacie ;

So since this name was cutt,  
 When loue and grieft their exaltation had,  
 No doore 'gainst this name's influence shutt;  
 As much more lovinge as more sadd,  
 'Twill make thee ; and thou should'st, till I returne,  
 Since I die dailie, daily mourne.

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

And when thy melted mayde,  
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,  
 His letter at thy pillowe 'hath layde,  
 Disputinge it, and tamde thy rage,  
 And thou to him begin'st to thaw for this,  
 May my name stepp in, and hyde his !

And if this treason growe  
 To 'an overt act, and that thou write againe,  
 In superscribinge, my name flowe  
 Into thy fancy from thy pen,  
 Soe in forgettinge thou remembrest right,  
 And unaware to me shalt wryte.

But glasse and lynes must bee  
 No means our firme substantiall loue to keepe :  
 Neare death inflicts this lethargie,  
 And thus I murmurr in my sleepe :  
 Impute this idle talke to that I goe ;  
 For dyinge men talke often soe.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ix. 4. 'disputing' of our MS. and 'disputed' of the printed texts seem both corrupt, being in the wrong tense. The bribed maid 'disputes' with her mistress, who is inclined to be faithful and to receive no other letters, and by dint of 'disputing' (=contradicting, persuading, wheedling) at length conquers the anger she had at being presented with such letters. I prefer in l. 5 the reading of '69 to

And thou begin'st to thaw toward him for this.

St. i. 6, '*of either rock.*' Ben Jonson in one of his masques speaks of 'rubies of the rock,' but apparently in opposition to 'pearls of the seas.' Donne perhaps means from the rocks or mines of both Indias; the Goleonda and South American or Brazilian diamonds forming among jewellers two classes, the former being the better.

St. iv. 3. A fashionable device in rings; and the fashion, when it went off, seems to have left them with those who sought an appearance of fashion, respectability, and morality, because their trade and proccrings had none of these attributes.

St. ix. 3 = [may] my name flow. Cf. former note. G.





TWIT'NAM GARDENN.<sup>1</sup>

BLASTED with sighes, and surrounded with tears,  
Hither I come to seeke the Springe,  
And at myne eyes and at myne eares  
Receive such balme as els cures every thinge :

But, O selfe traitor, I doe bringe  
That spider Love, which transubstantiates all,  
And can convert manna to gall ;  
And that this place might thoroughly be thought  
True Paradise, I haue the serpent brought.

'Twere holesomer for mee, that Wynter did  
Benight the glory of this place,  
And that a grave frost did forbydd  
These trees to laugh, and mocke me to my face.  
But that I may not this disgrace  
Indure, nor leane this garden, Loue, let mee  
Some senceless part of this place bee ;  
Make me a mandrake, soe I may grow heere,  
Or a stone fowntain weeping out my yeare.

Hither with christal viols, louers, come, phials  
And take my tears, which are Love's wyne,  
And trie your mistris' tears at home,  
For all are false that tast not just like myne ;  
Alas, harts do not in eyes shyne, hearts

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by teares  
 Then by her shadow, what she weares !           Than  
 O perverse sex, where none is true but shee  
 Who 'is therefore trew, because her truth kills mee !

## NOTE.

I know not that 'Twit'nam' for 'Twickenham' is found elsewhere. Our ms. miswrites in ii. 3 'gray' for 'grave.' Cf. 'laugh' and 'mock.' G.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

ELL tell thee now, deare love, what thou shalt doe  
 To anger Desteny, as she doth us ;  
 How I shall stay, though she eloign me thus,  
 And how posteritie shall knowe it too ;  
 How thine may out-endure  
 Sibil's glory, and obscure  
 Her who from Pyndar co'ld allure,  
 And her through whose help Lucan is not lame,  
 And her whose booke, they say, Homer did find and  
 name.

Study our manuscripts, those miriads  
 Of letters which haue past 'twixt thee and mee ;  
 Thence wryte our annales, and in them will bee  
 To all whom Loue's siblymyng fire invades

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Rule and example fownd ;  
 There the faith of any ground  
 No schismaticke will dare to wound,  
 That sees how Loue this grace to us affords,  
 To make, to keepe, to bee, to use these his Records :  
 This booke, as long-livde as the elements  
 Or as the world's forme, this all-grav'd tome  
 In cipher write, or new-made idiom ;  
 We for Loue's clergie only 'are instruments.  
     When this booke is made thus,  
     Should againe the ravenous  
     Vandales and Gothes invade us,  
     Learning were safe in this our vniverse,      [verse.  
 Schooles might learne scyences, sphaeres musik, angells  
 Here Loue's devines — since all divinitie  
     Is loue or wonder — may find all they seeke,  
     Whether abstract spiritual loue they like,  
 Their sowles exhal'd with what they do not see ;  
     Or, loathe so to amuse  
     Faith's infirmitie, they chuse  
     Something which they may see and vse ;  
     For tho' mynd bee y<sup>e</sup> heav'n where Loue doth sytt,  
 Bewty a convenient type may be to figure yt.  
 Here more then in their books may lawyers fynd,      than  
     Both by what tytles mistresses are ours,  
     And how prerogative these States devours,  
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe to womankynd,



Who, though from harts and eyes  
 They 'exact great subsidies,  
 Forsake him who on them relyes,  
 And for the cause honor or conscience give,  
 Chymeras vayne as they, or their prerogative.  
 Here statesmen, or of them they which can read,  
 May of their occupacion fynd the grounds ;  
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,  
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed ;  
     In both they doe excell,  
     Who the present governe well,  
     Whose weaknes none doth or dare tell ;  
 In this thy booke such will their nothing see,  
 As in the Byble some can fynd out alchemie.  
 Thus vent thy thoughts ; abroad I'll study thee,  
     As he removes far off, that great heights takes :  
     How great lone is, presence best triall makes,  
 But absence tryes how long this loue wilbe :  
     To take a latitude,  
     Sunn or stars are fittest veiued  
     At their brightest ; but to conclude  
     Of longitudes, what other way have wee,  
 But to marke when, and where, y<sup>e</sup> darke eclipses bee ?

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This poem was doubtless addressed to the poet's wife, and probably formed the concluding poem of the missing edition of his poems, as noticed in our Essay.

St. i. 3, 'cloign'=esloign is preferable to 'parloyne' of our ms. Destiny had not stolen (or 'purloined') him from the living. There are other obvious errors in the ms., which we have silently corrected from the printed texts.

Ib. 7. Corinna the Theban, Pindar's instructress in poetry, and successful rival.

Ib. 8. Probably Argentaria Polla, Lucan's wife and widow (Statius and Martial). Our ms. mistakenly reads 'Vucan'=Vulcan.

St. iii. 2, 'This all-gravèd tome' is 'this book,' not the world's form. The book might be in 'new-made' idiom, but the world could not be said to be so writ.

St. vi. 8, '*nothing*:' '69 has '*something*.' The sense is much the same, but he is inveighing against statesmen and alchemy, and '*nothing*' therefore is the stronger and to be preferred.

St. vii. 7, '*brightest*.' In taking a latitude, sun and stars are for astronomical reasons best taken at or near their meridian height, where, being out of the mists of the horizon, they are brightest and clearest. G.

### COMMUNITY.<sup>1</sup>

Good we must love, and must hate ill,

For ill is ill, and good good still ;

But there are things indifferent,

Which we may neither hate nor loue,

But one, and then another prove,

As we shall fynd our fancie bent.

If then at first wise Nature hadd

Made women either good or bad,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Then some we might hate and some chuse ;  
 But since she did them so create,  
 That we may neither love nor hate,  
     Oulie this rests—all, all may use.  
 If they were good, it would be scene ;  
 Good is as visible as greene,  
     And to all eyes itself betrayes :  
 If they were badd, they co'ld not last ;  
 Bad doth itselke and others waste :  
     Soe they deserve nor blame nor praise.  
 But they are ours, as fruits are ours :  
 He that but tasts, he that devours,  
     And he which leaves all, doth as well :  
 Chang'd loues are but chang'd sorts of meat ;  
 And when he hath the kernell eate,  
     Who doth not flinge away the shell ?

## NOTE.

St. iii. 2, '*greene*:' may have been chosen merely for the rhyme; but as it was the colour indicative of lasciviousness, a sarcasm may have been intended. G.

THE SPRINGE.<sup>1</sup>

I SCARSE beleive my loue to be so pure  
 As I had thought it was,  
 Because it doth endure

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Vicissitude and seasonn, as the grasse ;  
 Meethinks I lyed all Wynter, when I swore  
 My loue was infinite, if Spring make 'it more.

But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow  
 With more, not only be no quintessence,  
 But mixt of all stuffs vexing sowle or sence,  
 And from the sunn his active vigor borrow,  
 Loue's not soe pure an abstract, as they use  
 To say, which have no mistris but their Muse ;  
 But, as all els, being elemented too,  
 Love sometimes wo'ld contéplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more emynent  
     Love by the Springe is grown ;  
     As in the fyrment  
 Stars are not by the sun enlarg'd, but showne.  
 Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,  
 From Love's awakèd roote do budd out now.

If, as in waters stir'd, more circles bee  
 Produc'd by one, loue such additions take,  
 Those, like soe many sphæres, but one heav'n make,  
 For they are all concentrique unto thee ;  
 And though each springe doth add to loue new heat,  
 As princes doe in time of action gett  
 New taxes, and remytt them not in Peace,  
 Noe Winter shall abate this Springe's increase.

## NOTE.

Usually headed '*Love's Growth*.' In st. iii. 4, '*not enlarg'd*?' a curious phrase, meaning that the stars that show in daylight are not enlarged, but show to be brighter than their invisible neighbours, and to be comparatively brighter than they appear to be when all are seen together in the darkness of night. G.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.<sup>1</sup>

LOVE, any diucl else but you  
 Would for a given soule giue something too  
 Att Court your fellowes eu'ry day  
 Giue th' art of riming, huntsmanship, or play  
 For them who weere their owne before ;  
 Only I 'haue nothing, which gaue more,  
 But am, alas, by lying lowly, lower.

I aske no dispensation now  
 To falsify a sigh, a teare, a vow ;  
 I doe not sue from thee to drawe  
 A *non obstante* 'on Nature's lawe ;  
 These are prerogatiues, they 'inheere  
 In thee and thine ; none should forswear,  
 Except that hee Loue's minion weere.

Giue me thy weaknes, make me blind  
 Both waies, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind :

<sup>1</sup> From Hazlewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. G.

Loue, neuer lett me know that this  
 I loue, or that loue childish is.  
 Lett me not knowe that others knowe  
 That she knowes my paines, least that soe  
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou giue nothing, yett thou 'art just,  
 Because I would not thy first motion trust :  
 Small tounes, which stand stiffe till greate shott  
 Enforce them, by Warr's lawe condition nott:  
 Such in Loue's warfare is my cause; case  
 I may not article for grace,  
 Hauling putt Loue at last to shew his face.

This face, by which he would command  
 And change th' idolatrye of anny Land ;  
 This face, which, wheresoere it comes,  
 Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,  
 And melt both poles at once, and store  
 Desarts with cittyes, and make more  
 Mines in the earth than quarryes weere before.

For this Loue is enrag'd with mee,  
 Yett kills not : if I must example bee  
 To future rebels, if th' unborne  
 Must learne by my being cutt vp and torne ;  
 Kill and dissect me, Loue ; for this  
 Torture against thine owne end is :  
 Rackt carcases make ill anatomies.

NOTE.

St. iv. 4, 'condition:' that is, not entitled to make conditions, but are by martial-law given over to plunder and the sword, as were all places which, though evidently untenable, offered resistance. See vol. i. s. v. G.

CONFINED LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

SOME man unworthy to be possessor  
 Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,  
 Thought his payne and shame wo'ld be lesser  
 If on womankynd he might his anger wreake,  
     And thence a lawe did growe,  
     One should but one man knowe ;  
     But are other creatures soe ?  
     Are sunn, moone, or starrs by lawe forbidden  
 To smyle where they list, or lend away their light ? <sup>choose</sup>  
     Are byrds divorced, or are they chydden  
 If they leaue their mate, or lye abroad a-night ?  
     Beasts do noe jointure loose,  
     Though they new lovers chuse :  
     But we are made worse then those.            than  
     Whoere rigg'd faire shippes to lye in harbours,  
 And not to seecke new Lands, or not to deale with all ?  
     Or buylt faire howses, sett trees and arbours,  
 Only to locke upp, or ells to let them fall ?

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Same thoughts herein as in Metempsy. and elsewhere. G.

Good is noe good, unlesse  
 A thowsand it possesse,  
 But doth wast with greedynesse.

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THE DREAME.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR Love, for nothing less then thee than  
 Would I have broke this happy dreame ;

It was a theame

For reason, much too stronge for fantasie ;  
 Therefore thou waked'st mee wisely : yett  
 My dreame thou brak'st not, but continued'st it :  
 Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice  
 To make dreams true, and fables historyes.  
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best  
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's doe the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,  
 Thine eyes, and not thy noice, waked me ;

Yet I thought thee

(For thou lov'st truth) an angell at first sight ;  
 But when I saw thou saw'st my hart,  
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angell's art ;  
 When thou knew'st what I dreampt, then thou knew'st  
 when

Excesse of joy wo'ld wake me, and cam'st then ;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.



I must confesse it co'ld not choose but bee  
 Prophane to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Coming and stayinge shewd thee, thee;  
 But risinge makes me doubt that nowe

Thou art not thou.

That love is weak, where fear's as strong as bee;  
 'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,  
 If mixture it of feare, shame, honor haue.  
 Perchance, as torches, which must ready bee,  
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee;  
 Thou can'st to kinde, go'st to come: then I  
 Will dreame that hope againe; but els wo'ld dye.

#### A VALEDICTION OF TEARS.<sup>1</sup>

LET me powre forth

My tears before thy face, whilst I stay heere,  
 For thy face coyne them, and thy stamp they beare;  
 And by this mintage they are something worth,

For thus they bee  
 Pregnant of thee;

Fruits of much griefe they are, emblems of more;  
 When a teare falls, that thou falls, which it bore;  
 Soe thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

On a round ball  
 A workman, that hath coppies by, can laye  
 An Europe, Afrike, and an Asia,  
 And quickly make that which was nothinge, all :  
 So doth each teare,  
 Which thee doth weare,  
 A globe, yea, world by that impressyon growe,  
 Till thy tears mixt with myne do overflowe  
 This world, by waters sent from thee, by heav'n dis-  
 solv'd soe.

Oh more then moon, than  
 Draw not thy seas to drowne me in thy sphere ;  
 Weepe me not dead in thine arms, but forebeare  
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone ;  
 Let not the wynd  
 Example find  
 To do me more harme then it purposeth : than  
 Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,  
 Whoere sighs most, is crewelest, and hastes the other's  
 death.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. 8=when the tear, united with thy image, falls, then the 'thon' that it bears falls too.

St. ii. 6, 'thee:' our ms. miswrites 'she.' The tear wears =bears the impression of thee. Cf. st. i. 4, 8, and note on st. i. 8.

St. iii. 2, 'thy:' our ms. and '35 'up.' 'Up' is vague, and may mean to the moon or to her sphere: 'thy,' from '69, expresses the moon's empyr. G.



LOVE IS ALCHEMY.<sup>1</sup>

SOME that have deeper dig'd Loue's myne then I, <sup>then</sup>  
Say, where his centricke happines doth lye :

I haue lov'd, and gott, and tould ;  
But sho'd I loue, got, tell, till I were old,  
I should not find that hidden misterie ;

Oh, 'tis imposture all :  
And as no chymick yet th' elixir gott,  
But glorifies his pregnant pott,  
If by the way to him befall  
Some odoriferous thinge or medicinall ;  
So louers dream a rich and long delight,  
But gett a Winter-seeming Sommer's night.

Our ease, our thrite, our honor, and our day,  
Shall we for this vaine bubble's shadow pay ?  
Ends loue in this, that any man  
Can be as happie 'as I can, if he can  
Endure the short scorne of a bridegroom's plaie ?  
That louinge wretch that swears

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

'Tis not the bodies marrie, but the myndes,  
 Which he in her angelique finds,  
 Would swear as iustly, that he heares,  
 In that daie's rude hoarse minustralsie the spheres.  
 Hope not for mynd in women ; at their best  
 Sweetness and wytt, they're but mummie posest.

## NOTE.

The heading is usually 'Love's Alchemy:' I have expanded it. Our ms. has 'Mummie;' and as ending with a sarcasm on women this might stand. But the subject is that Love=alchemy—an imposture. G.

CURSE.<sup>1</sup>

Who ever guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows  
 Who is my mistris, wither by this CURSE!  
 Him onely and onely his purse  
 May some dull hart to loue dispose,  
 And she yeald then to all that are his foes!  
 May he be scorne by one, whom all ells scorne;  
 Forsweare to others what to her he 'hath sworne,  
 With feare of missinge, shame of getting, torne!  
 Madnes his sorrowe, gowte his crampe may hee  
 Make, but by thinkinge who hath made them such!  
 And may hee feele no touch  
 Of conscience, but of sinne, and bee  
 Anguisht, not that 'twas sinn, but that 'twas shee!

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Or may he for her virtues reverence  
 One that hates him only for impotence,  
 And asqual traytors be shee and his sence !

May he dreame treason, and believe that hee  
 Meant to performe it, and confesse, and dye,  
 And noe record tell why :  
 His sonns, which none of his may bee,  
 Inherit nothinge but his infamie !  
 Or may he soe longe parasites haue feld,  
 That he wo'ld fayne be theirs, whom he hath bredd,  
 And at the last be circumcysde for bread !

The venom of all step-dams, gamester's gall,  
 What tyrants and their subiects interwish,  
 What plants, mynes, beasts, fowle, fish,  
 Can contribute, all ill, which all  
 Prophets or poets speke ; and all, which shall  
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,  
 Fall on that man ; for if it be a shee,  
 Nature beforehand hath outcours'd mee !

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The metre (cf. the other st.) and the construction and the sense show that '35 and our ms. readings are made up of unaltered alterations, *i.e.* the words intended to be deleted are left in instead of being struck out on correction :

His only for his purse,  
 His and only for his purse,

She is not to be ' his only,' as '35 says, and the ms. is not English. The ' him,' however, of '69 is more grammatical, besides

getting rid of the thought that the woman is in any way 'his.' I have adopted 'Him,' as being confirmed also by change of 'heart' to 'whore.' In st. ii. 7 '*impotence*'=Not that her only cause of hate was his impotence, but one that only hates him, impotent, and loves all others. In st. ii. 4 I have adopted 'sinne' from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. It is usually misprinted 'fame.' In our ms. it is 'shame.' 'Fame' is self-evidently wrong; but I do not think Donne was so merciful as to wish him to feel 'shame.' The word 'sinn' in next line proves almost without a doubt that 'but of sinne' is the correct reading; and I regard 'fame' as a misreading of 'shame,' and 'shame' as the conjectural emendation of 'fame' by a copyist who saw it was wrong. G.

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THE MESSAGE.<sup>1</sup>

SEND home my longe-stray'd eyes to mee,  
 Which, oh, too longe haue dwelt on thee;  
 But if there they haue learnt such ill,  
     Such foret fashions  
     And false passyons,  
         That they bee  
         Made by thee  
 Fitt for no good sight, keepe them still.

Send home my harmles harte againe,  
 Which no unworthy thought co'ld stayne;  
 But if it be taught by thine  
     To make jestinges  
     Of protestinges,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before.

And break both  
 Word and oath,  
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.  
  
 Yet send me back my hart and eyes,  
 That I may know and see thy lyes,  
 And may laugh and joy, when thou  
     Art in anguish,  
     And dost langwish  
         For some one,  
         That will none,  
 Or prove as false as thou dost nowe.

---

## A NOCTURNALL UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY,

BEINGE THE SHORTEST DAY.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis the yeare's midnight, and it is the daye's,  
     Lucie's, who scarse seaven howers herselfe unmaskes;  
     The Sun is spent, and now his flasks  
 Send forth light squilbs, no constant rayes;  
 The world's whole sapp is sunke;  
 The generall balm th' hydroptique Earth hath drunk,  
 Whither, as to the bedd's-feet, life is shrunk,  
 Dead and enterred: yet all these seeme to laugh,  
 Compared with mee, who am their epitaph.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. G.

Studdle mee then, you who shall lovers bee  
     At the next world, that is, at the next Springe :  
     For I am a very dead thinge,  
 In whom Love wrought new Aleuny.  
 For his art did express  
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse,  
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse :  
 He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begott  
 Of absence, darkeness, death—things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,  
     Life, soule, forme, spiritt, whence they beinge have ;  
     I, by Love's limbeck, am the graue  
 Of all that's nothinge. Oft a flood  
 Have wee two wept, and soe  
 Drown'd the whole world, us two ; oft did wee growe  
 To be two Chaosses, when wee did showe  
 Care to ought else ; and often absences  
 Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, which word wrongs her,  
     Of the first nothinge the elixer grownen ;  
     Were I a man, that I were one  
 I needs must know ; I should preferre,  
 If I were any beast,  
 Some ends, some meanes ; yea plants, yea stones detest  
 And love ; all, all some properties invest.



