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THE

INCOMPLETE POEMS OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

VOL. I.

SATIRES. II. THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL. III. ELEGIES. IV. EPITHALAMIUMS.
John Donne.

Engraved by W.L. Hone, from a miniature painted on ivory by Mrs. Cotes in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Addison.
THE COMPLETE POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

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

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

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1872.

100 copies only.
TO

ROBERT BROWNING,

THE POET OF THE CENTURY FOR THINKERS,

I DEDICATE

THIS FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE POEMS OF

JOHN DONNE

(BORN 1572, DIED 1631);

KNOWING HOW MUCH HIS POETRY,

WITH EVERY ABATEMENT,

IS VALUED AND ASSIMILATED BY HIM:

RIGHT FAITHFULLY,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.
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Those marked with a star [*] have not before been printed; those with a dagger [†] have been derived from authorative MSS. G.

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

'To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't:
Josond his Muse was; but his Life was chaste,'—

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

'No barganing line there; no provok'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse:
No need to make good count'nanoe ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser Muse.'
We know too that in later years Donne lamented his 'youthful verse.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(g) 'With every abatement'—as I say in my Dedication—the Poetry of Donne is imperishable in much of it, and notable in all, and historically and philosophically to be held fast. Granted that as in rose's heart or lily's chalice you are shocked to find a slug crawl-
ing. Yet none the less is the rose 'a thing of beauty,'
one the less the lily of the finest and nicest workman-
ship of The Gardener; e.g. here is one line out of many
equally arresting, that springs up first (so to say) not
merely from 'reeds and rushes' slime-rooted, but as it
were out of ordure such as makes one hold the nose:

'Love built on beauty soon as beauty dies.'

I reserve a Study of the Life and Writings of
Donne for Volume II., that (as in Grashaw) the com-
pleted Poetry may be before the reader in its perusal.
There I hope to make good the highest claims that
have been advanced in his name, and likewise give a
critical account of the original and after-editions of
the Poems (1611-1669 onward) and of various ms.
collections that have been drawn on by me. I shall
also exemplify, by passages strangely neglected, the
'cunning' and subtle faculty of our Singer, without
any need of Coleridge's somewhat paradoxical theory
of Donne's measures and accentuation. By the way,
the name of Coleridge reminds me that even well-
formed critics and literary authorities, e.g. Mrs.
Jameson in her 'Loves of the Poets,' and Lieut.-Col.
Cunningham in his edition of the Works of Ben Jonson,
and others, continually quote the empty burlesque lines
on Donne of Hartley Coleridge, as the Coleridge's, in
the teeth of the latter's abundant expressions of his
lofty estimate and love for Donne as a Poet. Perhaps
too the perfunctory way in which Donne is ordinarily
read can scarcely be more sorrowfully, if also ludi-
crously, proved than by the habitual treatment of the
'commendatory' poems prefixed to the 'Anatomie' and
the '2d Anniversarie,' as though they formed part of the Poems themselves, instead of having been the affectionate and admiring tribute of (afterwards) Bishop Joseph Hall (as shown in the place).

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

I feel it to be a singular honour to be the first to have engraved Oliver's exquisite miniature of Donne. It seems to me a surpassingly noble face, with genius stamped on its every line. Nor is the engraver (Mr. W. J. Alais) undeserving of his meed of praise for his part. I thank the owner of the original for his kindness in allowing me the use of it. I limit impres-
sions to the one hundred quartos and twenty-five separately (folio: proofs). For the ordinary large paper (8vo), by favour of Messrs. Longman and Co., I am enabled to furnish Holl's admirable reproduction of an (alleged) Vandyck, but the authenticity of which I should scarcely venture to vouch for. It idealises the homely engraving of Merian in the folio Sermons. In Volume II. will be found (in the quarto) a photocopies, by the Woodbury process, of Marshall's celebrated portrait of the Poet in his eighteenth year, from an unusually brilliant impression; also a facsimile of Donne's handwriting, &c.

I had prepared my usual Memorial-Introduction, containing very considerable biographical additions to Walton and our data hitherto, e.g. a series of important and characteristic Letters in H.M. Record Office, the Loisy Letters — his Will in extenso (never before seen apparently)—and other letters and documents from public and private sources. Some of these I shall require in part for the already-named Essay; but finding from my accomplished correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop (to whom I am indebted for an unpublished and vivid poem by Donne, which will appear in Volume II.), that he has long been engaged upon a really critical and worthy edition of the complete Prose Works of Donne, and that the 'Life and Introduction' he hopes very soon to put to press, I forgo the pleasure of first printing these various papers, and gladly hand over the whole to him in faithful transcripts. Dr. Jessop has given a taste of his quality as an editor of Donne in his natty little collection of the 'Essays' (1855); and I feel sure that a writer
so conscientious, and a critic so open-eyed and scholarly, will make his edition of Donne a real addition to our English classics. The late Dean Alford’s edition (6 vols. 8vo) was a literary fiasco.

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

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire.

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

SATIRES.

1593-1602.
NOTE.

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

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

Away, thou changling motley humorist,
Lease mee, and in this standing woodden chest,
Consoled wth thesee fewe bookes, let me ly
In prison, and here be coffind, when I dy.
Here are God’s Conduits, graue dvines; and here 5
Nature’s Secretary, the philosophyer;
And iolly Statesmen, wth teach how to ty
The senews of a Cittyes mistique body;
Here gathering Chronicles, and by them stand
Giddy fantastique Poets of each land. 10
Shall I leave all this constant Company,
And followe headlong wild uncertaine thee?
First sweare by thy best loue in earnest,
(Yf thou, wth lou’st all, can loue any best,)
Thou wilt not leaue me in the middle street, 15
Though some more spruce Companion thou do meete
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way,
Bright parcel-guilt, wth forty dead men’s pay;
Not though a brisk, perfum’d, pert Courtier
Daine wth a nod thy Courteyes to answer; 20
Nor Come a veluet Justice wth a longe
Great traine of bleeu coats, 12 or 14 stronge,
Shalt thou grinne or faune on him, or prepare
A speach to court his beauteous sonne and heyre.
For better and worse take mee, or leaue mee:
To take and leaue me is adultery.
O monster, superstitious Puritan
Of refine manners, yet Ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'rst one, with enquiring eyes,
Doth search, and like a needy broker prize
The silke and gold hee weares, and to that rate,
So hie or low, doest raise thy formall hat:
That wilt consort none, untill thou haue knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne;
As though all thy Companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy deare Company.
Why should'rst thou that doest not onely approue,
But in ranke itchy lust, desire and loue,
The nakednes and barreness to enjoy
Of this plumpe muddy hoore, or prostitute boy, whore
Hate vertue, though shee be naked and bare?
At birth and death our bodyes naked are;
And till our soules be unapparell'd
Of bodyes, they from blis are banished:
Man's first best state was naked; when by sinne
Hee lost that, yet hee was clothed but in beast's skinne,
And in this course attyre with nowe I weare,
With God and with the muses I Conferre.
But Since thou, like a contrite Penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sinne, doest repent
Theese vanities and giddinesses, loe
I shut my chamber dore, and come, let's goe.
But sooner may a cheape hoore, who hath bene whore
Worne by as many seueal men in sinne,
As are blacke fathers, or muske-Collored hose,
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those;
Sooner may one gues, who shall beare away gues
Th' infant of London heyre to an India;
And sooner may a gulling-weather-spy,
By drawing forthe heauen's Scheme, tell certainly 60
What fashiond hats or ruffes, or suites, next yeare
Our supple-witted antiqe youthes will weare; Than
Then thou, when thou departest from hence, can show
Whether, why, where, or wth whom thou wouldst go.
But howe shall I bee pardon'd my offence, 65
That thus have sin'd against my Conscience?

Now we are in the streete; hee first of all,
Unproudently proud, creepes to the wall;
And so imprison'd and hemd in by mee,
Sels for a little roome his liberty. 70
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greete
Every fine silken painted foole wee meeete,
He them to him wth amorous smiles allures,
And grinns, smackes, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentises or Schooleboyes, wth do knowe 75
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe;
And as fidlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most braue stoups hee nighst the ground;
But to a graue man hee doth moue no more
Then the wise politiq horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O Elephant, or Ape, wilt doe,
When any names the k[ing] of Spaine to you.
Now leapes hee upright, jogs mee, and cryes, ‘Do you
Yonder wel-fauourd youth?‘ ‘Wha‘? ‘Yea! ’tis hee
That dances so diuinely.’ ‘O,’ said I,
‘Stand still, must you dance to for Company?’
He droupt; wee went, till one wee did excell
The Indians in drinking his Tobacco well
Mett us: they talkt; I whisperd, ‘let us go;
May bee you smel him not, truly I do.’
He heares not mee, but on the other side
A many-coloured Peacock hauing spide,
Leaues him and mee; I for my lost sheepe stay;
He followes, ouertakes, goes in the way,
Saying, ‘him, whom I last left, all repute
For his deuice, in handsoming a suite,
To judge of lace, pinck, panes, cut, print, or pleight,
Of all the Court to have the best Conceit.’
‘Our dull Comedians want him, let him go;
But O, God strengthen thee, why stoupst thou so?’
‘Why, hee hath traueld long; no, but to mee
Which understand none, hee doth seeme to bee
Perfect French and Italian.’ I replyed,
‘So is the Pox.’ Hee answer’d not, but spide
More men of sort, of parts and qualityes:
At last his lone hee in a window spyes,
SATIRE I.

And like light dewe exhal'd hee flinges from me
Violently rauish't to his lechery.
Many were there, hee could comand no more;
He quarold, fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore
Directly came to mee, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: 'there is none in the 1593 ms.; but elsewhere (e.g. Stephens' ms.) it is written ' Satyra 1,' and so in 1638 and subsequently.

Line 1, 'changeling.' 1638 'fondling.' so Stephens' ms. and Lansdowne ms. 740. As 'changeling' is ambiguous, being used for fairy changelings, and as 'motley' expresses the various picked costumes of different customs which the foppish Englishman was supposed to delight in, probably 'fondling' was the author's revised word.

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

Line 3, 'consoled:' 1638 'consorted,' and so usually. As before he says 'away,' &c., there was no need of consolation: and this doubtless Donne saw, and therefore wrote in later revision 'consorted.'

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

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

Line 9, 'Chronicles:' 1638 and usually 'Chronicles,' which again seems the revised and better word. Stephens' ms. 'Heer's' for 'Here.'

Line 13. Even when first written, in earnest would be harsh; but it would be far more harsh at a later date, when pro-
nunciation was more slurring, and when this license of increasing the syllables of a word had greatly gone out. 'Here is your present best love in this town or place:' and the 'here' was thus probably our author's later insertion.

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


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

Line 29, 'blew coats,' the livery of the lower retainers and servitors, and in especial of those in and from the country.

Line 29, 'Shalt:' in 1638 and usually 'Wilt:' Stephens' ms. 'shall.' 'Thou shalt swear thou wilt not,' is the better English; but 'shalt' expresses the repetition of the oath to him.

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

Line 25, 'and;' 1638 and usually 'or.' When you are impressing on one the conditions, as Donne is here, the 'or' is the more emphatic—remember you take me for better or for worse; that is, for worse when the worse comes. 'Or' probably our author's later word.

Line 27, 'monster;' so Harleian ms. 4955: 'monstrons' in 1638 and Lansdowne ms. 740, and Stephens' ms. 'Monster' is the better word, but I remove the usual comma (,) after Puritan. Donne does not call him a Puritan, but a Puritan of manners; where Puritan is used metaphorically, or for the sake of the paradoxical point, instead of Purist.

Line 30, 'doth;' Stephens' ms. 'dost.'

Ib. 'priss' = price or set at value.

Line 32, 'raise;' Stephens' ms. 'valle;' = (nautical) to lower, not the flag, as some writers have said, but the topsails, in token of submission or courteous recognition of authority, the vessel being thus placed at the mercy of the other. Hence it was applied metaphorically to any such act. We have the word 'vall' used as above in Marlowe (T. the Great, ii. 1), '... shall vall to us.' So too Hall (Satires, book iii. v.), 'his bonnet
vail’d.’ Probably ‘vail’ was our author’s variation, set aside on observing the word ‘high.’

Line 33. In Stephens’ ms.

‘That wilt consort with none, until I (=thou) hast knowne.’

40, ‘this’ is usually ‘thy,’ and so in Stephens’ ms.; and as ‘this’ is a relative, and there is no antecedent, the sense requires ‘thy’ or ‘a.’

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

Line 44, ‘Our’ 1633 and usually ‘of bodies’ so all British-Museum ms. and Stephens’ ms.; and I accept ‘Of.’

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

Line 46, Stephens’ ms. ‘that, yet he ...’ Stephens’ ms. line is a foot too long, showing either that the transcripter had by an error written ‘the’ as that and yet, or that it was taken from a copy where the author had doubted of his word, and accidentally left both. The ‘but’ seems preferable, for he says even when he had sinned, still he required only, &c.

Line 47. I prefer ‘which I [now wear], because the emphasis is thrown on the ‘I,’ in contradistinction to the previous ‘he;’ ‘which now [I wear]’ would be right if he were speaking of a former time——‘when I wore something else.’ I make these remarks, as elsewhere, though from the authority of the ms. of 1633 it be adhered to.

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

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

Line 55, ‘musske-Coloured.’ 1633 ‘musk-colour.’


Line 60, ‘Scheme’ so Stephens’ ms. 1633 ‘scenies’ 1639 and 1669 ‘scheme.’
Line 62, 'supple-witted:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'subtill-witted.' 1669 'giddy-headed.' These variations, 'subtill-witted,' 'supple-witted,' 'giddy-headed,' I take to be successive revisions in the order enumerated. 'Giddy-headed' is an allusion to their wits being as giddy as the feathers that covered them.

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

Line 68. 'Unproudently:' 1633 and usually 'Improvidently.'

Line 70, 'roome:' 1633 and usually 'state;' also 'high' for 'his.' We have here, in the variations of 'roome' and 'state,' one proof among many that the ordinary text gives the author's own revision of the earlier form as represented by the ms. of 1693. The fellow takes the wall-side as the more honourable, and is thereby closed-in more than Donne, who is on the outside. Hence Donne wrote, 'he sells his liberty for a little room,' using 'room' in the sense of state or station, as he uses it in Progress of the Soul, xl. line 8; but on revision he saw that the word was here so ambiguous that at first sight it expressed the contrary, so he altered it to 'state.'

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

Line 72. Query, fine, silken, painted?

', 80. 'horse.' Cf. our Sir John Davies (p. 834). Banks' horse Morocco (a horse alluded to by almost every writer of the day) and asses, and, as would appear from the text, elephants, were taught to bow and leap, or go over, on naming the sovereign or the like, but to pay no heed or turn their backs when the Pope or King of Spain (enemy of England) was mentioned. Shakespeare names the 'wonderful horse' (Love's Labour Lost, i. 2). See Peter Hall's ed. of Bp. Hall, vol. xii. pp. 221-2, for curious details.

Lines 81-2. This couplet not in 1633.

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

Line 88, 'and cryes:' 'and' is omitted sometimes: read 'mee, and.'

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

', 85. Sometimes 'yes' for 'oh,' which would agree best with 'must you,' but not with 'stand still.' Being probably
regarded as too puritanic, it was no doubt deleted, and the original 'Oh' is 'O' replaced.

Line 86, 'to' lb. 'here.'

"87, 'wee': Stephens' ms. 'he.'


Line 90. 1635 'T may be.'

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

Scene. The Duke's Palace.

Roseline. 'Faugh, what a strong sent's here! some body useth to wear socks.'

But by this fair candle light 'tis not my feet; I never wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Marston, Antonio and Mellida, act ii. scene 188.

Cf. Elegy v. line 45.

Line 98, 'stay.' American edition misprints 'stray.'

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

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

Lines 100-104. I find a difficulty in the allocation of the different parts of the dialogue. 'I reply'd' shows that 'he doth seem... Italian' is spoken by the Macaron. Hence I take it that 'Why?' is most probably the absent and unattending exclama-
tion of the same, who is intent on his courtesy to the stranger;
' He hath travelled long?' the query of Donne; the 'No, but'
part of the Macaron's answer, 'No, but he doth seem,' &c.;
while the phrase 'to me. . . none' is Donne's parenthetical
clause, meaning [said he] to me, which understood none of
these things, or as humorously explanatory of his pretended
blunder—So is the pox—[said he] to me, which understood not
his affected lingo.

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

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

Line 108, 'lechery:' 1683 'liberty.' G.

SATIRE II.

Sa, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
All this toune perfectly, yet in every state
There are some found so villanously best,
That hate towards that breeds pity toward the rest.
Though Poetry indeed be such a sinne

As I ame afraid brings dearths and Spaniards in;
Though like the Pestilens or old-fashiond loues,
It rydees killingly, catcheth men, and removes
Neuer till it bee staru'd out; yet their state

Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One like a wretch (wth at bar iudg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him wth stands next, and cannot reade,
And sau's his life) giues Idiot Actors means,
Starving himselfe, to liue by his labourd Scenees;
As in some Organs Puppets dance aboue,
And Bellowes pant belowe with them do move,
One would move lone by rhimes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams and slings nowe are silly Battery,
Pistolets are the best Artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like Boyes singing at dore for meat?
And they who write, because all write, haue still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But hee is worst, who beggerly doth chaw.
Others' wits' fruits, and in his rauenous mawe,
Rancly 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.
But those do mee no harme, nor they with use
To outdoo Dildo's or 'out-usure Jewes,
To 'outdrinke the sea, outswear the letany,
Who with sins, all kinds, as familiar bee
As Confessors, and for whose sinfull sake
Schoolemen new tenements in hel must make;
In whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which commandement's large receit they dwell.
But those punish themselves. The insolence
Of Cuscus onely breeds my great offence,
Whom tyme, with rote al, and makes Botches Pox,
And plodding on must make a Calfe an Ox.
Hath made a Lawier, wth was alas of late
But a scarce poet; ivery of that State scarce a
Then are new benefict Ministers, hee throwes than 45
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereo're hee goes,
His title of Barrister on evry wench,
And woes in language of the Pleas and bench. woes
‘A motion, Lady?’—speake Coscus.—‘I haue bee
In lone e're sinc 3mo of the Q[ueen.] tricesimo 50
Continuall claymes I haue made, Injunctions got
To stay my rival's suite, that hee should not
Proceede;’—spare mee,—‘In Hillary terms I went;
You said, yf I returnd this 'sise in Lent,
I should bee in remitter of your grace;
In th' Interim my letters should take place
Of Affidauta.' Words, words, wth would teare
The tender Labarinth of a soft maid's care
More, more then ten Slauonians' scolding, more
Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys rore. 60
When sicke with Poetry and possesst wth Muse
Thou wast, (and mad, I hop't;) but men wth chuse
Lawe practice for mere gaine, hould sole reputa,
Worse then Imbrotheld strumpet's prostituta.
Now, like an Owl-like watchman, hee must walke, 65
His hands still at a bill; now hee must talke
Idly, like prisoners, wth hole monthes will sweare, whole
That onely suretyship hath brought them there,
And to evry suitor ly in evry thing,
Like a king's favorite, yea like a kinge:
Like a wedge in a blocke, wringd to the bar,
Bearing like Asses, and more shameles farre,
Then Carted whores, ly to the graue Judge; for than
Bastardy abounds not in k'ge' titles, nor
Symony and 'Sodomy in Churchmens' liues, 75
As these thinges do in him; by these hee thrues.
Shortly, as the'-sea, hee 'will compas all our Land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,
And spyng heyres melting wth Gluttony,
Satan will not ioy at their sins, as hee:
80
For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchin stuffe,
And barrelling the droppinges, and the snuffe
Of wasting Candles, which in 30 yeare,
Relique-like kept, perchance byues wedding-geare,
Peece-meale hee gets lands, and spends as much tyme 85
Wringing each acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchments then, large as his feelds, hee drawes
Assurances; big as glos'd Ciuil lawes,
So huge, that men in our tyme's forwardnes
Are fathers of the Church for writing lea.
90
Theese hee writes not; nor for theese writings payes,
Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes,
When Luther was profest, hee did desire
Short Paternosters, saying as a frier
Each day his beades; but hauing left those lawes, 95
Adds to Christ's prayr the Pow'r and Glory clause.
But when he sells or changes lands, hee impaires
His writinges, and unwatchd leaues out his heyres,
As slyly, as any Commenter, goes by
Hard words or sense; or in Divinity
As Controversiers in vouch'd Texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
These bought lands? not built, nor burnt which done.
Where the old landlord's troupes and almes? In hals
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Meanes bless[ts]. In rich men's homes
I bid kil some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None sterue, none surfet so: but O, w' allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobe: but my words none drawes
Within the uast reach of th' huge statute jawes.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: in 1593 ms. 'Sat. 2^a;' Stephens' ms. 'Satyrus Secunda.'

