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JOHN DONNE

*Poetry and Prose*

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attention to many of these forms, stressing particularly the symbolic figure of Sophia, or Divine Wisdom in Christian tradition, and mentioning among other things the relevance of C. G. Jung's concept of the *anima*, the image of the soul as experienced in the male unconscious. Other forms emphasized by recent critics include Astraea, the classical Goddess of Justice; Aphrodite Urania, or Heavenly Love; the Virgin Mary; and even the recently deceased Queen Elizabeth I. The conventions employed by Dante, Petrarch, and other Italian poets of the *dolce stil novo*, in terms of which the beloved woman is the spiritual guide, are also influential in Donne's practice.

Manley's edition is of central importance to any serious study of these complex poems. Other important treatments are provided by L. L. Martz, who demonstrates their meditative structure; M. H. Nicolson, who speculates instructively on their true subject; C. M. Coffin and V. H. Harris, who relate the poems to the philosophical and scientific currents of the age; and R. C. Bald, who investigates Donne's relations with the Drurys. Modern scholarship has distinguished itself in making the "Anniversaries" accessible to the modern reader, and it is largely because of this scholarship that we can now see the poems as one of the great achievements of seventeenth-century literature.

*THE FIRST ANNIVERSARIE  
AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD*

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE  
UNTIMELY DEATH OF MISTRIS  
ELIZABETH DRURY THE FRAILTY  
AND THE DECAY OF THIS WHOLE  
WORLD IS REPRESENTED

When that rich soule which to her Heaven is gone,  
Whom all they celebrate, who know they have one,  
(For who is sure he hath a soule, unlesse

*The entrance  
into the  
works.*

It see, and Judge, and follow worthinesse,  
 And by Deedes praise it? He who doth not this,  
 May lodge an In-mate soule, but tis not his.  
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,  
 And, as t'her standing house, to heaven did climbe,  
 Where, loth to make the Saints attend her long,  
 Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10  
 This world, in that great earth-quake languished;  
 For in a common Bath of teares it bled,  
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:  
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,  
 Whether the world did loose or gaine in this,  
 (Because since now no other way there is  
 But goodnes, to see her, whom all would see,  
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,)  
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,  
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mournd. 20  
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physicke are,  
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,  
 So thou, sicke world, mistak'st thy selfe to bee  
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Letargee.  
 Her death did wound, and tame thee than, and than  
 Thou mightst have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man;  
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,  
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.  
 T'was heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,  
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30  
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast  
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'repast.  
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill  
 A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill  
 The Ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,  
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:  
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme and frame,  
 And thou forgetst to celebrate thy name.  
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,  
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40  
 But long shee'ath beene away, long, long, yet none

1.6 *but . . . his*: it belongs to the devil.

1.7 *progresse*: carries the sense of royal journey.

1.8 *standing house*: permanent residence of royalty.

1.25 *than*: then.

Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.  
 But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,  
 When sickenes without remedy, empayres  
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,  
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:  
 So mankind feeling now a generall thaw,  
 A strong example gone equall to law,  
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact  
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50  
 Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead;  
 Or that our weakenes was discovered  
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more  
 Then tongues, the soule being gone, the losse deplore.  
 But though it be too late to succour thee,  
 Sicke world, yea dead, yea putrified, since shee  
 Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy preservative,  
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,  
 I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,  
 What we may gaine by thy Anatomy. 60  
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art  
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.  
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,  
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered  
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none  
 Alive to study this dissectione;  
 For there's a kind of world remaining still,  
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill  
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,  
 Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light, 70  
 A faint weake love of vertue and of good  
 Reflects from her, on them which understood  
 Her worth; And though she have shut in all day,  
 The twi-light of her memory doth stay;  
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,  
 Creates a new world; and new creatures be  
 Produc'd: The matter and the stufte of this,  
 Her vertue, and the forme our practise is.  
 And though to be thus Elemented, arme  
 These Creatures, from hom-borne intrinsique harme, 80

1.57 *Balme*: the vital essence assumed by Paracelsian medicine to exist in all created things and to operate as a preservative.

1.60 *Anatomy*: dissection.

*What life  
the world  
hath still.*

(For all assum'd unto this Dignitee,  
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,  
 Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,  
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)  
 Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,  
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,  
 This new world may be safer, being told  
 The dangers and diseases of the old:  
 For with due temper men do then forgoe,  
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know. 90  
 There is no health; Physitians say that we  
 At best, enjoy, but a neutralitee.  
 And can there be worse sicknesse, then to know  
 That we are never well, nor can be so?  
 We are borne ruinous: poore mothers crie,  
 That children come not right, nor orderly,  
 Except they headlong come, and fall upon  
 An ominous precipitation.  
 How witty's ruine? how importunate  
 Upon mankinde? It labour'd to frustrate 100  
 Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent  
 For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.  
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,  
 But accessory, and principall in ill.  
 For that first marriage was our funerall:  
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,  
 And singly, one by one, they kill us now.  
 We doe delightfully our selves allow  
 To that consumption; and profusely blinde,  
 We kill our selves, to propagate our kinde. 110  
 And yet we doe not that; we are not men:  
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then  
 When as the Sunne, and man, did seeme to strive,  
 (Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive.  
 When Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,  
 Compar'd with man, dy'de in minoritee.  
 When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away

*l.95 ruinous:* tending toward ruin.