If I an ordinary nothinge were,  
As shadowe, a light and bodie must be heere.

But I am none ; nor will my sun renewe :

    You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sunn

    At this tyme to the Goate is run

To fetch new lust, and give it you,

Enjoy your Summer all ;

Since she enjoyes her longe night's festivall,

Let me prepare towards her, and let mee call

This hower her vigill and her eye, since this

Both the yeare's and the daye's deep midnight is.

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms. incorrectly reads 'shortest night' for 'day.' The day of St. Lucy, virgin and martyr, 304, is 13th December, which in old style and in Donne's time would be about the shortest 'day.' Cf. st. i. l. 3 and v. 2-9. In st. iii. 6 the 'tw' are the whole world 'to one another'—a constant conceit in Donne. Read also, in vol. i. p. 158, note on l. 120—the shortest day and longest night. G.

#### WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.<sup>1</sup>

I FIXE mine eye on thine, and there

    Pity my picture burninge in thine eye ;

My picture drown'd in a transparant teare,

    When I looke lower, I espie ;

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. G.

Hadst thou the wicked skill,  
 By pictures made and mar'd, to kill,  
 How many waies mightst thou performe thy will !

But now I 'haue drunke thie sweet salt teares,  
 And though thou poor more, I'll depart :      poor  
 My picture vanished, vanish all feares,  
 That I can be endamag'd by that art :  
 Though thou retaine of me  
 One picture more, yet that wilbe,  
 Being in thine own hart, from all malice free.

#### THE BAIT.<sup>1</sup>

COME liue with me and be my loue,  
 And we will some new pleasure proue  
 Of golden sands and cristall brooks,  
 With silken lines and siluer hooks.

There will the riuer whisperinge runne  
 Warm'd by thine eyes more then the sunne ;      than  
 And there th' enamored fish will stay,  
 Begginge themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swime in that liue bath,  
 Each fish, which every channell hath,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Will amorously to thee swimme,  
 Gladder to catch thee then thou him. then

If thou to be so seen beest loath  
 By sunne or moone, thou darknest both;  
 And if my selfe haue leave to see,  
 I need not their light, hauinge thee.

Let others freeze with anglinge reeds,  
 And cutt their leggs with shells and weeds,  
 Or treacherously poore fish besett  
 With stranglinge snare or winding nett :

Let course bold hands from slimy nest  
 The bedded fish in bancks outwrest,  
 Or curious traitors, sleaue-silk flies,  
 Bewitch poore fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
 For thou thy selfe art thine owne baite :  
 That fish that is not catched thereby,  
 Alas, is wiser farr than I !

## NOTE.

This is a variant on Marlowe's Song. In l. 20, Donne, seeing that his original word 'windowy' (= full of windows or spaces) had no reference to danger of the net, altered it to 'winding' ('69) - encircling and entangling. G.



### THE APPARITION.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN by thy scorne, O murtheress, I am deal,  
And thou shalt think thee free  
Of all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bedd,  
And thee, fayn'd vestall, in worse arms shall see;  
Then thy sick taper will begin to winke,  
And hee whose thou art them, being tirde before,  
Will, if thou strive or pinche or wake him, thinke  
Thou cal'st for more,  
And in a false sleepe even, from thee shrinke.  
And then, poore aspen wretch, neglected, thou  
Bathed in a could quick-siluer sweat wilt lye  
A veryer ghost then I.

What I will say, I will not tell thee nowe,  
Least that preserve thee : and since my loue is spent,  
I 'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent  
Then by my threatnings rest still innocent. Than

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. G.



### THE BROKEN HEART.<sup>1</sup>

HEE is starke madd who ever sayes  
That he hath bene in loue one hower :  
Yet not that loue soe soone decayes,  
But that it can ten in less space devour ;  
Who will believe me, if I sweare  
That I haue had the plague a yeare ?  
Who wo'ld not laugh at mee, if I sho'ld say  
I sawe a flash of powder burne a day ?

Ah, what a tryfle is a harte,  
If once into Loue's hands it come !  
All other greifs allowe a parte  
To other griefs, and ask themselues but some :  
They come to us; but us Loue drawes,  
He swallows us, and never chawes :  
By him, as by chayne-shott, whole ranks doe dye ;  
He is the tyrant pyke, our hearts the frye.

If 'twere not soe, what did become  
Of my hart, when I first sawe thee ?  
I brought a hart into the roome,  
But from the roome I carry'd none with mee :

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before; but silently corrected in obvious errors from '35. G.

If it had gone with thyne, I knowe  
 Mine would have taught thiyne hart to showe  
 More pittie unto mee : but Loue, alas,  
 At one first blow did shyver yt as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,  
 Nor any place be emptye quyte ;  
 Therefore I think my brest hath all  
 Those peeces still, though they do not unyte :  
 And now as broken glasses showe  
 A thousand lesser faces, soe  
 My raggs of hart can like, wish, and adore ;  
 But after one such loue can loue no more.

VPOX PARTINGE FROM HIS MISTRIS.<sup>1</sup>

As virtuous men pass myldly 'away,  
 And whisper to their sowles to goe,  
 Whilst some of their sad freinds doe say,  
 Now his breath goes, and some say, noe ;

Soe let us melt, and make no noise,  
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move ;  
 'Twere prophanation of our joyes  
 To tell the laetic our loue.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Movinge of th' earth brings harms and feares,  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant ;  
 But trepidations of the sphaeres,  
 Though greater farr, are innocent.

Dull sublunary Louers' lone,  
 Whose sowle is sence, cannot admytt  
 Absence; for that it doth remoue  
 Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a lone so far refynde  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assarèd of the mynde,  
 Care less, eyes, lipps, and hands to miss.

Our two sowles therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, in-lure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansionn,  
 Like gould to aerye thinnes beat.

If they be two, they are two soe  
 As styff twynn compasses are two ;  
 Thy sowle, the fixt foote, makes no showe  
 To move, but doth if th' other doe :

And though it in the center sytt,  
 Yet when the other farr doth rone,  
 It leans and hearkens after it,  
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
 Like th' other foote, obliquely run;  
 Thy firmnes makes my circle iust,  
 And makes me end where I begun.

---

THE ECSTACIE.<sup>1</sup>

WHERE, like a pillowe on a bedd,  
 A pregnant bancke swell'd upp to rest  
 The violet's declininge head,  
 Sate we, on one another's brest.  
 Our hands were firmly eyment'd 5  
 By a fast balme which thence did springe.  
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did threed  
 Our eyes upon one double stringe;  
 Soe to engraft our hands as yett  
 Was all our means to make us one, 10  
 And pictures in our eyes to gett  
 Was all our propagationn.  
 As 'twixt two equall armies Fate  
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,  
 Our sowles (which, to advance our state, 15  
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and mee;  
 And whilst our sowles negotiate there,  
 We like sepulchrall statues lay;  
 All day the same our postures were,  
 And we said nothinge all the day. 20

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.



If any, see by lone refine  
     That he sowle's language understood,  
 And by good lone were grown all mind,  
     Within convenient distance stood,  
 He (though he knew not which sowle spake,      25  
     Because both meant, both spake the same)  
 Might thence a newe concoction take,  
     And part far purer then he came,      30  
 This ecstacie doth unperplex,  
     We said, and tell us what we loue ;  
 We see by this it was not sex,      35  
     We see wee saw not what did move ;  
 But as all severall sowles containe  
     Mixture of things they know not what,  
 Love these mixt sowles doth mix againe,      40  
     And makes both one, each this and that ;  
 A single violet transplant,  
     The strength, the colour, and the sise,  
 All which before was poore and skant,  
     Redoubles still and multiplyes.      45  
 When loue with one another see  
     Inter-animates two sowles,  
 That abler sowle, which thence doth flowe,  
     Defects of lonelynes controwles,  
 We then, who are this new sowle, knowe      50  
     Of what we are compose and made ;  
 For the attonye, of which we growe,  
     Are sowles whom noe change can invade.

But, oh, alas, so longe, so farre,  
     Our bodyes whie doe we forbear?                     50  
 They are ours, though not we; we are  
     Th' Intelligences, they the sphaere:  
 We owe them thanks, because they thus  
     Did us to us at first couvai,  
 Yielded their senses' force to vs,                     55  
     Nor are drosse to us, but allaye.  
 On man heav'n's influence works not soe,  
     But that it first imprints the ayre;  
 Soe sowle into the sowle may flowe,  
     Though it to body first repaire.                     60  
 As our bloud labors to begett  
     Spirits as like sowles as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knytt  
     That subtile knott which makes us man;  
 So must pure Lovers' sowles descend                     65  
     To 'affections and to faculties,  
 Which sence may reach and apprehend,  
     Ells a great prince in prison lyes:  
 T' our bodies turne we then, that soe  
     Weake men on loue revaild may looke;                 revealed  
 Love's mysteries in sowles do growe,                     70  
     But yet the body is his booke;  
 And if some louer, such as wee,  
     Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still marke us; he shall see                     75  
     Small change, when we 'are to bodyes grown.

## NOTE.

To fully understand the punning conceit, it must be remembered that at that time allay (l. 56) was= both alloy and allay. G.

LOVE'S DIETIE.<sup>1</sup>

Deity

I LONG to talke with some ould lover's ghost,  
 Whoe dyde before the God of Loue was borne:  
 I cannot thinke that hee, that then lou'd most,  
 Sunck soe lowe as to loue one which did scorne.  
 But since this god producte a desteine, product'd a destiny  
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it bee,  
 I must loue her that loves not mee.

Sure they which made him god meant not so much,  
 Nor he in his younge godhead practiz'd it;  
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,  
 His office was indulgently to fitt  
 Actives to passives; correspondencie  
 Only his subject was; it cannot bee  
 Love, till I lov'd her that lou'd me.

But everie moderne god will now extend  
 His vast prerogative as farr as Jove;  
 To rage, to lust, to write too, to commend,  
 All is the purlew of the God of Loue.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Oh were we wakened by this tyrannie  
 To 'ungod this chyld again, it co'ld not be  
 I should loue her, that loves not me!

Rebell and atheist too, why murmur I  
 As though I felt the worst that Love could doe?  
 Love might make me leaue lovinge, or might trie  
 A deeper plague, to make her loue me too,  
 Which, since she loues before, I 'am loth to see;  
 Falsehood is worse then hate; and that must bee, than  
 If she whom I loue should loue me.

---

LOVE'S DIET.<sup>1</sup>

To what a cumbersome unwicklyness  
 And burthenous corpulency my loue had growne,  
 But that I did, to make it lesse,  
 And keepe it in proportionn,  
 Give it a dyett, made it feel upon  
 That which Loue worst endures, discretyon.  
 Above one sighe a day I 'allowde him not,  
 Of which my fortune and my fawlt had part;  
 And if sometimes by stealth he gott  
 A shee sigh from my mistris' hart,  
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see  
 'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to mee.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. G.

If he wrung from me a teare, I brinde it soe  
 With scorne or shame, that him it nourisht not ;  
     If he suckt her's, I lett him knowe  
     'Twas not a teare which he had gott ;  
 His drinke was counterfait, as was his meat ;  
 For eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat.  
  
 Whatever he wo'ld dictate, I writ that ;  
 But burnt her letters, when he wrote to mee ;  
     And if that savor made him fatt,  
     I saide, if any title be  
 Conveyed by this, Ah, what doth it availe  
 To be the fowrtieth name in an entaile ?  
  
 Thus I reclaym'd my bussard love, to flye  
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chose :  
     Now negligent of sport I lye,  
     And now, as other falkners use,  
 I springe a mistris, sweare, wryte, sigh, and weepe ;  
 And the game kild or lost, goe talke or sleepe.

---

LOVE'S LEGACIE.<sup>1</sup>

BEFORE I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,  
 Great Loue, some legacies. I heere bequeath  
 Myne eyes to Argus, if myne eyes can see ;  
 If they be blynd, then, Loue, I give them thee ;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

My tongue to Fame; to 'embassadors myne eares;  
 To women, or the sea, my tears.  
 Thou, Loue, hast taught me heretofore  
 By making me loue her who 'had twentie more,  
 That I should give to none but such as had too much  
 before.

My constancie I to the plannets give;  
 My truth to them who at the Court doe lue;  
 Mine ingenuitie and opennesse  
 To Jesuits; to buffones my pensivenes;  
 My sylence to any who abroad haue been;  
 My money to a Capuchin.  
 Thou, Loue, taught'st mee, by appointing mee  
 To loue her where no loue receiv'd can bee,  
 Only to give to such as haue an incapacitye.

My faith I give to Romane Catholiques;  
 All my good woorkes unto the schismatiques  
 Of Amsterdam; my best civilitie  
 And courtshipp to an Universitie;  
 My modestie I give to souldiers bare;  
 My patience lett gamesters share.  
 Thou, Lone, taught'st me, by making mee  
 Loue her, that houlds my loue disparitie,  
 Only to give to those that count my guifts indignitie.

My reputation I give to those  
 Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;

To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;  
 My sicknes to phisitions, or excess ;  
 To Nature all that I in rithme haue writt ;  
     And to my company my witt.

    Thou, Loue, by making me adore  
     Her who begot this loue in me before,  
 Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but  
     restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next toles  
 I give my phisik-books ; my wrytten roles  
 Of morrall counsells I to Bedlam give ;  
 My brazen meddalls unto them which liue  
 In want of bread ; to them which passe amonge  
     All foranners, myne English toungue.

    Thou, Loue, by makinge me loue one  
     Who thynks her friendship a fitt portion  
 For younger lovers, dost my guift thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give noe more ; but I'll undoe  
 The world by dyinge ; because Loue dyes too.  
 Then all your bewties wilbe no more worth  
 Then gold in mynes, when none doe draw it forth ; Than  
 And all your graces no more use will haue

    Then a sun-dyall in a graue. Than

    Thou, Loue, taught'st me, by appointinge mee  
 To loue her who doth neglect both mee and thee,  
 T' invent and practize that one way t' annihilate all  
     three.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: It is rather 'The Lover's Legacie,' for Love is invoked as the deity, and he also gives Love his eyes as to a legatee. It is usually headed 'The Will.' Our ms. in st. iv. 4. for 'excess' reads 'paracels' = Paracelse, *i. e.* Paracelsus, thus making all who are named persons; but as he was a physician, and as this stanza includes 'restoration,' the reading 'excess' seems to me preferable in sense as it is in metre. Our ms. has other obvious errors, which I have corrected from 1633, &c. G.

THE FUNERALL.<sup>1</sup>

WHOEVER comes to shroude me, doe not harme  
 Nor question much  
 That subtle wreath of haire about myne arm ;  
 The mistery, the signe you must not touch,  
 For 'tis my outward sowe,  
 Viceroi to that which, then to heaven being gone,  
 Will leave this to controwle  
 And keepe these lymbs, her provincees, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy threed, my braine lets fall  
 Through every part,  
 Can tye those parts, and make me one of all ;  
 The hayres, which upward grew, and strength and art

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Our ms. in line 2 reads 'which crowns,' and so '35, &c. ; but '69 'about myne' is better. G.



Haue from a better brayne,  
 Can better doe 'it : except she meant that I  
 By this should know my paine,  
 As prysoners then are manac'd, when they 'are con-  
 demnd to dye.

Whater she meant by 't, burie it with mee;  
 For since I am  
 Love's martir, it might breed idolatrie,  
 If into other hands these reliques came.  
 As 'twas humilitie  
 To 'afford to it all that a sowle can doe,  
 So 'tis some bravery,  
 That, since you would have none of mee, I bury some  
 of you.

---

THE BLOSSOME.<sup>1</sup>

LITTLE think'st thou, poore flower,  
 Whome I have watch'd six or seven dayes,  
 And scene thy byrth, and scene what every hower  
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough—  
 Lyttle think'st thou

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

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

Little think'st thou, poor hart,  
That labourest yet to nestle thee,  
And think'st by hovering heere to get a part  
In a forbydden or forbidding tree,  
And hop'st her stiffnes by long siege to bowe—

Little think'st thou  
That thou to-morrow, ere the sunne doth wake,  
Must with this sunne and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to bee  
Subtle to plague thy self, wilt say,  
Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee?  
Here lyes my busyness, and here I will stay:  
You goe to freinds, whose love and means present

Various content  
To your eyes, eares, and taste, and every part;  
If, then, your body goe, what need your hart?

Well, then stay here; but knowe,  
When thou hast staid and done thy most,  
A naked thinkinge hart, that makes no showe,  
Is to a woman but a kynd of ghoast;  
How shall she know my hart, or, having none,  
Know thee for one?

Practize may make her know some other part,  
But, take my word, she doth not know a hart.

Meet me at London, then,  
 Twentie days hence, and thou shalt see  
 Mee fresher and more fatt, by beinge with men,  
 Then if I had staid still with her and thee. Thou  
 For God's sake, if you can, be you soe too;  
     I would give you  
 There to another freind, whom we shall fynde  
 As gladd to have my body as my mynde.

## THE PRIMROSE,

BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON THE HILL ON  
 WHICH IT IS SITUATE.<sup>1</sup>

UPON this primrose hyl—  
 Where, if Heaven wo'ld distil  
 A shower of rayne, each severall dropp might goe  
 To his owne primrose, and grow manna see,  
 And where their forme and their infinity  
     Make a terrestriall galaxy,  
     As the small stars doe in the sky—  
 I walke to fynd a true-loue; and I see  
 That it 'is not a meere woman that is shee,  
 But must or more or less then woman bee. than

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Yet I know not which flower  
 I wish—a sixe or fower ;  
 For should my true-love lesse then woman bee,     than  
 She were searse any thinge; and then, sho'ld shee  
 Be more then woman, she wo'ld get abone     than  
     All thought of sex, and think to move  
     My hart to study her, not to love :  
 Both these were monsters ; since there must reside  
 Falsehood in woeman, I co'ld more abyde,  
 She were by art then nature falsyfide.     than  
  
     Live, primrose, then, and thrive  
     With thy true number five ;  
 And woemen, whom this flower doth represent,  
 With this misterious number be content ;  
 Ten is the farthest number ; if halfe tenn  
     Belongs unto each woman, then  
     Each woman may take halfe us men :  
 Or, if this will not serve their turne, since all  
 Numbers are odd or even, since they fall  
 First into five, women may take us all.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : Query, was the name of the hill ' Primrose Hill ' ?  
 From the last stanza it would appear that the ' primrose,' in  
 the symbolic imagery of that day, represented woman ; and  
 this is somewhat confirmatory of the view that it was prim-  
 roses that in April made ' cold nymphs' chaste crowns' (Masque  
 in the Tempest, act v.). From his looking also for a six- or  
 four-petalled one in connection with a true love, it would like-  
 wise seem that there was some rustic fancy in this ; perhaps

something similar to that which decided by the petals whether one was loved a little, much, passionately, or not at all.

In st. iii. 10 the conceit is obscure, unless the Poet be still referring to the theory, that the five of one hand is the first unit in the calculations of primeval man, and the ten of both hands the duplicate unit of this first one. G.

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THE RELIQUE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN my grave is broke up againe,  
 Some second guest to entertaine—  
 For graves have learnt, that wooman-head,  
 To be to more then one a bedd— than  
 And he that diggs it spies  
 A bracelet of bright hayre about the bone,  
 Will not he let us alone,  
 And think that there a lovinge couple lyes,  
 Who hope that this device might be a way  
 To make their sowles at the last busye day  
 Meete at this grave, and make a lyttle stay ?  
 If this fall in a time or land  
 Where misse-devotion doth command,  
 Then he that diggs us up will bringe  
 Us to the Bishop or the King,  
 To make us reliques; then  
 Thou shalt be a Marie Magdalen, and I  
 A somethinge els thereby;  
 All women shall adore us, and some men;

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

And since at such tymes miracles are sought,  
 I would have that age by this paper taught  
 What miracles we, harmles lovers, wrought.

First, we lovde well and faithfullie,  
 Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;  
 Difference of sex we never knewe,  
 No more then guardian angells doe;            than  
     Coming and going wee  
 Perchance might kisse, but yet betwixt those meals  
     Our hands ne'er toucht, the seals  
 Which nature, injur'd by late lawe, sett free.  
 These miracles we did : but now, alas,  
 All measure and all language I should passe,  
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our ms., in st. ii. l. 6, reads 'you shall;' but, as elsewhere noted, Donne and his contemporaries distinguished between the tender 'thou' and the less intimate 'you.' Cf., for instances of the change according to the temper of the speaker, st. iii. of *The Blossom* and st. v. In st. iii. 8 the same thought is to be found in the *Metempsychosis*, and elsewhere in Donne's early poems, that love in man was free, as among the brute creation, until restricted by law. G.