Lines 1-5. See introductory Note to the Satires for the interlineations of 1593 ms. here, which correspond with 1633, &c. Stephens' ms., as 1633, in line 3 reads 'In all ill things see excellently best;' and line 4, 'to the rest;' line 1, the second form is the more emphatic, viz. 'perfectly all this town,' as 'perfectly' follows the verb, and is not relegated to the end of the sentence; is also more quaint. Line 2: it will be noticed that in the two forms, 'yet in every state,' and 'yet there's one state,' there is a complete change of idea. 'In every state' means in every kingdom, and is therefore vague; but 'there's one state' means one position in this town, viz. that which he satirises, the state of Cosens. As this brings the object of the Satire more distinctly before us, it may be regarded as a revised emendation. The bad things he pities are, poetry on
which there is a discourse, and all those things enumerated in ll. 81-82. Line 3, the form 'In all things,' &c. seems to be an elaboration of the other, seeing it is stronger and more neatly put, and, above all, there is that conceit of expression in it which was then sought after, and the antithetical apposition of 'ill' and 'best.' Farther on, line 4, as between 'that' and 'them' (as usually), 'that,' no doubt, refers to the state; but 'them' is preferable, as more subtle, because it is the 'all ill things' in the state, or that go to make it up, that he says he hates.

Line 5. 1633 'As I thinke that ...' So usually, and in Stephens' ms. 'As I think might.' 1633 is the more humorously exaggerative.

Lines 7-8. I have accepted in the text the Stephens' ms. here. In the 1633 ms., and usually, it runs,

'Lone
It ridingly catch men, and doth remove.'

1669 is 'ridlingly it.' It is just possible that 'ridlingly' may be, after all, the author's own word, used as in Progress of the Soul, st. xiv. 1. 7, 'ridling lust;' and in Donne's Paradox, vii. 'and that ridling humour of jealousy which seeks and would not find, which requires and repents his knowledge.' This makes me hesitate as to 'killingly.'

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

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

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

Line 18, 'silly.' Stephens' ms. 'symple.' Cf. our long note on 'silly' in Southwells, pp. 174-5.

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

Line 22. 1633, and usually, 'like singers at doores.' Indif-
ferent, except that 'boys' introduces an unnecessary distraction, without adding to the thought.

Line 24. 'That 'scuse.' Stephens' MS. 'A 'scuse.'

Line 27. 'Ranckly.' Stephens' MS. and Harleian MS. 4955 'Rawly.' 'Ranckly' is clearly an improvement on 'rawly;' and it may be added that, looking to the meaning of Dido, and to the particular sense in which 'do' was used in that age, 'outdo' seems more correct than 'outwine' (as below), besides being more alliterative.

Line 32. 'Dildoes.' 1638 leaves the word blank = mental successions; Coles and Cotgrave, et al. In Harleian MS. 4955 and Stephens' MS. instead, is 'outwine' = out-prostitute.

Line 33. 'letany.' 1638 leaves blank.

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

Line 34. 1638 supplies 'of all.'

Line 40. 'great.' so Stephens' MS. 1638 and usually 'just.' Here 'my offence' is the offence to me or in my eyes; and therefore 'just' is far stronger than 'great.'

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

Line 49. 'A motion, lady.'—Speake, Coesus.—'I have . . . Procede.'—Spare me—(this being the lady's exclamation, as before, and meaning 'allow me to leave'). Cf. Satire iv. 1. 143.

Line 50. 1638 and usually 'tricesimo' (as in margin). See our Essay for this date, and its significance. 'In Hilary, &c. . . . affidavita.'

Line 54, 'this.' so Stephens' MS. 1638 and usually 'next.' She could not have said 'this,' and therefore it is better to understand the lawyer as quoting her words, viz. 'next 'size,' more especially when he follows it with the rest of the quotation, 'In th' interim.'

Line 58. As between 'A soft maid's eare' of our MS. and
the usual 'maid's soft ear,' the maid was not soft to him; but
the inner labyrinth of the ear is most delicate, and one beauty
of a woman's outer ear is its softness; and Donne thus speaks
in the revised form of the whole organ as tender.

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

', 63, 'hould sole.' Once more I have had no difficulty
in accepting from the Stephens' ms. 'hould sole' for 'bold souls'
of 1633 and usually, which seems meaningless. Query, is it a
slip for 'faule'?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'For even at first life's taper is a snuff,'

is properly an example of sense third: 'A candle almost burnt
out.' And the derivation of the word, and its use in the pre-
sent passage, show that it meant the 'droppings from a candle,
the result of guttering; inclusive, probably, of the candle-end embedded in the outspread mass.' It was probably from the candle-end thus forming one with the true snuff, and becoming a part of the kitchen-maid's prerogative, that 'snuff' came, in a secondary sense, to mean a candle-end nearly burnt out.

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

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

Ib. 'prime:' Stephens' ms. reads 'as men pulling for prime.'

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

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

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

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

Line 98, 'his heyres:' in 1598 ms., Lansdowne ms. 740, and printed editions, 'ses heyres;' but I accept 'his heyres' from Stephens' ms. and Harleian 4955.

Line 99, 'As:' 1598 ms. misreads 'And:' I accept 'As' of 1633.

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

Line 107, 'Means bles[4]. As between the text of our ms. and 'Mean's bles,' means then, as now, meant riches, possessions, but never the mean or middle. 'Mean' is here the middle between waste and avarice, and he explains the means a mean corresponding to one's station, by In rich men's, &c.

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

Kind pity choakes my spleen; braue scorne forbids
Those teares to issue with swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh nor weepes sinnes, but be wyse:
Can rayling then cures these wore malladyes?
Is not ower Mistris, fayre Religion,
As worthy of ower sowles deotion,
As Vertu was to the first blinded Age?
Ar not Heauen's ioyes as valient to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honnor was to them? Alasse,
As we doe them in means, shall they surpasse
Vs in the end? And shall thy father's spirit
Meete blinde philosophers in Heauen, whose merrit
Of strict lyfe may be imputed faythe, and heare
The[e], whome he taught so easy wayes and neere
To follow, damm'd? O, if thou darest, feare this:
This feare great courage, and high valor is.
Dar'st thou ayde mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou laye
The[e] in ships, wooden sepulchers, a praye
To leaders rage, to Stormes, to Shott, to death?
Dar'st thou dye Seas, and daungers of the Earth?
Hast thou courageous fyer to thaw the Ice
Of frozen North-discoueryes; and,—thryce
Cocker then Sallamanders—like deuine
Children in the Ouen—fyers of Spayne and the lyne—
Whose cuntryes, Limbecks to ower bodeyes bee—  25
Can’st thou for gayne beare? and must every hee
Which cryes not, goddes, to thy Mistris, drawe,
Or eate thy poysenous wordes?  Courage of strawe!
Oh desperate Coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
To thy foes and his who made the[e] to stand  30
Sowldyer in this world’s garrison, thus yeeld,
And for forbid warres leaue the appointed feilde?
Know thy foes: The fowle denell whome thou
Struest to please, for hate, not lone, would allowe
The[e] fayne his whole reime to be ridd; and as  35
The wo[r]ld’s all parts, wother away and passe,
So the wo[r]ld’s selfe thy other lou’d foe, is
In her decrepid wayne, and thou, louing this,
Doest love a witherd and worne strumpet; last  39
Flesh (it selfe’s Death), and ioyes which flesh can tast,
Thou louest; and thy fayre goodly sojwe, which doth
Giu this flesh power to tast icy, thow doest lothe.
Seeke trew Religion: oh whear! Mireus,
Thinking her vnhowes’d heere, and fled from vs,
Seekes her at Roome; Ther, becaus he doth know  45
That she was thear a Thousand yeares augee;
He loues her ragges, so as we heere obey
The state-cloth wher the prince sat yesterday.
 Grants to sutch brave loues will not bee enthrald,
But loues her onely, who at Geneua is cal’d  50
Religion—playne, simple, sullen, yonge,
Contemptuous, yet vnhansom; as amouge
Lecherous humors, there is one wth judges
Noo wenches holsom but course Cuntry drudges.
Grayus stays still at home heere, and becaus
Sum Preachers, vyle ambitious Baudes, and Lawes
Still new, like fashions, bid him thinke that she
Which dwels wth vs, is onely perfect, hee
Embraceth her whome his Godfathers will
Tender to him, beeing tender; as wardes still
Take such wives as their Gardens offer, or
Paye values. Careles Phrygius doth abhorr
All, becaus all cannot be good, as one,
Knowing sum women whores, dares marry none.
Graccus loues all as one, and thinks y' soc
As women doe in diuers countries goe.
In diuers habits, yet ar still one kind,
So doth, so is, Religion; and this blind-
nes too mucht light breedes. But unmound thou
Of force must one, and forset but one allow,
And the right; Aske thy father wth is she;
Let him aske his: Though trewh and falshood bee
Nere Twinnes, yet trewh a litell elder is.
Bee busy to seeke her; beleue me this,
Hew is not of none, nor worst, wth seek's the best:
To adore, or scorne an Image, or protest,
May all be bad: doubt wysely; In strange waye
To stand enquyeryng right, is not to straye;

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

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

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: in 1593 ms. 'Sat. 8:' Stephens' ms. 'Satyr' Tert.
'tia:' see introductory Note on the Satires on the ms. of this one.

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

Tb. 'spleens:' used in several senses in those days. Here, from the context (line 8), it would seem to mean splanetic laughter.

Line 8, 'but:' Stephens' ms. 'and,' and line 4 'May.'

6, 'all:' this is usually and properly dropped, as it throws the accents all wrong; and as in the previous line we have 'Religion,' so we must have 'devotion,' not 'devoction.'

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

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

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

Lines 23-4, 'devine Children in the Ocean.' Cf. Daniel iii. 19-25 = the heats of the tropics and the artillery of Spain, that claimed those seas and countries.
Line 31, "Sowldyer:" so Stephens’ ms.: 1633 and usually
'Sentinell.'

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

Line 36, 'ridd:' usually and in Stephens’ ms. 'quitt.' The
latter apparently used in a sense not attributed to it in diction-
aries. To be free of, that is, to be free as a naturalised subject
to go through and enjoy his realm. If Johnson’s second mean-
ing were altered to—[make us] set free, it would include this,
and probably be more correct. Donne, however, omits 'of,'
just as his contemporaries used other verbs without a pre-
position.

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

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

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

Line 57, 'bid:' usually but erroneously 'bids.' The nomi-
native is doubly plural, 'Some preachers . . . and lawes.'

Line 61, 'wives:' in 1598 ms. miswritten 'wayes.'

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

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

66-69. See introductory Note to the Satires for inter-
lineations here in 1598 ms. I reject 'in divers fashions goe,' for
the usual 'countries.'

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

78, 'straye.' In 1598 ms. 'staye,' but I accept 'straye'
from 1633.

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

80, 'Ruggued.' 1633 'Cragg'd,' which is far stronger
and better: and 'stands' for 'dwells,' the latter in Stephens' ms. and preferable.

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

Line 84, 'mynd,' usually 'soul.' As he is speaking of the intellectual power generally, 'soul' is perhaps the better word here, though I follow the ms. of 1598: 'that night:' so Stephens' ms.

Lines 85-6. Supply 'do,' or as it were reduplicate it—now doe [3v] Hard deeds. But 'too' of ms. is a mispelling, or a misleading spelling.

Line 90, 'euell:' 1633 and usually 'ill.' Cf. note on 'evil' as read 'ill' in our Southwell (page 45). But I do not accept 'heere' of the ms. of 1598 before 'that,' being superfluous, and therefore weakening to sense and scansion. So too in line 91, 'charts' of the ms. makes the line defective: rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Line 102, 'Then.' 1598 ms. miswrites 'them;' Stephens' ms. 'Then.'

Line 104, 'prove:' so Stephens' ms.: 1633 'do. G.
SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd bell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
Yet went to Court. But as Glare, which did go
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curse,
Before he 'scap't; So 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwel in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; Towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime, the Sun
E'r bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
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.
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black,
though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain Rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, saith [he] speaks all
tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But Pedant's motley tongue, souldier's bumbast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtletest whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whisper, 'God, 50
How have I sinn'd, that Thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me?' He saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the best Linguist?' and I see'llily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
'Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir!' Beza, then, 55
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named; here
He stopp'd me, and said: 'Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was
Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass.
But travail' then, as if he would have sould
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, 'If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.' 65
He adds, 'If of Court-life you knew the good,
You would leave lonesome.' I said, 'Not alone
My lonesomeness is; but Spartane's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chast;
No more can Princes' Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.'
He, like to a high-stretcht Lute-string, squeakt, 'O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings.' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; The way to it is King's street.'
He sma'k'd, and cry'd, 'He's base, mechanic, course;
So are all your English men in their discourse.' [course
'Are not your French men neat?' 'Mine! as you see,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd.' 'I, of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.'
'Not so, Sir, I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; But as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; So I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his stile doth dress;
And asks, what news? I tell him of new playes:
He takes my hand, and, as a Still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash, He knows: he knows
When the queen frownd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtile Statesman may gather of that:
He knows, who loves whom; and who by poyson
Hastes to an Office's reversion:
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoos, and eggge.
shells to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play
At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser then all us
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
He thrusts on more; And as he had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and doeds, that have been since
The Spanyards came to the loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathèd meat,
Ready to travail; so I sigh, and sweat.
To hear this Makaron talk; in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg’d spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now ’gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He saith, our ware thrive ill, because delai’d;
That offices are intail’d, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who waste in meat, in cloaths, in horse, he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.
I, more amaz’d than Circe’s prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in; for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
By giving others their soars, I might grow sores
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; But since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers’ sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but the hower
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to ‘scape his torturing,
And says, ‘Sir, can you spare me?’ I said, ‘willingly.’
‘Nay, Sir, Can you spare me a crown?’ Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ransom: but as fiddlers still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill’d with such strange things as he)
Ran from thence with such or more haste than one,
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dream’t he saw hell, did advance
Itself o’re me: Such men as he saw there,
I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then
Shall I, none[']s slave, of high born or rais'd men,
Fear frowns, and my Mistress, Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing braggart, puff Nobility?
No, no, Thou, which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Tast have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the Muses
Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me.)
As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. 'For a King
Those hose are,' cry the flatterer; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Meseems they do as well
At stage, as Court; All are players; who'e'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'r Cheapside Books,
Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As Pirats which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,
The men board them; and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the mens' wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause: These men, mens' wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds, which scarlets die.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net; 195
She fears her drugs ill layd, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraslitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoo, himself at door refine,
As if the Presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries 205
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters; and a Lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu, so often, that a 215
Pursevant would have ravish'd him away,
For saying of our Ladies' Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from jails t' execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living,—barrels of beef, and flagons of wine,—
I shook like a spied Spie. Preachers, which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can then dare
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With Machabee's modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen; yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writes Canonical.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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

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

Line 1, 'receive' = the Holy Communion.
,, 5, 'Glare.' 1638 'Glaize.' Stephens' ms. blank.
,, 10, 'Statute's curse' = fine or penalty.
,, 18, 'Nile's slime.' See our note on this in our MARVELL.
Ib. 'strange,' used as in the later Ant. and Cleop., so that Donne and Shakespeare probably drew from the same source: perhaps Pliny. Besides the strangeness of their origin, strange tales were told of their affection one for the other, and of their spirit of revenge; and Pliny, in addition, says, 'Philarchus telleth a strange history of it:' how a tame sap, 'finding that one of its young had bitten the child of the master of the house and killed it, killed its young one in satisfaction, and also forbare the house, and was never knowne to repaire thither againe' (Holland's Pliny). Donne uses 'strange' again in Epistle to Earl of Doncaster:

'Segeth strange creatures on Nile's dutie slime.'

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

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

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

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

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

Line 48, 'hear': 1683 'beare.'

� 48, 'Jovius': Paulus Jovius, an Italian who wrote a History of his own times (1688, 1559).

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

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

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

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

Line 59, 'Panurgus,' of Rabelais' immortality: 1683 'Panurgi.'

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

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

Line 63, 'wonders': 1683 badly, 'words.'

� 67, 'lonesesse': 1683 'lonelinesse,' and so in next line.

� 68, 'Spartane's fashion.' Lycurgus made prohibitory laws against commerce, and forbade travelling, that the Spartan polity and simplicity might continue unaltered.

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

� 70, 'Now': Stephens' ms. 'Nor.'

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

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

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

Line 88, 'neat': used variously, as = nice, exact; also = clean, spotless.

Ibid. 'Mine.' 1683 'Fine.' Lansdowne ms. 740 reads 'Are not yo' Frenchmen neat, fine as yo' see?' with 'mine' in margin. I place (?) after 'Mine,' as in 1689. The following seems the distribution of this dialogue: 'Are not . . . neat?' The Macaron: 'Mine? . . . cloath'd.' Donne: 'I of . . . Gro-
garam.' The Macaron: 'Not so, sir; I have more, Donna.'

Like Marvell in his 'Fleene,' Donne misinterprets every sentence the other speaks.

Line 84, 1638 inserts 'Frenchmen' after 'one;' so Harleian ms. 4955.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ibid. 'blow-point,' supposed to be the same as dust-point.

Webber vaguely surmises that it has to do with blowing dust out of a hole, and Nares as vaguely that it resembles push-pin; but nothing is known, except that it was a rustic or schoolboys' or pages' gambling game. See Nares, s. v.

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

,, 112. 'Gallo-Belgicus.' an annual and then bi-annual register of news, first published at Cologne in 1596. See Donne's Epigram on it.

Line 114, 'loss of Amyens': since the Spaniards came probably means the year of the Armada (1588). They surprised Amiens 11th March 1597; and as no mention is made of its recovery by Henry IV. in September of the same year, it is not improbable that the Satire was written between those dates, or at all events in that year. This is the more likely,
as satires were then becoming fashionable. Donne, Hall, and Marston wrote them. Ben Jonson wrote his 'Comical Satires;' and as plays must be the reflex of their times, the 'gentle' Shakespeare gave them some good-natured satire from the mouth of Jaques in 1598-9, and in the person of the Duke satirises the satirist most severely ('As You like it,' act ii. sc. 6). Shakespeare's only other satirical play, 'Timon,' is of much later date; but it is probable that the original drama was a new play in 1598. In Skialetheia (1598) one epigram speaks of 'hateman Timon in his cell;' and in Jack Dunn's Entertainment he is again familiarly alluded to. Now it can be proved that Jack Dunn was partly written by Marston, and formed one of the series that enraged Jonson, and was quoted by him in his Poetaster in 1601.

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

Line 126, 'Dunkirkers'—the buccaneers of the English seas.

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

Lines 134-6 left blank in 1638.

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

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

152, 'as:' 1638 'then'='than.'

158, 'like him who dream't he saw hell'—Dante.

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

Line 168, 'your:' Stephens' ms. 'the;' l. 170, 'transported,'
ib. 'transplanted;' l. 171, 'courtiers,' Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'court here.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

,, 179. Stephens' ms. 'am I?'

,, 180, 'be:' Stephens' ms. 'are.'

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

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

Line 189, 'Cutchanel' = cochineal.

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

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

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

'Some private business of mine own disposed of,
I'll meet you in the presence.' The Bashful Lover, i. 1.

and again:

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

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

Ibid. 'Moschite.' It is to be noted that the preening,
&c. takes place outside, or at the door, before entering the presence, i.e. in this case the presence-chamber. Cole's Dictionary (1677), and Du Cange, s.v. furnish these explanations of 'Moschite': the former, 'Mosque,—es, Mosque, as Moskite, a Turkish church': the latter, 'Moschite, Moscheda, Moschetsa, Moscheta, Moschita, Moschida, Mosquita, Mosques, templum Mahumetanorum.'

Line 300. Stephens' ms. 'sorts [sic] and host.'

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

Line 306. Stephens' ms. 'legg to his neck and wast to his thighs.'

Line 323. Very colloquial and careless construction. His ill words are the ill words of the sufferer.

Line 334, 'bar.' Throwing the bar was, I suppose, a test of strength prevalent among the royal guards; for Bp. Corbet in his poem to Lord Mordant, where he satirically describes his going to Court at Windsor, says:

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

and again of one of the guard whom he particularises:

'This Ironside tooks hold, and sidenily
Hurtli me, by judgment of the standers by,
Some twelve foot by the square; takes me againe,
Othrowes it haile a bar.'

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

Line 340, 'scant.' 1635 'scarce.' Stephens' ms. 'Who am a shallow...'

Line 342. 'And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I have desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto... And here shall be an end' (2 Macc. xv. 38-9). G.
SATIRE V.