*ll.106-107 then . . . now:* Donne plays with the contemporary colloquial meaning of *kill*—to induce sexual climax.

*l.110 We . . . kinde:* a reference to the popular belief that each sexual act shortened life by a day.

From the observers marking, he might stay  
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,  
 And then make up his observation plaine; 120  
 When, as the age was long, the sise was great:  
 Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat:  
 So spacious and large, that every soule  
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:  
 And when the very stature thus erect,  
 Did that soule a good way towards Heaven direct.  
 Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,  
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?  
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to trie  
 Whether a new made clocke runne right, or lie. 130  
 Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow,  
 And for our children we reserve to morrow.  
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,  
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.  
 And as in lasting, so in length is man  
 Contracted to an inch, who was a span.  
 For had a man at first, in Forrests stray'd,  
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid  
 A wager that an Elephant, or Whale  
 That met him, would not hastily assaile 140  
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,  
 The Fayries, and the Pigmies well may passe  
 As credible; mankind decayes so soone,  
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone.  
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are we growne  
 In stature to be men, till we are none.  
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold  
 All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold  
 Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glas,  
 Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was. 150  
 But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't;  
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:  
 'Tis shrinking, not close-weaving, that hath thus,

*l.122 meat:* food.

*l.134 to . . . lives:* the conventional length of a lease was ninety-nine years.

*l.145 Onely . . . length:* after the body's dissolution the scattered bones take up more space.

*l.151 damp't:* extinguished.

In minde and body both bedwarfed us.  
 We seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;  
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,  
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and we  
 Do what we can, to do't so soone as hee.  
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,  
 And with new phisicke, a worse Engin farre. 160  
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperor, in whom  
 All faculties, all graces are at home;  
 And if in other Creatures they appeare,  
 They're but mans ministers, and Legats there,  
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce  
 Them to Civility, and to mans use.  
 This man, whom God did woove, and loth t'attend  
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,  
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,  
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! 170  
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now:  
 Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow  
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart  
 With her, whom we lament, he lost his hart.  
 She, of whom th'Auncients seem'd to prophesie,  
 When they call'd vertues by the name of shee,  
 She in whom vertue was so much refin'd,  
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde  
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex, she that could drive  
 The poysonous tincture, and the stayne of *Eve*, 180  
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie  
 All, by a true religious Alchimy;  
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomee,  
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.  
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on  
 The supernaturall food, Religion,  
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;

*l.159 new diseases:* primarily syphilis, which made its appearance in Europe in the fifteenth century.

*l.160 new phisicke:* the mineral remedies used by Paracelsian physicians.

*l.160 Engin:* instrument.

*l.180 tincture:* a technical term in alchemy.

*l.187 banquet:* snack.

Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant. 190  
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame  
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:  
 For, before God had made up all the rest,  
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:  
 It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all  
 The world did in her Cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maim  
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.  
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than  
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man. 200  
 So did the world from the first houre decay,  
 The evening was beginning of the day,  
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,  
 Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.  
 And new Philosophy cal's all in doubt,  
 The Element of fire is quite put out;  
 The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit  
 Can well direct him, where to looke for it.  
 And freely men confesse, that this world's spent,  
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210  
 They seeke so many new; they see that this  
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomis.  
 'Tis all in pieces, all cohaerence gone;  
 All just supply, and all Relation:  
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,  
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got  
 To be a Phoenix, and that there can bee  
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.  
 This is the worlds condition now, and now  
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220  
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,  
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;

*l.205 new Philosophy:* the new astronomy of Copernicus and Galileo.

*l.206 Element . . . fire:* the area of fire which, in the old world-view, was located beyond the air.

*l.211 new:* probably a reference to the observation of new stars by Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler.

*l.212 Atomis:* atoms.

*ll.217-218 To . . . hee:* the mythical phoenix was unique.

*ll.221-222 Magnetique . . . one:* a reference to William Gilbert's studies of magnetism.

She whom wise nature had invented then  
 When she observ'd that every sort of men  
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,  
 And needed a new compasse for their way;  
 Shee that was best, and first originall  
 Of all faire copies; and the generall  
 Steward to Fate; shee whose rich eyes, and brest,  
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East; 230  
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow  
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,  
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,  
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:  
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer,  
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,  
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.  
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie 240  
 In any humour, or one certaine part;  
 But, as thou sawest it rotten at the hart,  
 Thou seest a Hectique fever hath got hold  
 Of the whole substance, not to be controule,  
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit  
 The worlds infection, to be none of it.  
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts  
 Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.  
 For the worlds beauty is decayd, or gone,  
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. 250  
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall  
 Their round proportion embracing all.  
 But yet their various and perplexed course,  
 Observ'd in divers ages doth enforce  
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,  
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,  
 As disproportion that pure forme. It teares  
 The Firmament in eight and fortie sheeres,  
 And in those constellations there arise

l.234 *single money*: small change.

l.241 *any humour*: The four humours, in the old physiology, were the bodily fluids which determined health and temperament.

l.258 *sheeres*: shares, parts, or, possibly, shires.