### THE DAMPE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN I am dead, and doctors know not why,  
    And my friends' curyositie  
Will haue me cut upp, to survay each part,  
And they shall find your picture in my hart,  
    You thinke a suddaine damp of loue  
    Will through all their sences move,  
And worke on them as mee, and so prefer  
Your murther to the name of massaker. massacre

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,  
    And pleasure in your conquest haue,  
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdaine,  
And let the enchantresse Honor next be slayne ;  
    And like a Goth or Vandal rise,  
    Deface records and historyes  
Of our owne arts and tryumphs over men :  
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster upp, as well as you,  
    My giants and my witches too,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. In st. i. 8 = raise your murder of me to the rank of a massacre of me and thee. I accept, in st. i. 4, 'And' for 'When' (from '69). G.

Which are vast Constancie and Secretnes ;  
 But theis I neither looke for nor professe.  
     Kill me as woeman, let me dye  
     As a meere man ; do you but try  
 Your passive valour, and you shall find than,      then  
 Naked you 'haue odds enough of any mann.

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THE DISSOLUTION.<sup>1</sup>

SHEE's dead ; and all which dye,  
     To their first elements resolve ;  
 And wee were mutuall elements to us,  
     And made of one another.  
     My body, then, doth hers involue,  
 And those things whereof I consist, hereby  
 In me abundant growe and burthenous,  
     And nourish not, but smother.  
     My fire of passion, sighes of air,  
 Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire,  
     Which my materialls bee,  
 But neare worne out by Love's securitie,  
 Shee, to my loss, doth by her death repaire ;  
 And I might live long wretched soe,  
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.  
     Now, as those active kings  
 Whose forraine conquest treasure brings,

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. G.



Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake ;  
 This—which I am amazed that I can speake—  
     This death hath with my store  
     My use increased ;  
 And so my soule, more earnestly released,  
 Will outstrip her's ; as bulletts flowne before,  
 A latter bullet maye overtake, the powder beinge more.

A JEATE RINGE SENTE.<sup>1</sup> jet

Thou art not so black as my hart,  
 Nor halfe so brittle as her hart thou art ;  
 What wouldst thou saye ? shall both our properties by  
     thee be spoke ?  
 Nothinge more endless, nothinge sooner broke.  
 Marriage-rings are not of this stuffe ;  
 Oh, why should aught less pretious or lesse tough  
 Figure our loves ? except in thy name thou haue bid it  
     saye,  
 I 'am cheape, and naught but fashion ; flinge me 'awaye.  
 Yet staye with me, since thou art come ;  
 Circle this finger's topp, which didst her thombe ;  
 Bee justly proude and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell  
     with me ;  
 Shee that, oh, broke her faith, would soone breake thee.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. Mss. 18617, as before. G.



NEGATIVE LOUE.<sup>1</sup>

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they  
Which on an eye, cheeke, lipp can praye ;  
    Seldome to them which soare no higher  
    Than vertue, or the minde t' admire  
For sense and understandinge maye  
    Know what gives fuel to their fire :  
My love, though sillie, is more brave ;  
For maye I miss when'er I crave,  
If I knowe yet what I would haue.

If that bee simply perfectest  
Which can by no way be exprest  
But negatives, my loue is soe.  
To all which all loue, I saye noe.  
If any who decipher best  
    What wee know not—ourselves—can knowe,  
Let him teach mee that nothinge : this  
As yet my ease and comfort is,  
Though I speed not, I cannott misse.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. In st. ii. 3.—But [by] negatives, the 'by' being included in the previous 'by no way.' G.



### THE PROHIBITION.<sup>1</sup>

TAKE heed of loueing mee ;  
At least remember I forbad it thee ;  
Not that I shall repaire my 'unthrifty waste  
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and teares,  
By being to thee then what to me thou wast ;  
But soe great joy our life at once outwears.  
Then, least thy loue by my death frustrate bee,  
If thou loue me, take heed of loueing mee.

Take heed of hateing mee,  
Or too much triumph in the victory :  
Net that I shalbe mine owne officer,  
And hate with hate againe retalliate ;  
But thou wilt loose the stile of conquerer,  
If I, thy conquest, perrish by thy hate.  
Then, leest my being nothing lessen thee,  
If thou hate me, take heed of hateing mee.

Yet loue and hate mee too,  
Soe these extreames shall ne're their office doe :  
Loue me, that I may dye the gentler way ;  
Hate me, because thy loue's too greate for me :

<sup>1</sup> From Haslewood-Kingsborough MS., as before. G.

Or lett these tow themselves, not me, decay ;      two  
 Soe shall I liue, thy stage not triumphe bee.  
 Then, lest thy love thou hate, and mee undoe,  
 O lett me liue, and loue and hate me too.

---

VALEDICTIO AMORIS.<sup>1</sup>

Soe, soe, break of this last lamentinge kisse,  
 Which sucks two sowles and vapors both away :  
 Turne thou, ghoast, y<sup>t</sup> way, and let me turne this,  
 And let our selues benight our happy day.

We aske none leave to loue, nor will we owe  
 Anie soe cheape a death as sayinge go.

Goe ; and if that word haue not quyte kild thee,  
 Ease me with deathe by biddinge me goe too ;  
 Or if it haue, let my word worke on mee,  
 And a just office on a murtherer doe :

Except it be too late to kill mee soe,  
 Beinge double death, goinge and byddinge goe.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

NOTE.

St. i. 3, '*ghoast*:' often used ('The Blossom,' st. iv. 4, and other writers) for the corpse : 'souls' do not 'benight day.' I adopt 'selues' (l. 4) from printed text. G.



### THE COMPUTATION.<sup>1</sup>

For my first twenty years, since yesterday,  
I scarce believd thou would be gone away ;  
For fortie more I fedd on favours past,  
And fortie on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last.  
Tears haue one hundred drowned, sighs blowne out two ;  
    One thousand I did think nothing nor doe,  
    Or not divide, all being one thought of yow ;  
    Or in one thousand more forget that too.  
Yet think not this longe life ; but think that I  
Am, by beinge dead, immortall ; can ghosts dye ?

---

### THE PARADOX.<sup>2</sup>

No louer saith, I loue, nor any other  
    Can judge a perfect lover ;  
He thinkes that else none can nor will agree  
    That anie loves but hee ;  
I cannot say I lov'd ; for who can say  
    He was kyld yesterday ?

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. Our ms. in l. 4 reads obscurely 'that you wish may ever last.' printed text here preferred ; also l. 7, 'divide' rather than 'denyde.' G.

<sup>2</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. G.

Loue, with excesse of heate more young then old; than  
 Death kills with too much could. cold  
 Wee dye but once, and who lovde last did dye;  
 He that saith twice, doth lye:  
 For though he seeme to move and stirr awhyle,  
 It doth the sense beguyle.  
 Such life is like the light, which bydeth yet  
 When the life's light is sett;  
 Or like the heate which fire in sollid matter  
 Leaves behind two houres after.  
 Once I lovde and dyde; and am now become  
 Myne epitaph and tombe.  
 Here dead men speake their last, and seee doe I:  
 Loue-slain, loe, here I dye.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 8, 'kills'=[kills] with excess of heat.

„ 14, 'life's light'—the glazed eye and life-like repose of the features.

Line 17. Our ms. omits 'now,' so making 'Once' the first foot, and distributing the accents better: but as I do not remember another instance in Donne of a one-foot first syllable—unless it be the doubtful use of the emphatic 'I' in the first line of 'The Undertaking'—I must regard the omission as a corrector's imagined improvement. Donne has lines just as bad as

Once Ī | lōv'd ānd | diēd | ānd | G.



SONG.<sup>1</sup>

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

Let not thy wit beweepe  
Words, but sense deep ;  
For when we miss  
By distance our hopes-joyning bliss,  
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss :  
Fools have no means to meet  
But by their feet ;

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before. G.

Why should our clay  
 Over our spirits so much sway,  
 To tie us to that way ?  
 O, give no way to grief,  
 But let belief  
 Of mutual love  
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,  
 Our bodies, not we, move.

---

FAREWELL TO LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

WHILST yet to prove  
 I thought there was some deitie in love,  
 So did I reverence and gave  
 Worship, as atheists at their dying hour  
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,     5  
 As ignorantly did I crave :  
 Thus when  
 Things not yet known are coveted by men,  
 Our desires give them fashion, and so  
 As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.     10  
 But from late Fair  
 His Highness, sitting in a golden chair,  
 Is not less cared for after three dayes  
 By children then the thing which lovers so     than  
 Blindly admire and with such worship wooe :     15

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before. G.



Being had, enjoying it decays ;  
 And thence,  
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,  
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behind  
 A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind. 20

Ah, cannot we,  
 As well as cocks and Lyons, jocular be  
 After such pleasures? unless wise  
 Nature decreed—since each such act, they say,  
 Diminisheth the length of life a day— 25  
 This, as she would man should despise  
 The sport,  
 Because that other curse of being short,  
 And—only-for-a-minute-made-to-be—  
 Eager desires to raise posterity. 30

Since so, my mind  
 Shall not desire what no man else can find ;  
 I'll no more dote and run  
 To pursue things which had endamag'd me.  
 And when I come where moving beauties be, 35  
 As men do when the summer sun  
 Grows great,  
 Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat ;  
 Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,  
 'Tis but applying worm-seed to the tail. 40

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 1. '*prove*' = while as yet love was unknown to me, *not* 'to prove I thought,' which is without meaning. Hence I punctuate with a comma [,].

Line 4. Perhaps '*Worship*' (;) would make this read better; but possibly this is one of Donne's oddly-transposed sentences, and the construction as follows: 1. 2, love; So did . . . worship as (=so) ignorantly . . . crave, as Atheists &c.

Line 10. '*size*' = increase in size, probably a sense peculiar to the passage.

Line 18, '*them*' = the senses.

„ 30. The sentence is strangely worded, and there must also be some blunder in these lines as they stand in '69, &c. Because = Because of; and I venture to read 'Eager desires' (not 'Eager, desires'); and l. 26, 'This,' (not ;). The whole sense then is: Unless Nature decreed this, in order that man should despise it, (just) as she made it short, that man might for that reason also despise a sport that was only for a minute made to be eager desires to raise posterity. I have also hyphened 'only-for-a-minute-made-to-be.' Cf. Elegy iv. l. 31.

Line 40. As worm-seed was not supposed to have more than the one property of expelling worms, the phrase is probably metaphorical only. G.

ODE.<sup>1</sup>

ABSENCE, heere this my protestatyon

Against thy strength,

Distance, and length.

Doe what thou canst for alteration,

For hearts of truest mettle

Absence doth joyne, and tyme doth settle.

<sup>1</sup> From the Stephens' ms., as before. Sir John Simeon gives it in his collection (as before, p. 27). His ms. supplies these

Who loues a mistress of such quality,  
     His mynd hath fownd  
     Affection's grownd  
 Beyond tyme, place and mortallitie,  
     To harts that cannot varie  
     Absence is present, Tyme doth tary,  
  
 My senses want their outward motyon,  
     Which now within  
     Reason doth wynn,  
 Redubled by her secret motion,  
     Like rich that take pleasure  
     In hyding more than handling treasure,  
  
 By absence this good means I gaine,  
     That I can catch her  
     Where none can match her  
 In some close corner of my brayne,  
     There I imbrace, and there kisse her,  
     And soe enioye her and none mysse her.

---

better readings: st. i. l. 4, 'hearts' for 'starrs;' st. ii. l. 6, 'tary' for 'cary;' but the Stephens' is otherwise preferable: *e. g.* Simeon misreads 'Thy' for 'My' (l. 1); and others similar. Sir John was mistaken in supposing this was one of the 'Unpublished' poems of Donne, as it had previously appeared in 'The Grove,' a collection of original Poems and Translations (1721), and which supplies 'now' in iv. 6 for 'soe.' I am indebted to a friendly correspondent (Mr. W. T. Brooke, London) for The Grove, in which it is stated that the poem was by Donne from an old MS. formerly belonging to Sir John Cotton of Stratton in Huntingdonshire. G.



### LOVE-LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.<sup>1</sup>

STAND still, and I will read to thee  
A lecture, Loue, in Love's philosophic.  
    These three howres which we 'have spent  
    In walking here, two shaddowes went  
Along with us, which we ourselues product; produc'd  
But now the sunne is just about our head,  
    We doe those shadowes tread;  
    And to braue clearnes all thinges are reduct.  
Soe whilst our infant loue did growe,  
Disguises did and shadowes flowe  
From us and our cares: but now 'tis not soe.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,  
Which is still vigilant lest others see.  
Except our loues at this noone stay,  
We shall new shadowes make the other way:  
    As the first were made to blynd  
    Others; these, which come behynd,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before. In st. ii. l. 9, our ms. misreads 'though' for 'thou:' I take printed text = thou to me shalt falsely disguise thy actions, and I mine to thee. G.

Will work upon ourselues, and blynd our eyes.  
 If love once faint, and westwardly deelyne,  
     To me thou, falsly, thine,  
     And I to thee myne actyons shall disguise.  
 The morning shadowes weare away,  
 But these grow longer all the day :  
 But, oh, love's day is short, if lone decay!

Love is a growinge or full constant light ;  
 And his first mynute, after noone, is night.

---

 THE TOKEN.<sup>1</sup>

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,  
     Or that my caseless thoughts may sleep and rest ;  
 Send me some hony, to make sweet my hive,  
     That in my passions I may hope the best.  
 I beg nor ribbon wrought with thy own hands,  
     To knit our loves in the fantastic strain  
 Of new-touch'd youth ; nor ring to show the stands  
     Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,  
 So should our loves meet in simplicity ;  
     No, nor the corals which thy wrist infold,  
 Laced up together in congruity,  
     To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before. G.

No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,  
 And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best ;  
 Nor witty lines, which are most copious,  
 Within the writings which thou hast address.  
 Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score ;  
 But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

---

[SELF-LOVE.]

He that cannot chuse but love,  
 And strives against it still,  
 Never shall my fancy move ;  
 For he loves against his will.  
 Nor he which is all his own,  
 And cannot pleasure chuse ;  
 When I am caught, he can be gone,  
 And, when he list, refuse.  
 Nor he that loves none but fair,  
 For such by all are sought ;  
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,  
 For his judgment then is naught.  
 Nor he that hath wit, for he will  
 Make me his jest or slave ;  
 Nor a fool, for when others . . . .  
 He can neither . . . .

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before. G.

Nor he that still his mistress prays,  
 For she is thrall'd therefore ;  
 Nor he that payes not, for he says  
 Within she's worth no more,  
 Is there then no kind of men,  
 Whom I may freely prove ?  
 I will venture that humor then  
 In this mine own self love.

THE LADY AND HER VIOL.<sup>1</sup>

Why dost thou, deare, affect thy viol so,  
 And let thy loue forlorne, w<sup>th</sup> anguish go ?  
 Thou't kindly set him on thy lap, imbrace  
 And almost kis, while I must voide y<sup>e</sup> place.  
 Thou't string him truly, tune him sweetly, when  
 Thou't wrest me out of tune and crack me then :  
 Thou't stop his frets, but set no date to mine ;  
 Thou't giue what ere he wants, but let me pine,  
 Thou knowest him hollow-harted, yet wilt heare  
 Him throughout w<sup>th</sup> an attentiuē care.

<sup>1</sup> From the Farmer ms. in Chetham Library, Manchester. Placed as these lines are among other poems of Donne preceding and succeeding, it seems pretty clear they bear his characteristics. The whole are anonymous. At bottom of the page, as a variant of last line, is the reading 'That I might play on the [thee].' See our publication of the ms. for the Chetham Society (1 vol. 4to, 1873). G.

And sing him such a pleasing lullaby,  
 Would charme hel's churlish porter's watchfull eye ;  
 Keeping true time w<sup>th</sup> him as true may be,  
 But finde no time to kepe y<sup>e</sup> true to me.  
 Deare as y<sup>e</sup> instrument woulde I were thine,  
 That thou mightst play on me, or thou wert mine.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR HENRY  
 WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,  
     You do not love ;  
 For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,  
     You sell desire.  
     Love is not love but given free,                     5  
     And so is mine ; so should yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of others' moan,  
     To mine is stone ;  
 Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,  
     Joy to wound me :                                     10  
     Yet I so well affect each part,  
     As, caus'd by them, I love my smart.

Say her disclaimings justly must be grac't  
     With name of chast ;

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, pp. 186-7. G.



And that she frowns lest longing should exceed, 15  
 And raging breed;  
 So her dislaines can ne'r offend,  
 Unless self love take private end.

## ANSWER.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain  
 Kills that again; 20  
 As water causeth fire to fret and fume,  
 Till all consume.  
 Who can of love more rich gift make,  
 Then to Love's self for Love's own sake? Than  
 I'll never dig in quarry of an heart 25  
 To have no part;  
 Nor roast in fiery eyes which alwaies are  
 Canicular. digests  
 Who this way would a lover prove,  
 May shew his patience, not his love. 30  
 A frown may be sometimes for physie good,  
 But not for food;  
 And for that raging humour there is sure  
 A gentler cure.  
 Why bar you love of private end. 35  
 Which never should to publique tend?

## NOTE.

The second stanza is in continuation of the first and by the same speaker, and so the third. These are answered by the

second speaker in the last three stanzas, each of which is a reply in order, to each stanza of the preceding speaker. I have accordingly placed the word 'Answer' between the third and fourth stanza. Which are by Wotton and which by Donne is a more difficult question, but guessing by the middle of st. v. and the end of st. vi., I should be inclined to appropriate them in the order given in the heading. St. ii. l. 6=As I love my smart caused by them, *i.e.* her heart and eyes and each part else. G.

---

SLEEP.<sup>1</sup>

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
 Brother of Death! sweetly thy selfe dispose  
 On this afflicted Wight; fall like a cloud  
 In gentle show<sup>rs</sup>; give nothing y<sup>t</sup> is lowd,  
 Or painfull, to his slumbers: easy, sweet,  
 And like a purling wind, thou sonn of Night!  
 Passe by his troubled senses; sing his paine  
 Like hollow murmuring windes, or silver raine:  
 Into his senses gently, O gently, slide,  
 And kisse him into slumber, like a Bride.

<sup>1</sup> From MS. B. 14.22 in the library of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. It is signed 'Dr. Donn.' For this charming little poem, and the others in Trinity University Library—never before printed—I am indebted to my admirable friend, W. Aldis Wright, Esq. M.A., of Cambridge, as before. In the MS. most of the lines begin with a small letter, but I have not retained this. On 'purling' (l. 6) see our HENRY VAUGHAN, *s.r.* G.



### A PARADOX.<sup>1</sup>

Who soe termes Loue a fire, may like a poet  
Ffaine what hee will, for certaine cannot showe it ;  
Ffor fire nere burnes but when the fuell's neate,  
But Loue doth at most distance most appeare:  
Yet out of fire water did neuer goe,  
But teares from Loue abundantly doe flowe ;  
Ffire still mounts vppward, but Loue oft descendeth ;  
Ffire leaues the midst, Loue to the center tendeth ;  
Ffire dryes & hardens, Loue doth mollifie ;  
Ffire doth consume, but Loue doth fructifie.

The powerfull Queen of Loue (faire Venus) came  
Descended from the Sea, not from the flame ;  
Whence passions ebbe & flowe, & from the braine  
Run to the hart, like streames, and back againe ;  
Yea Loue oft fills men's breasts w<sup>th</sup> melting snowe,  
Drowning their loue-sick minds in floods of woe.  
What, is Loue water, then? it may be soe:  
But hee saith truest y<sup>t</sup> saith hee doth not knowe.

<sup>1</sup> From ms. in Trinity College (R. 3.12, p. 15). Never before printed. G.



DR. DONNE'S FAREWELL TO Y<sup>e</sup> WORLD.