Thou shalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muse, nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theam
Charity and liberty give me. What is he
Who Officers' rage and Suitors' misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements,
Each thing, each thing implyes or represeents;
Then man is a world, in which Officers
Are the vast ravishing seas; and suiters
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them, run: these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring stomach, and Suiters
The excrements which they void. All men are dust;
How much worse are Suiters, who to mens' lust
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms' meat!
For they eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a wasteful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th’ issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this?
Alas, no more than Thames’ calm head doth know,
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o’reflow.
You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid, authoriz’d, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O Age of rusty Iron! Some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
The iron Age was, when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer far; allow
All claim’d fees and duties, Gamesters, anon
The money, which you sweat and swear for, is gon
Into other hands: So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the striver’s hands.
If Law be in the Judge’s heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the Courts below
Flows from the first main head; and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. ‘But if th’ injury
Steel thee to dare complain, Alas, thou go’st
Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
Heavy, and most faint; and in these labors they,  
'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way  
Become great seas, o're which, when thou shalt be  
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see  
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.  
All things follow their like; only who have may have  
Judges are gods; and He who made them so, [more.  
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go  
By means of Angels. When supplications  
Wee send to God, to Dominations,  
Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts, if we  
Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be  
Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger  
A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,  
To see a Pursivant come in, and call  
All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all  
His Plate, Chalices; and mistake them away,  
And ask a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may  
Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted,  
To warrant thefts: she is establishèd  
Recorder to Destiny on Earth, and she  
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be  
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in jayls:  
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nales,  
With which she scratcheth Suiters. In bodies  
Of men, so in law, nailes are extremities;  
So Officers stretch to more than law can do,  
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
48 \textbf{SATIRE V.}

Why barest thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he
Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now
hungerly
Beg'st right, but that dole comes not till these dy.
Thou had'st much, and law's Urim and Thummim trie
Thou wouldat for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to cloath all the Great Charrick's Pepper. 85
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Then Hammon, when he sold his antiquities.
O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize
Æsop's fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cazeneth,
Which div'est, near drowning, for what vanisheth. 91

\textbf{NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.}

Heading in 1669 as before, 'Satyre V.' in Lansdowne ms.
740. 'A Satire 3:' Stephens' ms. 'Satyra Quinta.'
Line 2, 'warms;' Stephens' ms. 'warne.'
2-3. 'He... courtiers.' Count Baldassar Castiglione,
an Italian, who wrote a book called \textit{Il Corteggiano} (The
Courtier), of the import named in the text. Hence Castillo,
as the author was called in England, became the collective
or representative name of a perfect or affected courtier and
Castilian, or Castillion,—an adjectival form liable to be con-
founded with Castilian, belonging to a native of Castile. Cf.
Marston's Satires.
Line 9, 'jest' [upon or about]—another instance of the
common omission of the preposition.
Line 12, 'implies.' 1633 'employees.'
14, 'ravishing:' Stephens' ms. and Harleian ms. 4955
'raveninge.'
SATIRE V.

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

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

Line 26, 'the': 1668 'their.'


Line 39, 'clasp'd': 1668 'demands.'

42, 'Angelica': St. Angelica.

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

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

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


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

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

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

Line 79, 'barest' = uncoverest.

86, 'Charrick's Pepper' = carrick or large merchantship's cargo of pepper. This word, along with 'Greatest and fairest Empresse' (l. 28), and 'You, Sir,' &c. (ll. 81 et seq.), helps to the date of this Satire. About 1696 or after, the price of pepper rose from 8s. to 8s. a pound, owing to the war with Spain and Portugal, and to the unfortunate issues of our mercantile expeditions eastward. On the 31st December 1600 a charter was granted to the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies, and in the spring of 1601 they sent out four large ships under Captain James Lancaster. He, with his two larger vessels laden with pepper, did not return till September 1608, that is, not till after the accession of James. But 'he had previously sent home the other two with
cargoes composed partly of pepper, cloves, and cinnamon, partly of calicoes and other Indian manufactures taken out of a Portuguese carrack that he had fallen in with and captured (Pict. Hist. of England, b. vii. c. 4, 'On the National Industry'). I have not been able to trace the exact date of the arrival of these two last-named vessels, so as to make sure that it was in Elizabeth's reign, i.e. prior to April 1608; but I take the 'carrack' to be the great carrack and its pepper mentioned in l. 85 of this 5th Satire. This is strengthened by the word used; for though 'carrack' may have been occasionally applied to English vessels, it was properly and generally applied to any large merchant-vessels of Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian build.

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

Lines 90-1. 1633 reads 'cozened . . . vanished.'

,, 91, 'div'st;' Stephens' ms. 'dyved.' G.
SATIRE VI.

TO S* NICHOLAS SMYTH.

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
Man's best contentment, doth securely slip
His passions, and the world's troubles; rock me,
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friend's company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
Where poor men lie, for Kings asleep do fear.
Here sleep, and howse'd by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by gold-mouth'd Spencer too partie
(Which builded was two dozen Stories high), storys 10
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
As sleep awak'd by Ratta from them was gotten:
And I will build no new, for by my Will,
Thy father's house shall be the fairest still
In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, Excester 15
Those wite that say nothing, best describe it.
Without it there is no Sense, only in this
Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.
Not to save charges, but would I had slept
The time I spent in London, when I kept
Fighting and untrust gallante Company,
In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
And offered me the experience he had bought
With great Expence. I found him thorougly taught
In curing Burnes. His thing had had more scars 25
Then T—— himself; like Epps it often wars,
And still is hurt. For his Body and State
The Physick and Counsell (which came too late
'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows:
Most superficially he speaks of those.
I found by him, least sound him who most knows.
He swears well, speaks ill, but best of Clothes,
What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring
He had Living, but now these waies comein[ge]
His whole Revenew; Where his Whore now dwells, 35
And hath dwelt since his father's death, he tells.
Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
Why Whores forsake their Bawds: To these, some Laws
He knows of the Duel, and touch his Skill
The least Jot in that or these, he quarrel will.
Though sober, but he 'as never fought. I know
What made his Valour undoubt Windmill go
Within a Pint at most! yet for all this
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want 40
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Iliberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
Nor other Captain less then he; His Schools
Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
SATIRE VI.

Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he prais.
His first set prayer was for his father ill
And sick,—that he might dye: That had, until
The Lends were gone, he troubled God no more:
And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She, spent,
They left each other on even terms; she went
To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant
He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his Captain's place
He prais again: Tells God, he will confess
His sins, swear, drink, dice, and whore thenceforth less,
On this Condition, that his Captain dye
And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; they
Both cashir'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how:
Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. Or doth he spend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or hadst as good a friend as thou art one.
No present Want nor future hope made me,
Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
But he had cruelly possesst thee then,
And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
Wert thou well rid of him, thou’st have no moe. 80
Could’st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
Thou should’st be second: Turtle and Damon
Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
Should make thee only Love’s Hieroglyphick:
Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85
Where now an ancient Oak with Ivy twine,
Destroy’d, thy Symbole is. O dire Mischance!
And, O vile verse! And yet our Abraham France
Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
Must pardon me, Satyre’s Bite when they kiss. 90
But as for Natta, we have since faln out:
Here on his knees, he pray’d, else we had fought.
And because God would not he should be winner,
Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr’d, 95
I’ll leave him at his Prayers, and as I heard,
His last: and, Fidus, you and I do know,
I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
And would be either yet; But he dares be
Neither: Sleep blots him out and takes in thee. 100
‘The mind, you know, is like a Table-book,
The old, unwipt, new writing never took.’
Hear how the Huishers,* Cheques, Cupbord, and Fire
I pass’d: (by which Degrees young men aspire ["ushers
In Court): And how that idle and she-state 105
(When as my judgment cleer’d) my soul did hate,
How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,
And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer; 110
And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay;
So they their greatness hide, and greatness show
By giving them that which to worth they owe: [gratness
What Treason is, and what did Essex kill, 115
Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill:
And which of them stood for their Countrie's good,
Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood;
He said she stunck, and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead. 120
His Case was hard, to do or suffer; loth
To do, he made it harder, and did both.
Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,
Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.
Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea, 125
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world: where was their wit?
Cuff's putting on a sword, might have told it.
And Prince must fear Favorites more then Foes, than
For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes. 130
How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) good night.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading in 1669, as before, 'Satyre VI.' appeared originally in 1669, and has ever since been overlooked by the Editors. It is found in various ms., e.g. in Stephens', from whence I have taken the inscription 'To Sr Nicholas Smyth' (cf. line 184); and also various readings from this ms. and from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. In the latter it is headed 'Satire 9th to Sir Nich. Smith, 1602.' Its biographic significance in its severity against King James is shown in our Essay, as before. Well was it for Donne that it saw not the light until the king and himself were gone.

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

Line 4, 'thys:' Stephens' ms. 'my:' I have accepted the latter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Line 21, 'untrust':= huffing fellows, who made a point and
boast of not being point device in their attire, but negligent and with 'untrussed' points.

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

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

Line 37. Stephens' ms. 'His body and estate.'

92. 'sound.' Stephens' ms. 'sounde,' and so Haslewood-Kingsborough. The latter 'most' for 'best.'

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

Line 35. 'father.' Stephens' ms. 'mother dyde.'

37. 'cunningly.' ib. 'p'sectly.'

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

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

Line 41. Stephens' ms. followed, in preference to 'Though sober, but were fought.'

Line 42. Ibid. reads

'What made his undaunted valoure wynd-myll goe.'

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

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

Line 45. Stephens' ms. 'This man may vaunt.'
   ,, 46. 1b. 'who being;' and 1. 47, 'except;' for 'besides.'
   ,, 51. 1b. 'book' for 'bookes;' and 1. 52, 'h' bands' for 'scenes.'

Line 53. 1669 has 'father's ill;' Stephens' ms. our text.
   ,, 54. Stephens' ms. erroneously fills-in 'liv'd.'
   ,, 57, 'spent'—being spent, worn out and not frequented,
or otherwise done up.

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

Line 59. 'Bridewel.' Stephens' ms. 'Brydene.'

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

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

Line 67, 'braver.' a pun—better-dressed.
   ,, 68, 'few;' Haslewood-Kingsborough 'none.'
   ,, 70. 1669 is followed here: the meaning is, 'No [the explanation is], Fidus, he is thy dear friend that [it is that] keeps him up.' The ms. misreads 'Fidus is the dear friend.'

Line 72. 1669 intercalates [Thou] hadst, wrongly.
   ,, 80, 'thou' have.' Stephens' ms. 'hym, thou. '
   ,, 82. Stephens' ms. 'P'amon.'
   ,, 83. Our ms. reads

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

Save that I accept 'thee place' for 'the place,' I follow here 1669, the meaning being 'Then in songs Turtle and Damon [the stock allusions in songs of love and friendship] should give place to thee (or give the place [to thee]), and sick lovers should make thee alone Love's Hieroglyphic.' The change, 'make thee only,' seems to show that 1669 is the revised text, because 'only make thee' is ambiguous; whereas 'make thee only' is accord-
ing to the then use of only make thee alone, and nothing else,
or make thee the only hieroglyphic. Hieroglyphic = emblem.
Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. reads 'sences' for 'livers' above.
Line 85. Stephens' ms. 'they' for 'the;' and l. 86, 'Where
none can.'
Line 88, 'our;' Stephens' ms. 'yo.'
Ibid. 'Abraham France:' i.e. the poet of 'Emanuel,' which
forms one of our Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies, vol. iii.
Line 97= His last [prayers]—a parenthetic sarcasm. 1669
is here followed: our ms. reads 'His last, Fidus and you and
hee do know.'
Line 100. 1669 intercalates 'yet' after 'Neither,' wrongly.

102. Stephens' ms. 'With th' old:' unwipt = being un-
wipt.
Line 103, 'Hear:' ib. 'Sware;' but there seems corrup-
tion here. 1669 reads 'Huishers Cheques;' Haslewood-Kings-
borough 'Hear the vaher with clerks.' It is possible that
'Huishers Cheques,' while a misreading, really carries in it
our author's alteration, with the intention of reading 'Huishers,
Cheques,' &c. Bp. Corbet, in his poem to Lord Mordant, in
describing his going to a Court ceremony, says, when he begins
to speak of the feast,
'And now the favorites of the clarkes of th' chocke
Those now shall be refresh.'
And again,
'By which I learne it is a mans offence
So swore the clarkes of th' check to alter sense.'
Edit. Glynchrist, 1607, pp. 74, 77.

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

With reference to 'Hear' (l. 103), note that in this Satire-
epistle Donne begins as to sleep, and makes it the exordium to
his satire: 'Would I had slept all the time of my rustious life
in London' (which, by the way, with his reference to James,
shows this Satire to be much later than the others); and hav-
ing got on Natta, and having done with him, he begins again to
his friend, 'Hear also how I in my riotous life pass'd,' 

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

" 106, 'clear'd.' Stephens' ms. 'clears;' Hailewood-

Kingsborough ms. 'cler'd.' 

Line 107, 'there:' Stephens' ms. 

" 109, 'noted:' so Hailewood-Kingsborough ms.; Ste-

phens' ms. 'notic'd.' 

Line 112. Elizabeth's fitful parsimony was notorious. 

" 113. 1669 is here followed; Stephens' ms. reads 'weak-

ness' for the first 'greatness;' which, however, gives the reverse 
of the sense intended, which is: 

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

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

Line 115, 'Essex kill:' the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth. 

We have here a glimpse of the current scandals against 'Queen 

Bess.' 

Line 119, 'stunk:' Stephens' ms. 'stancke.' 

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

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

been dead.' 

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

Line 133. Stephens' ms.: 'but untill I can wright.' 

" 134. In Stephens' ms. 'Good Night' occupies a sepa-
rate line as a signature. G.
SATIRE VII.

Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw't express as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe:
And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for the[...]; but thou maist vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
How reason e'r can bring that 'must' to thee.
Thou art a match a Justice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
And would'st th' have this to chuse thee, being free?
Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet:
Let her see she 'hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'le warrant her
She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead,
But thou such strong love, and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see
A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now.
Doe what she can, love for nothing she'll allow;
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast ods of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put the[e] out.
Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine;
For tho' thou must ne'r think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cause above effect can be,
'Tis vertue to be cheat, which she'll make thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading in 1669, as before, 'Satyre VII.' This is usually given as 'Satire VI.,' from the singular continued oversight of the preceding one. In Harl. ms. 4955 it is headed like the other two, 'To St. Nicholas Smyth,' who no doubt is the 'dear Nick' of line 154 of Satire vi. In Steph. ms., while it does not appear, two leaves are left blank as if intended for it, and therefore
showing knowledge of its existence. Though addressed to Sir Nicholas Smith, he cannot possibly have been the subject of it, which is the marriage of an old man otherwise unfit to marry the young widow he had chosen. As there is no exordium or poem addressed to Sir Nicholas Smith, perhaps we shall not err if we judge the heading to him to be a blunder due to the different headings of the Satires, or to the fact that Sir Nicholas, to whom the previous Satire was addressed, had a copy of this one. This Satire originally appeared in 1635 edition.

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

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

Line 18, 'thee' = father's threats.

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

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

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

Line 41. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. reads

'For thou must think's never on other love.' G.
II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.
NOTE.

The 'Progress of the Soul' appeared originally in the quarto of 1688 (3 pages unnumbered, and pp. 1-27), and has been reprinted in all the after-editions.

Our text is Add. mss. 18,647, Plut. 201 H, from the Earl of Denbigh's collection (purchased by the British Museum, 10th May 1851). Our collation of 1688 and after-editions satisfied us that this ms. is superior (as a whole) in its readings. In Notes and Illustrations, as before, will be found various readings, &c., wherein we give reasons for occasionally departing from our adopted ms.

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

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

16 Augusti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS: POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

Others at the Porches and entries of their buildings set their Arms; I my picture; if any coulers can deliver a minde so plaine and flatt and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author I doubt, and stick, and doe not quickly saye 'Good.' I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more then [than] others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I could not be so rebellious against myselfe, as not to doe it, since I love it [nor so unjust to others, to do it]; sine talione. As long as I give them as good holde uppon me, they must pardon mee my bytings. I forbidd no reprehender but him, that like the Trent Councell, forbids not books, but Authors, dammninge whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not somethinge exemplaria to followe or flie. Now when I beginn this booke, I have noe purpose [to come] in[to] any man's debt; how my stock will hould out, I know not; perchaunce wast, perchaunce increase in use. If I doe borrow any thinges of Antiquitie, besides that I make account
that I paye it to Posteritie, with as much, and as
good; you shall still finde me to acknowledg it, and
to thanck not him only, that hath digged out treasure
for me, but that hath lighted [me] a candle to the
place. All which I will bid you remember (for I
would have noe such Readers, as I can teache) is, that
the Pithagorian doctrine doth not only carry one soule
from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently
to plants alace: and therefore you must not grudge to
finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse,
and in a Macheron; since no unreadynes in the soule,
but an indisposition in the Organs worke this. And
therefore, though this soule could not move when it
was a Melon, yet it may remember and now tell mee,
at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though
it could not speake, when it was a Spider, yet it can
remember, and now tell me, who us'd it for poysen to
attaine dignitie. However the bodies have dull'd her
other faculties, her memorie hath [ever] been her owne;
which makes me see seriously deliver you by her rela-
tion all her passages from her first making, when she
was that apple which Eve eate, to this tyme when she
is in her, whose life you shall find in the end of this
booke.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 7, the words 'by how much . . . . others' are in-
advertently dropped in the American edition (1655). A few
words placed in brackets [ ], omitted in our ma., are filled-in
from 1638 and after-editions; but other superfluous words not
found in our ms. are left out, as noted below. Lines 9-10 read in our ms. 'love it; sine tali/or, line 17 reads 'noe purpose in any man's doubt, how,' &c.; line 34 'can,' not being in our ms. is omitted, as onward; lines 42-3 are usually misprinted 'when she is she;' the word 'Maceron,' line 31, is explained in relative note on Satire iv. 1. 117. Probably the 'Anatomie' was intended to follow, and so the 'life' meant was Mrs. Elizabeth Drury's. This seems tacitly indicated by the title of the 'second Anniversary' of the 'Anatomie,' viz., 'Of the Progress of the Soul.' I am very well aware that the 'Progress of the Soul,' and the 'Anatomie,' and its 'Progress of the Soul,' have fundamental differences, so much so that the later might almost find a place among the 'Divine Poems.' That is to say, it is a Christian poem without allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine, and all its reflections and thoughts are moral and religious. I am also aware that the 'Anatomie,' and its 'Progress of the Soul,' as now extant, belong to a period in advance of the 'Metempsychosis,' which is dated 16th August 1601. The frequent references to the new star prove these references to be after 1604. I am willing to date it even 1610-1, i.e. near to the publication of the first part of the 'Anatomie' in 1611: both parts 1612. But my idea is, that when in 1601, in his Epistle to the 'Metempsychosis,' he named the 'life' to be found in the end of the booke, he had the substance of the 'Anatomie' lying past him; and intended therewith to sing of the 'life' of an ideal Woman, in contrast with the more earthly type of the 'Metempsychosis.' Meanwhile, Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the child-wife (for she was only fifteen), dying, he fell back on the Verse beside him, and wrought it into a deeper and nobler 'life' than ever he had dreamed of. I do not say Mrs. Drury was the 'great soul' of st. viii. of 'Metempsychosis'—another 'ideal' was then before his imagination—but I feel satisfied that he transferred to her what he intended for that other. This kept in mind, explains the breadth and largeness of the panegyric of the 'Anatomie,' and also those remaining touches of Pythagoreanism, as of Mrs. Drury as the informing soul of the dead World. Our arrangement, made on other and independent grounds, brings the two poems into proximity. See more on all this in our Essay. G.
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

FIRST SONG.

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

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

20
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

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

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

To my six lustres, almost now outwore,
Except Thy book owe mee so many more;
Except my legend bee free from the letts
Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,
Spiritt-quenchinge sicknes, dull captivitie,
Distractinge busines, and from beautie's netts,
And all that calls from this and t'others whetts;
O! let me not launch out, but let me save
The expence of brains and spiritt; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man maye haue. 50

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

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

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

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

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

VOL. I.

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

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

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

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broake the slight veynes, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's roote did drawe
Life and growth to this Apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another daye.
As lightning, which one scarce dares say he sawe,
’Tis so soon gone, (and better proofe the lawe
Of sense, then faith requires,) swiftlie shee flewe
Therethrough the earth’s pores, and in a Plant hou’d
her anewe.

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

His right Arme he thrust out towards the East,
Westward his left; th’ ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
And as a slumberer stretchinge on his bedd,
This way hee this, and that waye scattered
His other legg, which feete with toes up bærre;
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haires,
To shew, that in love’s busines he should still
A dealer bee, and be us’d, well or ill:
His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

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

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

To an unfetter'd soule's quick nimble hast
Are fallinge stars, and h[e]art's thoughts, but slow-pac'd:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and shee,
Whom foure new cominge and foure parting Sunnes
Had found, and left the mandrack's tennant, runns
Thoughtless of change, when her firme destinie
Confined, and enjayl'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell; the which a poor
Warne bird o'respread, and satt still evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt and peck'd itselfe a dore.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's movinge Inne,
On whose rawe armes stiffe feathers now beginne,
As children's teeth through gummies, to breake with
His flesh is gellie yet, and his bones thredds; [paine;
All a new downy mantle ouerspreads.

A mouth hee opes, which would as much containe
As his late house, and the first hower speaks plaine,
And chirps aloud for meate. Meate fit for men
His father steales for him, and soe feeds then
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his hen.