New starres, and old do vanish from our eyes: 260  
 As though heav'n suffred earth-quakes, peace or war,  
 When new Townes rise, and olde demolish'd are.  
 They have empayld within a Zodiake  
 The free-borne Sunne, and keepe twelve signes awake  
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crabbe controule,  
 And fright him backe, who els to eyther Pole,  
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:  
 For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne  
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way  
 One inche direct; but where he rose to day 270  
 He comes no more, but with a cousening line,  
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:  
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,  
 He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.  
 So, of the stares which boast that they do runne  
 In Circle still, none ends where he begunne.  
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swels.  
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,  
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne  
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne. 280  
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labor thus  
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.  
 We spur, we raine the stars, and in their race  
 They're diversly content t'obey our pace.  
 But keepes the earth her round proportion still?  
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill  
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke  
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sink?  
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,  
 Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way 290  
 Of their wish'd journeys end, the bottom, dye.  
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,  
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise

l.260 *New starres*: a reference to the new stars discovered by Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo.

l.263 *empayld*: enclosed.

l.265 *Goat . . . Crabbe*: the zodiacal signs.

l.269 *Perfit*: perfect.

l.271 *cousening*: cozening, cheating.

l.286 *Tenarif*: The peak of Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, was thought to be the highest mountain in the world.

At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:  
 If under all, a Vault infernall be,  
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we  
 Invent another torment, that there must  
 Millions into a strait hote roome be thrust)  
 Then solidnes, and roundnes have no place.  
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300  
 Of th'earth? Thinke so: But yet confesse, in this  
 The worlds proportion disfigured is,  
 Disorder in That those two legges whereon it doth relie,  
 the world. Reward and punishment are bent awrie.  
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,  
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,  
 Since even grieffe it selfe, which now alone  
 Is left us, is without proportion.  
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee  
 Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree, 310  
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made  
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said  
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,  
 That soules were but Resultances from her,  
 And did from her into our bodies go,  
 As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:  
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truely said  
 That th'Arke to mans proportions was made,  
 Had beene a type for that, as that might be  
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320  
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace  
 In her, who caus'd all Civill warre to cease.  
 Shee, after whom, what forme soe're we see,  
 Is discord, and rude incongruitee,  
 Shee, shee is dead, she's dead; when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:  
 And learnt thus much by our Anatomee,  
 That here is nothing to enamor thee:  
 And that, not onely faults in inward parts,  
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our harts, 330  
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,  
 Endanger us: but that if every thing  
 Be not done fitly'nd in proportion,

l.311 Ancient: probably Pythagoras.

To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,  
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)  
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.  
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete:  
 Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.  
 But beauties other second Element,  
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent. 340  
 And had the world his just proportion,  
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.  
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell  
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,  
 As gold fals sicke being stung with Mercury,  
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.  
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,  
 Swadling the new-borne earth, God seemed to like,  
 That she should sport herselfe sometimes, and play,  
 To mingle, and vary colours every day. 350  
 And then, as though she could not make inow,  
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.  
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,  
 Yet sight hath onely color to feed on,  
 And color is decayd: summers robe growes  
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.  
 Our blushing redde, which us'd in cheekes to spred,  
 Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are redde.  
 Perchance the world might have recovered,  
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead: 360  
 But shee, in whom all white, and redde, and blue  
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,  
 As in an unvext Paradise; from whom  
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,  
 Whose composition was miraculous,  
 Being all color, all Diaphanous,  
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were,  
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)  
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is: 370

l.336 Deformitee: virtue should manifest itself in visible outward actions.

ll.343-344 As . . . well: a popular belief.

l.345 stung: alchemical terminology.

l.351 inow: enough.

And learnst thus much by our Anatomee,  
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.  
 And that, since all faire color then did sinke,  
 Tis now but wicked vanity to thinke,  
 To color vitious deeds with good pretence,  
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.  
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,  
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,  
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,  
 The father, or the mother barren is. 380  
 The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre  
 In the due birth-time, downe the balmy showre.  
 Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,  
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth.  
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes;  
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombs.  
 Th'Ayre shoves such Meteors, as none can see,  
 Not onely what they meane, but what they bee.  
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much,  
 Th'Egyptian Mages to have made more such. 390  
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring  
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,  
 So as the influence of those starres may bee  
 Imprisond in an Herbe, or Charne, or Tree,  
 And doe by touch, all which those starres could do?  
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.  
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,  
 And man least knowes their trade, and purposes.  
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not  
 Embarr'd, and all this trafique quite forgot, 400  
 Shee, for whose losse we have lamented thus,  
 Would worke more fully'and pow'rfully on us.  
 Since herbes, and roots by dying, lose not all,  
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,

*l.378 influence:* the influence of the stars on earthly things.

*l.380 The . . . is:* Traditionally, the heavens were conceived of as paternal, the earth as maternal.

*l.387 Meteors:* The term was applied in Donne's time to any atmospheric phenomena.

*l.389 wormes:* serpents.

*l.390 Mages:* magicians.

*l.391 Artist:* astrologer.

Death could not quench her vertue so, but that  
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondrous at:  
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,  
 To sing her funerall prayse, and vanish than.  
 But as some Serpents poison hurteth not,  
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410  
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
 That unto us; she working more then it.  
 But she, in whom, to such maturity,  
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,  
 She from whose influence all Impressions came,  
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,  
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate  
 All states to gold, yet guilded every state,  
 So that some Princes have some temperance; 420  
 Some Counsaylors some purpose to advance  
 The common profite; and some people have  
 Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;  
 Some women have some taciturnity;  
 Some Nunneries, some graines of chastity.  
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe,  
 But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,  
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowest how drie a Cinder this world is.  
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430  
 It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or Bloud: no thing  
 Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,  
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her hart,  
 Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.  
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,  
 The body will not last out to have read  
 On every part, and therefore men direct  
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;  
 So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I  
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy. 440

*l.408 than:* then.