FAREWELL, you gilded follyes, pleasing troubles!  
Farewell, you honnered rages, you cristall bubbles! rag  
Fame's but a hollow eccho; gould pure clay;  
Honour is but y<sup>e</sup> darling of one day;  
Beauty, the 'eyes' idoll, but a damaske skinne; 5  
State but a goulden prison to keep in  
And torture freeborne mindes; embroiderèd traines  
But goodly pajants, proudly-swelling veines; pageants  
Fame, riches, honour, state, traines, beautyes, birth,  
Are but y<sup>e</sup> fading blessings of y<sup>e</sup> earth. 10  
I would bee great, but see y<sup>e</sup> sunne doth still  
Levill his beames against y<sup>e</sup> rising hill;  
I would bee rich, but see men too unkind  
Dippe in y<sup>e</sup> bowels of y<sup>e</sup> richest minds; mines  
I would bee faire, but see y<sup>e</sup> champion proud 15  
The world's faire eye off-setting in a cloud;  
I would bee wise, but y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fox I see  
Suspected guilty when y<sup>e</sup> asse is free;  
I would bee poore, but see y<sup>e</sup> humble grasse  
Is traml'd on by each unworthy asse. 20  
Rich hated, wise suspected, scorn'd if poore;  
Great fear'd, faire tempted, & high envyed more:

Would y<sup>e</sup> world now adopt mee for his heire;  
 Would Beauty's Queene entitle mee y<sup>e</sup> faire;  
 Fame speake mee Honour's minion; could I vey vie  
 The blisse of angells; w<sup>th</sup> a speaking eye 26  
 Command bare-heads, bow'd-knees, strike Justice dumb  
 As well as blind & lame; & give a tongue  
 To stones by epitaphes; bee call'd Master  
 In y<sup>e</sup> loose lines of every Poetaster; 30  
 Could I bee more then any man y<sup>e</sup> lives than  
 Rich, wise, great, faire, all in superlatives;  
 I count one minute of my holy leasure  
 Beyond to much of all this empty pleasure. too  
 Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, yee carelesse groanes!  
 These are my guests, this is y<sup>e</sup> courtage tones: 36  
 Ye wing'd people of y<sup>e</sup> skeyes shall sing  
 Mine anthems; bee my sellar, gentle spring; cellar (?)  
 Here dwells noe hopelesse loves, noe palsy feares,  
 Noe short joyes purchas'd w<sup>th</sup> eternall teares; 40  
 Here will I sit, & sigh my hot youth's folly,  
 And learne to 'affect a holy malancholy;  
 And if contentment bee a stranger, then  
 He never looke for't but in Heaven againe;  
 And when I dye He turne my cave 45  
 Even from a chamber to a silent grave:  
 The falling spring upon the rocke shall weare  
 Mine epitaph, & cause a breine teare briny  
 From him who askes who in this tomb doth lye:  
 The dolefull Echo answeres: It is I. 50

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From ms. Dd. 6.43, in University Library, Cambridge. I take the following from Dr. Hannah's 'Courtly Poets' (1870, p. 109), being his foot-note on his text of this poem: "'Walton's Complete Angler,'" p. 311, edit. Nicolas, in the first two editions as "some say written by Dr. D.," but afterwards as "some say written by Sir Henry Wotton." In ms. Ashm. 38 it is entitled "Doctor Donn's Valediction to the World." In "Wit's Interpreter," 1671, p. 269, it is ascribed to Sir Kenelm Digby. Sir H. Nicolas, without any authority that I know of, says that "these verses are also said to have been written by Sir W. Raleigh when a prisoner in the Tower, shortly before his execution." Archbishop Sancroft gives them anonymously, with the title, "An hermit in an arbour, with a prayer-book in his hand, his foot spurning a globe, thus speaketh;" ms. Tann. 465, fol. 59.—It must be noted, that, against the '*some say*' which assigns the poem to Wotton, and the late (1671) ascription of it to Digby of the often-blundering 'Wit's Interpreter,' we have it in the Ashmolean ms. and in our ms., and it is to be added in the Haslewood-Kingsborough ms.—all of which have collections of Donne's Poems—positively given to Donne. I have also met with it in various other contemporary mss. as Donne's. Consequently I can have no hesitation in reclaiming it for Donne. Our text differs from Dr. Hannah's and others by omission and alteration: *e.g.* after l. 8 Dr. Hannah has

'And blood allied to greatness is alone  
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.'

This in Haslewood-Kingsborough (as before) runs:

'And blood allid to greatness is but lone,  
Inherited, not purchased, not our owne.'

Again, after l. 12 are these lines:

'I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
Most subject to the rouding thundier-stroke.'

These are not in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., which extends only to l. 18. Once more, after l. 22 this couplet:

'I have wished all, but now I wish for neither,  
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.'

Farther, after l. 32 these lines:

'Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,  
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine.'

Again, after l. 38 these :

'A Prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,  
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.'

Lines 45-50 are printed for the first time. Lines 39-40 of our text agree with the Sancroft ms. Throughout there are variations, the Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. agreeing pretty closely with our ms. It needeth not that all should be recorded; but I note that in Haslewood-Kingsborough and our ms. in l. 2 it is 'christall' and 'cristall,' not 'glorious;' in l. 5, in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'Beautie's cheife idoll but a damask skin;' l. 6, ib. 'Fate' for 'State;' l. 10, ib. 'blessings,' not 'blossoms;' ll. 11-12, ib. 'see y<sup>e</sup> sun' and 'beames . . . high-est hill.' I have accepted, in l. 18, 'asse' for 'fox' of our ms., and in l. 41 'sigh' for 'sith,' both from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. I retain, in l. 16, 'The world's faire eye oft-setting in a cloud,' as preferable to Dr. Hannah's text, 'Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud,' which is commonplace. With reference to his text of ll. 25-6,

'could I vie  
Angels with India'

(cf. our text), Dr. Hannah explains, 'An angel was a piece of money worth ten shillings.' 'To "vie angels" is to stake or hazard coins against an antagonist, who may "re-vie," if he is able, by putting down a larger sum' (p. 234). On l. 14 he also annotates, 'Mind, *i. e.* mine, as it is spelt in Sancroft's ms. In some copies the line begins, "Dig out the bowels," which may be correct' (p. 234). The Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. has also 'miue,' and accordingly 'mines' is placed by us in the margin: in l. 14 our ms. reads 'Dippe,' it will be observed. G.

---

### IF SHE DERYDE ME.<sup>1</sup>

GREAT and good, if she deryde mee,  
Let me walke, I'll not despaire;  
Ere to morrow I'll provide mee

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before: now first printed. G.

One as great, lesse prowd, more faire :  
 They that seeke loue to constraine  
 Haue their labour for their paine.

They that strongly can impórtune,  
 And will never yeild nor tyre,  
 Gayne the pay in spight of Fortune ;  
 But such gaine I'll not desyre :  
 Where they prize is shame or sinn :  
 Wynners loose, and losers wynn.

Looke vpon the faithfull louer :  
 Grief stands painted in his face ;  
 Groanes and teares and sighs discouer  
 That they are his only grace :  
 Hee must weepe as children doe,  
 That will in y<sup>e</sup> fashion wooe.

I, whoe flie these idle fancies  
 Which my dearest rest betraye,  
 Warn'd by others' harmfull chanches,  
 Vse my freedome as I may.  
 When all the world says what it can,  
 'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. 5, '*prize*:' probably a verb=contest or play for a prize—the latter being a phrase in very common use, and drawn from the contests for prizes between masters of fence, which were carried on with much advertisement, show, and triumphal processioning. In any other sense 'what' would seem to be required instead of 'where.' I venture to fill-in 'Fie' in st. iv. 6, dropped by the copyist. G,





SUN, BEGONE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEREFORE peepst thou, envious Day?  
Wee can kisse without thee ;  
Lovers hate that golden raye  
Which thou hearst about thee.

Goe and give them light that sorrowe,  
Or the saylor flyinge :  
Our imbraces need noe morrowe,  
Nor our kisses eyinge.

We shall curse thy envious eye  
For thy soone betrayinge ;  
Or condemne thee for a spye,  
If thou findest vs playinge.

Gett thee gone, and lend thy flashes  
Where there's need of lending :  
Our affections are not ashes,  
Nor our pleasures endinge.

Were we cold or wyther'd heere,  
We would stay thee by vs ;  
Or but one another's sphære,  
Then thou shouldst not flye vs.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before : now first printed. G.

We are younge, thou spoilst our pleasure :  
 Goe to sea and slumber;  
 Darknes only lends vs leasure  
 Our stolne joyes to number.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. v. 2 I venture to read 'would' for 'could;' in st. v. 3, if this be correct, it means, if they were not two spheres seeking to conjoin, but one sphere, then &c. But if we have here the not uncommon error of 'but' for 'not,' it would mean, if we were not embracing lovers. G.

MY HEART.<sup>1</sup>

THOU sent'st to me a hart was sound,  
 I tooke it to be thine;  
 But when I saw it had a wound,  
 I knew that hart was myne.

A bountie of a stronge conceit,  
 To send myne owne to mee,  
 And send it in a worse estate  
 Then when it came to thee.

Than

The hart I sent thee had no stayne,  
 It was entyre and sound;  
 But thou hast sent it back againe  
 Sicke of a deadly wound.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' ms., as before : now first printed. G.

Oh heavens, how woldst thou use a hart  
 That should rebellious bee,  
 Since thou hast slayne myne with a dart  
 That soe much honorde thee!

FORTUNE NEVER FAILS.<sup>1</sup>

WHAT if I come to my mistris' bedd,  
 The candles all ecllip'st from shyninge :  
 Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head,  
 Or showe my selfe a coward by declyninge ?  
     Oh noe, 5  
     Fie, do not soe ;  
 For thus much I knowe by devyninge,  
     Blynd is Love,  
     The darke it doth approve  
 To pray on pleasures pantinge ; 10  
     What needs light  
     For Cupid in y<sup>e</sup> night,  
 If jealous eyes be wantinge ?  
 Fortune neuer fayles, if she bidd take place,  
 To shroud all the faire proceedings : 15  
 Loye and she, though blynd, yet each other embrace  
 To favor all their servants' meetings.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. Sir John Simeon (as before, pp. 30-1) gives it, but misreads his own MS. as collated by us. I note only l. 26, 'fair' for 'faynt.' Lines 1-13 from the Stephens' MS., now first printed, not in the Simeon MSS. G.

Venture, I say,  
 To sport and to play,  
 If in place all be fittinge;                   20  
     Though she say fie,  
     Yet doth she not denie,  
 For fie is but a word of tryall :  
     Jealosit doth sleepe;  
     Then doe not weepe                         25  
 At force of a faynt denyall.

Glorious is my loue, worth trymphys in her face;  
 Then too-too bould were I to ventvr :  
 Whoe loues, deserues to liue in princes' grace ;  
 Why stand you then affraid to enter ?             30  
     Lights are all out,  
     Then make noe doubt,  
 A louer bouldly may take chusinge.  
     Bewtie is a baite  
     For a princely mate.                         35  
 Fye, why stand you then a musing ?  
     Yow'le repent too late,  
     If she doe you hate  
 For love's delight refusinge.

---

THE PORTRAIT.<sup>1</sup>

PAINTER, while there thou sitst drawing the sight

That her unkind regard hath dyed in grief,

Dip black thy pensill, and forgett the white

That thou bestow'st on lookes that win beliefe;

And when thy worke is done, then lett her see

The humble image of her crueltie.

Or if t' unfold the sence of her disdaine

Exceeds the narrow limitts of thyne art,

Then blott thy table, and forgett thy paine,

Till thou hast learn'd the coulours of her hart ;

And lett her then no sight or other show

But that void place where thou hast painted woe.

Tell her that those whome th' Heauens' iniuries

Haue kept at sea in wandering disperation

Sitt downe at length, and brag of misseries,

The highest measure of their ostentation.

So hath she tost me till my latest glorie

Is her content, and my affliction's storie.

Tell her that tears and sighs shall never cease

With flowing streames, to sink her in conceite,

Till at the length shee pitty or release

The gentle hart that on her eyes did waite,

Pure lights imbracing in each other's scope

The strength of faith and weaknesses of hope.

<sup>1</sup> From Sir John Simcon, as before; but the orthography restored from the original ms. G.

Thus doe I breathe forth my unhappines,  
 And play with rimes, as if my thoughts were free ;  
 Wherein if I had power but to expresse  
 Her name, the world would with my griefs agree.  
 But, idle veine! consume thyself in this,  
 That I have sworn to bury what shee is.

---

THREE LOVE-SONNETS.<sup>1</sup>

OH madam, you [only], of all women true,  
 Nay, Virtue's selfe, that's more, for only you  
 Are that w<sup>ch</sup> we imagine to be shee ;  
 You, and but you, make virtue here to bee.  
 You, who by binding makes us truly free,  
 Whose only bondman lives in libertie.  
 You, in w<sup>ch</sup> happie word all things are ment  
 Excepting wickedness and punishment.  
 You, that are you, w<sup>ch</sup> I love more than I,  
 In whome my soule can rest, yett I not dye ;  
 Nay, lives, by beeing those, for that's his place,  
 I, but a cabinet that keeps your face  
 Or model in my hart, for all that's I  
 May in your picture live, in you must dye.

<sup>1</sup> From Sir John Simeon, as before, pp. 22-24; but the orthography of his ms. restored throughout, and several '*escapes*' corrected; e.g. sonnet i. l. 11, 'Yea' for 'Nay;' sonnet ii. l. 11, 'quickly' for 'clearly.' I have given the general heading of 'Love-Sonnets' instead of 'Sonnet' over each as in Sir John Simeon. He has inscribed the third as 'The Challenge;' in the ms. it is simply 'A Sonnet.' It is not strictly that; but a little piece of two stanzas. G.

## II.

Is there no day, madam, for you? is all  
 A sullen night? it is not out of choice ;  
 Ffor watchful virtue never did reioice  
 In darknes, when it subiect was to fall.  
 But you are ledd by some unluckie hand  
 That guids yo'r feet into a path obscure,  
 Yett lookes that you as steadily should stand  
 As at nooneday, and keep your feet as pure.  
 Oh, pardon mee ; should I bee guided soe  
 From light, from truth, and from the sight of men,  
 My guides should to[o] late and [too] clearely know  
 That darkness was the way to Error's den ;  
     And hee should feele, that bard me from y<sup>e</sup> light,  
     The best tyme to revenge my wrongs were night.

## III.

Thou art not faire, for all thy redd and white,  
     Nor all thy rosy ornaments in thee ;  
 Thou art not sweete, though made of meere delight,  
     Nor fair nor sweete, unless thou pittie mee.  
 I will not sooth thy fancies; thou shalt prove  
 That beauty is noe beauty without loue.  
 Yet love not mee, nor seeke thou to allure  
     My thoughts with beauty, were it more diuine ;  
 Thy smiles and kisses I can not indure ;  
     Fle not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.

Now show it, if thou be a woman right,  
Embrace and kiss and love mee in despight.

## NOTE.

St. i. l. 5, 'You . . . who makes.' 'That,' referring to a plural noun, was not infrequently followed by a verb in the singular (see Southwell, Shakespeare, &c.). With 'who' instead of 'that' this construction is much more rare; but is found sufficiently often to show that it is not an error of transcription. G.

A WARNING.<sup>1</sup>

VICTORIOUS beauty! though your eyes  
Are able to subdue an host,  
And therefore are unlike to boast  
The taking of a little prize,  
Doe not a single heart despise.  
It came alone, but yet so armd  
With former loue, I durst have sworne  
That when a privy coate was worne  
With characters of beauty charmd,  
Thereby it might have 'scapd unharmed.  
But neither steele nor stony breast  
Are prooffe against those looks of thyne;  
Nor can a beauty lesse divine  
Of any heart be long possesst  
When thou pretend'st an interest.

<sup>1</sup> From Sir John Simeon, as before, pp. 24-5; but the orthography of his ms. restored. The heading is not in the ms., and is hardly correct. G.



Thy conquest in regard of me,  
 Alas, is small; but in respect  
 Of her that did my love protect,  
 Were it divulged, deserves to bee  
 Recorded for a victory.

And such a one—as some that view  
 Her lovely face perhaps may say,  
 Though you have stolen my heart away—  
 If all your servants prove not true,  
 May steal a heart or two from you.

-----

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEWOMEN  
 AT COURT.<sup>1</sup>

Beware, fair maide, of musky courtiers' oaths;  
 Take heed what gifts and favours you receive:  
 Let not the fading glosse of silken cloathes  
 Dazell thy virtues, or thy fame bereave:  
 For loose but once the hould thou hast of grace, <sup>lose</sup>  
 Who will respect thy favour or thy face?  
 Each greedy hand doth catch to spoil the flower,  
 Where none regards the stalk it grew upon:

<sup>1</sup> From Sir John Simeon, as before, pp. 25-6; the heading is again his. We restore the orthography as usual. G.

Each creature loues the fruit still to deuoure,

    And let the tree to fall or grow alone,

But this advise, faire creature, take from mee;

Let none take fruit, unless he take the tree.

Believe not oathes nor much-prottesting men,

    Creditt no vowes, nor no bewailing songs;

Let courtiers sweare, forswear, and sweare agayne,

    Their heart doth liue two regions from their tongues;

And when with oathes the heart is made to tremble,

Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Take heed, lest Cæsar do corrupt thy mind,

    And foul ambition sell thy modesty;

Say tho' a king thou euer curteous find,

    He cannot pardon thy impurity;

For doe with king, to subject you will fall.

From lord to lackey, and at last to all.

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Judging by iv. 1, this poem could hardly have been written in England; for James I. was cold to feminine beauty, and rather prided himself on this chastity. 'Cæsar' too is a term more becoming a French autocratic ruler. It may have been written to a young lady at the French Court, or may have been a translation.

Sir John Simeon places at end the following couplet, which seems a mere variant of the last two lines:

Do but with one, with thousands thou'lt turned whore;  
Break you in one place, you will break in more.

This is not in the ms., and must have been taken from some other. G.

BELIEVE YOUR GLASSE.<sup>1</sup>

BELIEVE your glasse, and if it tell you, Deare,  
     Your eyes inshrine  
     A brighter shine  
 Then faire Apollo; looke if there appeare      Than  
     The milkie skye,      5  
     The crimson dye  
 Mixt in your cheeks; and then bid Phoebus sett:  
 More glory then hee owes appeares. But yet than      owes  
 . . . Be not deceivèd with fond exultacon:  
     . . . . .  
     . . . . .  
     . . . . .  
     As Cynthia's globe,      10  
     A snow-white robe,  
 Is soonest spotted; a carnation dye  
 Fades and discolours, opened but to die.  
 Make vse of yowth and bewty whilst they flourish:  
     Tyme never sleeps;      15  
     Though it but creeps,  
 It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish  
     Them to selfe-vse,  
     It is abuse;  
 The richest grownds lying wast turn boggs and rott, 20  
 And soe being useles were as good were not.

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before. Sir John Simeon (as before, pp. 28-30) gives it; but while his MS. nearly corresponds with ours, he misreads several words: as in l. 9, 'false' for 'fond'; l. 13, 'eye' for 'die'; l. 29, 'in' for 'on,' ours being 'to'; l. 33,

Walke in a meddowe by a river side,  
     Vpon whose bancks  
     Grove milk-white rauks  
 Of full-blowne lyllies in their height of pryde,     25  
     Which downward bend,  
     And nothing tend  
 Save their owne bewties in the glassie streame :  
 Looke to your selfe ; compare your selfe to them—  
 To them, in bewtie: marke what followes then:     30  
     Sommer must end,  
     The sunn must bend  
 His longe-abstracted beames to others : then,  
     Their Spring being crost  
     By Wynter's frost,     35  
 And snep'd by bytter stormes 'gainst which nought  
     boots,     [snipped]  
 They bend their prowld topps lower then their roots. than  
 Then none regard them but with heedles feet :  
     In durt each treads  
     Their declyn'd heads.     40  
 Soe when youth's wasted, Age and you shall meet :  
     Then I alone  
     Shall sadly moane  
 That interviewe; others it will not move;  
 So light regard we what we little love.     45

'Its' for 'His,' and 'when' for 'then,' and 'long-absented' for  
 'longe-abstracted.' I venture also to correct l. 9, 'exultacon'  
 for 'alteracon;' and l. 30, 'To them' for 'In them;' and l. 38,  
 'none' for 'noise.' G.

IV.  
EPIGRAMS.

NOTE.

These Epigrams originally appeared in the edition of the Poems of 1633, and since in all the after-editions. One would very willingly have gone without them. It is a satisfaction to be able to set aside as not Donne's, the 'Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams,' translated (from the Latin) by Dr. Jasper Mayne, and published in 1652; albeit a disappointment that the related poems, which have been hitherto utilised biographically, must also go. See our Essay in the present volume for multiplied external and internal proofs of the imposture perpetrated by probably the impecunious younger Donne. G.



I. HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robb'd of aire, we both lye in one ground, <sup>robbed</sup>  
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

II. PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two, by themselves, each other<sup>[s]</sup><sup>1</sup> love and feare,<sup>2</sup>  
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting, have joynd here.

III. NIOBE.

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

IV. A BURST SHIP.

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

<sup>1</sup> I read 'other's' for 'other;' so making love and fear nouns instead of verbs. G.

<sup>2</sup> —They loved while living apart and separated by a wall, and they feared for each other when separated by themselves at the trysting place. G.

## V. FALL OF A WALL.

Under an undermin'd and shot-bruis'd wall  
 A too-bold captaine perish'd by the fall,  
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envièd,  
 That had a tower<sup>3</sup> for tombe his bones to hide.

## VI. A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,  
 To stand or moue ; if he say true, hee lies.

## VII. A SELFE-ACCUSER.

Your mistris, that you follow whores still taxeth you ;  
[accuseth  
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though 't  
 be true.

VIII. A LICENTIOUS PERSON.<sup>4</sup>

Thy sinnes and haire may no man equal call ;  
 For, as thy sinnes increase, thy haire doe fall.

## IX. ANTIQUARY.

If in his studie he hath so much care  
 To 'hang old strange things, let his wife beware.

## X. DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee by his last will  
 Gave to the poore ; thou hast good title still.

<sup>3</sup> 1633 oddly misprints 'towne.' G.

<sup>4</sup> A justification in this instance of Psalm xl. 12 and lxi. 4, by reference to the then commonest of jokes on baldness and French crowns. G.



## XI. PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, 's like to thee  
 Onely in this, that you both painted be.