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

Men, till they tooke lawes which made freedome
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress; [lesse,
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not.
So iollie, that it can move this soule; is
The body so free of his kindneses,
That selfe-preservinge it hath now forgott,
And slackneth so the soule's and bodie's knott,
Which temperance straightens: freely on his shee-freinds
Hee bloud and spiritt, pith and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himselfe, himselfe in three years ends. 210

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

This coale with over-blowinge quenched and dead,
The soule from her too active organs fledd
To a brooke; a female fishe's sandy Roie 225
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
And one of those smale bodies, fitted soe,
This soul inform'd, and abled it to roe
Itselfe with finny oares, which she did fitt;
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchaunce a fish, but by no name, you could call it.
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL. 79

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

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

Pace with her native stream this fish doth keepes,
And journies with her towards the glassie deepe,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden nett,
Tho' with greate windowes; (for when needs first taught
These tricks to catch foode, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greediness, to lett 256
None 'scape, but few and fit for use, to gett;)
As in this trapp a ravenous Pike was tane, 
Who, though himselfs distrest, would faine have slaine
This wretch; So hardly are ill habitts left againe. 260

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

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

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wish;
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

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

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

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

VOL. I.  m
A great shipp oversett, or without sayle
Hullinge might (when this was a whelpe) be like this
whale.

At every stroke his brazen finnes do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make,
Then cannons' voices when the ayre they tear:
His ribbes are pillars, and his high-arch'd rooфе
Of barke, that blunts best steele, is thunder-prooфе:
Swimm in him swallow'd Dolphins without feare,
And feele no sides, as if his vast wombe were
Some Inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer
Stays in his Court, at his owne net, and there
All sautors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoninge,
And in his gulf-e-like throate suckes every thing;
That passeth nears. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpoole fall;
O might not states of more equalitie
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smales, to make one greate, must

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
He jostles Ilands, and he shakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomefull house this soule doth floate,
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

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

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

The fayle-fin'd Thresher and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Only attempt to doe, what all do wish:
The Thresher backs him, and to beat begins;
The sluggard Whale yealds to oppression,
And, t' hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe
Beginns to sinck; the sword-fish upward spinns, 356
And goares him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dyes, 359
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.
Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall?
Th' heirs of slain kings we see are often soe
Transported with the joye of what they gett,
That they revenge and obsequies forgett;
Nor will against such men the people goe,
Because he's now dead, to whom they should showe
Love in that act; some kings by vice being growne
So needy of subjects' love, that of their owne
They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince
shown. lose

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

Nature's greate master-piece, an Elephant:
(The only harmless great thinges; the gyant
Of beasts; who, thought none had to make him wise,
But to be iust and thankfull, loath to offend),—
Yet Nature hath given him no knees to bend,—
Himself he up-props, on himselfe relies,
And, foe to none, suspects noe enemies:
Still sleeping stood, vexed not his fantasie
Black dreames, like an unbent bowe carelesly
His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie, 390

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

Next hous’d this Soule a Woolue’s yet unborne
whelpe,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe
To issue: it could kill, as soon as goe.
Abel, as white and mild as his sheepe were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church and Kingdome’s, there
Was the first type,) was still infested soe 406
With this wolfe, that it bredd his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinell, attends
The flock so neare, so well warns and defends,
That the wolfe (hopelesse else) to corrupt her intends.
He took a course, which since succefully
Great men have often taken, to espie
The counsells, or to break the plotts, of foes;
To Abell's tent he stealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke,
Attach'd her with straight gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she shewe,
Nor much resist, nor needs he straighten soe
His preye, for were she loose, shee would not barke
nor goe.

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

Some have their wiuues, their sisters some begott;
But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
Read of a lust, the which may equall this:
This Wolfe begott himselve, and finishèd,
What hee begann alive, when hee was dead.
Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
A ridling lust, for which Schoolmen would misse
A proper name. The whalpe of both those laye
In Abell's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, beinge yonge, it us'd to sport and playe. 440

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

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

He was the first, that more desired to have
One than another; first, that ere did crave
Loure by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
First, that could make loue-faces, or could doe
The vaulter's somborsalts, or us'd to woe 465
With hoyting gamboles, his own bones to breake,
To make his Mistress merry; or to wrecake,
Her anger on himselfe. Sins against kinde
They easily doe, that can lett feede their mind
With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beasts
do finde. 470

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Line 36, ‘vouchsafe’: our ms. inadvertently reads ‘O vouch thou safe.’

Line 54, ‘hold . . . lone.’ our ms. reads ‘shall’ for ‘hold,’ and ‘love’ for ‘lone;’ but the text seems preferable, agreeably to 1635, 1689, and others.

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

Line 66, ‘soul.’ our ms. miswrites ‘songe,’ caught from preceding line; and in l. 74 drops ‘always,’ while in l. 88 ‘enlive’ is left blank, and l. 94 ‘rivulets.’

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

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

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

Line 108, ‘Nor.’ our ms. miswrites ‘Not.’

110, ‘worme’ = the Serpent. So Shakespeare uses ‘worm’: ‘Hast thou the pretty worm of Niles?’ (Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2) and frequently.

Line 128, ‘this.’ our ms. ‘the,’ which makes it too general, while it is ‘this’ particular soul that is the subject of the poem.

Line 130, ‘pores.’ cf. our note on ‘Abyss’ in Southwell, p. 47. Our ms. misspells ‘powers.’ The thought is: As the water of a spring runs into the ocean, and thence filters back through the secret ways or veins of the earth to reappear as
another spring, so this returned soul, infused into the seed, came up with the plant through the earth’s ‘pores.’

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

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

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

Line 137, ‘all.’ Our ms. misreads ‘fill’d.’

‘As’ dropped in our ms. inadvertently.

‘kindle,’ our ms. ‘kinde,’ and so too 168, ‘Kinde’ was doubtless the author’s word—his apples ‘kindle’ force of conception, or are aphrodisiac; his leaves [having the opposing effect] kill force of conception, or are anaphrodisiac.

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

Line 168, ‘child’s.’ Ms. ‘cheek’s.’ a mistake.

‘. . .’ 171. See this idea expanded in 2d Anniversary, l. 185 et seqq.
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

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

" 180, 'inclus'd.' ib. 'encloth'd.'

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

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

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

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

Line 304, 'tollis.' See Satire i. l. 7. The two senses in which this word is used seem to have arisen from a fusing into one of two similar-sounding words—one the French joli, the other from the root joy, or from a using of the more foreign joli as a quasi joy-ly.

Line 310. Pliny records a belief that the cock-sparrow only lived a year, the hen longer. Bartholomew states, contrary to Donne, that 'the cock is very jealous of his wife, and fighteth oft for her, as Aristotle saith.'

Line 312, 'gummy blood.' It would seem that bird-lime was formerly extracted from holly.

Line 317. The sparrow, when eaten, was supposed from its nature to be provocative, like the roots of the mandrake, crin- goes, and potatoes. Its gall was alleged to have the same effect, and its dung powdered in wine, and specially its brains and eggs.

Line 327, 'inform'd'—gave it form.

" 338, 'As.' I place='so' in margin=in that manner, also, a usage not uncommon. Otherwise we have an intoler- ably long ellipse.

Line 365. Our ms. misreads 'and' for 'or,' and 'her' for 'like;' and l. 367, 'weather' for 'water;' and l. 379, 'And are' for 'As are.'

Line 366, 'limbeck' = alembic: said to mean properly the head fitted on to a flask or other distilling vessel. Gesner's Jewell of Health, translated by Baker, fol. 38; but used by the same author and others to mean the distilling vessel generally.
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94

Line 261. Usually 'the' for 'her,' badly; and line 275, 'the' for 'his,' badly.
Line 290. In Elizabeth's reign fish-days were enacted, not as religious fast-days, but to encourage the fish-trade and our breed of seamen.
Line 298, 'erre'=go, wander away.
" 310, 'hullinge'=making a vessel like a (mere) hull, by taking in all or almost all sail. This is done either in calms or when a ship is lying-to in a storm.
Line 345, 'out-streat:' our ms. misreads 'ore-streat.' For the sake of the rhyme straight or straught, the past forms of stretch, is brought down to 'street.' Therefore from the verb used, and from the verb suck, the preposition must be 'out,' not 'ore.' The sense is—nor suck those oills which [were] thence outstretched or out-drawn, or (if we take the verb not in a passive sense, but as neuter-reflective) which thence stretched [themselves] out, or exuded, or poured out. I accept 'outstreat' of the printed text.
Line 360, 'dole:' share, portion: from the verb to 'deal.' So Hall (Satires, b. iv. s. ii.), 'more than is some hungry gallant's dole.'
Line 376, 'have not:' our ms. reads 'not havinge,' but does not correct itself grammatically, as it leaves 'not enjoy,' and requires 'not enjoying.'
Line 388. Our ms. reads 'though noe had gone,' which is somewhat bewildering. The usual printed text which we have accepted is poorly expressed yet intelligible—the elephant did not seek to be intellectually or cunningly wise after the world's wisdom, and like a tyrant, great one, or statesman, but sought to be morally wise and good.
Line 385. I do not know the originator of this belief, for Pliny, and Bartholomew following him, make him able to kneel.
Line 395. 'Of all other living creatures, they [elephants] cannot abide a mouse or rat, and if they perceive that their provender lying in the manger tast or scent never so little of them, they refuse it and will not touch it' (Holland's Pliny, book viii. c. 11). The death by a mouse comes up often elsewhere.
THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

... Line 898, 'roome' = station or state.
... Line 400, 'any-when?' our ms. misreads 'any-where.'
... Line 408. I do not know where Donne got this idea. Bartholomew says, 'the wolfe whelpeth blind whelpes.'
... Line 410, 'else.' American edit. misprints 'self,' and in line 437, 'riding.'
... Line 429, 'quick' = living. See Mr. W. Aldis Wright's Bible Word-Book, s.v.
... Line 462, 'another;' our ms. reads 'the other.' The ms. at first sight seems better; but it is seen, on consideration, to limit him to two, as though he were Isaac, whereas he is speaking of such community as exists among the sparrows.
... Line 465. From other writings it appears that the lovers of Elizabeth's days used to woo their mistresses with, and vaunt their feats of activity on, the vaulting horse. Sombersaiz means any such feats of leaping, not summerseets merely as now understood. Cf. Cotgrave. Mercury [describing Hedon, a court gallant] '... He courtes ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole or half the pommado [vaulting the wooden horse] in a seven-night before: and sometimes ventures so far upon the virtue of his pommader, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week' (Cynthia's Revels, act ii. sc. 1).
... Line 486, 'hoisting.' Richardson says, to 'hoist' is to raise, leap up or about; and, to prove it, gives the remarkable proof that under Hauser, to hoise, Cotgrave explains -- that would set him on the hight. From the two senses in which Hoydon and Hoyden are used -- lumpish, clownish, and full of frolic, and from the similar significations given to Hoit in Halliwell's Arch. Dict., it may be that two words have become confounded; and this is rendered likely by Jonson's phrase (T. of a Tub, ii. 1), as compared with Haywood's and Cotgrave's. But I am inclined to deduce one sense, if not both, from hoi, the term used by swineherds. A hoydon would then be a stupid lumpish fellow, like a swineherd; and hoit might be riotous, like one who cries hoi. To be riotous suits the passage from B. and Fletcher, and suits Donne here better than 'leaping,' and agrees better with the phrase 'hoity-toity.'
... Line 481, 'silly' = innocent, as shown by the succeeding words, 'that virtue.'
... Line 483. There is here the common and reprehensible omission of a preposition; reprehensible, because it is required
to show that the construction is inverted—an itch of warmth
succeeds [to] that virtue of innocence.

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

,, 511, 'sullen'—unsociable. See Satire iii. line 51.

,, 515, 'And:' usually 'or.' G.
III.

ELEGIES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Full information on the source of each Elegy will be found
in the Notes and Illustrations appended in their successive
places. One that has been claimed for Ben Jonson ('The Ex-
postulation') I show in related note to belong to Donne, not-
withstanding its appearance in that most uncritical posthumous
collection of the 'Underwoods.' G.
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

I.

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

IN COMMEMORATION OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRUBY.
NOTE.

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

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

The First Anniversarie.

AN

ANATOMIE

of the World.

Wherein,

By Occasion Of

the untimely death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DRURY,

the frailtie and the decay of

this whole World is

represented.

[Printer's device]

LONDON,

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

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

The Second Anniversary.

of

THE PROGRES

of the Soule.

Wherein:

By Occasion Of The

Religious Death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DREY, 

the incommodities of the Soule

in this life and her exaltation in

the next are Contemplated.

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LONDON,

Printed by M. Bradwood for S. Mackam, and are

to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard at

the signe of the Bull-head.

1612.

[Collation: Title-page (as above), The Harbinger to the

Progress, pp. 5 (reverse blank; unpaged) and pp. 49, with three

pages blank, and head and margin lines.]

Another edition of the complete Poem was published in 1621

with separate title-pages (as before) identical with the former,

but 'Printed by A. Mathenes for Tho. Dewe, and are to be sold

at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreete, 1691;' same number of pages in each. The last recorded separate edition appeared in 1825, again identical with the preceding; but 'Printed by W. Stansby for Tho. Dewe, and are to be
sold in S. Dunstan's Church-yard, 1625.' These are all neat, quaint little volumes (18mo), and are excessively rare.

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

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

'I must confesse a priest of Phebus, late
Vpon like text so well did meditate,
That with a sinlesse essay doe runne
In his Sole's Progress, till it all be DONNE.
But, he hath got the start in setting forth
Before me, in the transeil of that worth:
And me out-gone in knowledge euery way
Of the Soule's Progress to her final stay.
But his sweet Saint did veue mine therein;
Most blest in that—so, he must needs beginne;
And read upon the rude Anatomy
Of this dead World; that now, doth putrice.
Yet greater will to this great enterprise—
Which in great matters nobly doth suffice—
He cannot bring than 1; nor can—much lesse—
Renowne more worth than is a Worthiness!
Such were they both; for such a worthy Paire—
Of lonely vertuous maides, as good as faire—
Selfe-Worthiness can scarce produce, aith they;
Li'd like celestiall spirits, immur'd in clay!
And if all-powerfull Love can all performe,
That in it hath rare matter, or like forme,
Then should my lines hame both so accomplishe,
As from the grace to Huan' n shoude draw the dead;
Or, will her taper-pointed-beaming name,
Nalle her to Huan' n, and in Huan' n cleanch the same.'

(pp. 117-118.)

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

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

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

Well dy'de the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No euill wants his good; so wilder heyres
Bedew their fathers' toombe with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gaine,
Well may we walke in blacks, but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse liues; which in his spirit's stead
Seemes to informe a World, and bids it bee,
In spight of losse, or fraile mortalitee?
And thou the subject of this wel-borne thought,
 Thrise: noble maid, could'st not have found nor sought:
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad fate,
Then whiles this spirit liues; that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephews' eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his, and thine:
Admirèd match! where striues in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill and the comely face!
A taske, which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to tuch:
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises bee,
Which, had'st thou liu'd, had bid their fearefull head
From the 'angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when enuy's gone
And gaine; 'tis safe to giue the dead their owne.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombes then houses;—these of clay, than
But those of brasse or marble were;—so wee
Gius more unto thy ghost then unto thee. than
Yet what wee giue to thee, thou gauest to us,
And maie'st but thanke thyselfe for being thus:
Yet what thou gau'est and wert, O, happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bine,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise in thine;
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to Him
Amid the quire of saints and seraphim,
As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, tho the skill agree:
For as by infant yeares men judge of age,
Thy early loure, thy vertues did pressage
What hie part thou bear'est in those best of songs,
Whereeto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soule, whose lossefull gaine
Thy lone-sicke parents have bewail'd in vaine;
Ne'er may thy name be in our songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.
AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich soule which to her heauen is gone
Whom all doe celebrate, who know they 'haue one,—
For who is sure he hath a soule, vnlesse
It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
And by deedes praise it; hee who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his,—
When that queene ended here her progresse-time,
And, as t' her standing-house, to heauen did clymbe,
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the quire and song.

This world, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out,
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loose, or gaine in this;—
Because since now no other way there is
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endavour to bee good as shee.—
This great consumption to a feuer turnd,
And so the world had fits; it ioy'd, it mournd;
And, as men thinke, that agues physicke are,
And th' ague being spent, giue ouer care,
108 FUNDENTAL ELEGIES.

So thou, sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou 'art in a letargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou mightst have better spar'd the sunne or man; 26
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory:
'Twas heauy then to heare thy voice of mone,
But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'repast.
For as a child kept from the fount, vntill
A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou vnnam'd hast laid,
Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gaus thee forme and frame,
And thou forgetstat to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths shee hath bene dead—but being dead,
Measures of times are all determin'd— 40
But long shee 'ath beene away, long, long: yet none
Offers to tell vs, who it is that's gone;
But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,
When sicknesse without remedy empeyres
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 resolu'd and slack'd,
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Then tongues, the soul being gone, the loose deplored.
But, though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick World, yea, dead, yea, putrified, since she,
Thy intrinsicque balme and thy preservatiue,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I—since no man can make thee live—will trie
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.

Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the World it selfe being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The World's infirmities, since there is none
Alieue to study this dissection:
For there's a kind of world remaining still.
Though she which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk; that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak soul of virtue, and of good
Reflects from her on them which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay,
Which from the carcasse of the old world, free,
Creates a new world; and new creatures bee

What life the world hath still.
Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue,—and the forme, our practise is.
And though to be thus elemented, arme
These creatures, from hom-borne intrinsique harme—
For all assum'd vnto this dignitee, 81
So many weedlesse paradieses bee,
Which of themselues produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine serpent bring it in—
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, 85
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old;
For with due temper men doe then forgoe
Or couet things, when they their true worth know. 90
There is no health; physitians say that wee
At best enjoy but a neutralitee;
And can there be worse sicknes then to know, 95
That we are neuer well, nor can be so!
Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly,
Except they headlong come, and fall vpon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine! how importunate
Vpon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate 100
Euen God's purpose, and made woman, sent
For man's relieve, cause of his languishment;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessorie, and principall in ill;
FUNERAL ELEGIES. 111

For that first marriage was our funerall; 105
One woman at one blow then kild vs all;
And singly, one by one they kill vs now.
Wee doe delightfully ourselfes allow
To that consump'tion; and profusely blinde,
Wee kill ourselfes to propogate our kinde. 110
And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
Whenas the sun, and man, did seeme to struie—
Joyn't-tenants of the world—who should survive;
When stag and rauen, and the long-liu'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'de in minoritee;
When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeeres to see't againe,
And then make vp his obseruation plaine; 115
When, as the age was long, the sise was great;
Man's growth confess'd and recompenced the meat,
So spacious and large, that every soule
Did a faire kingdom and large realms controule;
And when the very stature thus erect 120
Did that soule a good way towards heauen direct;
Where is this mankind now? who liues to age,
Fit to be made Methusalems, his page!
Alas! we scarce liues long enough to trie
Whether a true-made clocke run right, or lie. 125
Old gransires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strues,
In a torne house, or field, to have three lines.
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
A thing so equall to him; now alassey!
The fayries and the pigmies well may passe
As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,
We're scarce our fathers' shadowes cast at noone:
Onely death ads t' our length; nor are we growne adds
In stature to be men, till wee are none.
But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their siluer, or dispose'd into lesse glas
Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was:
But 'tis not so: we're not retir'd but dampte!
And, as our bodies, so our mindes are crampte:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
In minde and bodie both bedwarfed vs.
We seeme ambitious God's whole worke t' vndoe; 155
Of nothing He made vs, and wee strue too,
To bring ourselues to nothing backe; and we
Do what we can to do't so soone as He:
With new diseases on ourselues we warre,
And with new physicke, a worse engin farre.
Thus Man, this world's vice-emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home,—
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They're but man's ministers and legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use;—
This man, whom God did woo, and loth t' attend
Till man came vp, did downe to man descend;
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow
T' his other wants, yet when he did depart,
With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
When they call'd virtues by the name of Shee;
She, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for allay vnto so pure a minde
Shee took the weaker sex; shee, that could drive
The poysonous tincture and the stayne of Eue
Out of her thoughts and deedses, and purifie
All, by a true religious alchimy;
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poore a trifing thing man is,
And learn'est thus much by our Anatomee.
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feedest—not banquet—on
The supernaturall foode, Religion,
Thy better growth growes whitherèd and scant;
Bee more than man, or thou'rt lesse than an ant. 190

Then, as mankinde, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of ioynt, almost created lame:
For, before God had made vp all the rest,
Corruption entred and deprau'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 brains, and tooke a generall maime,
Wronging each joynt of th' vniversall 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,
That euening was beginning of the day;
And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sunne is lost, and th' Earth; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to looke for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seeke so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his atomia.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All iust supply, and all relation:
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Prince, subject, father, sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a phœnix, and that there can be
None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that should all parts to reunion bow;
She, that had all magnetique force alone
To draw and fasten sundred parts in one;
She, whom wise nature had inuented then,
When she obseru'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's 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; she, whose rich eyes and brest
Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East;
Whose hauing breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Iles, and bade them still smell so;
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as single money coyn'd from her;
She, to whom this world must it self refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosme of her;
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead: when thou knowest this;
Thou knowest how lame a crippling this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's generall sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine part,
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hecticfeu hast got hold  
Of the whole substance, not to be controul’d;  
And that thou hast but one way not t’ admit  
The world’s infection,—to be none of it.