*l.422 stay:* restraint.

*l.426 But . . . too:* Recurring in the entire poem are references to the ancient idea of the four ages of history—gold, silver, bronze, and iron—  
 —with the concomitant belief in history as degeneration.

*l.440 punctuall:* detailed.

*Conclusion.*



Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell  
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're wel.  
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,  
 Of whom is meant what ever hath beene said,  
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,  
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,  
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,  
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,  
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,  
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth, 450  
 That is, thy death. For though the soule of man  
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than  
 When man doth die. Our body's as the wombe,  
 And as a mid-wife death directs it home.  
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon  
 And have your last, and best concoction  
 From her example, and her vertue, if you  
 In reverence to her, doe thinke it due,  
 That no one should her prayes thus reherse,  
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse, 460  
 Vouchsafe to call to minde, that God did make  
 A last, and lastingst peece, a song. He spake  
 To *Moses*, to deliver unto all,  
 That song: because he knew they would let fall,  
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,  
 But keepe the song still in their memory.  
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made  
 Me this great Office boldly to invade.  
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
 Me, from thus trying to emprison her. 470  
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,  
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.  
 Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes soules,  
 The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrroules.

l.446 *course*: coarse.l.449 *feast*: religious holiday.l.452 *than*: then.l.456 *concoction*: purification.ll.461-462 *that . . . song*: see Deuteronomy 32, the song of Moses.

## A FUNERALL ELEGIE

Tis lost, to trust a Tombe with such a ghest,  
 Or to confine her in a Marble chest.  
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphiry,  
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of eyther eye,  
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies which shee was?  
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glas;  
 And so is all to her materials,  
 Though every inche were ten escurials.  
 Yet shee's demolish'd: Can we keepe her then  
 In workes of hands, or of the wits of men? 10  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give  
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?  
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee  
 Those Carkas verses, whose soule is not shee.  
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee,  
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to bee  
 In paper wrap't; Or, when she would not lie  
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?  
 But 'tis no matter; we may well allow  
 Verse to live so long as the world will now. 20  
 For her death wounded it. The world containes  
 Princes for armes, and Counsailors for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,  
 The Rich for stomachs, and for backes the Pore;  
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet  
 By which remote and distant Countries meet.  
 But those fine spirits, which doe tune and set  
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget  
 Wonder and love; And these were shee; and shee  
 Being spent, the world must needes decrepit bee. 30  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.  
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,  
 Death cannot give her such another blow,  
 Because shee cannot such another show.

l.8 *escurials*: The Escorial was the great palace of the Spanish kings.l.27 *spirits*: the delicate vapors supposed to arise from the blood and link body and soul. See notes to "The Extasie."

But must we say shee's dead? May't not be said  
 That as a sundred Clocke is peece-meale laid,  
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand  
 Repolish'd, without error then to stand, 40  
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes,  
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
 For many leagues,) farre greater then it was,  
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore  
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?  
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't; but can wee  
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?  
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene  
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50  
 We lose by't: And as aged men are glad  
 Being tastlesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,  
 So now the sicke starv'd world must feed upone  
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
 Rejoyce then nature, and this world, that you  
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
 Your force and vigor, ere it were neere gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd, and layd it all on one.  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure, and thin,  
 Because it neede disguise no thought within. 60  
 T'was but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'enroule,  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule.  
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd;  
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;  
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate  
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.  
 But as when Heav'n lookes on us with new eyes,  
 Those new starres ev'ry Artist exercise,

l.41 *Affrique Niger*: It was formerly believed that the Niger and the Nile were parts of the same river and that it ran underground for part of its course.

l.50. *An . . . Cherubin*: Thrones and Cherubim are ranks in the angelic hierarchy.

l.61 *through-light*: transparent.

l.68 *Artist*: astronomer. References to the new stars observed by Renaissance astronomers are obsessive throughout the "Anniversaries" and the "Funerall Elegie."

What place they should assigne to them they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres go out: 70  
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
 Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:  
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t'adorne, then last, shee soone expir'd;  
 Cloath'd in her Virgin white integrity;  
 For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.  
 To scape th'infirmities which waite upone  
 Woman, shee went away, before sh'was one.  
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,  
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*. 80  
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,  
 Shee'ath yeelded to too long an Extasie.  
 He which not knowing her sad History,  
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,  
 How faire and chaste, humble and high shee'ad beene,  
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,  
 And measuring future things, by things before,  
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and read no more,  
 Would thinke that eyther destiny mistooke,  
 Or that some leafes were torne out of the booke. 90  
 But 'tis not so: Fate did but usher her  
 To yeares of Reasons use, and then infer  
 Her destiny to her selfe; which liberty  
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.  
 Her modesty not suffering her to bee  
 Fellow-Commissioner with destinee,  
 Shee did no more but die; if after her  
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,  
 Every such person is her delegate,  
 T'accomplish that which should have beene her  
 fate. 100  
 They shall make up that booke, and shall have thanks  
 Of fate and her, for filling up their blanks.  
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,  
 Which from the gift of her example rise.  
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,  
 To see how well, the good play her, on earth.