## XII. AN OBSCURE WRITER.

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

## XIII. THE CUCKOLD.

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

## XIV. RADERUS.

Why this man gelded, Martiall, I muse,<sup>5</sup>  
 Except himselfe alone his tricks would use;  
 As Katherine,<sup>6</sup> for the Court's sake, put downe stewes.

XV. MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.<sup>7</sup>

Like Esop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,  
 Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I  
 Like Esop's selfe, which nothing I confesse,  
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse.  
 Thy credit lost thy credit: 'tis sinne to doe, =credit[ing]  
 In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto—  
 To beleeve all. Change thy name: thou art like  
 Mercury in stealing, but lyeest like a Greeke.

<sup>5</sup> = make muse to myself. G.

<sup>6</sup> 'Katherine:' probably K. de Medici. G.

<sup>7</sup> The well-known 'Gazette:' see Glossary, *s. n.* G.

## XVI. THE SICK BROKER.

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

XVII. BORROWING.<sup>8</sup>

One calls mee friend, yet urges me to pay  
A debt I borrowed, not upon a day,  
But upon termes of love : am I his friend ?  
I may then owe as freely as he lend.

## XVIII. SUPPING HOURS.

Thou in the field walk'st out thy supping hours,  
And yet thou say'st thou hast supped like a kinge :  
Like Nebuchadnezar perchance, with grass and flowers,  
A sallet worse than Spanish dyetting.<sup>9</sup>

## XIX. THE SMITH.

Smugg~~er~~ the smith for ale and spice  
Sold all his tools, but kept his vice.

<sup>8</sup> This and next two from Sir John Simeon, as before (p. 31); but the orthography restored from his ms. G.

<sup>9</sup> As may be seen in Shakespeare's *Armado* (*Love's Labour Lost*), the Spaniards were held to be poor, and to live on poor diet. G.



v.

DIVINE POEMS.

NOTE.

See our Essay in the present vol. for the (probably) early date of most of these 'Donne' Poems, and for pieces withdrawn as hitherto erroneously assigned to Donne. As before, the source of each and of its text is given in the place. G.



TO VISCOUNT DONCASTER,

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS,<sup>1</sup>

SEE, Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame  
Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime, rhyme  
In me your fatherly yet lusty ryme rhyme  
(For these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same.  
But though the ingendring force from whence they came  
Be strong enough, and Nature doth admit  
Seven to be born at once, I send as yet  
But six ; they say the seventh hath still some main.  
I choose your Judgment, which the same degree  
Doth with her sister, your Invention, hold,  
As fire, these drossie rhymes to purifie ;  
Or as elixar, to change them to gold.  
You are that alchymist, which always had  
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 176). See Notes and Illustrations on D. G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

There was, properly speaking, no Earl of Doncaster at the period of these lines ; consequently the usual heading ' Earl of Doncaster ' could not have been Donne's. I have altered accordingly. The person addressed was James Hay, a Scottish gentleman, who accompanied James I. into England and be-

came a great Court favourite. He was first created Lord Hay in the Scottish peerage; but on 29th June 1615 was advanced to the English peerage as Baron Hay of Sauley, co. York. On 5th July 1618 he was created Viscount *Doncaster*; and finally, 13th September 1622, Earl of Carlisle. He was several times Ambassador to the Courts of France and Germany, was a Knight of the Garter, Master of the Wardrobe, and Gentleman of the Robes to King James I., and subsequently First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles I. He died 25th April 1636, and was succeeded by his only surviving son James, at whose death without issue, in 1660, all the family honours became extinct.

Line 2. 'strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime.' See note on this and allied passages in vol. i. G.

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT;

OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance  
 Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo;           Bethany  
 An active faith so highly did advance,  
 That she once knew more than the Church did know,  
 The Resurrection; so much good there is  
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be  
 Loth to believe one woman could do this,  
 But think these Magdalens were two or three.  
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame;  
 To their devotion add your innocence;  
 Take so much of th' example as of the name,  
 The latter half; and in some recompence,  
 That they did harbour Christ Himself a guest,  
 Harbour these Hymns. to His dear name address.

J. D.

## NOTES.

We derive this hitherto unedited Sonnet from Walton's Life of George Herbert; and his fine tribute to the Poet and to the Lady may find place here, the more so as it gives us the interesting fact that the 'autumnal face' of *Elegy* x. (vol. i. pp. 189-190) was Lady Magdalen Herbert. Speaking of Lady Herbert's careful supervision of her afterwards renowned boys (Edward Lord Cherbury, and George Herbert) he goes on: 'her obliging behaviour gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that University Oxford; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne who was after Dr. Donne and Dean of St. Paul's, London; and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there in verse a character of the beauties of her body and mind. Of the first he says,

No Spring nor Summer-beauty has such grace  
As I have seen in an Autumnal face.

Of the latter he says,

In all her words, to every hearer fit,  
You may at Revels or at Council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed Poems, in that *Elegy* which bears the name of the Autumnal Beauty. For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life. . . . Then follows the Letter wherein the Sonnet was enclosed. It thus closes: 'By this Messenger, and on this good day St. Mary Magdalen's, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this inclosed Sonnet to usher them to your happy hand (July 11th, 1607).' Walton observes mistakenly: 'these Hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.' We say mistakenly, for no doubt the present 'Divine Poems' preserve all sent to Lady Herbert. G.



## LA CORONA.<sup>1</sup>

### I. PRAISE IN 'DEVOUT MELANCHOLY.'

'DAIGNE at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise,  
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholia,  
Thou, which of good hast, yea, art treasure,  
All-changinge, unchang'd, Awncient of Daies ;  
But doe not with a vyld crowne of fraile bayes  
Reward my Muse's white sinceritie,  
But what Thy thorney crowne gayn'd, that give me,  
A crowne of glorie, which doth flower alwais.  
The ends crowne our works, but thou croun'st our ends,  
For at our ends begins our endles rest ;  
This first last end, now zealously possessest  
With a stronge sober thirst, my sowle attends.  
'Tis tyme that voice and hart be lifted high, heart  
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

### II. ANNUNCIATION.

'Saluation to all that will is nigh ;'  
That All which always is all everywhere,  
Which cannot synne, and yet all sins must beare,  
Which cannot dye, yet cannot chuse but dye,

<sup>1</sup> From Stephens' MS., as before ; and so all in this portion not otherwise noted. Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 327-342). G.



Loe, faithfull Virgin, yealds himselfe to lye  
 In prison in this wombe ; and though He there  
 Can take no synn, nor thou giue, yet He'll weare,  
 Taken from thencee, flesh, which Death's force may trye.  
 Ere by the sphares Tyme was created, thou  
 Wast in His mynd—which is thy soune and brother,  
 Whome thou conceiv'dst—conceived ; yea, thou art  
 now  
 Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother ;  
 Thou hast light in darke, and shutt in little room  
 Immensitie, cloistred in thy deare wombe.

## III. NATIVITY.

'Immensitie, cloistred in thy deare womb,'  
 Now leaves His well-belou'd imprisonment,  
 There He hath made Himselfe to His intent  
 Weak enough, now into our world to come ;  
 But oh, for thee, for Him, hath th' inn no roome ?  
 Yet lay Him in this stall, and from the Orient  
 Starrs and wise men shall travaile, to prevent  
 The effect of Herod's jealous generall doome.  
 Seest thou, my sowle, with thy faith's eyes, how Hee,  
 That fills all place (yet none holds Him), doth lie ?  
 Was not His pittie towards thee wondrous high,  
 That would haue need to be pyttied of thee ?  
 Kisse Him, and with Him into .Egypt goe,  
 With His kynd mother, who partakes thy woe.

## IV. TEMPLE.

' With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,'  
     Joseph, turne back ; see where your childe doth sytt  
     Blowinge, yea, blowinge out those sparks of wytt,  
 Which Himselfe on those Doctors did bestowe ;  
 The Word but lately co'ld not speake, and loe  
     It suddainly speaks wonders : whence comes it,  
     That all which was, and all which wold be wytt,  
 A shallow-seeming Chyld should deeply knowe ?  
 His Godhead was not soul to His Manhood,  
     Nor had tyme mellow'd Him to this ripenes ;  
     But as for one which hath long tasks, 'tis good  
 With the sun to begin his busynes,  
 He in his age's morning thus began,  
 By miracles exceedinge power of man.

## V. MIRACLES.

' By miracles exceeding power of man '  
     He faith in some, envye in some begate,  
     For, what weake spirits admyre, ambitious hate ;  
 In both affections many to Him rann,  
 But, oh, the worst are most, they will and can,  
     Alas, and doe unto th' Immaculate,  
     Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,  
 Measuring selfe-live's infinitie to a span,  
 Nay, to an inch. Loe, where condemn'd Hee  
     Bears His own crosse with payne ; yet by and by,  
     When it bears Him, He must bear more and dye.

Now Thou art lifted upp, draw me to Thee,  
 And, at Thy death givinge such liberall dole,  
 Moist with one dropp of Thy blood my drie sowle.

## VI. RESURRECTION.

‘ Moist with one dropp of Thy blood my drie sowle’  
 Shall, though she bee now in extreame degree  
 Too stony-hard, and yet too fleshly, bee  
 Freed by that dropp from being starv’d, hard, or fowle;  
 And life, by this death abled, shall controwle  
 Death, whome Thy death slewe; nor shall to mee  
 Feare of first or last death bringe miserie.  
 If in Thy life-booke my name Thou inrowle:  
 Flesh in that longe sleep is not putrefide,  
 But made that there, of which, and for which, ’twas,  
 Nor can by other means be purified.  
 May then sin’s sleepe and death soone from me passe,  
 That, wakt from both, I, againe risen, may  
 Salute the last and everlastinge day.

## VII. ASCENSION.

‘ Salute the last and everlastinge day,’  
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne and Son,  
 Yee whose true tears or tribulation  
 Have purely washt or burnt your drossy claye:  
 Behold the Highest, partinge hence away,  
 Lightens the darke cloudes, which He treads upon.  
 Nor doth He by ascendinge shewe alone,

But first Hee, and Hee first, enters the waie.  
 O stronge ramme, which hast batterd heaven for me :  
     Myldc Lambe, which with Thy blood hast markt the  
   path ;  
 Bright torch, which shimest, that I Thy way may see ;  
     Oh, with Thyne owne blood quench thy owne iust  
   wrath :  
 And if Thy Holy Spirit my Muse did raise,  
 ' Daigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise !'

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These Seven Sonnets form as it were a 'corona' or circlet of sonnets: for the last line of each, it will be observed, is repeated as the first line of the next, and the last of the seventh sonnet is the first line of the first. This, and the reference in the prefatory Epistle to the sending of six only, as the seventh was still 'maim'd,' together with their subjects, have led me to separate them from the rest, as in the edition of 1669. I have also put each first line between ' '. Farther, I have placed beside the opening lines to VISCOUNT DONCASTER the very gracious and noble Sonnet to the LADY MARGARET HERBERT, from Walton's Life of Donne. It has hitherto been strangely overlooked. Walton, who, with much love, was a most uncritical Biographer and Editor, imagined the 'Holy Sonnets' had perished; but it seems plain that we have in the present section these identical Sonnets. As pointed out in the place, one of the Verse-Epistles not previously assigned to any one was in all probability addressed to the same illustrious Lady Margaret Herbert.

St. i. l. 11, '*zealously*.' Comparing '*soberly*' of our ms. with '*zealously*' of 1635 onward, the latter seems to be a revision, and intended to avoid the repetition of l. 12. So too in l. 9, '*ends crown*' for '*end crownes*,' makes the first half of the line correspond better with the second half. There are other errors or transition-readings in our ms. throughout, which we have silently corrected from the printed text.

St. i. ll. 11-12. The punctuation of all, as is too often the case, erroneous and confusing. Usually a comma (,) after 'possess,' and none after 'ends.' I place one after 'ends,' and none after 'possess.' The construction is: My soul, now zealously possesseth with a strong sober thirst, attends the first last end.

St. ii. l. 9, 'created;' our ms. reads 'begotten;' not appropriate to anything else when the main subject is the 'Only-begotten' of the Father. Moreover, in the sense that the creation of the spheres created Time by creating measures of Time, 'created' is better than 'begotten.'

St. iii. l. 7, 'prevent' anticipate.

„ v. l. 14, 'dole' measure. See our SOUTHWELL, *s.v.*

„ vii. l. 9, 'ram' battering-ram. Or is there a reference to the 'Ram' vision in Daniel?

The other Sonnets of 'Corona' are matterful and suggestive; but criticism or exposition of them belongs rather to a Study than to Notes. The 'Paradoxes' in stanza ii. remind of Giles Fletcher and Herbert Palmer. G.

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## HOLY SONNETS,<sup>1</sup>

### I.

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?

Repair me now; for now mine end doth haste,

I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast,  
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.

I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,

Despair behind, and Death before doth cast

Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste

By sin in it, which it t'wards Hell doth weigh:

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, collated with the others, as before, and the printed texts. G.

Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee  
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;  
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
 That not one hour myself I can sustain :  
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
 And Thou like ad'mant draw mine iron heart.

## II.

As due by many titles, I resigne  
 Myself to Thee, O God. First I was made  
 By Thee and for Thee, and when I was decaide,  
 Thy blood bought that the which before was Thine ;  
 I am Thy son, made with Thyselfe to shine,  
 Thy servant, whose paines Thou hast still repaide,  
 Thy sheepe, Thine image, and, till I betray'd  
 Myselfe, a temple of Thy Spiritt divine.  
 Why doth the divill, then, usurp on mee ?  
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's Thy right ?  
 Except Thou rise, and for Thine own worke fight,  
 Oh, I shall soone despaire, when I doe see  
 That Thou lou'st mankinde well, yet will not choose mee,  
 And Sathan hates mee, yet is loath to loose mee.

## III.

Oh, might these sighs and tears return again  
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,  
 That I might in this holy discontent  
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain ;  
 In mine idolatry what shows of rain

Mine eyes did waste! what griefs my heart did rent!  
 That sufferance was my sin I now repent;  
 'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.  
 Th' hydroptik drunkard and night-scouting thief,  
 The itchy leecher and self-tickling proud,  
 Have th' remembrance of past joyes for relief  
 Of coming ill. To poor me is allow'd  
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been  
 Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

## IV.

Oh, my black soule, thou now art summonèd  
 By sicknes, Death's herrald and champion;  
 Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroade hath done  
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee 'is fledd;  
 Or like a theefe, which, till Deathe's doome be read,  
 Wisheth himselfe deliver'd from prison,  
 But, damn'd and hal'd to execution,  
 Wisheth that still he might be 'imprisonèd;  
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;  
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginn?  
 O, make thyselfe with holy mourning black,  
 And redd with blushing, as thou art with sinn  
 Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,  
 That, beinge redd, it dyes red soules to white.

## V.

I am a little world, made cunningly  
 Of elements, and an anglike spright;

But black sin hath betraid to endless night  
 My world's both parts, and, oh, both parts must die.  
 You which, beyond that heaven which was most high,  
     Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,  
     Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so He might  
 Drown my world with my weeping earnestly ;  
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more :  
     But, oh, it must be burnt ; alas, the fire  
 Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,  
     And made it fouler : let their flames retire,  
 And burn me, oh Lord, with a fierie zeal  
 Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heale.

## VI.

This is my playe's last scene ; here heauens appoynt  
     My pilgrimage's last mile ; and my race,  
     Idly yet quickly runn, hath this last pace,  
 My spann's last inch, my minute's latest poynt ;  
 And gluttonous Death will instantly unioynt  
     My body and soule, and I shall sleepe a space ;  
     But my ever-wakinge part shall see that Face,  
 Whose feare already shakes my every ioynte :  
 Then, as my soule t' heaven, her first seate, takes flight,  
     And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,  
 So fall my sinns, that all maye have their right,  
     To where they 'are bred, and would press me to hell.  
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill ;  
 [For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.



## VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow  
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
 From death, you numberless infinities  
 Of soules, and to your scatter'd bodies goe,  
 All whom the Floud did, and Fire shall, o'erthrowe;  
 All whom DEATH, warr, age, agues, tyrannies,  
 Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose eyes  
 Shall behold God, and never tast death's woe;  
 But lett them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space;  
 For if aboue all those my sinns abound,  
 'Tis late to aske aboundance of Thy grace,  
 When we are there. Here on this lowly grownd  
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good  
 As if Thou'dst seal'd my pardon with my blood.

## VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorifi'd  
 As angels, then my father's soul doth see,  
 And adds this even to full felicitie,  
 That valiantly I hel's wide mouth o'restride:  
 But if our minds to these souls be descride,  
 By circumstances and by signes that be  
 Apparent in us not immediately,  
 How shall my mind's white truth by them be tri'd?  
 They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,  
 And stile blasphemous conjurers to call  
 On Jesus' name, and Pharisaeicall  
 Dissemblers feyn devotion. Then turn,

O pensive soul, to God; for He knows best  
Thy grief, for He put it into my brest.

## IX.

If poysonous mineralls, and if that tree  
Whose fruite threw death on else immortall us,  
If leacherous goates, if serpents envious  
Cannott be damn'd, alas, why should I bee?  
Why should intent or reason, borne in mee,  
Make sinns, els equall, in mee more haynous?  
And mercy beinge easie and glorious  
To God, in His sterne wrath why threatens Hee?  
But who am I that dares dispute with Thee,  
O God, Oh, of Thine only worthy bloud  
And my teares make a heav'nly Lethean flood,  
And drowne in it my sinns' black memory:  
That Thou remember them, some clayne as debt;  
I thinck it merey, if Thou wilt forgett.

## X.

Death, be not proud, though some have call'd thee  
Mightie and dreadfull, for thou art not soe;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrowe  
Dye not, poore Death; nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must  
flowe:  
And soonest our best men doe with thee goc,

Rest of their bones, and soules' deliverie.  
 Thou 'art slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate  
     men,

And dost with poyson, warr, and sicknes dwell,  
 And poppie or charmes can make us sleep as well,  
 And better then thy stroke; why swell'st thou then? than  
 One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,  
 And Death shalbe no more : Death, thou shalt dye.

## XI.

Spitt in my face, you Jewes, and peirce my side,  
 Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucie mee ;  
 For I have sinn'd and sinn'd ; and only Hee  
 Who could do none iniquity hath dyed :  
 But by my death cannot be satisfied

My sins, which pass the Jewes' impietic :  
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I  
 Crucify Him dayly, being now glorified.  
 O, let me then His strange love still admire ;  
 Kings pardon, but He bore our punishment :  
 And Jacob came, cloathd in vile harsh attire,  
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent ;  
 God cloath'd Himself in vile man's flesh, that soe  
 He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

## XII.

Why are wee by all creatures waited on?  
 Why do the prodigall elements supplie  
 Life and foode to mee, being more purer then I, than

Simpler, and further from corruption ?  
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subiection ?  
     Why do you, bull or bore, so sillilie  
     Dissemble weaknes, and by one man's stroke die,  
 Whose whole kind you might swallow 'and feed upon ?  
 Weaker I am, woe's mee, and worse then you ;     than  
     You have not sinn'd, nor neede be timerous.  
     But wonder at a greater ; for to us  
 Created nature doth these things subdue ;  
 But their Creator, whom sinn nor nature tyed,  
 For us, His creatures and His foes, hath dyed.

## XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night ?  
     Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,  
     The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell  
 Whether His countenance can thee affright :  
 Teares in His eyes quench the amazing light,  
     Bloud fills His frowns, which from His pierc'd head  
     fell ;  
     And can that tonge adiudge thee unto hell,  
 Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' feirce spight ?  
 Noe, noe ; but as in my idolatrie  
     I saide to all my prophane mistresses,  
     Beauty, of pittie, foulness only is  
 A signe of rigor ; soe saye I to thee :  
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,  
 This beauteous forme assumes a piteous minde.

## XIV.

Batter my hart, three-person'd God; for you heart  
 As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seeke to mend,  
 That I maye rise and stand: oerthrow mee, 'and bend  
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burne, and make mee new.  
 I, like a usurpt towne to 'another due,  
 Labour to 'admitt you, but oh, to no end;  
 Reason, your viceroy in mee, me should defend,  
 But is captiu'd, and proves weake or untrue;  
 Yet dearely 'I love you, 'and would be lov'd fain,  
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye:  
 Divorce mee, 'untie or breake that knott againe,  
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I,  
 Except you 'enthral mee, never shalbe free;  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

## XV.

Wilt thou love God as He thee? then digest,  
 My soule, this wholesome meditation,  
 How God the Spiritt, by angells wayted on  
 In heaven, doth make His temple in thy breast:  
 The Father havinge begott a Sonne most blest,  
 And still begettinge, for He ne're begunne,  
 Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,  
 Coheir to 'His glory and Sabbath's endless rest.  
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde  
 His stolne stuff sould, must loose or buy 'it againe,  
 The summe of glory came downe, and was slaine,  
 VOL. II. QQ

Us, whom He had made and Sathan stolne, to unbinde.  
 'Twas much that man was made like God before;  
 But that God should be made like man, much more.

## XVI.

Father, part of His double interest

Unto Thy kingdome Thy Sonn gives to mee ;

His jointure in the knottie Trinitie

He keepes, and gives to mee His deathe's conquest.