For the world’s subtilist immateriall parts  
Feel this consuming wound, and Age’s darts.  
For the world’s beauty is decay’d or gone,  
Beauty, that’s colour and proportion.  
We thinke the heavens enjoy their sphærical,  
Their round proportion embracing all,  
But yet their various and perplexèd course,  
Obseru’d in diuere ages, doth enforce  
Men to finde out so many eccentric parts,  
Such diuers downe-right lines, such ouerthwarts,  
As disproportion that pure forme; it teares  
The firmament in eight-and-forty sheeres,  
And in these constellations then arise  
New starres, and olde do vanish from our eyes;  
As though heau’n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,  
When new towers rise, and old demolish’t are.  
They haue impayld within a Zodiak  
The free-borne sun, and keep twelue signes awake  
To watch his steppes; the Goat and Crabbe controule  
And fright him backe, who els to either 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
He comes no more, but with a cousening line,
Steales by that point, and so is serpentine,
And seeming wearie with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now faile nearer vs.
So, of the starres, which boast that they doe runne
In circle still, none ends where he begunne:
All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels,
Man hath weaved out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heauens; and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe vp the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heauen, we make heauen come to vs;
We spur, we reigne the starres, and in their race
They're diuersly content t' obey our peace.
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 sinke
Seas are so deepe, that whales being strooke to-day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd iourney's ende, the bottom, dye:
And men, to sound depths, so much line vntie,
As one might justly thinke that there would rise
At end thereof one of th' Antipodies:
If vnder all, a vault infernall bee—
Which sure is spacious, except that we
Inuent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot roome be thrust—
Then soidnesse and roundnesse have no place:
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th’ earth? Think' so; but yet confesse, in this
The world's proportion disfigured is;
That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be question'd,
That beautie's best proportion, is dead,
Since euen Griefe it selfe, which now alone
Is left vs, is without proportion.
She, by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient scene, who thought soules made
Of harmony, hee would at next haue said
That harmony was shee, and thence infer
That soules were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes the formes from objects flow;
Shee, who, if those great doctors truely said
That the arke to man's proportion was made.
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions liu'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all ciuill war to cease;
Shee, after whom what forme so're we see,
Is discord and rude incongruitee;
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

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

But beautie's other second element, 
Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent; 340
And had the world his iust proportion, 
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone; 
As a compassionate turcuoyse which doth tell, 
By looking pale, the wearer is not well, 
As gold falls sicke, being stung with mercury, 345
All the world's parts of such complexion bee. 
When nature was most busie, the first weeke, 
Swadling the new-borne Earth, God seemd to like 
That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play, 
To mingle and vary colours every day; 350
And then, as though shee could not make inow,
Himselfe His various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath onely colour to feede on,
And colour is decayd; Summer's robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft-dyed garment showes.
Our blushing redde, which vs'd in cheekes to spred,
Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are red.
Perchance the world might haue recovered,
If shee, whom we lament, had not beene dead;
But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew—
Beautie's ingredients—voluntary grew,
As in an vnuext Paradise; from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre come;
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous—
For ayre and fire but thicke grosse bodies were,
And luseliest stones but drowsie and pale to her—
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how wan a ghost this our world is; 370
And learntst thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more affright then pleasure thee; than
And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie to thinke
To colour vittious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude men's sense.
FUNDERAL ELEGIES.

Nor in ough't more this world's decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heau'n forbeares,
Or that the elements doe not feele this.
The father or the mother barren is:

The clou'des 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 glue all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes;
And false conceptions fill the generall wombes;
Th' ayre showes such meteors, as none can see
Not onely what they meane, but what they bee:
Earth such new warmes, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Mages to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heauen hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may bee
Imprisoned in an hearbe, or charmee, or tree,
And doe by touch all which those starres could doe?
The art is lost, and corresondence too;
For heauen gries little, and the Earth takes lesse,
And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heauen and Earth were not
Embar'ed, and all this traffique quite forgot,
Shee, for whose losse wee haue lamented thus,
Would worke more fully and pow'rfully on vs;
Since herbes, and roots by dying, lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,

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

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

But, as in cutting vp a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to haue read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carkasse would not last, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're well.
Here therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what euery hath beeene said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song;
Accept this tribute, and his first yeeres rent,
Who, till his darke short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yeerely celebrate thy second birth,
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 Bodis as the wombe,
And, as a midwife, Death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,
And haue your last and best concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reuercence to her doe thinke it due,
That no one should her prayses thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; 460
Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
A last, and lastest piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliuer vnto all
That song; because He knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the Historie, 465
But keepe the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion—in due measure—made
Me this great office boldly to invade;
Nor could incomprehensiblese deterre
Me from thus trying to emprison her; 470
Which when I saw that a strict graue could doe,
I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; heauen keepes soules,
The graue keeps bodies, verse the fame enroules.

A FVNERALL ELEGIE.
'Tis lost, to trust a toombe with such a ghost,
Or to confine her in a marble chest;
Alas, what's marble, jet, or porphirie,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearles and rubies which shee was! 5
Ioyne the two Indies in one tombe, 'tis glas—
And so is all—to her materials,
Though every inche were ten Escurials;
Yet shee's demolished; can we keepe her then
In workes of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, ragges of paper, gieue.
Life to that name, by which name they must liue?
Sickly, alas, short-liu'd, aborted bee
Those carkas verses, whose soule is not shee;
And can shee, who no longer would bee shee,
Being such a tabernacle, stoope to bee
In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegie?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verse to liue so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for armes, and counsellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, diuines for heartes—and more,
The rich for stomachs, and for backes the poore;
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 pieces which beget
Wonder and loue; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee:
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it selfe, so great, as shee.
Thus braue and confident may Nature bee;
Death cannot gieue her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another show.
But must we say shee's dead? may't not be said,  
That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,  
Not to bee lost, but by the maker's hand  
Repolish'd without errour then to stand,  
Or, as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
It selfe into the earth, and after comes—  
Hauing first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
For many leagues—farre greater then it was, than  
May't not be said, that her graue shall restore  
Her greater, purer, firmer then before? than  
Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but can wee,  
Who liue, and lacke her, here this 'vantage see?  
What is't to vs, alas, if there haue been  
An Angell made a Throne or Cherubin?  
We lose by't; and, as agèd men are glad,  
Being tasteless growne, to ioy in ioyes they had,  
So now the sicke-staru'd world must feed vpon  
This ioy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
Reioyce then, Nature and this world, that you—  
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
Your force and vigor—ere it were neere gone,  
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;  
One, whose cleare body was so pure and thin,  
Because it need disguise no thought within,  
'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her mind t' enroule,  
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule;  
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,  
And whom, whoere had worth enough, desir'd;  
who'e'er
As, when a temple's built, saints emulate  
To which of them it shall be consecrate.  
But as when heav'n lookes on vs with new eyes,  
Those new starres euery artist exercise;  
What place they should assigne to them, they doubt,  
Argue, and agree not, till those starres go out;  
So the world studied whose this piece should be,  
Till she can be no bodie's else, nor shee:  
But like a lampe of balsamum, desir'd  
Rather t' adorne then last, shee soone expird, than  
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integritie;  
For marriage, though it doe not stain, doth dye.  
To 'scape th' infirmities which waite vpon  
Womman, shee went away before sh' was one;  
And the world's busie noise to ouercome,  
Tooke so much death as seru'd for opium;  
For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,  
Shee 'ath yeelded to too long an exstasie.  
He which, not knowing her said history,  
Should come to reade the booke of destinie,  
How faire and chast, humble and high shee 'ad been,  
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,  
And measuring future things by things before,  
Should turn the leafe to read, and read no more,  
Would thinke that either Destinie mistooke,  
Or that some leaues were torne out of the Booke;  
But 'tis not so: Fate did but vseher her  
To yeares of reason's vse, and then infer
Her destinie to her selfe; which libertie
Shee tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die;
Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95
Fellow-commissioner with Destinee,
She did no more but die: if after her
Any shall liue, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her deligate,
T'accomplish that which should haue beene her fate. 100
They shall make vp that Booke, and shall haue thankes
Of Fate and her, for filling vp their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall mirth, 105
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

FINIS.
OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESS.

Two soules moue here, and mine—a third—must moue
Places of admiration, and of loue.
Thy soule, deare virgin, whose this tribute is,
Mou'd from this mortall sphere to liuely blisse;
And yet moues still, and still aspires to see
The world’s last day, thy glorie's full degree;
Like as those starrs, which thou orelookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still mouèd are:
No soule—whiles with the luggage of this clay
It cloggèd is—can follow thee halfe way,
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So fast, as now the lightning moues but slow.
But now thou art as high in heauen flowne,
As heau'n's from vs; what soule besides thino owne
Can tell thy ioyes, or say, he can relate
Thy glorious iournals in that blessed state?
I enuie thee, rich soule, I enuie thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glorie see:
And thou, Great spirit, which her's follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,
So far, as none can follow thine so far—
And if this flesh did not the passage barre,
Hadst caught her—let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agone had'st lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee less'd in thine aery way.

So while thou makst her soule by progresse knowne,
Thou makst a noble progresse of thine owne;
From this world's carkasse having mounted his
To that pure life of immortalitie;
Since, thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseeme a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'rst her more, and every yeare
Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here.
Still vpward mount; and let thy Maker's praise
Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies:
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh, let her neuer stoope below the clouds!
And if those glorious sainted soules may know
Or what we doe, or what wee sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best,
Which praise those awfull Powers, that make them blest.
THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess,
That this world had an everlastingness,
Then to consider that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's and the sunne's sunne,
The lustre and the vigor of this All,
Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
But, as a ship which hath strooke sailes, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne;
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ranne,
One from the trunke, another from the head,
His soule be said to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twincke, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned and cal'd backe his soule,
He grasps his hands, and he puls vp 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
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings;
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.
As some daies are, at the creation nam'd,
Before the sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
So after this sunne's set some show appeares, 25
And orderly vicisitude of yeares.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd vs all; all haue forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all;
Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall,
Thou seest me striue for life; my life shall bee 30
To bee hereafter prais'd for praysing thee,
Immortall mayd, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of mother, be vnto my Muse
A father, since her chast ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymes may worke on future wits, and so
May great grand-children of thy prayses grow,
And so, though not requie, embalme and spice
The world, which else would putrefie with vice. 40
For thus, man may extend thy progeny,
Vntill man doe but vanish, and not die:
These hymns thy issue may encrease so long
As till God's great 'Venite' change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule, 45
And serue thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowle.
Bee thirsty still, and drinke still, till thou goe
To th' onely health; to be hydroptique so,
Forget this rotten world, and vnto thee
Let thine owne times as an olde storie be; 50
Be not concern'd, studie not why, nor whan,
Doe not so much as not beleeve a man;
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

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

The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme that carkasse bred;
And why should’st thou, poore worme, consider more
When this world will grow better then before,
Then those thy fellow-wormes doe thinke vpone
That carkasse’s last resurrectione?

Forget this world and scarce thinke of it so
As of old cloaths cast off a yeere agoe.
To be thus stupid is alacritie;
Men thus lethargique haue best memory.
Looke vpward, that’s towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
Shee, to whom all this world, twas but a stage
Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
Should be emploied, because in all shee did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lacke whatere this world could giue,
Because shee was the forme that made it liue;
Nor could complaine that this world was vnfit
To bee staid in, then, when shee was in it;
Shee, that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires;
Shee, to whose person paradise adhear’d,
As Courts to princes; shee, whose eyes espheard
Star-light inough, t’ haue made the South controll—
Had shee beene there—the starfull Northern pole;
Shee, shee is gone, shee is gone: when thou knowest this,  
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;  
He honours it too much, that thinkes it nought.  84

Contemplation of our state on our deathbed.

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

135

Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
They that confess much in the world, amisse,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God and angels couer not;
Thinke that they shroud thee vp, and thinke from thence,
They re-inuest thee in white innocence;
Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so lowe—
Thy soule exalted so—thy thoughts can goe)
Thinke thee a prince, who of themselves create
Wormes which insensibly devour their state;
Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
Laies thee to sleepe but a saint Lucie's night;
Thinke these things cheerfully, and if thou beo
Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee;
She, whose complexion was so euen made,
That which of her ingredients should inuade
The other three, no feare, no Art could guess:
So farre were all remou'd from more or lesse;
But as in mithridate, or iust perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To gouerne, or to triumph on the rest,
Onely because all were, no part was, best;
And as, though all doe know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities vnioynt,
And say, this is a line, or this a point;
So, though the elements and humors were
In her, one could not say, this gouernes 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 subiect were;  
To whose proportions if we could compare  
Cubes, th' are vnstable; circles, angulare;  
Shee, who was such a chaine as Fate emploies  
To bring mankind all fortunes it enioyes,  
So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke  
No accident could threaten any linke;  
Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gaue it meat,  
The purest blood and breath that ere it eat;  
And hath taught vs, that though a good man hath  
Title to heauen, and plead it by his faith,  
And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
Heauen was content to suffer violence;  
Yea, though he plead a long possession, too—  
For they're in heauen on Earth, who heauen's workes  
Though he had right, and power, and place before,  
Yet death must vahee and vnlocke the doore.

Incommo-

dities of 
the Soul

In the
Body.

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

This curded milke, this poore vnliberred whelpe, 165
My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
Inflect the 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 celts:
Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to sucke and cre;
Thinke, when 'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore inne,
A prouince pack'd vp in two yards of skinne; 176
And that usurped, or threatned with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age;
But thinke that Death has now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertee; 180
Thinke, that a rusty peese discharg'd is flowen
In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies; this to thy soule allow; [now;
Thinke thy sheall broke, thinke thy soule hatch'd but
And thinke this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the bodie's leauce, 186
Twentie perchance or thirtie mile a day,
Despatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heauen and earth; shee staies not in the ayre,
To look what meteors there themselues prepare; 190
Shée carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' ayre's middle region be intense;

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

Shee, whose faire body no such prison was,
But that a soule might well be pleas'd to passe
An age in her; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to others' beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body—if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a marke, as shee—
The Western treasure, Eastern spicereee,
Europe and Afrique, and the vnknowne rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;—
And when w' have made this large discoueree
Of all, in her some one part then will bee
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twentie such worlds as this;—
Shee, whom had they knowne, who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assigned one, both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each seuerall man, to him, and him,
They would have giuen her one for euery limme;
Shee, of whose soule if we may say, 'twas guld,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; wee vnderstood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheakes, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought;
Shee, shee thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides vs, slow-pac'd snailles, who crawl vpon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor thinke vs well,
Longer then whilst we beare our brittle shell. than 250

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

And of those many opinions, which men raise
Of nayles and haires, dost thou know which to praise?  
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things which for our use be?  
We see in authors, too stiffe to recant,
A hundred controversie of an ant;
And yet one watches, starues, freises, and sweats,
To know but catechismes and alphabets
Of vnconcerning things, matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,
What Cesar did, yea, and what Cicero said:
Why grasse is greene, or why our bloud is red,
Are mysteries which none haue reach'd vnsto;
In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe?  
When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
Thou looke'st through spectacles; small things seeme great
Below; but up vnsto the watch-towre get,
And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies;
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eies,
Nor heare through laverinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit or collections to discern;
In heauen thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
There thou—but in no other school—maist bee
Perchance as learned and as full as shee;
Shee, who all libraries had throughly red
At home in her owne thoughts, and practisèd
So much good, as would make as many more; 305
Shee, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or doe or thinke well, and confesse
That all the vertuous actions they expresse,
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action; 310
Shee who in th' art of knowing Heauen was growen
Here vpon Earth to such perfection,
That shee hath, ever since to heauen shee came—
In a far fairer print—but read the same;
Shee—shee not satisfied withall this waite— 315
(For so much knowledge as would overfraite
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enioy, as get, perfectione.
And cal's vs after her, in that shee tooke—
Taking her selfe—our best and worthiest booke. 320

... Returne not, my soule, from this ecstasie,
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 conuerse? what station 325
Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spungy slacke diuine
Drinke and sucke in the instructions of great men,
And for the Word of God, vent them agen?
Are there not some Courtis—and then, no things bee
So like as Courtis—which, in this let vs see,
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

That wits and tongues of libellars are weak,
Because they doe more ill, then these can speake?
The poysn is gone through all; poysnys affect
Chiefly the chiefest partys; but some effect
In nailes, and haires, yea excrements, will show;
So lies the poysn of sin in the most low.
Vp, vp, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the angels' songs no discord heare;
Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men haue said;
Where shee is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest of motherhood:
Vp to those Patriarches, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they haue enjoy'd Him yet;
Vp to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophesyes growen to bee historee;
Vp to th' Apostles, who did brauely runne,
All the sun's course, with more light then the sunne;
Vp to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th' Apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Vp to those Virgins, who thought that almost
They made ioynte tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should His temple giue;
Vp, vp, for in that squadron there doth liue
Shee, who hath carried thither new degrees—
As to their number—to their dignites;
Shee, who beeing to her selfe a state, enioyd
All royalties, which any state emploid;
For shee made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not overthrow, but rectifie her will;
And shee made peace; for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss.
She did high justice; for she crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride;
And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, onely her selfe except, shee pardond all;
Shee coynd; in this, that her impressions gaue
To all our actions all the worth they haue;
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could were 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 she was still
More antidote, then all the world was ill—
Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by death surviue
All this in heaven; whether who doth not strue whether
The more because shee's there, he doth not know
That accidentall ioyes in heaven do grow.

But pause, my soule, and study, ere thou fall
On accidentall ioyes, th' essentiall;
Still before accessories doe abide
A triall, must the principall bee tride;
And what essentiall ioy canst thou expect
Here vpon earth? what permanent effect
OF transitory causes! Dost thou lave
Beauty!—and beauty worthy'st is to move;—
Poore cousened cos'enor, that she, and that thou,
Which did begin to lave, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repaired—but ill—last daye's decay;
Nor are—although the riuer keepe the name—
Yesterdaye's waters and to-daie's the same:
So flowes her face, and thine eies; neither now,
That saint nor pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilst you thinke you bee
Constant, you are hourely in inconstancie.
Honour may haue pretence vnto our lone,
Because that God did line so long above
Without this honour, and then lou'd it so,
That He at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on Him; not that He needed it,
But that to His hands man might grow more fit.
But since all honours from inferiours flow—
For they doe give it; princes doe but show
Whom they would haue so honord—and that this
On such opinions and capacities
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 mind,
But that another man, which takes a worse,
Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,
Might haue consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow,
And that his center, to raise such a place,
Was farre too little to haue been the base;
No more affords this worlde foundatione
To erect true ioye, were all the meanes in one.
But as the heathen made them seuerall gods
Of all God's benefite, and all His rods——
For as the wine and corne and onions are
Gods vnto them, so agues bee, and warre——
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coyntes, they lost the old,
And lost their onely God, who euer must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust;
So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes;
No ioye enioyed that man, that many makes.
Then, soule, to thy first pitch worke vp againe;
Know that all lines which circles doe contain,
For once that they the center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heauen thy thoughts; on earth emploied,
All will not serve; onely who haue enjoyed
The sight of God in fulnesse, can thinke it;
For it is both the object and the wit;
This is essentiaall ioye, 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 ioy,
As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450
Who with God's presence was acquainted so—
Hearing, and speaking to Him—as to know
His face is any naturall stone or tree,
Better then when in images they bee; 455
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
Was her first parent's fault, and not her owne;
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading His safe precontract; 460
Who by a faithfull confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more cleare than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier then most use to pray; 465
Who being here fild with grace, yet stroue to be
Both where more grace, and more capacitee
At once is giuen; she to heauen is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heauen, and here became vnto vs all,
Ioye—as our ioyes admit—essentiall.

But could this low world ioyes essentiall touch,
Heauen's accidentall ioyes would passe them much.
How poore and lame must then our casual bee?
If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than then
By being greater, gowen to be lesse man.

When no physician of redress can speake,
A joyfull casual violence may breake
A dangerous apostem in thy brest;
And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise vp, and so strangle thee.

Whateie was casuall, may ene bee:
What should the nature change? or make the same
Certaine, which was but casual when it came?
All casual joye doth loud and plainely say,
Onely by comming, that it can away.