l.92 *infer*: entrust.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE  
OF THE PROGRES OF THE SOULE

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE  
RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MISTRIS  
ELIZABETH DRURY THE INCOMMODITIES  
OF THE SOULE IN THIS LIFE AND  
HER EXALTATION IN THE NEXT,  
ARE CONTEMPLATED

*The entrance.* Nothing could make mee sooner to confesse  
That this world had an everlastingnesse,  
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,  
Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes Sunne,  
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All,  
Did set; t'were Blasphemy, to say, did fall.  
But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne,  
By force of that force which before, it wonne,  
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ran, 10  
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,  
His soule be saild, to her eternall bed,  
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,  
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his Soul,  
He graspes his hands, and he puls up his feet,  
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet  
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,  
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:  
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings 20  
Her knell alone, by cracking at her strings.  
So strugles this dead world, now shee is gone;  
For there is motion in corruption.  
As some Daies are, at the Creation nam'd,  
Before the sunne, the which fram'd Daies, was fram'd,  
So after this sunnes set, some show appeares,  
And orderly vicisitude of yeares.  
Yet a new Deluge, and of Lethe flood,

*The Second Anniversarie:* Progres means royal journey.

l.2 *That . . . everlastingnesse:* an idea which was rejected by virtually all Renaissance thinkers.

l.3 *Then:* than.

Hath drown' us all, All have forgot all good,  
Forgetting her, the maine Reserve of all;  
Yet in this Deluge, grosse and generall, 30  
Thou seest mee strive for life; my life shalbe,  
To bee hereafter prais'd, for praising thee,  
Immortal Mayd, who though thou wouldst refuse  
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse,  
A Father since her chast Ambition is,  
Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.  
These Hymes may worke on future wits, and so  
May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.  
And so, though not Revive, enbalme, and spice  
The world, which else would putrify with vice. 40  
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,  
Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.  
These Hymns thy issue, may encrease so long,  
As till Gods great Venite change the song.  
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,  
And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.  
Bee thirsty still, and drinke still till thou goe;  
'Tis th'onely Health, to be Hydropique so. 50  
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee,  
Let thine owne times as an old story be,  
Be not concern'd: study not why, nor whan;  
Do not so much, as not beleewe a man.  
For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,  
Is far more busines, then this world is worth.  
The World is but a Carkas; thou art fed  
By it, but as a worme, that carcas bred;  
And why shouldst thou, poore worme, consider more,  
When this world will grow better then before,  
Then those thy fellow-wormes doe thinke upone 60  
That carkasses last resurrectione.  
Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,  
As of old cloaths, cast of a yeare agoe.  
To be thus stupid is Alacrity;  
Men thus lethargique have best Memory.

l.37 *Hymes:* a pun on hims.

l.44 *Venite:* come; God's final imperative.

l.46 *Bowle:* the sacrament of the Eucharist.

l.48 *Hydropique:* dropsical, that is, suffering from an insatiable thirst.

l.62 *of:* off.

Looke upward; that's towards her, whose happy state  
 We now lament not, but congratulate.  
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age  
 Should be emploid, because in all, shee did,  
 Some Figure of the Golden times, was hid. 70  
 Who could not lacke, what ere this world could give,  
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live;  
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit,  
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;  
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires  
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,  
 Shee to whose person Paradise adhear'd,  
 As Courts to Princes; shee whose eies ensheard  
 Star-light inough, t'have made the South controll,  
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northern Pole, 80  
 Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone; when thou knowest  
 this,

Contem-  
 plation of  
 our state  
 in our  
 deathbed.

What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;  
 He honors it too much that thinks it nought.  
 Thinke then, My soule, that death is but a Groome,  
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,  
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,  
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:  
 For such approaches doth Heaven make in death. 90  
 Thinke thy selfe laboring now with broken breath,  
 And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee  
 Division, and thy happiest Harmonee.  
 Thinke thee laid on thy death bed, loose and slacke;  
 And thinke that but unbinding of a packe,  
 To take one precious thing, thy soule, from thence.  
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,  
 Anger thine Ague more, by calling it  
 Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.  
 Thinke that thou hearst thy knell, and thinke no more,  
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, 100  
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, cals thee.

l.70 *Golden times*: the Age of Gold.

l.72 *forme*: in the scholastic sense, as the soul.

l.92 *Division*: a melodic sequence composed of a number of short notes.

l.98 *Physicke*: medicine.

Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,  
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;  
 Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust:  
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before,  
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.  
 Thinke thy frinds weeping round, and thinke that thay  
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.  
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this, 110  
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse,  
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,  
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.  
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and thinke from  
 thence  
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.  
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so lowe,  
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)  
 Thinke the a Prince, who of themselves create  
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their state.  
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that rite  
 Laies thee to sleepe but a saint Lucies night. 120  
 Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee  
 Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee,  
 Shiee whose Complexion was so even made,  
 That which of her Ingredients should invade  
 The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse:  
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse.  
 But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,  
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes  
 To governe, or to triumph on the rest,  
 Onely because all were, no part was best. 130  
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities  
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,  
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,  
 And say this is a line, or this a point,

l.102 *Sergeants*: bailiffs.

l.117 *the*: thee.

l.120 *saint Lucies night*: the longest night of the year. See "A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day."

l.123 *Complexion*: temperament.

l.124 *Ingredients*: the humours, or elements, which determine her temperament.

l.127 *Mithridate*: antidote.