This Lambe, whose death with life the world hath blest,

Was from the world's beginninge slayne ; and Hee

Hath made two wils, which, with the legacy

Of His and Thy kingdome, thy Sonns invest :

Yet such are those lawes, that men argue yet

Whether a man those statutes can fulfill.

None doth : but Thy all-healing grace and Spiritt

Reuive againe what lawe and letter kill :

Thy law's abridgment and Thy last commaund

Is all but love ; oh, lett that last will stand !

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

III. l. 14. 'J. Done gave my Lord Ancrum [Sir Robert Carr] his picture, in a melancholic posture, with this word about it, *De tristitia ista libera me, Domine.*' (Drummond, Extracts from Hawthornden mss. p. 25.)

IV. l. 7. 'hal'd' [or 'haul'd'], not 'halèd,' because, as frequently in Donne and in Marlowe, &c. 'tion' at the end of the line is a full dissyllabic foot. Cf. 'cham-pion,' l. 2.

V. l. 6. It is not clear whether the Poet means astronomers, or, as is more probable, those discoverers who have found new lands beyond the equator.

VII. l. 6. 'All whom death, war.' Probably 'death' was in-

tended to present the wide thing and word, and the after 'warr, age,' &c. the various forms or m. ales. Accordingly I have ventured to place 'death' before 'warr.'

Ib. l. 14, 'my;' usually, but erroneously, 'thy,' which is perhaps a later form of theologic speech. But cf. Sonnet iv. ll. 13-14.

viii. l. 2. That is, if souls in heaven take the office of angels, or messengers and ministers of God's will.

Ib. l. 5, '*descride*' = 'be descride to;' verb in causative sense = be made visible (by God's power) to.

Ib. l. 11, 'stille;' usually misprinted 'still.'

ix. l. 5, '*intent*' = thought, or purposing thought.

xi. ll. 11-12. See Genesis xxv.

xiii. l. 11. Beauty is a sign of pity.

xiv. l. 7, '*viceroy*;' usually and grossly misprinted 'victory.'

xv. l. 11, 'Sunne of glory' = Sun of Righteousness.

xvi. l. 14, '*but love*;' curious English for 'is all love only,' i.e. is all love and love only. G.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARIE.<sup>1</sup>

Is that, O Queene of queens, thy birth was free  
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,  
 When in their mothers' wombs they life receive,  
 God, as his sole-borne daughter, lou'd thee.  
 To match thee like thy birth's nobilitie,  
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leaue,  
 By whom thou didst his only Sonne conceive,  
 And so wast linkt to all the Trinity.

<sup>1</sup> Written, I assume, while Donne was yet a Roman Catholic, as he receives the dogma of the immaculate conception. We Protestants, on the other hand, forget, in our panic, what 'is written' in St. Luke i. 28, 42. From Stephens' ss. G.

Cease then, O queens that earthly crowns do wear,  
 To glory in the pompe of earthly thinges ;  
 If men such high respects unto you beare,  
 Which daughters, wiues, and mothers are to kinges,  
 What honor can unto that Queene bee done,  
 Who had your God for Father, Spowse, and Sonne ?

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THE CROSS.<sup>1</sup>

SINCE Christ imbract the Crosse itself, dare I  
 His image, th' image of His Crosse deny ?  
 Would I haue profit by the sacrificize,  
 And dare the chosen alter to despise ?  
 It bare all other synns, but is it fitt 5  
 That it should beare the synn of scorninge it ?  
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,  
 How w'ld he flie His paines that there did dye ?  
 From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded lawe,  
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdrawe ; 10  
 It shall not, for it cannot ; for the losse  
 Of this Crosse were to me another Crosse ;  
 Better were worse, for no affliction,  
 Noe Crosse is so extreame as to haue none.  
 Who can blott out the Crosse, which the 'instrument 15  
 Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament ?

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 64-6). See our Essay for remarks on this poem. From Stephens' ms. G.



Who can denie me powre and libertie  
 To stretch myne arms, and myne own Crosse to be?  
 Swym, and at every stroke thou art thy Crosse :  
 The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss.   20  
 Looke down, thou spy'st our crosses in small thinges ;  
 Looke up, thou seest byrds rais'd on crossed wings.  
 All the globe's frame and sphaers is nothing els  
 But the Meridians crossing parallells.  
 Materiall crosses, then, good physicke bee ;       25  
 But yet spirituall have chief dignitie.  
 These for extracted chimike medicine serue,  
 And cure much better, and as well preserue ;  
 Then are you your own physick, or need none,  
 When still'd or purg'd by tribulation :       distilled   30  
 For when that crosse ungradg'd unto you sticks,  
 Then are you to yourselve a crucifix.  
 As perchance carters do not faces make,  
 But that away, which hid them there, do take :  
 Let crosses soe take what hid Christ in thee,       35  
 And be His image, or not His, but He.  
 But as oft alchemists doe coyners proue,  
 Soe manie a selfe-despisinge go-tt self-loue.  
 And then, as worst surfets of best meats bee,  
 So is pride, issued from humilitie ;       40  
 For 'tis no child, but monster : therefore crosse  
 Your joy in crosses, ells 'tis double losse ;  
 And crosse thy senses, ells both they and thou  
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.

For if the eye see good objects, and will take 45  
 Noe crosse from badd, we cannot 'scape a snake.  
 See with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking crosse the rest,  
 Make them indifferent all, [and] nothing best.  
 But most the eye needes crossing, that can rome  
 And move; to th' others objects must come home. 50  
 And crosse thy heart; for that in man alone  
 Points downwards and hath palpitation.  
 Cross those detorsions when it downward tends,  
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.  
 And as the braine through boany walls doth vent 55  
 By sutures, which a crosse's forme present;  
 So when thy braine works, ere thou utter it,  
 Cross and correct concupisence of witt.  
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall;  
 Cross no man else, but cross thy self in all. 60  
 Then doth the Cross of Christ worke faithfully  
 Within our harts, when wee love harmlessly  
 The Crosse's pictures much, and with more care  
 That crosses children, which our crosses are.

## NOTES.

Line 53, '*detorsions*'=perversions (of vision).

„ 56, '*sutures*' (Latin *suo*, to sew), literally things joined together by sewing; the uniting of parts of a wound by sewing; hence the seam-like joints of the human skull ('The Poets' Corner,' by Bellew, 1868, p. 191). G.



## THE RESURRECTION.

*(Imperfect.)*<sup>1</sup>

SLEEPE, sleepe, old Sunn, thou canst not have repast  
As yet the wound thou took'st on Fryday last ;  
Sleepe then, and rest : the world maye beare thy stay ;  
A better Sun rose before thee to daye ;  
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell  
On the earth's face as thou, enlighten'd hell,  
And made the darke fires languish in that vale,  
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale ;  
Whose body havinge walk'd on earth, and now  
Hastning to Heauen, would, that He might allowe  
Himselfe unto all stations and fill all,  
For these three dayes become a minerall :  
He was all gould when He lay downe, but rose  
All tincture ; and doth not alone dispose  
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is  
Of power to make even sinfull flesh like His.  
Had one of those whose credulous pietie  
Thought that a soule one might discern and see

<sup>1</sup> From 18647 ms., as before. See our Essay on this grand fragment, and Dr. Macdonald on 'tincture' (l. 14). Our ms. in l. 7 reads 'dale;' but 'vale' of printed text seems preferable. G.

Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher beene,  
 And issuinge from the sheete this body seene,  
 He would haue justly thought this body 'a soule,  
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

*Desunt cætera.*

VPPON THE ANNUNCIACON AND PASSIOWN

FALLINGE VPON ONE DAY, 1608.<sup>1</sup>

TAMELY, fraile bodie, 'abstaine to-day ; to-day  
 My soule eats twice, Christ hither and away ;  
 She sees Him man, so like God made in this,  
 That of them both a circle embleme is,  
 Whose first and last concurre ; this doubtful day      5  
 Of feast or fast Christ came, and went away.  
 She sees Him nothing twice at once, who 'is all ;  
 She sees a cædar plant itself, and fall ;  
 Her Maker put to makinge, and the head  
 Of life at once not yet alive, and dead ;                      10  
 She sees at once the Virgin-mother stay  
 Reclust at home, publique at Golgotha.  
 Sad and rejoict, she's seene at once, and seene  
 At almost fiftie and at searse fifteen :  
 At once a sonne is promis'd her, and gone ;                      15  
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John :

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 351-3). From Stephens' ms. G.

Not fullie a mother, she's in orbitie,  
 At once receiver and the legacie,  
 All this, and all betwene, this day hath showne,  
 The abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one, 20  
 As in playne maps the furthest West is East,  
 Of the 'angel's *Arc* and *consummatum* 'est, 25  
 How well the Church, God's Court of Faculties,  
 Deales in sometimes, and seldom, joyning these !  
 As by the selfe-fixt pole we never doe 30  
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,  
 Which showes where the 'other is, and which we say,  
 Because it straias not far, doth never stray ;  
 Soe God by His Church, nearest to Him, we knowe,  
 And stand firme, if we by her motyon go ; 35  
 His Spirit as His fierie pillar doth  
 Lead, and His Church as clowde, to one end both.  
 This Church, by letting these days joyne, hath showne  
 Death and conception in vs men are one ;  
 Or that in Him was one humilitie, 40  
 That He would be a man and leave to bee,  
 Or as creation He hath made as God,  
 With the Last Judgment but one peryod,  
 His imitating spowse would joyne in one  
 Manhood's extreames : He shall come, He is gone. 45  
 Or as, though one blood dropp which thence did fall,  
 Accepted, we'd have servd, He we'd shedd all,  
 So, though the least of His deeds, paines or words,  
 We'd busie a life, she all at once affords.

This treasure then, my sowle, in gross up-lay,      45  
And in my life retaile it every day.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 14. Cf. St. John viii. 57.

.. 17. '*orbitic*': Latin *orbitas*, probably (through French) a want or privation, as of parents or children.

Line 26. The usual avoidance of repetition = but [by] the next star.

Line 38. '*but*': to God, creation and judgment are but one period of time.

Line 46. '*my life*' - his life on earth, conjoined acts of body and soul, *i.e.* the acts of himself as a man. Soul = life in mediæval philosophy.

It may be noted here that George Herbert has ten Latin verses on the same, headed 'In Natales et Pascha concurrentes.' If written in the same year with Donne's (1608), he would then be about fifteen, and at Winchester School. G.

A LETANIE.<sup>1</sup>

## I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and Him by Whome  
It, and us for it, and all ells for us,  
Thou mad'st and govern'st euer, come,  
And re-create me, now growne ruynous:  
My hart is by dejection clay,      heart  
And by selfe-murder redd.  
From this redd earth, O Father, purge away

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 172-185). From Stephens' and B. M. mss. G.

All vicious tinctures, that, new-fashionèd,  
I may rise upp from death, before I am dead.

## II. THE SONNE.

Oh Sonne of God, who seeinge two things,  
Synn and Death, crept in, which were neuer made,

By bearinge one, tryèdst with what stinges  
The other could Thyne heritage invade ;

Oh, be Thou mayld vnto my hart, heart

And crucified againe ;

Part not from it, though it from Thee wold part,  
But let it bee by 'applyinge soe Thy paine,  
Drownd in Thy blood, and in Thy passion slaine.

## III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I  
Am, but of mudd walls and condensed dust,

And beinge sacrylegionslye  
Halfe-wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,

Must with new st-rines be weather-beat,

Double in my hart Thy flame, heart

Which lett devout sadd tears intend ; and lett,  
Though this glasse lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maimè,  
Fire, sacrifice, preist, alter be the same.

## IV. THE TRYNITIE.

O bless'd, gloryous Trynitie,  
Bones to Philosophy, but milk to Faith,  
Which, as wise serpents, diverselic

Most slipperines, yet most intanglings hath,  
 As you distinguish'd undistinct  
 By power, Ioue, knowledge bee,  
 Give me such a selfe-different instinct,  
 Of these, let all mee elemented bee,  
 Of power to love, to know you, unnumber'd Three.

## V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

For that faire, bless'd mother-maid,  
 Whose flesh redeems us—That shee-cherubin  
 Which unlockt Paradise, and made  
 One clayme for innocence and disseiz'd sinn;  
 Whose wombe was a strange heaven, for there  
 God cloth'd Himself, and grewe :  
 Our zealous thanks we powre. As her deeds were  
 Our helps, soe are her prayers ; nor can she sue  
 In vaine, who hath such titles vnto you.

## VI. THE ANGELLS.

And since this life our nonage is,  
 And we in wardshipp to Thine angelles bee,  
 Native in heaven's faire palaces,  
 Where we shalbe but denizen'd by Thee ;  
 As th' earth, conceivinge by the sunne,  
 Yields faire diversitie,  
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth runn :  
 So let me study that myne actyons bee  
 Worthie their sight, though blynde in how they see.



## VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy patriarchs' desire—  
 Those great grandfathers of Thy Church, which sawe  
 More in the clowde then we in fire,                    doo  
 Whome Nature cleard more then us grace and lawe,    doe  
     And now in heaven still praie that wee  
     May use our new helpes right —  
 Be satisfied, and fructife in me ;  
 Let not my mynd be blynder by more light,  
 Nor Faith by Reason added, lose her sight.

## VIII. THE PROFFETS.

Thy eagle-sighted proffets too,                    prophets  
 Which were Thy Church's organs, and did sound  
     That harmonic, which made of two  
 One law, and did unyte, but not confound,—  
     Those heavenly poets, which did see  
     Thy will, and it expresse  
 In rhythimique feet : in common pray for me,  
 That I by them excuse not myne excesse  
 In seekinge secrets, or pectiquenes.

## IX. THE APOSTLES.

And Thy illustrious zodiake  
 Of twelue apostles, which ingirt this All,  
     From whom whocuer do not take  
 Their light, to darke deep pytts thrown downe do fall.

As through their prayers Thou hast let me  
 know,  
 That their bocks are devyne;  
 May they pray still, and be hard, that I goe        heard  
 The old broad way in applyinge; O, declyne  
 Mee, when my comment w'ld make Thy word myne.

## X. THE MARTIRS.

And since Thou soe desyrously  
 Didst longe to dye that long before Thou couldst,  
 And longe since Thou no more co'ldst dye,  
 Thou in thy scatterd mistique body wouldst  
     In Abell dye, and euer since  
     In Thine; let their blood come  
 To begge for us a discret patience  
 Of death, or of worse life; for, oh, to seme  
 Not to be martyrs is a martyrdome.

## XI. THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with Thee triumpheth there  
 A virgin squadron of white confessors,  
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not marry'd, were;  
 Tendr'd, not taken by those rauishers:  
     They know, and pray that we may know,  
     In every Christian  
 Howrely tempestuous persecutions growe;  
 Temptations martyr us alive; a man  
 Is to himselve a Diocletian.

## XII. THE VIRGINS.

The cold, white, snowy nunnery,  
 Which, as Thy mother, their high abbesse, sent  
 Their bodies back againe to Thee,  
 As Thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent :  
     Though they have not obtaynd of Thee,  
     That or Thy Church or I  
 Should keepe, as they, our first integrity,  
 Divorce Thou synn in us, or bydd it dye,  
 And call chaste widowhead virginitie.

## XIII. THE DOCTORS.

Thy sacred academic above  
 Of doctors, whose paines have unclaspt and taught  
     Both books of life to us—for loue  
 To know Thy scriptures tells us, we are wrote  
     In Thy other booke—pray for us there,  
     That what they have misdane  
 Or missaid, we to that may not adhere ;  
 Their zeale may be our synn.   Lord, let us runn  
 Meanwaies, and call them stars, but not the sun.

## XIV.

And whilst this vniversal quire—  
 That church in tryumph, this in warfare here,  
     Warmd with one all-partaking fire  
 Of loue, that none be lost, which cost Thee dear—

Prays ceaseleslie, and Thou hearken too—  
 Since to be gracious  
 Our task is treble, to pray, heare, and doe—  
 Heare this prayer, Lord: O Lord, deliuer us  
 From trustinge in theis prayers, though powrd out thus.

## xv.

From being anxious or secure,  
 Dead clodds of sadness or light squibs of myrth;  
 From thinkinge that great courts immure  
 All or noe happines, or that this earth  
     Is only for our prison fram'd,  
     Or that Thou'rt covetous  
 To them whom Thou lov'st, or that they are main'd;  
 From reaching this world's sweets, who seek Thee thus  
 With all their might: good Lord, deliver us.

## xvi.

From needing daunger to bee good,  
 From owinge Thee yesterday's teares to-day,  
 From soe much trusting to Thy blood  
 That in that hope we wound our soules away,  
     From bybing Thee with alms t' excuse  
     Some synn more burthenous,  
 From light affectinge in religion, newes,  
 From thinkinge us all soul, neglecting thus  
 Our mutuall duties; Lord, deliver us.

## XVII.

From temptinge Satan to tempt us  
 By our conyvaunce or slauke company,  
 From measuringe ill by vicious  
 Neglectinge to choake syn's spawne—vanitie,  
 From indiscreet humilitee,  
 Which might bee scandalous  
 And cast reproach on Christianity,  
 From being spies or to spyes perviews,  
 From thirst or scorne of fame; deliver us.

## XVIII.

Deliver us through Thy descent  
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place  
 Of middle kynd, and Thou beinge sent  
 To 'ungracious us, staydst at her full of grace,  
 And through Thy poore byrth, where first Thou  
 Glorifidst pouerty,  
 And yet soone after riches didst allow  
 By 'accepting kings' gifts in the 'Epiphanie;  
 Deliver vs, and make us both wayes free.

## XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,  
 Which is still the 'agony of pyous witts  
 Disputing what distorted Thee,  
 And interrupted evennes with fyfts;  
 And through Thy free confession,

Though thereby they were then  
 Made blynd, soe that Thou might'st from them haue  
     gone;  
 Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when  
 We may not, and we may, blynd uniuert men.

## XX.

Through Thy submytting all, to blowes  
 Thy face, Thy clothes to spoile, Thy fame to seome;  
     Alwais, which rage or justice knowes,  
 And by which Thou couldst show that Thou wast  
     borne;  
     And through Thy gallant hamblenes,  
     Which Thou in death didst showe,  
 Dyinge before Thy sowle they could expresse;    press out  
 Deliver us from death, by dyinge soe  
 To this world, ere this world do byd us goe.

## XXI.

When senses, which Thy souldiers are,  
 Wee arme against Thee, and they fight for synn;  
     When want, sent but to tame, doth warr,  
 And worke Despaire a breach to enter in;  
     When plentie, God's image and seale,  
     Makes us idolatrous,  
 And loue it, not Him whom it sho'ld reuale;  
 When we are mov'd to seeme religious,  
 Only to vent witt; Lord, deliver us,

## XXII.

In Churches, when th' infirmity  
 Of him that speaks diminishes the Word;  
 When magistrates do misapply  
 To us, as we judge, laic or ghostly sword;  
     When plague, which is Thine angel, raignes,  
     Or wars, Thy champions, sway;  
 When Heresie, Thy second deluge, gaines;  
 In th' houre of death, th' Eve of Last Judgment Day;  
 Deliver us from the synister way.

## XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us, Lord; to Thee  
 A symner is more musique when he prais  
     Than spheraes or angells' prayes bea  
 In panegirique Alleluiaes:  
     Heare us; for till Thou heare us, Lord,  
     We know not what to say;  
 Thine care to 'our sighs, tears, thoughts, give voyce  
     and word.  
 Oh Thou, who Sathan hindst in Job's sieke day,  
 Heare Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray.

## XXIV.

That we may change to evemes  
 This intermittinge agnish pyetic;  
     That snatching cramps of wickednes,  
 And apoplexies of fast sym may dye;

That musique of Thy promises,  
 Not threats in thunder, may  
 Awaken us to our just offices;  
 What in Thy book Thou dost, or creatures say,  
 That we may heare, Lord, heare us, when we pray.

## XXV.

That our cares' sicknes we may cure,  
 And rectifie those laberinthis aright;  
 That we by hearkninge, not procure  
 Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite;  
 That we gett not a slippriness,  
 And senselessly declyne  
 From hearing bould wits jest at kings' excesse,  
 To 'admytt the like of maiestie devyne;  
 That we may lock our ears, Lord, open Thyne.

## XXVI.

That liveing law, the magistrate,  
 Which to give us and make us physik doth  
 Our vices often aggravate;  
 That preachers taxinge synn before her growth;  
 That Sathan and envenom'd men,  
 Which well, if we starue, dyne,  
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then  
 Us to amendment heare them; Thee declyne;  
 That we may open our ears, Lord, locke Thyne.



## XXVII.

That learninge, Thyne ambassador,  
 From Thyne alleagiance we neuer tempt;  
 That bewtie, paradise's flower,  
 For physik made, from poyson be exempt;  
     That witt, borne apt hight, good to doe,  
     By dwelling lazily  
 On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;  
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye;  
 Heare us, weak wretches, O Thou Eare and Eye.