Onely in heauen joye's strength is neuer spent,
And accidentall things are permanent.
Joy of a soule's arriuall neere decaies—
For that soule euer joyes, and euer stayes;—
Joy, that their last great consummation
Approches in the resurrection,
When earthly bodies more celestiall
Shall be, then angels were—for they could fall—
This kind of joye doth euery 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;—
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Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
Onely in heauen could learne, how it can bee
Made better; for shee rather was two soules,
Or like to full-on-both-sides-written rols,
Where eies might read upon the outward skin
As strong records for God, as mindes within;
Shee, who, by making full perfection grow,
Peece a circle, and still keepes it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heauen is gone,
Where shee receiues and giues addition.
Here, in a place, where misdeuotion frames
A thousand praiers to saints, whose verry names
The ancient Church knew not, heauen knowes not yet,
And where what lawes of poetry admit,
Lawes of religion haue at least the same,
Immortall Maide, I might invoque thy name.
Could any saint prouoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make mee a French convertite,
But thou wouldst not; nor wouldst thou be content
To take this, for my second yeere's true rent,
Did this coine beare any other stampes then His
That gane thee power to doe, me to say this:
Since His will is that to posteritie
Thou shouldest for life and death a patterne bee,
And that the world should notice haue of this,
The purpose and th' authoritie is His;
Thou art the proclamation; and I ame
Th' trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Divisions of the 'Anatomie' and 'Progress.'

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

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

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

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

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

Commendatory Verses.

It is of the 'Curiosities of Literature' that the critics have not observed that the present and correspondent poem in the '34 Anniversarie' were 'commendatory,' and so not by Donne but for Donne. It is also singular that men of mark (e.g. David Laing, Esq. LL.D., Dr. Hannah, and others), while recording and annotating or quoting this entry in the celebrated Conversations of Drummond and Ben Jonson, 'Joseph Hall, the harbinger of the Anatomie,' have utterly failed to observe that this carries in it the specially interesting fact that the author of the present 'commendatory' poem, and doubtless of its companion piece in the '34th Anniversary,' was the (afterwards) renowned Bishop Joseph Hall, a trenchant Satirist and vigorous Poet, as
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well as a most suggestive sermon-writer and meditator. In our Essay we show the significance of this in relation to the Satires, and Hall's claim to be the 'first' (English) Satirist—also hitherto overlooked.

I. To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomy.

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

Line 12, 'Thrice' = thrice.

Line 15, 'nephews' = descendants generally, as before.

Line 18, in 1612 misprinted 'comly:' corrected in 1621.

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

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

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

Line 35, 'bine' = [have] been.

Line 36, 'in thine:' usually missprinted 'and thine.'

Line 39, 'tongue:' 1669 has 'tongues.'

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

Line 78, 'shut is:'—by descent to the tomb. Our phrase is 'shut out.' It is not unlikely that the variation is due to shutters having been then outdoor- and inward-closing, as still to be seen in old Elizabethan and even Jacobean villages in England.

Line 79, 'though :' misprinted 'thought,' 1621 and 1625. I accept 'though' from 1612.
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Line 95, 'ruinous' = full of ruin; or, as explained in the following lines, 'falling.' The natural mode of birth is head foremost, and according to the then custom, the woman was seated, as in the time of Moses (Exodus i. 16), or kneeling.

Line 99, 'witty's'= wise.

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

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

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

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

Line 121. Ed. 1613 misprints 'the the size;' corrected in 1621.

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

Line 135. A Talmudical belief.

198, 'shiprack'd:' an extreme instance of an irregular
but then common ellipse, where the passive part auxiliaries have to be supplied from the active, [had been] shipwrecked out of 'had strait.'

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

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

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

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

Line 153, 'close weaving.' misprinted 'wearing' in 1612, 1621, and 1625: cf. line 379.

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

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

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

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

Lines 172-3, 'Help . . . wants:' obscure. Probably in ac-
cordance with his former conceit that the world is dead, yet with some seeming of life: he means, allow if you will help to his other wants, or allow time for him to waste, as not altogether dead; yet he hath lost his heart, and is therefore mortally struck, and must die.

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

"John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part."
K. John II. 2; and Love's Labour Lost, ii. 1.

There would seem from this passage, and from lines 877-402, to have been some such interchange of seasons and unseasonable sickly weather as Shakespeare feigned in Athens (Timon of Athens, act ii. sc. 1), and as occurred in England about 1594, previous to the writing of King John and Midsummer's Night Dream, as may be seen by Strype and Bishop King's Lenten Sermons on Jonah (see our edition in Nichol's 'Puritan Commentaries'). Taking this view, that the poem refers to and is founded on contemporary and exceptional phenomena, one can better understand, and in a greater degree pardon, the otherwise extravagant conceits.

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

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

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

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

Line 229, 'Spice'=the Moluccas or Spice Isles.

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

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

Line 260, 'New stars.' In 1604 a star of the first magnitude appeared in the right foot of Ophiuchus, and in a few
months disappeared. It was written of by Kepler, and brought

to mind the star brighter than Venus and visible at noontide that

showed itself for a time in Cassiopeia in 1572, and that was

written of by Tycho Brahe. The same phenomenon is referred

to by Donne in the 'Funeral Elegy' (lines 67-70), and Verse-

Epistle to Countess of Huntingdon (lines 6-8); and the con-

siderations thus arising, and the attention called to the heavens

generally, are seen in lines 210 and 117.

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

Line 286, 'Tenarif'—1669 Tenarius. The latter is not a

misprint, for, except here, Donne always calls Teneriffe by that

name. It will be remembered that Marvell and Milton have

associated their names with the 'great mountain.'

Line 289, 'strooke'—struck, as in 1669.

', 298, 'strait'—straight.

', 311, 'that Ancient'—Pythagoras. Here is another

linking-on of the 'Anatomes' with the other 'Progress of the

Soul.'

Line 314, 'resultances'—query, a Donne coinage?

', 317, 'doctors'—1612 spelled oddly 'doctors.'

', 348, 'turcuose'—turquoise; a precious stone supersti-

tiously regarded long ago, in common with all precious stones.

With a rare want of credulity, Bartholomew says (b. xvi. c. 98),

'The Indians know none other vertue but this fayreness [of

colour].'

Line 345, 'falla sicke'—the alchemical phrase.

', 349, 'and play'—usually misprinted 'in play.'

', 368-84, 'Paradise . . . things' verdure'—from whom
did come the verdure of all things and their lustre.

Line 392, 'constellate'—explained by next two lines as

making a thing one in influence with a star or stars, or giving

it an influence drawn from them. Sir John Davies and con-
temporaries have 'stellify.'

Line 410, 'serpent'—no record of this belief in Pliny, Bar-
tholomew, or Browne.

Line 422, 'stay'—restraint.

', 482, 'perishing'—not in sense of dying, as now, but

as is still preserved in the phrase, 'perishing with cold'; that

is, in the sense of shrinking, pining, and wasting away, in

which the poets used perco in reference to love.

Line 440, 'punctual'—treating it point by point.

', 474, 'fame'—in a copy of the 1612 edition now before
me, Donne (I think) has himself written 'fame,' lest the long s, so like an f, should be mistaken.

III. A FUNERAL ELEGY.

In the Stephens' ms., now in possession of F. W. Cosens, Esq., and with which he kindly intrusted me, there is a copy of this portion of the 'Anatomie.' It is headed 'The Funerall Elegie vpon ye death of Mrs Elizabeth Drury.' No variations noticeable.

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

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

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

'13, 'aborted': 'aborted.'

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

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

Line 50. See note on Elegy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Line 96, 'fellow-commissioner'—i.e. as joint-delegate of the Deity. See Progress of the Soul, st. iv. l. 1, and Second Ep. to Sir Henry Wotton, l. 11.
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Line 105. Metre and rhythm irregular, that 'spiritual' might be emphasised and used at full length.

IV. THE HARRINGER TO THE PROGRESS.

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

Line 26, 'caught:' 1612 reads 'raught': reached.

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

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

V. THE PROGRESS OF THE SOULE: THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE.

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

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

Line 45, 'thy:' 1621 and 1625 misprint 'they:' 1612 is correctly 'thy.'

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

Line 48, 'hydroptique:' note on Elegy.

Line 54, 'business:' rather over-business, business being taken in its stronger and worse sense.

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

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

Line 72, 'forme.' According to mediæval philosophy, 'forma,' which was more than mere shape, was that which, when added to the 'substantias,' made the visible existing thing, whatever that thing might be. Thus in transubstantiation the 'form' of the bread or wine is said to remain; and hence, too, 'form' was sometimes used in the old Writers in a similar sense to
that in the now-common sporting phrase of being 'in form,' the
full significance of which is to be derived from the mediæval
scholastic term.

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

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

Line 89. Mrs. Gamp and the Cockneys have in this not
corrupted the vernacular.

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

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


113, 'shroud:' so in 1812, misprinted 'shourd' in 1621
and 1625.

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

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

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

Line 129, 'on: ' 1612: misprints ' no:' corrected in 1621 and
1635.

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

135, 'elements and humors:' another Shakespearean
reminiscence.

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

148, 'chaines:' an allusion to the Homeric chain of gold,
on which see our Sirens, e. v. with after-examples.

Line 160, 'two soules:' making therefore three in each body.
See 5th Verse-Epistle to Countess of Bedford (lines 87-9), and
to Countess of Salisbury (lines 51-6). The soul of growth, or
Anima Vegetalis, because it is that that is in plants, died with
the body. So also died the soul of sense, or Anima Sensibilis,
which is [superadded] in beasts. The Anima Rationalis was
alone immortal, and lived either with or without a body. See
Bartholomew, book iii. c. 7-13. It would seem also, from him,
that there was some diversity, not to say jumble, of opinions as to whether there were three souls or a threesfold working of one soul; or whether the two souls were in beasts and the three in man; or whether the Anima Sensibilis gave life and growth as well as feeling to the Anima Rationalis, life, feeling, and reason.

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

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

177, 'the': usually misprinted 'a.'
182, 'his own'= its own, free; not obedient only to impulses from that which it is with or that which confines it.
Line 208, 'corps of guard': used both for the guard itself and the guard-house or station, whither all strangers would be brought and questioned.

Line 218. Herbert uses this passage. See our Essay.
224, 'others' beauties': '1669 'other.' The former perhaps agrees better with 'whose beauty'; but 'other beauties' agrees best with 'they went,' and 'they were like.'

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

Line 238. This form of the ever-recurring microcosm thought is given in its comic side by Shakespeare in the Comedy of Errors (iii. 2).

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

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

Line 245, 'distinctly': spelled 'distinquely' in 1612 and 1621.
268, 'lay'= wager.
278. See Batman on Bartholomew for various of these opinions.

Line 292, 'taught': 1612 and 1621 misprint 'thought.'
297, 'laberinth': part of the inner ear so called.
308, 'are': sic in all the three editions, usually 'all.'
314, 'far fairer print.' See our Essay for after-use of this onward to Benjamin Franklin.
Line 314, 'print:' in all the three editions misprinted 'point.'

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

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

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

Line 354, 'loynte tenants:' i.e. made others joint tenants.

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

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

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

432, 'thrust' = crowd. For verbal use of same, see line 108.

Line 485, 'vp:' 1612 and 1621 misprint 'pon.'

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

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

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

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

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

504, 'on-both-sides-written;' this is as much a composite hyphenated word as that concise one (Elegy v. line 31). G.
I.

REFUSAL TO ALLOW HIS YOUNG WIFE

TO ACCOMPANY HIM ABROAD AS A PAGE.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our longe starvinge hopes, by that remorse,
Which my words' masculine-persuasive force
Begott in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned mee,
I calmilie begg ; but by thy parents' wrath,
By all payns which want and divorsment hath,
I conjure thee ;—and all those oaths, which I
And thou haue sworne to sealde ioynt constancy,
Here I unswear and overswearer them thus ;
Thou shalt not loue by wayes so dangerous ;—
Temper, O fayr loue, Loue's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistris still, not my fayn'd Page.
I'lle goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behynd
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mynd'
Thirst to come back ; Oh, if thou dye before,
From other lands my soule towards thee shall soare.
Thy els almightie bewty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy loue teach them loue,
Nor tame wilde Boreas' harshnes : Thou hast read
How roughly hee in pieces shyvered
Faire Orethea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Daungers unurg'd; feed on this flatterie,
That absent lovers one in th' other bee,
Disssemble nothing, not a boye, nor change
Thy bodye's habytt, nor mynde's; be not strange
To thy selfe only. All will spie in thy face
A blushing, womanly, discov'ringe grace.
Richlie cloth'd apes, are call'd apes; and as soone
Eclipt as bright, wee call the moone the moone;
Men of Fraunce, changable camelions,
Spittles of diseases, shoppes of fashyons,
Love's fuelers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the world's stage bee,
Will too too quickly knowe thee; and alas!
The indifferent Italian, as wee pass
His warne Land, well content to thinke thee a Page,
Will haunt thee with such lust, and hydeous rage,
As Lott's faire guests were vext; but none of these,
Nor spungie hidroptique Dutch, shall thee displease,
If thou stay heare. Oh stay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walke in expectation, till from thence
Our great King call thee unto His presence.
When I am gone dreame me some happines,
Nor let thy lookes our longe-hid loue confesse;
Nor praise, nor dispraise mee; nor bless nor curse
Openly Love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse.
With myndight startinges, crying out, 'Oh! oh!
Nurse, oh! my love is slayne; I saw him goe
O'er the white Alpes alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye!
Augire me better chaunce, except dread Jove
Think it enough for mee t' have had thy love.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text in the present Elegy and throughout—with the few slight verbal exceptions recorded in their places—is from the Stephens’ ms., where it is headed 'Elegia Quinta:' but various-readings from the printed editions and other ms. are given in the successive Notes and Illustrations.

This Elegy originally appeared in the edition of 1635 (pp. 255-6), oddly enough, among the Funeral Elegies or Epicedes; and so it has been continued in 1639 (pp. 269-70), 1649 (pp. 267-8), and in all the after-editions. See our Essay for Dean Milman’s remarks on this Elegy.

Line 8, 'starvinge:' so '35: 'striving' '69: 'stavelinge'
Addl. ms. 18647.

Line 7, 'parents': ibid. 'father's:' 'parents' is an additional biographic fact.

Line 9, 'those': ibid. 'the': so '69.

,, 'ways': 1669 and Addl. ms. 18647 'meanes.'
,, 'still.' so '35, '39, '49: '69 drops it, and perhaps
Donne struck it out as superfluous, intending a stress to be
laid on 'feign'd,' in opposition to 'true mistis.'

Line 18. 1665, '39, '49, and '69 read
'My soul from other lands to thee shall sore.'
'Towards' seems to express a fine humility in the reunion.

Line 23, 'Orethea:' '69 'The faire O.'

,, 'mynde's:' I have accepted this from Addl. ms.
18647: usually 'minde.'

Line 31, 'apes.' It will serve to explain the thought, if it be remembered that 'pages' were frequently called 'apes.'

Line 34, 'Spittles':—hospitals. 'The Spittle' was long the name.
ELEGIES.

Line 36, 'stage.' This saying, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Jacques, is by Ben Jonson, in his Every Man out of his Humour, attributed to a philosopher. It has also been assigned to Pythagoras.

Line 37. I accept this line from 1669 in preference to '35, '39, '49:
  'Will quickly knowe thee; and no losse, alas!'
Our ms. reads confusedly
  'Will quickly knowe thee; and knowe thee, alas:'
18647 even worse,
  'Will quickly know thee, and knowe thee, and alas.'

Line 40, 'haunt:' usually 'hunt.'
  41, 'text.' Modern English would require 'with,' which Donne I suppose considered sufficiently expressed in the 'with' of the previous line.

Line 46, 'great:' usually 'greatest.'
  50, 'Love's force': [probably] the forcing of or violence done to love: 18647 reads badly 'lovers.'

Line 51, 'Oh:' in 18647 'oh 0:' usually 'midnight's.'
  53, 'alone:' our ms. misreads 'alas:' our text '35 to '69.

  55, 'dread:' our ms. has 'greate:' but 'dread' of '35 to '69 is better. G.

II.

JEALOUSIE.

Fond woman, which woldst haue thy husband dye,
And yet complaynest of his great jealousie:
If swolne with poison he lay in his last bedd,
His body with a sore-barke coverèd,
Drawinge his breath as thick and short, as can
The nimblest crotchetinge musitian,
Ready with loathsome vomitinge to spewe
His sowle out of one halle into a newe,

5
Made deaf with his pore kyndred's howling cries,
Begginge with few fayn'd tears, great legacies; 10
Thou wold' st not weepe, but jollly and frolicque be,
As a slave, which to-morrow shold be free;
Yet weep' st thou, when thou seest him hungerlie
Swallow his owne death, hart's-bane, Jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he's curtious, 15
That in suspectinge, kyndly warneth vs;
We must not—as we use—floute openly
In scoffinge ryddles, his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being sate,
With words, nor touch, scarce lookes, adulterate : 20
Nor, when he, swolne and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits downe and snorts, cag'd in his basket-chayre,
Must we usurpe his owne bedd any more,
Nor kisse and play in his howse as before.
Now I see many daungerous; for that is 25
His realme, his castle, and his dyocesse.
But if—as envious men, which wold revyle
Their prince, or coyne his gold, themselues exile
Into another contry and do yt there—
We play in another's howse, what shold we feare? 30
There we will scorne his household polcies,
His sillye plotts and pentionary spyes : silly
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Maior, or Germans the Pope's pryde.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c. below, as before. This Elegy originally appeared in the 4to of 1633, where it is headed simply 'Elegie I.' (pp. 44-5). It has been reprinted in all the after-editions, and is found in all the mss. Stephens' heads it 'Elegia Prima.' It was first entitled Jealousie in 1665 edition, and so in 1689 and 1649. I have marked the source of each title by printing the word or words in small capitals.

Line 4, 'sere-barke.' so in all the printed editions, except 1669, which reads 'sere-cloth.' It was a then belief that some poisons produced a tetter over the skin; and having spoken of poison and a swoln body, the poet alters the idea of 'sere-cloth' body (as in 1669) to one so covered or barked with a tetter that it is enclosed as in a sere-cloth. A curious example of the belief occurs in the last scene of Middleton's Women beware Women, where, as is clear from Bianca's words, her face shows as 'tettered,' from kissing the lips of the poisoned Duke. The sight of a person covered with the drying-up and black empor of confluent small-pox best explains Donne's idea; and his form of words is interpreted by the Ghost's

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

Hamlet, i. 6.

Cf. also bark=skin, in Progress of the Soul, st. xxxii. line 5.
On account therefore of these instances, we must suppose the person satirised was a great glutton rather than a high feeder (line 21); such a one as Marvell describes Clarendon and others.

Line 10, 'few,' ms. 16647 reads 'some few.'

,, 11, 'jolly.' See note on this word in Satire i. line 7.

,, 20. The construction may be—Nor adulterate our scarce looks with words nor touch—or, Nor adulterate as we sit together with words or with touch, and scarcely even with looks.

Line 23. Stephens' ms. unrhythmically, 'We must not usurp his our bed any more.' I accept 1669 and usual text here.

Line 25, 'many.' 1699 reads 'Now do I see my dangers.' G.
Marry, and love thy Flavia, for shee
Hath all things, wherby others beawtious bee;
For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
Though theirs be ivory, yet her teeth are jet;
Though they be dymme, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hayre's reddd,
Give her thyne, and she hath a maydenhead.
These things are bewty's elements; where these elements
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If redd and whyte, and each good quallitye
Be in thy wench, ne're ask where it doth lye.
In buyinge things perfumde, we ask if there
Be muske and amber in yt, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in the usual place,
Yet she hath the anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what cold we say?
When by the gameutt some musitions make
A perfect songe, others will undertake
By the same gamut chaunged to squall it.
Things symply good can neuer be vnfytt;
Shee's faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none be, then she is singular.
ELEGIES.

All love is wonder; if we justly doe 25
Account her wonderfull, why not louely too?
Loure built on bewtie, soone as bewty, dyes:
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformityes.
Woomen are all like angels; the fayre bee 30
Like those that fell to worse; but such as shee,
Like to good angels, nothing can impaire:
’Tis les greif to be fowle then to ’have bene fayre. than
For one night’s reveles, silk and gold we chuse,
But in long jorneys cloth and leather use.
Bewty is barren oft; best husbands say 35
There is best land where is y* fowlest way.
Oh! what a soveraigne plaister will she bee,
If thy past synns haue taught thee jealosye!
Heere needs no spyes nor eunuches, her commyt
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmosit. 40
When Belgia’s cityes the fowll country drows,
That dutly fowlness guards and armes the towns; dirty
Soe doth her face guard her, and soe for thee
Which forct by busines absent oft must bee:
She, whose face, like the clowds, turnes day to night, 45
Who (mightier than the sea) makes Mores seem white;
Whom, though she seven years she in the stews had layd
A nunnerie durst receive, and thinke a mayd;
And though in chyld-birth’s labour she did lye,
Midwives wold swear ’twere but a tympanie, 50
Whom, if she ’accuse her self, I credytt lesse
Then witches, which impossibles confess.
ELEGIES.

Whom dildoes, bed-staves, and her velvet glasse
Wold be as loath to touch as Joseph was.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will ware.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c.
below, as before. It is there headed 'Elegia Decima Septima.'
It appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 45-47), where it is 'Eolie II.' and has been reprinted in all the after-editions.
It was first headed 'The Anagram' in 1635 edition.