So though the Elements and Humors were  
 In her, one could not say, this governes there.  
 Whose even constitution might have wonne  
 Any disease to venter on the Sunne,  
 Rather then her: and make a spirit feare  
 That he to disuniting subject were. 140

To whose proportions if we would compare  
 Cubes, th'are unstable; Circles, Angulare;  
 Shee who was such a Chaine, as Fate emploies  
 To bring mankind, all Fortunes it enjoies,  
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke,  
 No Accident, could threaten any linke,  
 Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat,  
 The purest Blood, and Breath, that ere it eat.  
 And hath taught us that though a good man hath  
 Title to Heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150  
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,  
 Yea though he plead a long possession too,  
 (For they'are in Heaven on Earth, who Heavens  
 workes do,)

Though he had right, and power, and Place before,  
 Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore.  
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my soule, and thinke;  
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke;  
 Thinke that it argued some infermitee,  
 That those two soules, which then thou foundst in mee, 160  
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both  
 My second soule of sence, and first of growth.  
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious,  
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.  
 This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe

*l.138 venter:* venture.

*l.138 Sunne:* The sun was by definition incorruptible.

*l.147 meat:* food.

*l.152 Heaven . . . violence:* see Matthew 11:12.

*l.158 sinke:* sewer, cesspool.

*ll.160-162 That . . . growth:* The passage refers to the ancient doctrine  
 of the three souls of created things: the vegetative, possessed by plants  
 and animals; the sensitive, possessed by animals; and the rational,  
 possessed by human beings, which contained in it the other two.

*l.163 obnoxious:* exposed to harm.

*l.165 unlittered:* unborn.

My body, could, beyond escape, or helpe,  
 Infect thee with originall sinne, and thou  
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.  
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,  
 Which fixt to'a Pillar, or a Grave doth sit 170  
 Bedded and Bath'd in all his Ordures, dwels  
 So fowly as our soules, in their first-built Cels.  
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie  
 After, enabled but to sucke, and crie.  
 Thinke, when t'was growne to most, t'was a poore  
 Inne,  
 A Province Pack'd up in two yards of skinne,  
 And that usurped, or threatned with the rage  
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.  
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,  
 Thou hast thy'expansion now and libertee; 180  
 Thinke that a rusty Peece, discharg'd, is flowen  
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,  
 And freely flies: This to thy soule allow,  
 Thinke thy sheell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but  
 now.

And thinke this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave,  
 To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave,  
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,  
 Dispatches in a minute all the way,  
 Twixt Heaven, and Earth: shee staies not in the Ayre,  
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; 190  
 Shee carries no desire to know, nor sense,  
 Whether th'Ayrs middle Region be intense,  
 For th'Element of fire, shee doth not know,  
 Whether shee past by such a place or no;  
 Shee baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie,  
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die.  
 Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee  
 Can, (being one Star) Hesper, and Vesper bee;

*l.181 Peece:* firearm.

*l.190 Meteors:* any atmospheric phenomena.

*l.192 intense:* violent.

*l.193 Element . . . fire:* presumed to exist above the air.

*l.195 baits:* pauses.

*l.195 trie:* observe.

*l.198 Hesper . . . Vesper:* the morning star and the evening star.

*Her liberty  
 by death.*

Hee that charm'd Argus eies, sweet Mercury,  
 Workes not on her, who now is growen all Ey; 200  
 Who, if shee meete the body of the Sunne,  
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;  
 Who finds in Mars his Campe, no corps of Guard;  
 Nor is by Jove, nor by his father bard;  
 But ere shee can consider how shee went,  
 At once is at, and through the Firmament.  
 And as these stars were but so many beades  
 Strunge on one string, speed undistinguish'd leades  
 Her through those spheares, as through the beades, a  
 string,  
 Whose quicke succession makes it still one thing: 210  
 As doth the Pith, which, least our Bodies slacke,  
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;  
 So by the soule doth death string Heaven and Earth,  
 For when our soule enjoyes this her third birth,  
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)  
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,  
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome  
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.  
 This must, my soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;  
 To advance these thoughts, remember then, that shee 220  
 Shee, whose faire body no such prison was,  
 But that a soule might well be pleas'd to passe  
 An Age in her; shee whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to others beauties, for they went  
 But for so much, as they were like to her;  
 Shee, in whose body (if wee dare prefer  
 This low world, to so high a mark, as shee,)  
 The Westerne treasure, Esterne spiceree,  
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowen rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230  
 And when w'have made this large Discoveree,  
 Of all in her some one part there will bee  
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is  
 Inough to make twenty such worlds as this;  
 Shee, whom had they knowne, who did first betroth  
 The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both

l.204 his father: Saturn.

l.226 prefer: promote.

l.236 Tutelar: guardian.