## XXVIII.

Some of God, heare us; and since Thou  
 By taking our blood owest it us againe,  
     Gayne to Thyself and us allowe;  
 And let not both us and Thy self be slain.  
     O Lambe of God, which took'st our synn,  
     Which co'ld not stick to Thee,  
 Oh let it not retorne to vs againe;  
 But, patient and physitian being free,  
 As synn is nothing, let it no where bee.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

i. 6. A thought suggested by the theory that Adam, as signified by his name, was formed of red earth.

v. 4. '*dissizel*'=deprived of seisine, tenure or possession (Richardson, *s. v.*).

vi. 9=though I am blind; the 'I am' being taken out of 'mine actions'—a vicious ellipse.

vii. 7. 'pray.' From 'pray,' xl. l. 5 and xiii. l. 5, the con-

struction may be thought doubtful; but as it is placed between 'And let them pray, vii., and 'may they pray,' ix., and as this intermediate stanza is connected with them by the use of 'thy' and of 'me' instead of 'us,' as afterwards, it is reasonable to conclude that we should supply either 'let' or 'may.'

XI. 5. I read 'know' not know (;), as '69 = that we may know that in every Christian, &c.

XVII. 9. 'thirst' = thirst. Only known heretofore in Spenser; and it must be a matter of doubt whether Donne did or did not use it. He is not given to Spenser's archaisms; and, on the other hand, this Litany must have been an early composition. One would rather have found his 'Divine Poems' his later. See our Essay on this set of Poems.

XXIV. 8 = or 'what thy' creatures—repetition being avoided. Construction: That we may hear what thou in thy book didst say, or [what thy' creatures 'in the book of Nature] say.

XXV. 2. 'Labyrinths:' an application of his anatomical studies: this being the name of part of the internal ear. Cf. Glossary, *s.c.*

XXVI. 8. Usually punctuated 'hear them thee decline' = may hear them to our apparent amendment (after their fashion) depart from thee and thy doctrines. But '69 punctuates 'hear them; thee decline;' that is, 'hear them to our apparent amendment and decline from thee.' According to the first reading, the declining from God is in the exhortations of the magistrates and speakers, in which the accused apparently acquiesce. According to the second reading, the accused, by their apparent amendment, seem to acquiesce in the doctrines of men, and thereby decline from God. The wording of the line is greatly in favour of this second reading, and I punctuate accordingly.

XXVII. 9. Usually 'ear and cry.' It is curious that 'Thou ear' should answer to 'Hear us,' and 'cry' to 'weak echoes' (for 'wretches'); but as God cannot be called a 'cry,' I accept our MS. and print 'Thou Ear and Eye.' G.



GOOD FRIDAY.

MADE AS I WAS RIDING WESTWARD THAT DAYE.<sup>1</sup>

LET man's soule be a sphere, and then in this  
The intelligence that moves, devotion is ;  
And as the other spheres by beinge growne  
Subject to forraine motions loose their owne,  
And beinge by others 'hurried every daye 5  
Scarce in a yeare their naturall form obey ;  
Pleasure or business, see our soules admitt  
For their first mouer, and are whirld by it.  
Hence is't that I am carried towards the West  
This day, when my soule's forme bends to the East ; 10  
There I should see a Sun by rising sett,  
And by that setting endles daye begett.  
But that Christ on His Cross did rise and fall,  
Sinne had eternally benighted all.  
Yet dare I 'almost be gladd I doe not see 15  
That spectacle of too much weight for mee,  
Who sees God's face, that is selfe-life, must dye ;  
What a death were it, then, to see God dye !  
It made His owne lieutenant, Nature, shrinke ;  
It made His footstoole crack, and the sunn winke. 20

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before.

Could I beholde those hands, which spann the poles  
 And turne all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes?  
 Could I behold that endless height, which is  
 Zenith to us and our Antipodes,  
 Humbled below us? or that blood, which is           25  
 The seate of all our soules, if not of His,  
 Made durt of dust? or that flesh, which was worne  
 By God for His apparell, ragg'd and torne?  
 If on those things I durst not looke, durst I  
 Uppon His Mother cast mine eye,                       30  
 Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus  
 Halfe of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?  
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,  
 They are present yet unto my memory,               [mee,  
 For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st towards  
 O Saviour, as Thou hangest upon the tree.           36  
 I turne my back to Thee, but to receive  
 Corrections till Thy mercies bid me leave.  
 O thinke me worth Thine anger; punish mee,  
 Burne off my rust and my deformitie;               40  
 Restore Thine image, so much by Thy grace,  
 That Thou maist knowe me, and I'll turne my face.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 2, '*intelligence*.' An angelic '*intelligence*' (*angelus* = *intelligentia* in Schoolmen's language) was supposed to preside over each of the planets: as Raphael over the sun; Gabriel, the moon; Michael, Mercury; Chemuel, Mars; Adahiel, Jupiter; Haniel, Venus; Zaphiel, Saturn.

Line 24. Not Zenith and Antipodes to us, but Zenith to us, and Zenith to our Antipodes.

Line 30, '*distress'd*.' I prefer this ('69) to 'miserable' of our MS. In 1669, as before, the heading is 'Good Friday, 1613, riding Westward.'

Line 38, 'me;' usually 'thee.'

„ 39, 'Thinke me worth Thine anger.' Good old Thomas Brooks says deeply, 'he is no child on whom God does not think it worth while to spend a rod;' and the Puritans are never weary of iterating that the 'rod' is proof of fatherly love, and no 'chastisement' something very awful. 'Thy *rod* and Thy staff, they comfort me.' G.

## UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS

BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY AND THE COUNTESS OF  
PEMBROKE HIS SISTER.<sup>1</sup>

ETERNAL God—for Whom whoever dare  
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,  
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit  
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite—  
I would but bless Thy name, not name Thee now ; 5  
And Thy gifts are as infinite as Thou ;  
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,  
That as Thy blessed Spirit fell upon  
These psalms' first author in a cloven tongue—  
For 'twas a double power by which he sung, 10  
The highest matter in the noblest form—  
So Thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 382-3). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 366-8). G.

That work again, and shed it here upon  
 Two by their bloods, and by Thy Spirit one ;  
 A brother and a sister, made by Thee 15  
 The organ, where Thou art the harmony ;  
 Two, that made one John Baptist's holy voice,  
 And who that psalm, 'Now let the Isles rejoice,'  
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,  
 Both told us what, and taught us how to do. 20  
 They show us Islanders our joy, our king,  
 They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.  
 Make all this all, three quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;  
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears ;  
 The sphears have musick, but they have no tongue, 25  
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung ;  
 But our third quire, to which the first gives ear—  
 For angels learn by what the Church does here—  
 This quire hath all. The organist is He  
 Who hath tuned God and Man ; the organ we : 30  
 The songs are these, which heaven's high holy Muse  
 Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,  
 And David's successors in holy zeal,  
 In forms of joy and art do re-reveal  
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35  
 That I must not rejoyce as I would do,  
 When I behold that these psalms are become  
 So well atty'd abroad, so ill at home ;  
 So well in chambers, in Thy Church so ill,  
 As I can scarce call that reform'd, until 40

This be reform'd. Would a whole State present  
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent!  
 And shall our Church unto our Spouse and King  
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other sing!  
 For *that* we pray, we praise Thy name for *this*, 45  
 Which by this Moses and this Miriam is  
 Already done; and as those Psalms we call,  
 Though some have other authors, David's all,  
 So though some have, some may some psalms translate,  
 We thy Sydnean psalms shall celebrate; 50  
 And, till we come the 'extemporal song to sing,  
 Learn'd the first hower that we see the King  
 Who hath translated those translators, may  
 These their sweet learn'd labors all the way  
 Be as our tuncing; that, when hence we part, 55  
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 41. See Drummond's letter, probably to Sir Robert Kerr [Carr], afterwards Earl of Ancrum, and Sir Robert Carr's reason for translating some of the Psalms (Extr. from Hawthornden MSS. pp. 36, 76). We shall fully notice the Sidney translation of the Psalms in our collective edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Poetry in the Fuller Worthies' Library.

Line 50, 'Sydnean:' Crashaw, in his 'Wishes,' has the word, 'Sydnean showers.' See our edition of CRASHAW: Glossary, s.v. G.



ODE.<sup>1</sup>

VENGEANCE will sitt aboue our faults ; but till  
    She there do sytt,  
We see her not, nor them. Thus blynd, yet still  
Wee lead her way ; and thus whilst we doe ill,  
    Wee suffer it.

Unhappy hee whom youth makes not beware  
    Of doinge ill :  
Enough we labour under age and care ;  
In number th' errors of the last place are  
    The greatest still.

Yet wee, that should the ill we new begin  
    As soone repent—  
Strange thing—perceiue not ; our faults are not seene,  
But past us, neither felt, but only in  
    Our punishment.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 1635 edition (p. 368). G.



But we know ourselves least ; meere outward shoves  
 Our mynds so store,  
 That our sowles, noe more then our eyes, disclose than  
 But forme and colour. Only hee who knowes  
 Himselfe knowes more.

## NOTE.

St. iii. l. 4 = Yet we perceive not our faults ; 'they' are not seen but (*i.e.* except) [when] past us, neither [are they] felt but [unless] only in the punishment. G.

## TO MR. TILMAN,

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.<sup>1</sup>

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now  
 To put thy hand unto the holy plough,  
 Making lay-scornings of the ministry  
 Not an impediment, but victory—  
 What bring'st thou home with thee ? how is thy mind  
 Affected since the vintage ? Dost thou find 6  
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee ? and, as steel  
 Toucht with a loadstone, dost new motions feel ?  
 Or as a ship, after much pain and care,  
 For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 354-6). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 369-370). G.

Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain  
 Of noble goods, and with less time and pain ?  
 Thou art the same materials as before,  
 Only the stamp is changèd, but no more.

And as new-crownèd kings alter the face, 15  
 But not the money's substance, so hath grace  
 Chang'd only God's old image by creation,  
 To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation ;  
 Or as we paint angels with wings, because  
 They bear God's message, and proclaim His laws, 20  
 Since thou must do the like, and so must move,  
 Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love ?  
 Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show  
 What thy advantage is above, below ;  
 But if thy gainings do surmount expression, 25  
 Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession  
 Whose joyes pass speech ? Why do they think unfit  
 That gentry should joyn families with it ?  
 As if their day were only to be spent  
 In dressing, mistressing, and compliment. 30  
 Alas, poor joyes, but poorer men, whose trust  
 Seems richly placèd in sublimèd dust !  
 For such are cloaths and beauty, which, though gay,  
 Are, at the best, but of sublimèd clay.  
 Let, then, the world thy calling disrespect, 35  
 But go thou on, and pity their neglect.  
 What function is so noble as to be  
 Ambassadour to God and Destiny ?

To open life? to give kingdoms to more  
 Than kings give dignities? to keep heaven's door? 40  
 Marie's prerogative was to bear Christ, so  
 'Tis preachers' to convey Him; for they do,  
 As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,  
 And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.  
 If, then, th' astronomers, whenas they spy 45  
 A new-found star, their optiks magnify,  
 How brave are those who with their engine can  
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man!  
 These are thy titles and præminences,  
 In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences; 50  
 And so the heavens, which beget all things here,  
 And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth bear,  
 Both these in thee are in thy calling knit.  
 And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 23. '*purchase*' was used not merely to express the thing bought, but as equivalent to '*gain*' (see l. 25). Hence it became a kind of cant phrase for thieves' booty.

Line 43. Here again is the source of Iz. Walton's eulogy, that Donne preached as an angel from a cloud, but not in a cloud.

Line 47. '*engine*?' query=*genius*? G.



A HYMNE TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.<sup>1</sup>

In what torne shipp soever I embark,  
That shipp shalbe my embleme of Thy Ark;  
What sea soever swallow mee, that floud  
Shall be to me an embleme of Thy blood.  
Though Thou with clouds of anger doe disguise 5  
Thy face, yet through that maske I know those eyes,  
Which, though they turne away sometymes,  
they never will despise.

I sacrifice this iland unto Thee, island  
And all whom I love here, and who love mee; 10  
When I have putt our seas 'twixt them and mee,  
Put thou Thy sea betwixt my sinns and Thee.  
As the tree's sapp doth seek the roote below  
In winter, in my winter now I goe  
Where none but Thee, th' eternall roote 15  
of true love, I may know.

<sup>1</sup> From Addl. mss. 18647, as before. Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 370-1). In line 10 the ms. reads 'there' for 'here,' which seems to show that Donne revised this Hymn after going abroad, and inadvertently wrote 'there,' though he had said 'this island' and 'Where I have put,' &c. G.

Nor Thou, nor Thy religion, dost controule  
 The amorousness of a harmonious soule;  
 But Thou wouldst have that love Thy selfe: as Thou  
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now. 20  
 Thou lou'st not, till from louing more Thou free  
 My soule: whoever gives, takes libertie:  
 Oh, if Thou car'st not whom I love,  
 alas, Thou lou'st not mee!

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to all 25  
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;  
 Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd bee  
 On fame, witt, hopes (false mistresses), to Thee.  
 Churches are best for prayre that have least light;  
 To see God only, I goe out of sight: 30  
 And to 'scape stormy dayes, I choose  
 an everlastinge night.

## TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZEUS,

VOTA AMICO FACTA, fol. 160.<sup>1</sup>

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,  
 Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;  
 May thy soul, ever chearful, ne'r know cares;  
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 109).

Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds;  
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits or folds;  
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;  
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;  
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise;  
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;  
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine.  
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine!

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### THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.<sup>1</sup>

#### CHAP. I.

<sup>1</sup> How sits this city, late most populous,  
 Thus solitary, and like a widow thus!  
 Amplest of nations, queen of provinces  
 She was, who now thus tributary is.

<sup>2</sup> Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall  
 Down by her cheeks along, and none of all  
 Her lovers comfort her; perfidiously  
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

<sup>3</sup> Unto great bondage and afflictions  
 Juda is captive led; those nations

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 347-62). Appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 306-23). G.

With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;  
In straits she meets her persecutor's sword.

<sup>4</sup> Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways  
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days:  
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,  
And she's unto herself a bitterness.

<sup>5</sup> Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace;  
Because, when her transgressions did increase,  
The Lord strook her with sadness; the enemy  
Doth drive her children to captivity.

<sup>6</sup> From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone;  
Like harts which seek for pasture and find none,  
Her princes are; and now before the foe,  
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

<sup>7</sup> Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem—  
Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them—  
Remembers what of old she 'esteemed most,  
Whilst her foes laugh at her for which she hath lost.

<sup>8</sup> Jerusalem hath sinned; therefore is she  
Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:  
Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they  
Have seen; herself doth groan, and turn away.

<sup>9</sup> Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she  
Remember'd not her end: miraculously

Therefore she fell, none comforting: behold,  
O Lord, my 'affliction, for the foe grows bold.

<sup>10</sup> Upon all things where her delight hath been,  
The foe hath stretched his hand; for she hath seen  
Heathen, whom Thou command'st should not do so,  
Into her holy sanctuary go.

<sup>11</sup> And all her people groan and seek for bread;  
And they have given, only to be fed,  
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:  
How cheap I 'am grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

<sup>12</sup> All this concerns not you who pass by me;  
O see, and mark if any sorrow be  
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath  
Done to me in the day of His fierce wrath.

<sup>13</sup> That fire, which by Himself is govern'd,  
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread  
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,  
And made me languish all the day alone.

<sup>14</sup> His hand hath of my sins fram'd a yoke,  
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke  
My strength: the Lord unto those enemies  
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

<sup>15</sup> He under foot hath trodden in my sight  
My strong men; He did company accite



To break my young men; He the wine-press hath  
Trode upon Juda's daughter in His wrath.

<sup>16</sup> For these things do I weep: mine eye, mine eye  
Casts water out; for He which should be nigh  
To comfort me, is now departed far;  
The foe prevails; forlorn my children are.

<sup>17</sup> There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,  
To comfort her; it is the Lord's command,  
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem  
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

<sup>18</sup> But yet the Lord is just and righteous still:  
I have rebell'd against His holy will.  
O hear, all people, and my sorrow see,  
My maids, my young men in captivity.

<sup>19</sup> I called for my lovers then, but they  
Deceiv'd me; and my priests and elders lay  
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat  
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

<sup>20</sup> Because I am in straits, Jehovah, see  
My heart o'eturn'd, my bowels muddy be;  
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast  
The sword without, as death within doth waste.

<sup>21</sup> Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;  
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,  
That Thou hast done it; but Thy promis'd day  
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

<sup>22</sup> Let all their wickedness appear to Thee ;  
Do unto them as Thou hast done to me  
For all my sins : the sighs which I have had  
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

## CHAP. II.

<sup>1</sup> How over Sion's daughter hath God hung  
His wrath's thick cloud ! and from heaven hath flung  
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath  
Forgot His footstool in the day of wrath !

<sup>2</sup> The Lord unsparingly hath swallow'd  
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished  
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd  
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

<sup>3</sup> In heat of wrath the horn of Israel He  
Hath clean cut off, and, lest the enemy  
Be hinder'd, His right hand He doth retire,  
But is towards Jacob all-devouring fire.

<sup>4</sup> Like to an enemy He bent His bow,  
His right hand was in posture of a foe,  
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,  
'Gainst whom His wrath He pour'd forth like fire.

<sup>5</sup> For like an enemy Jehovah is,  
Devouring Israel and his palaces ;  
Destroying holds, giving additions  
To Juda's daughters' lamentations.

<sup>6</sup> Like to a garden-hedge, He hath cast down  
The place where was His congregation,  
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot ;  
Her king, her priest, His wrath regarded not.

<sup>7</sup> The Lord forsakes His altar, and detests  
His sanctuary ; and in the foe's hands rests  
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries  
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

<sup>8</sup> The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound  
And level Sion's walls unto the ground ;  
He draws not back His hand, which doth o'turn  
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.

<sup>9</sup> The gates are sunk into the ground, and He  
Hath broke the bar ; their kings and princes be  
Amongst the heathen, without law ; nor there  
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

<sup>10</sup> There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd,  
And silence keep ; dust on their heads they cast ;  
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low  
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

<sup>11</sup> My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes  
Are faint with weeping ; and my liver lies  
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery  
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12 When they had cried unto their mothers, where  
Shall we have bread and drink ? they fainted there,  
And in the street like wounded persons lay,  
Till 'twixt their mother's breasts they went away.

13 Daughter Jerusalem, oh, what may be  
A witness or comparison for thee ?  
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee ?  
Thy breach is like the sea ; what help can be ?

14 For thee vain foolish things thy prophets sought ;  
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,  
Which might disturb thy bondage : but for thee  
False burthens and false causes they would see.

15 The passengers do clap their hands and hiss,  
And wag their head at thee, and say : Is this  
That city which so many men did call  
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all ?

16 Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,  
And gnash their teeth, and say : Devour we this ;  
For this is certainly the day which we  
Expected, and which now we find and see.

17 The Lord hath done that which He purposèd,  
Fulfill'd His word, of old determin'd ;  
He hath thrown down and not spar'd, and thy foe  
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

<sup>18</sup> But now their hearts unto the Lord do call ;  
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let tears fall  
Down like a river, day and night ; take thee  
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

<sup>19</sup> Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,  
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins ;  
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,  
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

<sup>20</sup> Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom  
Thou hast done this : what ! shall the women come  
To eat their children of a span ? shall Thy  
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary ?

<sup>21</sup> On ground in streets the young and old do lie,  
My virgins and young men by sword do die ;  
Them in the day of Thy wrath Thou hast slain,  
Nothing did Thee from killing them contain.

<sup>22</sup> As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd  
Thou call'st about me : when Thy wrath appear'd,  
None did remain or 'scape ; for those which I  
Brought up did perish by mine enemy.

## CHAP. III.

<sup>1</sup> I am the man which have affliction seen,  
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.

<sup>2</sup> He hath led me to darkness, not to light,

<sup>3</sup> And against me all day His hand doth fight.

<sup>4</sup> He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skin,  
<sup>5</sup> Built up against me, and hath girt me in  
With hemlock and with labour ; <sup>6</sup> and set me  
In dark, as they who dead forever be.

<sup>7</sup> He hath hedg'd me, lest I 'scape, and added more  
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.

<sup>8</sup> When I cry out, He outshuts my prayer ; <sup>9</sup> and hath  
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

<sup>10</sup> And like a lion hid in secrecy,  
Or bear which lies in wait, He was to me.

<sup>11</sup> He stops my way, tears me, made desolate ;

<sup>12</sup> And He makes me the mark He shooteth at.

<sup>13</sup> He made the children of His quiver pass  
Into my reins. <sup>14</sup> I with my people was  
All the day long a song and mockery.

<sup>15</sup> He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and He

Hath made me drunk with wormwood ; <sup>16</sup> He hath burst  
My teeth with stones, and cover'd me with dust.

<sup>17</sup> And thus my soul far off from peace was set,  
And my prosperity I did forget.

<sup>18</sup> My strength, my hope, unto myself I said,  
Which from the Lord should come, is perish'd.

<sup>19</sup> But when my mournings I do think upon,  
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction.