Line 4, 'theirs.' I accept this from 1669; usually and in our ms. 'they.'
Ib. 'are' usually 'be.'
Line 5, 'she is,' as usually, I prefer to 'she' of Stephens' ms.
" 6, 'fall,' sometimes in ms. 'foul,' wrongly.
Ib. 'tough,' as in 1639: Stephens' ms. 'rough.' It is difficult to choose a reading, and I fancy it puzzled Donne here;
but there is some anagrammatising in 'hairs fall' and 'skin' being to make up for it 'tough': none in 'rough.' The former therefore is accepted.

Line 7, 'yellow.' 1669 spells 'yallow,' and ms. 18647 'yallows.'

Line 12, 'wench.' our ms. reads badly 'mouth:' from 1633 onward 'wench.'

Line 14, 'amber.' see note in our Marvell.
" 16, 'the' usually 'an,' but 'the' in 1635 also: in 1669
' anagrams.'

Line 18, 'that.' our ms. 'the' not so good.
" 21, 'gumut change.' our ms. 'gumut-change'—a
blunder. The first song is... notes in gumut order and a
gumut-change cannot be the 'same;' while a second song we
can understand to bring notes of the gumut anagrammatised, or
the same gumut changed or read according to some other ordering.

Line 25, 'wonder.' our ms. misreads 'wonderfull,' probably
caught from next line.

Line 30, 'that,' usually 'which.'
" 33, 'night's revels.' our ms. misreads 'night-revels.'
ELEGIES.

Line 35, 'husbands' = husbandmen.
,, 36, 'is ye,' usually 'there is.'
,, 40, 'marmosit:' a term apparently for rakish gallants, taken from that species of licentious monkey-tribe which were the pets of the ladies.

Line 41. 1635 to 1649 read 'When Belgia's cities the round countreis drowne:' 1669 'Like Belgia's cities when the Country is drown'd.'

Line 46, 'sea:' 'sun' sometimes found in mss. (e.g. Chetham ms.), wrongly. There is a reference to the proverbial saying as to the impossibility of washing a blackamoor white.

Line 49, 'chylde-birth's:' in 1638 'child-bed's.' The former is preferable, because a child-bed labour may result in a tympany or mooncalf, whereas Donne says in accord with the context, were it a veritable child-birth labour no midwife would believe it to be such. See Cotgrave as quoted in our Marvell, pp. 42-3, and also our Southwell, p. 92: 'tympanie,' a false conception, mola, or mooncalf. The word was also used in its present acceptation by medical writers and others. See Boord's Brev. of Health, b. i. c. 845; and Holyoke, s. v.

Lines 53-4. First printed in 1669 edition: dildoes, see before: 'velvet glass,' see Marston in his Satires and Scourge of Villany (bis). G.

IV.
CHANGE.

Although thy hand and faith and good works too
Haus seal'd thy love, which nothinge shold undoe;
Yea, though thou fall back, that apostacye
Confirmes thy loue; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forct vnto none,
Open to all searchers, vnpriz'd if vnknowne.
If I have caught a bird, and let hym fly,
Another fouler, using these means as I,
ELEGIES.

May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
Women are made for man, not him, nor mee. 10
Foxes and goats—all beasts—change when they please,
Shall women, more hott, wilie, wyld, then these,  than
Be bownd to one man? and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to endure then men?  than
They are our clogge, not their own; if a man be 15
Chayn'd to a gally, yet the gallie's free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allowes his growend more corne should beare;
Though Danuby into the sea must flowe,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga and Po:  20
By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lovest, but oh! can'st thou love it and me?
Likenes glews love; and then if so she doe,
To make vs like and love, must I change too?
More then thy hate, I hate it; rather let mee  than 25
Allowe her change, then change as oft as shee;
And soe not teach, but force my opyn'on,
To love not any one, but every one.
To live in one land is captivitye,
To run all countrees a wild roguery; 30
Waters stink soone, if in one place they 'bye-de,
And in the vast sea are worse putrifyde.
But when they keepe one banck, and leaving this
Never looke back, but the next banck do kisse,
Then are they purest; Change is the nursery 35
Of musique, joye, life, and eternitie.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. with various-readings, &c. below, as before. It is there numbered 'Elegia Duodecimo.' It appeared originally in 1633 edition, and has been reprinted in all since. It was first headed 'Change' in 1635: usually simply 'Elegie III.'

Line 2, 'shold:' ms. 18647 'could.'

'3. This is extremely elliptical. This woman is changeable, and he conceits upon it thus—As one who apostatises [and then by returning to his old faith] confirms his belief more than if he had continued in it through mere habit and prejudice, so, though thou fell away from me [and by returning to my love] hast confirmed thy previous protestations, yet still I fear thee. This agrees with the general argument of the poem in favour of occasional change like his, but not of immoderate like hers.'

Line 10, 'man:' usually and in our ms. 'men:' I accept 'man' from ms. 18647.

Line 11. Our ms. and usually 'Foxes, goat, and all beasts,' wrongly: our text 1635.

Line 15, 'not:' our ms. reads 'and:' 'not' 1635 and usually.

17, 'plow-land' = as much as one plough will cultivate: ms. badly 'plough'd.'

Line 23. Our ms. 'then if so she,' wrongly: ms. 18647 'then...

thou,'

Line 28. I accept 'nor' as usually printed, rather than 'but' of our ms., inasmuch as he humorously praises change, but exclaims against immoderate, his opinion that he would enforce being 'neither to love any one alone nor yet every one.' Then, 'to live in one land,' he goes on to say, in 'captivity,' to run all countries a wild vagabondage, and so lines 31-3; after which he returns to his vow by the simile of waters in a river. See note on line 3.

Line 30, 'roguery': not in the derivative sense of cheatery, but in the original of vagabondism.

Line 32, 'worse:' usually 'more:' 1669 reads 'purif'd.' I don't understand the philosophy here.

Line 33, 'keepe:' usually 'kisse.' G.
V.

THE PERFUME.

Once, and but once found in thy companie,
All thy supposed escapes are layd on mee;
And as a theife at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that yeare,
So am I (by this traiterous means surprise'd)
By thy hydroptique father catechized.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cokatrice;
Though he hath oft sworne that he will remove
Thy beauty's beuty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen;
Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have bene.
Though thy immortall mother, which doth lye
Still buryed in her bedd, yet will not dye,
Takes that advantage to sleep out daylight,
And watch thy entryes and retornes all night;
And when she takes thy hands, and would seem kynd,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can finde;
And kissings notes the color of thy face,
And, fearing least thou art swolne, doth thee embrace; 20
And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushinghs, sighs, and sweats,
And politiquely will to thee confess
The sins of her owne youth's rancke wantones;
Yet loue these sorceryes did remove, and move 25
Thee to gull thine owne mother for my loue.
Thy little brethren, which like fearie sprightes fairy
Oft skipt into our chamber those sweet nightes;
And kyst and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were bryb'd next day, to tell what they did see: 30
The grym eight-foote-highe iron-bownd serving-man,
That oft names God in oathes, and only than, then
He that to barr the first gate doth as wyde
As the great Rhodian colossus sryde,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hyrde to this,
Could never wytnes any touch or kisse.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with mee
That, which betraid me to myne enemye,— 40
A lowd perfume, which at my entrance cryde
Even at thy father's nose,—so we were spyde;
When, like a tyran-king, that in his bedd
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shyverèd;
Had it bene some badd smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought; 46
But as we in our isle imprisonèd,
Where cattell only and dyvers doggs are bredd,
The precious unicorne, straunge monstrous call;
So thought he good strange, that had none at all. 50
I taught my silks their whistlings to forbeare,
Even my opprest shoes dumbe and speachles were:
ELEGIES.

Onely, thou bytter-sweet, whom I had layd
Next mee, mee traytoreously hast betrayde,
And, unsuspected, hast invisiable
Att once fled unto him, and stayd with mee.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the sillie Amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlott's breath;
By thee the greatest staine to man’s estate
Falls on us,—to be call'd effeminates;
Though you be much lov’d in the Prince's hall,
There things, that seome, exceed substantial.
Gods, when yee fum’d on alters, were pleas’d well,
Because you were burnt, not that they lik’d your smell:
You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall wee love ill things ioyned, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soone decaye;
And you are rare,—that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give most willingly
To enbalm thy father's coorse. What! will he dy?

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Stephens' ms., with various-readings, &c. below,
as before, but it ends at line 58; from line 58 to end our text is
from Addl. ms. 18647. It appeared originally in 4to of 1633,
where it is 'Elegie IV.' It was first headed 'The Perfume' in
1685, and so onward.
Line 2, 'escapes' = escapades.
5, 'this:' our ms., catching it from next line, misreads
'thy.'
Line 6, 'hydroptique;' the constant spelling in Donne, and not peculiar to him, for hydropic or dropsical.

Line 7, 'wont.' Donne always uses this verb without the substantive verb, thereby differing from the generality at least of his contemporaries.

Line 8. It was a belief that the coestrice or basilisk 'slayeth all things that hath lyfe [except the weasel] with breathe and with sight;' and it was also a belief controverted by Sir Thomas Browne in his Pseudodoxia Ep. that it killed 'by priority of vision,' and therefore that it was necessary to safety to see it first. Hence the simile well describes her father's intent and suspicious searchings.

Line 10. 'Thy beauty's bewty:' our ms. 'Thy bewtious bewty,' which seems tautological. The idea 'The beauty of thy various beauties' (face, arm, shape, &c.) seems better otherwise: accepted, and so usually.

Line 16, 'returns:' our ms. badly 'retorne:' and also badly 'the' for 'all' of 1633, &c.

Line 21, 'And:' our ms. 'To try if thou dost long:' but I accept the usual text, the more so that to commence several lines with the same word was a conceit of the day.

Line 22, 'blushingha:' 1669 'blushes.'

24, 'scantones:' usually 'lustiness.'

29, 'kist' = [being kist].

Th. 'inged:' 1669 'dandled.' Ingled = petted, and probably coiled as in an inkle.

Line 43, 'tyran:' invariably so spelled by the purist Ben Jonson.

Line 45, 'smell:' see former note on Satire i. line 90.

50, 'good:' 1669 'sweet:' the antithesis is between 'bad' (line 45) and 'good' here.

Line 58, 'byter-sweet' = the poisonous Solanum dulcamara. 60, 'breath:' alluding to the use of perfumed comfits and sweets such as are still used by men who smoke, and by women, and also to the then fixed belief that the constitutional result of the morbus gallicus were contagious.

Line 63, 'you:' and so usually: our ms. 'thou.' I prefer beginning the change to the plural 'you' here, instead of at line 65, chiefly on account of the verb 'loved.' There was a great distinction made between 'thou' and 'you' in matter of affection, the 'thou' being, like the second singular in French and German, a sign of endearment and great affection. The 'thou'
ELEGIES.

and 'thee' and 'thine' of Shakespeare's Sonnets become 'you,'
dc. in those occasional passages where any real or feigned es-
trangement is spoken of. G.

VI.

THE POET'S PICTURE.

Here take my picture, though I bidd farewell;
(Thine, in my hart where my sowle dwels shall dwell;)
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twil be more
When we ar shadowes both, then 'twas before. than
When weather-beaten I come back, my hand
Perhaps with rude oares torn, or sunbecames tan'd;
My face and brest of hayrecloath, and my head
With Care's harsh suddaine hoariness o'respread;
My body a sack of bones, broaken within,
And powder's blew staines scatterd on my skyn:
If rivall fooles tax thee to have lov'd a man
So fowle and course, as, oh! I may seeme than,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judginge mynd, that hee
Should now louse less, what he did louse to see?
That which in him was faire and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in Loue's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough
To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Secunda.' It appeared originally in 4to of 1633 (pp. 51-2), and in all after-editions. It is headed 'His Picture' in 1635. We have made the heading more definite.

Line 8. 1633, 'With care's rash sodaine stormes, being o'respread.'

Line 16, 'now lone less;' so usually: our ms. 'lyke and lone less.' The former I accept. Loving involves liking, and the only excuse for the two would be the repetition of both in the second half of the clause and line. 'Love less' also seems to require 'now,' or some mark of time; and the rhythm of the ms. reading is harsh, and puts the pause at 'love,' while the scan-sion is irregular.

Line 19, 'nurse.' I accept 'nurse' of 1633 and usually rather than 'nourish' of our ms. 'Nurse' better keeps up the suggestion of the infantile state than 'nourish,' which is applicable to the strong food of a man. To 'nurse' is a form of 'nourish'; but as Richardson says, 'to nurse is more especially applied when that which is nursed is young or sickly.' I accept also the usual 'weak,' rather than 'disus'd,' of our ms. 'Disus'd' gives bad scan-sion, and 'weak' agrees better with the context, 'childish state,' and is in opposition to 'strong' stomach of manhood. Then the love of his rivals may be, as he says, 'weak,' but it was not 'disus'd.' It was his and hers that was disus'd by absence, though in fact it is not supposed to be disus'd or in abeyance.

Line 20, 'disus'd,' 1633; our ms. 'disyre's:' usually 'weak.'

G.

VII.

FAVORITE IN ORDINARY.

Oh! let me not serve soe, as those men serue,
Whom Honor's smoaks at once fatten and serve,
Poorly enriched with great men's words or lookes;
Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes,
ELEGIES.

As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Prince's style with many realms fulfill,
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves; I hate dead names: oh then let me
FAVORITE IN ORDINARY, OR NO FAVORITE BEE.
When my soul was in her bodie sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betrothed, nor kisses breath'd
Into my purgatorie, faithles thee;
Thy hart seem'd wax, and steele thy constancy: beat
So careless flowers, strode on the water's face, strewed
The curled whirlpools smack, suck, and embrace,
Yet drownes them; see the taper's beamy eye,
Amorously twinkle, beckons the giddie fly,
Yet burns his wings; and such the Devil is,
Scarce visitinge them who are eternely his.
When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuringe,
Or in a speechless slumber calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosome, and there chyde
And bend her browses, and swell, if any bowe
Doe but stoope downe to kisse her utmost browe;
Yet if her often gnawinge kisses wynn
The trayterous bancks to gape and let her in,
She rusheth violentely, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roares and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
In flattering eddies promising returne,
She flowtes her channell, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I, that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thydeepe bitterness begett
Carelesse despair in me, for that will whett
My mynd to scorne; and, oh! Love dul'd with paine,
Was we're so wise, nor well arm'd with disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall surrave thee, and spie
Death in thy cheekees, and darknes in thyne eye:
Thougb hope breed faith and louse, thus taught, I shall,
As nations doe from Rome, from thy loue fall;
My hate shall outgrow thyne, and utterly
I will renounce thy dallyance: and when I
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommuncate?

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where this Elegy
is numbered 'Elegia Octava.' It appeared originally in 4to of
1633 (pp. 53-5), and in all after-editions. I have headed it
'Favorite in Ordinary.'

Line 4, 'my . . . thy,' and so usually; our ms. 'thy . . . my.'
I accept the former. The subsequent simile is at its best bad;
but the ms. changes here, though at first sight they seem to
improve it, make it worse. If Donne put her name in his books,
he certainly would not insert her lovers, his rivals. Therefore
he cannot be said to 'fulfil his Prince's style.' Again, what he
is referring to is the cheaque-rolls or muster-rolls of her house-
hold and retainers; and he says, 'Let me not for mere form's
sake have my name inserted in ostentation and vain muster-
roll of your attendants: "I hate dead names,"' &c.—such a
roll as flatterers make when they describe their king by giving
him sway over realms he does not possess; e.g. still our mon-
archs are called king or queen of France.
ELEGIES.

The badness of the simile lies in this, that the acts of the flatterers are put in connection with her acts, and this state with that of the Prince; and so it seems to liken her to the flatterers, and himself to the Prince. (So in next Elegy, lines 29-30, he makes 'her' his mistress='him,' a colt growing up to a male horse.) The ms. reading gets rid of this, but at the expense of the thought involved, that he does not wish to be a nominal attendant, nor be nominally enrolled as one, without being really subject to her.

Line 6, 'realms.' 1669 'names.'
7, 'where.' 1669 'bear.'
9, 'dead names.' see note on Satire i. lines 17-18.
24, 'there,' 1669; usually 'then,' and so our ms. wrongly.
26, 'utmost.' 'upmost' in 1633, wrongly.
38, 'with disdain'—compared with disdain. At first blush the expression is ambiguous, for it suggests that the meaning is armed, with disdain for armour; while the form of the sentence, and the words 'ne'er so wise,' show that this cannot be. The meaning is, 'A Lover dull'd with despairing pain is not so wise nor so well armed as one whetted with scorn;' or poetical, 'Love dull'd with pain is not, &c. as Disdain.' I accept the ms. in preference to 'as Disdain,' with our explanation.

Line 39, 'thee.' 1669 drops 'thee.'
45, 'Reussant.' Donne was originally a Roman Catholic. G.

VIII.

AMOROUS DELICACIES.

Nature's lay-idrot, I taught thee first to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! how thou didst prove
Too subtil! Fool, thou didst not understand
The mistique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the ayre
Of sighs, and saie this lies, this sounds dispare:
Nor by the eye's water cast a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabett
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being sett 10
And bownd up, might with speechles secrese
Deliver errands mutely 'and mutually.
Remember, since all thy words vade to bee
To every suytor, 'I, if my freinds agree;'
Since howshold charma, thy husband's name to teach, 15
Were all thy love-tricks that thy witt could reach;
And since an howr's discourse cold scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill-aray'd
In broken proverbes and torne sentences.
Thou art not by so many dutyes his,
(That, from the world's common hāvinge sever'd thee,
Inlayd thee, neither to be seene nor see,) 20
As myne, who have with Aморous DELICAYES
Refynde thee into a blysfull paradice.
Thy graces and good works my creatures bee,
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which, oh! shall strangers tast? Must I, alas!
Frame and inamel plate, and drinke in glas? 25
Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then being made a ready horse? 30

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is num-bered 'Elegia Decima tercia;' in Haulewood-Kingsborough ms.
'Elegy 34th.' It appeared originally in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 55-6), and in all after-editions.

Line 1, 'lay:' used perhaps in the sense in which it is used by the painters—layman, or a lay figure, which has no motion in itself. But Donne seems to use it elsewhere as laic, not cleric, and therefore ignorant. Cf. Second Ep. to Countess of Bedford, line 50, 'On these I cast a lay and country eye.'

Ib. 'first:' usually dropped; and so line 2, 'how.'

Line 7, 'cast:' in 1633 'call:' 1669, &c. 'know.' The word 'cast' proves our ms. of this Elegy to be later and revised, because it is evidently an alteration from and improvement on 'know.' It is here used medically. It was the technical term for diagnosing the disease by other water than eye-water. Cf. Macbeth (v. 8):

'If thou comkst, doctor, cast
The water of my hand, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.'

Line 13, 'since'—remember [all that has passed between you and me, all my teachings] since all thy words, and since, &c.; i.e. remember and compare both times, since and the time when.

Line 22, 'Inlay'd,' as a composite, not a compound word—laid thee in, or sequestered thee.

Line 23, 'detiacyes:' 1633 onward: our ms. 'delighted,' wrongly.

Line 25, 'works:' 1633 and onward 'words;' but 1669 'works.'

I have headed this Elegy from line 23. G.

IX.

THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a stall,
As that, which from chaf'd musket's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of the 'orient East,
Such are the sweat-drops on my mistres' brest;
And on her neck her skyn such lustre setts,
They seeme no sweat-droppes, but pearle carkanets.
Ranck sweatie froth thy mistresse' brow defyles,
Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous byles;
Or like that scum, which, by Need's lawles law
Enforç'd, Sancerra's starvèd men did draw
From parboyl'd shoes and bootees, and all the rest,
Which were with any soveraigne fatness blest;
Or like vyld stones lying in saffron'd tynn,
Or warts, or wheals, it hangs upon her chynn.
Round as the world's her heades, on every syde,
Like to that fatal ball which fell on Ide:
Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we dy.
Thy head is like a rough-hewen statue of jett,
Where markes for eyes, nose, mouth, or yet scarce sett;
Like the first chaos, or flatt-seeminge face
Of Cynthia, when th' Earth shadows her imbrace.
Like Proserpine's white bewty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's vrne, is her faire brest.
Thyne, like a worm-eaten trunck cloth'd in seal's skin;
Or grave, that's durt without, and stench within.
And like the slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbye quivering, are her arms and hands:
Like rough-bartk elme-boughes, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sinne;
Like sun-parcht quarters on the citie's gate,
Such is thy tan'd skinne's lamentable state;
And like a bunch of ragged carretts stand
The scurfe-swollen fingers of the gowty hand.
Then like the Chimick's masculine-equal fire,
Which in the lymbeck's warme womb dothe inspire
Into th' earth's worthles durt a sowle of gold,
Such cherishinge heat her best-worst part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread-mouth of a fyrbd gunn,
Or like hot liquid mettals newly runn
Into clay mowlds, or like to that Ætna,
Where round about the grasse is burnt away.
Are not your kysses then as filthie and more,
As a worme suckinge an envenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers, still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh and vyolent,
As when a plowgh a stony ground doth rent?
So kisse good turtles, so devoutly nyce
Are preists in handlinge reverent sacrifize,
And such in searching wounds the surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kisse;
Leave her, and I will leave comparinge thus,
Shee and comparisons are odyous.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is num-
bered 'Elogia Quarta:' in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'Elegy
6th.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in after-
editions.