To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,  
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,  
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,  
 They would have given her one for every limme; 240  
 Shee, of whose soule, if we may say, t'was Gold,  
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that; we understood  
 Her by her sight, her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,  
 That one might almost say, her bodie thought,  
 Shee, shee, thus richly, and largely hous'd, is gone:  
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes, who crawl upon  
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well  
 Longer, then whil'st we beare our brittle shell. 250  
 But t'were but little to have chang'd our roome,  
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe  
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.  
 Poore soule in this thy flesh what do'st thou know.  
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,  
 How thou did'st die, nor how thou wast begot.  
 Thou neither knowst, how thou at first camest in,  
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sin.  
 Nor dost thou, (though thou knowst, that thou art so) 260  
 By what way thou art made immortall, know.  
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend  
 Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend  
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought  
 For many ages, that our body's wrought  
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?  
 And now they thinke of new ingredients.  
 And one soule thinkes one, and another way  
 Another thinkes, and ty's an even lay.  
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in  
 The bladders Cave, and never breake the skin? 270  
 Knowst thou how blood, which to the hart doth flow,  
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other go?  
 And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit,

ll.236-240 and . . . limme: Donne is satirizing the detail of Roman Catholic teaching concerning guardian angels.

l.242 Electrum: an alloy of gold and silver.

l.261 to: too.

l.268 ty's: 'tis.

Her ignorance  
 in this life  
 and knowl-  
 edge in the  
 next.

Knowst thou how thy lungs have attracted it?  
 There are no passages so that there is  
 (For ought thou knowst) piercing of substances.  
 And of those many opinions which men raise  
 Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?  
 What hope have we to know our selves, when wee  
 Know not the least things, which for our use bee? 280  
 We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,  
 A hundred controversies of an Ant.  
 And yet one watches, starves, freeses, and sweats,  
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets  
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;  
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;  
 What Caesar did, yea, and what Cicero said.  
 Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red,  
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.  
 In this low forme, poore soule what wilt thou doe? 290  
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,  
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasy?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme  
 great,  
 Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,  
 And see all things despoyle of fallacies:  
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eies,  
 Nor heare through Laberinth of eares, nor learne  
 By circuit, or collections to discerne.  
 In Heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,  
 And what concerns it not, shall straight forget. 300  
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee  
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,  
 Shee who all Libraries had throughly red  
 At home, in her owne thoughts, and practised  
 So much good as would make as many more:  
 Shee whose example they must all implore,  
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse  
 That aie the vertuous Actions they expresse,  
 Are but a new, and worse edition,  
 Of her some one thought, or one action: 310

l.283 *watches*: stays awake.

l.292 *Fantasy*: that part of the mind which receives and interprets sense impressions.

l.308 *aie*: aye.

Shee, who in th'Art of knowing Heaven, was growen  
 Here upon Earth, to such perfection,  
 That shee hath, ever since to Heaven shee came,  
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same:  
 Shee, shee, not satisfied with all this waite,  
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraite  
 Another, did but Ballast her) is gone,  
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfectione.  
 And cald us after her, in that shee tooke,  
 (Taking herselfe) our best, and worthiest booke. 320  
 Returne not, my soule, from this extasee,  
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,  
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,  
 With whom thy conversation must be there.  
 With whom wilt thou Converse? what station  
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,  
 That wil nor give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?  
 Shalt thou not finde a spungy slack Divine  
 Drinke and sucke in th'Instructions of Great men,  
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330  
 Are there not some Courts, (And then, no things bee  
 So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,  
 That wits and tongues of Libellars are weake,  
 Because they doe more ill, then these can speake?  
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect  
 Chiefly the cheefest parts, but some effect  
 In Nailes, and Haires, yea excrements, will show;  
 So will the poyson of sinne, in the most low.  
 Up up, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare  
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare; 340  
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid  
 Joy in not being that, which men have said.  
 Where shee's exalted more for being good,  
 Then for her interest, of mother-hood.  
 Up to those Patriarckes, which did longer sit  
 Expecting Christ, then they've enjoy'd him yet.  
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see  
 Their Prophecies growen to be Historee.

Of our  
 company in  
 this life and  
 in the next.

ll.333-334 *That . . . speake*: It is impossible for even libelers to speak sufficient evil of courts.

ll.341-342 *Where . . . said*: a reference to the Roman Catholic doctrine that the Virgin Mary was born free from original sin.

Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne,  
All the Sunnes course, with more light then the Sunne. 350

Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed  
Oyle to th'Apostles lamps, dew to their seed.  
Up to those Virgins, who thought that almost  
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,  
If they to any should his Temple give.

Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live  
Shee, who hath carried thether, new degrees  
(As to their number) to their dignitees.

Shee, who beeing to herselfe a state, enjoyd  
All royalties which any state emloid, 360  
For shee made wars, and triumph'd; reson still  
Did not overthrow, but rectifie her will:

And shee made peace, for no peace is like this,  
That beauty and chastity together kisse:  
Shee did high justice; for shee crucified  
Every first motion of rebellious pride:

And shee gave pardons, and was liberall,  
For, onely herselfe except, shee pardond all:  
Shee coynd, in this, that her impressions gave  
To all our actions all the worth they have: 370

Shee gave protections; the thoughts of her brest  
Satans rude Officers could nere arrest.

As these prerogatives being met in one,  
Made her a soveraigne state, religion  
Made her a Church; and these two made her all.

Shee who was all this All, and could not fall  
To worse, by company; (for shee was still  
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)

Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive  
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive 380  
The more, because shee'is there, he doth not know

That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.  
But pause, My soule, and study ere thou fall

On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.

Still before Accessories doe abide

A triall, must the principall be tride.

*l.354 joyntenants:* joint-tenants.

*l.360 royalties:* prerogatives.

*l.382 accidentall:* non-essential. The essential joy of the blessed consists  
in the beatific vision; all other joys are, therefore, accidental.