<sup>20</sup> My soul is humbl'd in remembering this ;

<sup>21</sup> My heart considers ; therefore hope there is,

<sup>22</sup> 'Tis God's great mercy we 'are not utterly  
Consum'd, for His compassions do not die ;

<sup>23</sup> For every morning they renew'd be ;

For great, O Lord, is Thy fidelity.

<sup>24</sup> The Lord is, saith my soul, my portion,  
And therefore in Him will I hope alone.

<sup>25</sup> The Lord is good to them who 'on Him rely,  
And to the soul that seeks Him earnestly.

<sup>26</sup> It is both good to trust, and to attend  
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

<sup>27</sup> 'Tis good for one His yoke in youth to bear ;

<sup>28</sup> He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,  
Because he hath borne it : <sup>29</sup> and his mouth he lays  
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

<sup>30</sup> He gives his cheeks to whosoever will  
Strike him, and so he is reproach'd still.

<sup>31</sup> For not forever doth the Lord forsake ;

<sup>32</sup> But when He 'hath struck with sadness, He doth take

Compassion, as His mercy 'is infinite.

<sup>33</sup> Nor is it with His heart that He doth smite,

<sup>34</sup> That under foot the prisoners stamp'd be ;

<sup>35</sup> That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him; <sup>36</sup> that he subverted is  
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.

<sup>37</sup> Who then will say, that ought doth come to pass  
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

<sup>38</sup> Both good and evil from His mouth proceeds;

<sup>39</sup> Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?

<sup>40</sup> Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;

<sup>41</sup> To Him in heaven our hands with hearts upraise.

<sup>42</sup> We have rebell'd, and fallen away from Thee;

Thou pardon'st not; <sup>43</sup> usest no clemency;

Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;

<sup>44</sup> Cover'st Thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to pass: <sup>45</sup> And Thou hast made us fall,  
As refuse and off-scouring to them all.

<sup>46</sup> All our foes gape at us. <sup>47</sup> Fear and a snare,  
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

<sup>48</sup> With watery rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,  
For ruin of my people's daughters-so;

<sup>49</sup> Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,

<sup>50</sup> Until the Lord look down from heaven to see.

<sup>51</sup> And for my city-daughters' sake, mine eye

Doth break mine heart. <sup>52</sup> Causeless mine enemy

Like a bird chas'd me. <sup>53</sup> In a dungeon

They 'have shut my life, and cast me on a stone.



<sup>54</sup> Waters flow'd o'er my head ; then thought I : I am  
Destroy'd : <sup>55</sup> I call'd, Lord, upon Thy name  
Out of the pit ; <sup>56</sup> And Thou my voice did hear :  
Oh, from my sight and cry stop not Thine ear.

<sup>57</sup> Then when I call'd upon Thee, Thou drew'st near  
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear.

<sup>58</sup> Thou, Lord, my soul's cause hand'ld hast, and  
Thou  
Rescu'st my life. <sup>59</sup> O Lord, do Thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. <sup>60</sup> Their vengeance all they  
'have wrought ;

<sup>61</sup> How they reproach'd Thou'st heard, and what they  
thought ;

<sup>62</sup> What their lips uttered, which against me rose,  
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

<sup>63</sup> I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

<sup>64</sup> Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,

<sup>65</sup> Sorrow of heart, Thy curse : <sup>66</sup> And with thy might  
Follow 'and from under heaven destroy them quite.

## CHAP. IV.

<sup>1</sup> How is the gold become so dim ! how is  
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this !  
The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,  
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

<sup>2</sup> The precious sons of Sion, which should be  
Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see  
Low-rated now, as earthen pitchers, stand,  
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand !

<sup>3</sup> Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give  
Suck to their young : my people's daughters live,  
By reason of the foe's great cruelty,  
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

<sup>4</sup> And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,  
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw :  
And when for bread the little children cry,  
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

<sup>5</sup> They which before were delicately fed,  
Now in the streets forlorn have perishèd :  
And they which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,  
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

<sup>6</sup> The daughters of my people have sinn'd more  
Than did the town of Sodom sin before ;  
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain  
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

<sup>7</sup> But heretofore purer her Nazarite  
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white :  
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine ;  
And all their polishedness was sapphirine.

<sup>8</sup> They 'are darker now than blackness ; none can know  
Them by the face, as through the street they go :  
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,  
And witherèd is like to dry wood grown.

<sup>9</sup> Better by sword than famine 'tis to die ;  
And better through-pierced than through penury.

<sup>10</sup> Women, by nature pitiful, have eat  
Their children, drest with their own hand, for meat.

<sup>11</sup> Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath  
His indignation, and pour'd forth His wrath ;  
Kindied a fire in Sion, which hath power  
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

<sup>12</sup> Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all which live  
In the inhabitable world, believe  
That any adversary, any foe  
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

<sup>13</sup> For the priests' sins, and prophets', which have shed  
Blood in the streets, and the just murder'd :

<sup>14</sup> Which, when those men, whom they made blind,  
did stray  
Thorough the streets, defilèd by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was  
Their garment should 'scape touching, as they pass ;

<sup>15</sup> Would cry aloud, Depart, defilèd men !  
Depart, depart, and touch us not ! and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,  
Yet told their friends they should not long dwell there.  
<sup>16</sup> For this they 'are scatter'd by Jehovah's face,  
Who never will regard them more ; no grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford ;  
Nor, that they 'are priests, redeem them from the sword :  
<sup>17</sup> And we as yet, for all these miseries  
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes :

And such a nation, as cannot save,  
We in desire and speculation have.  
<sup>18</sup> They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear  
To go ; our end is now approach'd near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this, the last day ;  
Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they  
<sup>19</sup> Which follow us ; o'er mountain's tops they fly  
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

<sup>20</sup> Th' Anointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, He  
Of whom we said, under His shadow we  
Shall with more ease under the heathen dwell,  
Into the pit, which these men digg'd, fell.

<sup>21</sup> Rejoice, O Edom's daughter ; joyful be,  
Thou that inhabit'st Uz ; for unto thee  
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness  
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

<sup>22</sup> And then thy sins, O Sion, shall be spent ;  
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment :  
Thy sins, O Elom's daughter, He will see,  
And for them pay thee with captivity.

## CHAP. V.

<sup>1</sup> Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us ;  
See and mark how we are reproch'd thus.

<sup>2</sup> For unto strangers our possession  
Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

<sup>3</sup> Our mothers are become as widows ; we  
As orphans all, and without fathers be.

<sup>4</sup> Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay ;  
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

<sup>5</sup> Our persecutors on our necks do sit,  
They make us travail, and not intermit.

<sup>6</sup> We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians  
To get us bread ; and to th' Assyrians.

<sup>7</sup> Our fathers did these sins, and are no more ;  
But we do bear the sins they did before.

<sup>8</sup> They are but servants which do ruë us thus ;  
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

<sup>9</sup> With danger of our life our bread we gat ;  
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.

<sup>10</sup> The tempests of this famine we liv'd in  
Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

- 11 In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd  
 By force, and so women in Sion us'd.  
 12 The princes with their hands they hung; no grace  
 Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.  
 13 Unto the mill our young men carried are,  
 And children fell under the wood they bare :  
 14 Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear ;  
 Gone was our joy ; our dancings mournings were.  
 15 Now is the crown fallen from our head ; and wo  
 Be unto us, because we 'have sinnèd so.  
 16 For this our hearts do languish, and for this  
 Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is ;  
 17 Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,  
 And foxes there do go at liberty.  
 18 But Thou, O Lord, art ever ; and Thy throne  
 From generation to generation.  
 19 Why shouldst Thou forget us eternally,  
 Or leave us thus long in this misery ?  
 20 Restore us, Lord, to Thee ; that so we may  
 Return, and, as of old, renew our day.  
 21 For oughtest Thou, O Lord, despise us thus,  
 22 And to be utterly enraged at us ?

## NOTE.

It will be seen that Donne in this scriptural lament affects the accented -èd, as more solemn. I also read the last line so.  
G.



HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,  
IN MY SICKNESS.<sup>1</sup>

SINCE I am comming to that holy room  
Where with the quire of saints for evermore  
I shall be made Thy musique ; as I come,  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before. 5

Whilst my physitions by their love are grown  
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie  
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown  
That this is my southwest discovery  
*Per fretum febris*, by these straits to dye. 10

I joy, that in these straits I see my West ;  
For though those currants yeeld return to none,  
What shall my West hurt me ? As West and East  
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,  
So Death doth touch the Resurrection. 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home ? Or are  
The eastern riches ? Is Jerusalem ?  
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar are Gibraltar

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 362-3). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (pp. 387-8). G.

All straights, and none but straights are ways to  
 them,  
 Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem. Ham

We think that Paradise and Calvarie, 21  
 Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;  
 Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;  
 As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,  
 May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace! 25

So in His purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,  
 By these His thorns give me His other crown;  
 And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy word,  
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,—  
 'Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord throws  
 down.' 30

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 1, 'room,' as in St. Luke xiv. 9 &c.

„ 9. Some s.w. voyage, with a disastrous result in some straits, seems to have been made just before this Hymn was written, and if known would fix the date of the sickness. But, indeed, Donne's later years were 'one long sickness.'

Line 14. Same is said in The Annunciation and Passion, l. 21. In a flat map of the world the extreme west becomes, when joined on to the rest, east; and if you put *cd*, the western bit, round to *ab*, you make it east in relation to *ab*.

Line 17. I read as in '69 'Jerusalem?' [not comma (,)] ; *i.e.* is Jerusalem my home? In l. 18, I read also 'Gibraltar are.' It might be 'Gibralt' are,' according as one takes Magellan as a dis- or tri-syllable. The error arose from the similarity of letters, as shown by the final 'e' of old copies. This gets rid of some



of the obscurity, and blunts some of Dr. Maedonald's criticisms in 'Antiphon.'

Line 22. One of the various mythic-legendary beliefs as to the cross, fetched from 'Golgotha' as a word.

Line 30. This may be founded on Ps. cxlv. 14 and Ps. cxlvi. 8: but I am inclined to think it is a reversal of *Jonah* i. 12, for George Herbert (l. 814 of *The Crosse*) says

Taking me up to throw me down;

and throughout the stanzas one can trace a reference to *Jonah*. G.

### A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.<sup>1</sup>

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
     Which was my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run  
     And do run still, though still I do deplore?  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;           5  
     For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have wonne  
     Others to sin, and made my sins their door?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
     A year or two, but wallow'd in, a score?           10  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;  
     For I have more.

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (pp. 363-4). Appeared originally in 1635 edition (p. 388). G.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun  
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore ;  
 But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son 15  
 Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore :  
 And having done that, Thou hast done ;  
 I fear no more.

## NOTE.

St. ii. l. 4. See our Essay in present volume on the heading &c. of a Litany. G.

## TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR  
 AND CHRIST.<sup>1</sup>

QUI prius assuetus serpentum fasce tabellas  
 Signare—haec nostrae symbola parva domus—  
 Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto  
 Stemmata, nauseiscor stemmata jure nova.  
 Hinc mihi Crux, primo quae fronti impressa lavaero, 5  
 Finibus extensis, Anchora facta patet ;  
 Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,  
 Anchora fit tandem Crux, tolerata diu :  
 Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso  
 Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu. 10

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 404). G.

Nec natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor ;  
 Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.  
 Qua sapiens, dos est ; qua terram lambit et ambit,  
 Pestis ; at in nostra sit medicina Cruce  
 Serpens, fixa Cruci si sit natura, Cruceique 15  
 A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.  
 Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, sigillum  
 Non tam dicendum hoc, quam catechismus erit.  
 Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,  
 Pignora amicitiae, et munera, vota, preces : 20  
 Plura tibi accumulet sanctus cognominis Ille,  
 Regia qui flavo dona sigillat equo.

## A SHEAF OF SNAKES

USED HERETOFORE TO BE MY SEAL, THE CREST OF OUR  
 POOR FAMILY.<sup>1</sup>

ADOPTED in God's family, and so  
 Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.  
 The cross, my seal at baptism, spread below,  
 Does, by that form into an anchor grow.  
 Crosses grow anchors ; bear, as thou shouldst do,  
 Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.  
 But He that makes our crosses anchors thus,  
 Is Christ, Who there is crucifi'd for us.

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 405). G.

Yet may I, with this, my first serpents hold ;  
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old. 10  
 The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be ;  
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.  
 And as he rounds the earth to murder sure,  
 My death he is ; but on the cross, my cure.  
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore 15  
 All grace from Him, crucified there before ;  
 When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,  
 This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.  
 Under that little seal great gifts I send,  
 Works and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend. 20  
 And may that saint, which rides in our Great Seal,  
 To you, who bear His name, great bounties deal.

## NOTE.

Line 21, 'that saint, which rides in our Great Seal.' The reverse of the Great Seal of James I. bore an armed St. George on horseback. See facsimiles of these seals in the 4to of the present volume. G.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,  
 G. HERBERT.<sup>1</sup>

QUOD CRUX NEQUIBAT FIXA, CLAVIQUE ADDITI—  
 TENERE CHRISTUM SCILICET, NE ASCENDERET—

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 402). The fuller and more accurate heading in Herbert's Poems is 'Ad Johannem Donne, D.D., de uno sigillorum ejus, Anchora et Christo.' See Notes and Illustrations to the same in English succeeding this. G.

Tuive Christum devocans facundia,  
 Ultra loquendi tempus ; addit Anchora :  
 Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certae Anchorae 5  
 Addas sigillum ; nempe symbolum suae  
 Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor, loquens amato.  
 Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit :  
 Tandem et fessa manus dedit sigillum. 10

Snavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,  
 Sanctius in regno magni credebatur Amoris—  
 In quo fas nihil est rumpi—donare sigillum!  
 Munde, ilnas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi ;  
 Deridet motus sancta catena tuos. 15

## THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,  
 Though nail'd unto 't, but He ascends again,  
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,  
 But only while thou speak'st, this Anchor will.  
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to 5  
 This certain Anchor add a seal, and so  
 The water and the earth both unto thee  
 Do owe the symbole of their certainty.  
 When Love, being weary, made an end  
 Of kind expressions to his friend. 10

<sup>1</sup> From 1669, as before (p. 403). G.

He writ: when's hand could write no more,  
 He gave the Seal, and so left o're.  
 How sweet a friend was he, who, being griev'd  
 His letters were bro' rudely up, believ'd  
 'Twas more secure in great Love's Common-weal, 15  
 Where nothing should be broke, to adde a Seal!  
  
 Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;  
 This holy cable's of all storms secure.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I place the present English and its related Latin after the two preceding, because they are self-revealingly the replies of Herbert to Donne. Donne sent his seal with his lines written both in Latin and English, and Herbert—as shown by the heading—wrote the Latin lines ‘In S. Anc.’ and it is clear from the description of the seal, and from ll. 8-10, ‘Quondam . . . sigillum,’ and from ll. 11-13, ‘Snavis . . . sigillum,’ that they are the reply to Donne and his gifts. Notwithstanding all this, the above English poem ‘Although the Cross, &c.’ is blunderingly headed in modern editions ‘To Mr. George Herbert, with his seal of the Anchor and Christ,’ while it is really the English of the prior Latin. Hence, as Donne had written in English and Latin, and as he was not likely to translate a reply to and panegyric on himself, I have no doubt that to Herbert, not Donne, the English as well as the Latin of these lines belongs, just as in the two preceding we have Donne's Latin ‘done’ in English by himself. Thus it is our privilege to add this fine poem in its English form—very much in advance of his ‘Cross’—to the scanty Poetry of Herbert, whose works, notwithstanding their well-nigh innumerable editions, still stand in need of worthy and critical editing. It is singular that while the Latin has found its place among the works of Herbert, his own characteristic rendering of it should have thus long been misassigned to Donne, and kept out of Herbert's Poems.

In line 13 ‘secret’ is usually misprinted for ‘sweet’ (‘69), equivalent of the Latin ‘snavis.’ G.



LAMENT FOR HIS WIFE,<sup>1</sup>

Is Death so greate a gamster, that he throwes  
Still at the fairest ? must I ever lose ?  
Are we all but as tarrriers, first begun,  
Made, and togeather put, to be undone ?  
Will all the ranke of frendes in whom I trust,  
Like Sodome's trees, yeild me no fruit but dust ?  
Must all I love, as carelesse sparkes that flye  
Out of a flinte, but shew their worth and dye ?

O where do my-for-ever-losses tend ?  
I could already by some buried friend  
Count my unhappy yeares : and should the sun  
Leave me in darkenesse as her losse hath done,  
By those few frendes I have yet to entombe  
I might, I feare, account my yeares to come.

What neede our canons then be so precise  
In registers for our nativities ?  
They keep us but in bondes, and strike with feares  
Rich parents, till their children be of yeares.

<sup>1</sup> From 'A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry,' by F. G. Waldron (1802), 4to, consisting of hitherto unpublished mss. in his possession—the two poems of Donne being dated in 1625. For the first of these two Donne poems, published by Waldron, see our vol. i. pp. 234-7. I have given it the heading 'Lament for his Wife,' as finding throughout that keen and life-long grief. G.

For should all lose and mourne, they might, as I,  
 Number their yeares by every elegie.

Those bookes to summe our dayes might well have  
 stood

In use with those that liv'd before the Flood.  
 When she indeed that forceth me to write  
 Should have been borne, had Nature done her right,  
 And at five hundred yeares be lesse decayd  
 Than now at twenty is the fairest mayd.  
 But Nature had not her perfection then.  
 Or, being loath for such longe-liveinge men  
 To spend the treasure which she held so pure,  
 She gave them women apter to endure;  
 Or providently knowinge there were more  
 Countreyes which askd for people from her store,  
 Nature was thrifty, and did thinke it well  
 If for some one parte each one did excell—  
 As this for her neate hand, that for her hayre,  
 A third for her fine foote, a fourth was fayre.  
 And seld' all beauties mett in one, till she—  
 All others' lands els stor'd—came finally  
 To people our sweet Isle, and seeinge now  
 Her substance infinite, she 'gan to bowe  
 To Lavishnes in every nuptiall bed,  
 And she her fairest was that now is dead.

Dead, as my ioyes for ever, ever be!  
 And if a woman fayre and good as she



Tread on her, grant O may she there become  
A statue like Lott's wife, and be her tombe!

Or let the purple violett grow there,  
And knowe no revolution of the yeare,  
But full of dew with ever-drooping head,  
Shew how I live since my best hopes are dead.

Dead as the world to virtue. Murthers, theeves,  
Can have their pardons, or at least reprevs ;  
The sword of Iustice hath beene often won  
By letters from an execution.

Yet vowes nor prayers could not keepe thee here,  
Nor shall I see thee next returning yeare ;  
Thee, with the roses, springe and live againe.

Th' art lost for ever as a drop of raine  
Falne in a river : for as soone I may  
Take up that drop, or meet the same at sea  
And knowe it there, as e'er redeeme thee gone,  
Or knowe thee in the grave when I have one.

O had that hollow vault where thou dost lye  
An eccho in it, my stronge phantasy  
Would winne me soone to thinke her wordes were  
thine,

And I would howerly come, and to thy shrine  
Talke, as I often did to talke with thee,  
And frame my wordes, that thou shouldst answer me  
As when thou livedst. I'd sigh and say I lov'd,  
And thou shouldst doe so too, till we had mov'd,

With our complaints, to teares each marble cell  
 Of those dead neighbours which about thee dwell  
 And when the holy Father came to say  
 His orisons, wee'd aske him if the day  
 Of miracles were past, or whether he  
 Knowes any one whose fayth and pietie  
 Could raise the dead; but he would answere, None  
 Can bringe thee backe to life: though many one  
 Our curs'd dayes afford, that dare to thrust  
 Their hands prophane, to raise the sacred dust  
 Of holy saintes out of their beds of rest.  
 Abhorred crimes! Oh may there none molest  
 Thy quiet peace, but in thy arke remaine  
 Untoucht, as those the old one did containe;  
 Till He that can reward thy greatest worth  
 Shall send the peacefull Dove to fetch thee forth!

## POSTSCRIPTAL NOTE.

Casually dipping into Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), I find that the Ode (pp. 238-9) 'Absence, heere my protestation,' is contained therein (pp. 185-6; Collier). I note these slight variations: line 1, 'thou' for 'this'; l. 8, 'Hee soone' for 'His mynd'; l. 10, 'all' before 'mortallitie'; l. 16, 'in' for 'by'; l. 21, 'eatch' for 'match' — superior; l. 23, 'there' is dropped; l. 24 reads, 'And so I both enjoy and misse her.' It is without signature, and the succeeding piece is signed 'Ignoto.' See our Notes and Illustrations, pp. 238-9. A very few misprints of Vol. I. are noted in the Glossarial Index, *s. c.* G.

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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THE Reader will find more or less full explanations, in the places, of all the words in the present Index. It has been prepared on the same plan with preceding ones in our Series. G.

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<sup>1</sup> Dean Swift supplies a fuller illustration:

'So by a *calenture* misled,  
 The mariner with rapture sees  
 On the smooth ocean's azure bed  
 Enamelled fields and verdant trees.'

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