*Of  
essentiall  
joy in this  
life and in  
the next.*

And what essentiall joy canst thou expect  
Here upon earth? what permanent effect  
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love  
Beauty? (And Beauty worthyest is to move) 390

Poore couse'ned cose'nor, that she, and that thou,  
Which did begin to love, are neither now.

You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;  
Next day repaires, (but ill) last daies decay.

Nor are, (Although the river keep the name)  
Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same.

So flowes her face, and thine eies, neither now

That saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow  
Concernd, remaines; but whil'st you thinke you bee

Constant, you're howrely in inconstancee. 400

Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
Because that God did live so long above

Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,  
That he at last made Creatures to bestow

Honor on him; not that he needed it,  
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.

But since all honors from inferiors flow,

(For they doe give it; Princes doe but show  
Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this

On such opinions, and capacities 410  
Is built, as rise, and fall, to more and lesse,

Alas, tis but a casuall happinesse.  
Hath ever any man to'himselfe assigned

This or that happinesse, to'arrest his minde,  
But that another man, which takes a worse,

Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?  
They who did labour Babels tower t'erect,

Might have considerd, that for that effect,  
All this whole solid Earth could not allow

Nor furnish forth Materials enow; 420  
And that this Center, to raise such a place

Was far to little, to have beene the Base;  
No more affords this world, foundatione

*l.391 couse'ned cose'nor:* cheated cheater.

*l.401 pretence:* claim.

*l.416 tane:* taken.

*l.420 enow:* enough.

*l.421 Center:* the earth.



To erect true joye, were all the meanes in one.  
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods,  
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,  
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are  
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and war)  
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold  
 To such small copper coynes, they lost the old, 430  
 And lost their onely God, who ever must  
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust,  
 So much mankind true happinesse mistakes;  
 No Joye enjoys that man, that many makes.  
 Then, soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe;  
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,  
 For once that they the center touch, do touch  
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such.  
 Double on Heaven, thy thoughts on Earth employd;  
 All will not serve; Onely who have enjoyd 440  
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;  
 For it is both the object, and the wit.  
 This is essentiall joye, where neither hee  
 Can suffer Diminution, nor wee;  
 Tis such a full, and such a filling good;  
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.  
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,  
 Shee whom we celebrate, is gone before.  
 Shee, who had Here so much essentiall joye,  
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450  
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,  
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know  
 His face, in any naturall Stone, or Tree,  
 Better then when in Images they bee:  
 Who kept, by diligent devotion,  
 Gods Image, in such reparation,  
 Within her heart, that what decay was growen,  
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her own:  
 Who being solicited to any Act,  
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; 460  
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here

*l.432 thrust:* crowd.

*l.435 pitch:* peak.

*l.460 Still:* always.

Betrothed to God, and now is married there,  
 Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid day,  
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;  
 Who being heare filld with grace, yet strove to bee,  
 Both where more grace, and more capacitee  
 At once is given: shee to Heaven is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion  
 A heaven, and here, became unto us all,  
 Joye, (as our joyes admit) essentiall. 470  
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,  
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.  
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?  
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee  
 My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,  
 By being a greater, growen to be lesse Man.  
 When no Physician of Redresse can speake,  
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake  
 A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;  
 And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480  
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.  
 What eie was casuall, may ever bee.  
 What should the Nature change? Or make the same  
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?  
 All casuall joye doth loud and plainly say,  
 Onely by comming, that it can away.  
 Onely in Heaven joies strength is never spent;  
 And accidentall things are permanent.  
 Joy of a soules arrivall neere decaies;  
 For that soule ever joyes, and ever staies. 490  
 Joy that their last great Consummation  
 Approches in the resurrection;  
 When earthly bodies more celestiall  
 Shalbe, then Angels were, for they could fall;  
 This kind of joy doth every day admit  
 Degrees of growth, but none of loosing it.  
 In this fresh joy, tis no small part, that shee,  
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,  
 Doth injure her; (Tis losse to be cald best,  
 There where the stuffe is not such as the rest) 500

470  
*Of accidentall  
 joyes in borh  
 places.*

480

490

*l.473 casuall:* non-essential.

*l.479 Apostem:* imposthume, abscess.

Shee, who left such a body, as even shee  
Onely in Heaven could learne, how it can bee  
Made better; for shee rather was two soules,  
Or like to full, on both sides written Rols,  
Where eies might read upon the outward skin,  
As strong Records for God, as mindes within.  
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,  
Peeces a Circle, and still keeps it so,  
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,  
Where shee receives, and gives addition.

510

*Conclusion.* Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames  
A thousand praies to saints, whose very names  
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knowes not  
yet,

And where, what lawes of poetry admit,  
Lawes of religion, have at least the same,  
Immortall Maid, I might invoke thy name.  
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,  
Thou here shouldst make mee a french convertite.  
But thou wouldst not; nor wouldst thou be content,  
To take this, for my second yeeres true Rent,  
Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,  
That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.  
Since his will is, that to posteritee,  
Thou shouldest for life, and death, a patterne bee,  
And that the world should notice have of this,  
The purpose, and th' Authority is his;  
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am  
The Trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

520

1.511 *Here*: in France, where Donne was visiting the Drurys. The reference is to the Catholic practice of appealing to the saints for intercession.

1.518 *convertite*: a convert to Roman Catholicism.