Line 2, 'chaf'd:' our ms. 'chae'd:' but so far as I can
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judge, 'chass'd' is a clerical error. This is the more probable, in that if it 'trilled' from chased animals, it could hardly be 'gathered.' 'Chafed' is also supported by a curious quotation by Sir Thomas Browne in Pseudod. (b. iii. c. 4); and as matter of fact civet-cats must be fretted and vexed before the civet is taken out of the bag; 'for the more the animal is enraged, the musk is the better' (Horne, Essays and Thoughts; as in Richardson's Dict. s.v. civet). See also Lovell's History of Animals and Minerals (1681) for quaint lore.

Line 2, 'trill:' see our full note in Henry Vaughan, s.v.

8, 'orient:' usually 'early:' perhaps the former is tantological, and as such may have been altered by Donne to 'early.'

Line 6, 'carkanets:' usually 'coronets.'

8. In this horrible line, 'menstruous' is probably = polluting or filthy, a lutine sense. The old medical writers yield elucidations, but I mind not quoting.

Line 10, 'Sancerre:' the allusion is to the siege of Sancerre near Bourges, in which the besieged suffered the extreme of famine, in 1572. It was held by the Protestants against the Catholics, and the siege lasted nine months.

Line 13, 'Or,' usually 'And:' 'vyld,' usually 'vile:' 'saffron'd tymn' = coloured tinfoil.

Line 14, 'wheat:' a pimple, vesicle, or pustule. It is curious that Johnson gives this sense under 'wheat:' but quotes this very passage under 'weal' for the mark of a stripe.

15. 'chynn:' usually 'skinn.' I accept the usual 'it hangs' for 'they hang' of ms. Cf. line 7.

19, a curious change to apostrophising the friend's mistress, which continues to line 37.

Line 22, 'Earth:' usually 'Earth's.'

96, 'durt:' usually 'dust.'

34, 'scurfe:' usually 'short:' 'the gowy,' 1669 'mistress:' 'the gowy' is preferable, being rare in women.

Line 38, 'best-worst:' usually 'best-loved.'

51, 'such:' usually 'nice.'

54, 'comparisons are odious:' an accepted 'household' phrase; but I find it earlier in 'The most horrible morther of John Lord Bourgh, 1691' (p. 6, Collier's reprint)—'scornfull tearmes and odious comparisons.' G.
ELEGIES.

X.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring nor somer's beuty hath such grace,
As I have seene in one autumnall face.
Yonge beuyes force our loues, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsaile, and you canot 'scape:
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame:
Affectyon here takes Reverence's name.
Were her first years the Golden Age? that's true;
But now she's gold oft tryde and ever newe.
That was her torrid and inflaming tyme;
This is her tolerable tropique clyme.
Faire eies, who askes more heat then comes from hence,
He in a fever wisheth pestilence. [than
Call not these wrinkles graves: if graves they were,
They were Love's graves; for else he is nowhere.
Yet lyes not Lone dead here, but heere doth sitt
Vow'd to this trench, like an anchorytt.
And here, till her's (which must be his) death, come,
He doth not dygg a grave, but byuld a tombe.
Heere dwells he; though he sojourns everywhere
In progresse, yet his standinge-howse is here;
Heere, where still evening is, nor noon nor night,
Where's no voluptuousnes, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fytt,
You may at revels, you may at councells sytt.
This is Love's tymbre, Youth, his underwood;  
There he, as wyne in June, enrages blood,  
Which then comes seasonablest, when our tast  
And appete to other things is past.  
Xerxes's strange Lydian loure, the platan tree,  
Was lov'd for age, none beinge so old as shee,  
Or els because, beinge young, Nature did blesse  
Her youth with age's glory, barrmesse.  
If we loue thinges long sought for, age is a thing,  
Which we are fiftye years in compassinge;  
If transitorie things, which soone decay,  
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.  
But name not wynter-faces, whose skyn is slacke,  
Lank as an unthriste's purse,—but a sowle's sacke;  
Whose eyes seeke light within, for all heere's shade;  
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out then made;  
Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone than  
To vex their sowle at the Resurrectyon;  
Name not these living death's-heads unto mee,  
For these not ancycnt but antiques bee:  
I hate extrems: yet I had rather stay  
With tombes then cradles, to weare out a day.  
Since such Love's naturall station is, may still  
My love descend, and journey downe the hyll;  
Not panting after growinge bewtyes; soe  
I shall ebb on with them, who homewards goe.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Viessima quarta,' and headed 'A Paradox of an ould Woman.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in all after-editions, under our heading.

Line 2, 'one:' so 1635 and usually: our ms. misreads 'an.'

,, 3, 'our:' so usually: our ms. 'your,'

,, 4, 'and:' 1635 'yet,' and usually.

,, 6, 'Affectyon:' usually 'affections:' but while affections = all the affections of one mind, as well as the affection of all, is expressive, the double personification of Affection and Reverence vindicates our ms. reading.

Line 10, 'tolerable:' usually 'habitable.' Either seems an odd word to express that feeling which would lead one to live with another as in a pleasant place; and to say that the tropic clime is only 'tolerable' is a strange way of expressing how pleasant it is to dwell with her; but (1) Donne abounds in such oddities; (2) 'tolerable' is = 'habitable;' and conversely (3) there is the usual and inevitable sarcastic touch.

Line 16, 'phantomyt:' so 1635, &c., the more Greek form, ἀναχορήσας.

Line 18, 'tombe' = the raised part of the wrinkle, beautiful as a mausoleum.

Lines 28-4. Usually the reading is 'You may ... you at.' Our ms. 'You may ... you may,' means that one sits at the same time at revels and council, i.e. hears jocose and cheerful conversation, which is at the same time full of wisdom. Thus it answers to the first clause, 'In all her words.' 'You may ... you at' means, Some you or some of you may enjoy revels, and other you may sit at council with her. This answers rather to the second clause, 'unto all hearers fitt' that she can fit all.

Line 26, 'There' = this of previous line = her.

,, 29, 'phantom tree:' Pliny, N. H. xii. 1-3; xvi. 44.

,, 37-8. Our ms. reads 'whose skyn alacke, Lookes like.' This is not idiomatic but foreign English. Moreover our text, which is that of 1635 and usually, is stronger by dwelling on it. First comes the general enunciation, 'whose skyn is alacke;' then the variation and simile, 'Lank as an unthrift's purse—but [=yet] a sowlie's sack.'
ELEGIES.

Line 39, 'heere'—outside in the sunken cavity and lack-lustre eye.

Line 42, 'their.' I accept 'their' instead of the usual 'the' (which is also in our ms.), as it agrees better with 'wynterfaces,' 'mouths,' 'death's-heads and tombs.'

Line 47, 'station:' so usually; and I accept it. Our ms. has 'acyon'—action, seemingly a clerical error. 'Station' agrees with what is said of her in line 30, that she is Love's home.

At line 37 he digresses to explain what he does not love; and at line 45 he says he hates extremes, though, had he to choose one extreme, he would, &c. Then he returns to the subject of his song, and closes his eulogy with, Since such autumnal face and person is Love's palace, let my love, &c. G.

XI.

THE DREAM.

Image of her, whom I loue more then she, than
Whose faire impression in my faithfull hart heart
Makes me her medall, and makes her love mee,
As kings do coyynes, to which their stamp imparts
The valew: goe, and take my hart from hence,
Which now is growne too great and good for mee.
Honors oppresse weake spirits, and our sence
Strong objects dull: the more, the lesse wee see.
When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasie is queene, and sowle, and all;
Shee can present joyes meaneer then you doe;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
Soe, if I dreame I have you, I have you;
For all our joyes are but fantastical.
And soe I 'scape the paine, for paine is true; 15
And Sleepe, which locks 'upp sense, doth lock up all.
After such a fruition, I shall wake,
And, but the wakinge, nothing shall repent;
And shall to Loue more thankfull sonets make,
Then if more honours, tears, and pains were spent. than
But dearest hart, and dearer image, stay, 21
Alas! true joyes at best are dream enough;
Though you stay here, you passe too fast away:
For even at first Life's taper is a snuffe.
Fyl'd with her love, may I be rather growne 25
Madd with much heart, then idiot with none. than

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegie Decima.' It appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in after-editions. This Elegy is written of one somewhat obturate: hence in line 21 he calls the more yielding image of his dream the dearer, and in line 1 calls her one whom he loves more than she [loves him].

Line 16, 'up:' usually 'doth lock out.'
"22, 'dream.' I accept this from '85 rather than the usual 'dreams' (which is also in our ms.), as the plural is more readily ambiguous and the singular more forceful = all joyes, the whole of them, are but one short dream.

Line 24, 'snuffe:' see note on Satire ii. line 82.
"26, 'heart:' our ms. 'hurt,' wrongly. G.
XII.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSE'S
CHAINED,
FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Nor that in colour it was like thy hayre,
For armelets of that thou maist let me weare;
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac't and kist,
For soe yt had the good, which oft I mist;
Nor for that sillie old morallity,
That 'as these links are tyde, our loves shold bee;'
Mourne I, that I the SEAVENFOLD CHAYNE haue lost.
Nor for the lucke-sake, but the bytter cost.
Oh, shall twelue righteous angels, which as yett
No leaven of vile sodier did admitt; solder
Nor yet by any faultes haue strai'd or gone
From the first state of their creatyon;
Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to mee, and be my faithfull guyde;
To gayne new frends, t' appease great enimyes,
To comfort my sowle, when I ly or rise:
Shall these twelue innocents, by thy severe
Sentence (great judge) my syn's great burthen bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
And punish't for ofences not their owne?
They saue not me, they doe not ease my paines,
When in that hell they are burnt and tyde in chaines:
ELEGIES. 193

Were they but crownes of France, I car'd not,
For most of them, their natural country rott
I think possesseth, they come here to vs,
So leane, so pale, so lame, and ruynous;
And howsoere French kings 'most Christian' bee,
Their crownes are circumsized most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
That are become catholique as their king,
Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfyl'd pistolets,
That (more then cannon-shots) avayles or letts,
Which, negligently left vnrounded, looke
Like many-angled fygures in the booke
Of some great conjurer, which wold enforce
Nature (as they do Justice) from her course,
Which, as the sowle quickens head, foot, and hart, heart
As stream-like vaines run through the Earth's every part,
Visit all countries, and haue stylie made
Gorgeous France, ragged, ruyned, and decay'd;
Scotland, which knew noe state, proud in one day;
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
Almightye chimicks from each mynerall,
Having by subtle fyre a sowle out-pul'd,
Are durtily and desperately gul'd;
I wold not spit to quench the fyre they are in,
For they are guylty of much haynous sin.
But shall my harmles angels perish? shall
I loose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?

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Much hope, which they shold nourish, wil be dead;
Much of my able yowth and livelie-head
Will vanish, if thou, Loue, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone.
Oh! be content, that some lowd-squeakinge cryer, 55
Well pleas'd with one leane threed-bare grot for hyer,
May like a divill roare through every street,
And gall the fynder's conscience if they meet:
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
Which with fantastique schemes fils full much paper;
Which haue devided heaven in tenements, 61
And with whores, theeves, and murtherers stuf't his rents
Soe full, that though he passe them all in synne,
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
He say 'twill ne're be found; oh! be content;
Receive the doome from him ungrudgeingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou sai'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chaung'd, and put into a chayne. 70
Soe in the first falne angels, resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turnd to ill:
As these shold doe good works, and shold provide
Necessities, but now must nurse thy pryde.
And they ar still badd angels; myne ar none, 75
For forme gives being, and their forme is gone.
Pitty these angels, yet their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powres, and Principalities.
ELEGIES.

But thou art resolute: Thy will be done!
Yet with such anguish, as her only sonne
The mother in the hungry graue doth lay,
Unto the fyre these marsters I betray.
Good sowles, (for you give life to every thing.)
Good angels, (for good messages you bringe,)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As wold have lov'd and worshipt you alone:
One that wold suffer hunger, nakednes,
Yea death, e're he would make your number less.
But I am guyltie of your sad decay:
May your few-fellowes longer with me stay!

But, oh! thou wretched fynder, whom I hate
Soe much that I almost pyttie thy estate:
Gold being the heaviest metall amongst all,
May my most heaviest curse upon thee fall:
Here fettred, manacled, and hang'd in chaynes,
First mai'st thou bee, then chain'd to hellish paines;
Or be with foraigne gold brib'd to betray
Thy contry, and faile both of that and thy paye.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
Poyson, whose nymble fume rott thy moist braine;
Or lybells, or some interdicted thinge,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruyne bring.
Lust-bred diseases rott thee; and dwell with thee
Itchy desire, and no abilitye.
May all the hurt which ever gold hath wrought,
All mischiefs which all devills ever thought,
Want after plenty, poore and gowty Age,
The plague of travellers; love and marryage,
Afflict thee; and at thine live's latest moment
May thy fowle syns to thee themselves present. 110

But I forgive thee; repent, thou honest man!
Gold is restoratiue, restore it than; then
But if from yt thou beest loath to depart,
Because 'tis cordiall, wold 'twere at thy hart.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Stephens' ms. as before, where it is numbered 'Elegia Decima sexta.' It appeared originally in 1655 edition, and since in all the after-editions. Our heading is first found in '85: but 'Chaine' is scarcely the right word, seeing it is clear from the description that it was a (seven) chain-bracelet. Hence the heading in Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. is more accurate: 'Upon the Loss of a Bracelet.' See our Essay for Ben Jonson's 'Conversation' with Drummond of Hawthornden on this Elegy.

Line 2, 'For...let:' usually 'Armelets...still let.'

5, 'morallity:' I know no other example of this word used to denote a moral saying or posy.

Line 6, 'are tyde:' usually 'were knit.' It is most likely that the chain-bracelet bore the moralit.

Line 8, 'Nor...the.' I adhere to the usual printed text here, rather than accept our ms. 'Not...they.' 'Not' separates the thought unnecessarily and unpleasently from the rest, whereas there is an enumeration, Not, nor, nor, nor, &c. Farther, as it is evident that Donne took the 'chain-bracelet' from her arm and wore it, that he might have something that had embraced her,' and by misadventure lost it, it seems impossible that he could write 'they.' The omen would be as to his luck—that as he had lost, so the loss of her love would follow.

Line 11, 'fault:' usually 'way.'

13, 'Heaven:' so usually, and I accept it: our ms. badly 'Heavens' = Heaven has; but 'had' would be needed, not 'has.'
ELEGIES.

Line 15, 'great' : 'old' usually.

'16, 'rise:' so usually: our MS. misreads 'raise.'

'18, 'great:' 'dread' usually: and so line 35.

'28, 'crowns of France:' a new application of the com-
mon equivocue with regard to the morbus gallicus: crowns of
less value (6s. 8d.) than angels (10s.).

Line 24, 'natural country rott:' '35 'coutreys's natural
rot.'

'26. Usually 'So pale, so lame, so lean, and ruinous:'
our MS. yields a better climax in describing the observer's per-
ception of the progress of the disease.

Line 29, 'Spanish stampe.' On account of the influx of silver
from Mexico, Spanish silver coins had become a universal or
catholic medium of exchange, and all purchases in China and
the Moluccas are still paid in dollars: 'stamp' = coin bearing
the Spanish stamp.

Line 31, 'pistolets:' see former note: = 36 ryal, 14s.

'32, 'cannon:' so usually: our MS. 'comon.' I prefer
the former, because as in a similar passage (Satire ii. line 20)
there is an equivocue on pistolets as money and as small pistols;
such small bore shots, he says, are of more avail as artiller
for my purpose than great cannon-shot.

Line 38. See note in our Southwell, s.v.

'39, 'livelie-head:' usually 'lusty.'

'40, 'schemes:' As in another case (noted in its place),
where 'scenes' has been miswritten for 'schemes,' I have ven-
tured to adopt it here instead of the usual 'scenes' and 'sheaves'
of our MS. The reference is not to caballistic and other decora-
tions or hangings, but, as the words 'fill full much paper' show,
to astrological 'schemes,' drawn out with the constellations,
&c. or persons and the like.

Line 62, 'rentes' = not the rending, but the divisions or parts
so divided or rent.

Line 72, 'Wisdom:' a contemporary annotator of 1689 edit.
has put in margin 'cunning.'

Line 74, 'thy:' so usually: our MS. has the not uncommon
clerical error of 'their' for 'thy' (Shakespeare, Sonnets xxvi.
l. 12: xxvii. l. 10: xxxv. l. 8 (bis): xxxvii. l. 7: xlvi. l. 12: xlvi.
(ter)); her saying ends at line 70. His answer begins with
the simile (ll. 71-2), and ends with the application (ll. 73-4).
The virtues of the fallen angels remain, but turned to ill, like
as these [angels of mine], which should do good works for me
ELEGIES.

(II. 13-16), by procureing me food, &c.; but now, having passed into the hell of the goldsmith's fire, must as a bracelett nurse 'thy' pride.

Line 78. The angelic Hierarchy is divided into three ternions, and each ternion into three classes or orders. Reckoning downwards there are: 1. Seraphim; 2. Cherubim; 3. Thrones (Throni); 4. Dominations; 5. Principalities; 6. Powers (Potes-
tates); 7. Virtues (Virtutes); 8. Archangels; 9. Angels. Hence, as in his reference to pistolets, Donne humorously says, though made the lowest of the heavenly hierarchy, yet here they surpass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities. For the qualities and offices of the angelic orders, see Batman on Bartholomew (b. xi. cc. 6-18); and Heywood's Hierachie of the Blessed Angels, book iv. &c. Note that in Holy Scripture, only one 'Archangel' occurs.

Line 96, 'chain'd.' so usually, and I prefer it to 'chann'd' of our ms.

Line 105. Usually 'May all the evils that gold ever wrought:' 'evils' here is, as usual, monosyllabic, and is perhaps the wider and stronger word.

Line 109, 'lately.' usually 'late.'

,, 110, 'foule.' usually 'swoll.' 'Swoll' is—sins which have gone on increasing in number and enormity, according to the saying that one ill leads to another and another, each greater than the last.

Line 112, 'restoratius'—as a medicine. 'Gold . . . sovereign it is for green wounds if it be outwardly applied; and if young children weare it about them, lesse harme that they have by any sorcery, witchcraft' (Pliny, N. H. by Holland). See also for much quaint lore, Batman on Bartho omew; and for a grotesquely-serious account of the results of swallowing a pill of gold, Richard Baxter's 'Life,' in his noble folio 'Reliquiae Baxteriane,' s. v.
XIII.

LOVE-MEMORIES IN ABSENCE.

Come, Fates! I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
Are paid but you. Then 'rest mee ere I goe.
But Chance from yow all soueraignty hath got,
Loue woundeth none but those whom Death dares not:
Else if you were, and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her, as you did mee.
Else louers should not brane Death's pains, and liue:
But 'tis a rule, Death comes not to relieue.
For pale and wann Death's terrors, are they laide
Soe deep in louers, they make Death affaide?
Or, (the least comfort) haue I company?
Orecame she Fates, Loue, Death, as well as mee?
Yes, Fates doe silke unto her distaffe pay
For ransome, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gies her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some dye.
Poore Death can nothing gie; yet for her sake,
Still in her turne, he doth a louer take.
And if Death should prowe fals, she fears him nott,
For our Muse, to redeeme her, she hath got.
That last and fatal night wee kist, I thus praise,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should haue saide.)
Kisses, and yet despaire! The forbidden tree
Did promiss (and deceaue) no more then she.
Like lambs that see their teats, yet must eat hay,
A food, whose taste hath made me pine away:
Dines, when thou sawst bliss, and crauest to touch
A drop of water, then thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, grones are all my rent;
Unable longer to endure the paine,
They brake like thunder, and doe bring downe raine.
Thus, till drye tears soder mine eyes, I weepe:
And then I dreame, how you securly sleepe,
And in your dreams doe laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love, all may: He pittyes my estate,
But sayes, I therin no revenge shall find;
The sun would shine, though all the world were blind,
Yet, to try my hate, LOVE SHEW'D ME YOUR TEARE;
And I had dyde, had not your smile been there.
Your frowne undoes mee; your smile is my wealth;
And as you pleas to looke, I hate my health.
Methought Love, pittyng mee, when he sawd this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes, to kiss.
That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength;
And what it lost in force, it took in length.
I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you soe,
That his compassion still prou'd greater woe:
For then I dream'd I was in bedd with you,
But durst not feele, for fear 't should not prove true.
This merritts not your anger, had it been;
The Queen of Chastity was naked seene:
And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
Was much more then for Acteon not to looke. than
And that breast, which lay ope, I did not knowe 55
But for the clernes, from a lump of snowe :
Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
From the rose-bud which for my sake you wore.
These griefs to issue forth, by verse I proue,
Or turne their course by travell or new loue. 60
All would not do, the best at last I tryde,
Unable longer to hold out I dyde.
And then I found I lost lif's death by flying ;
Where hundreds liue, are but so long in dying.
Charon did lett me pass; I him requite 65
To walke the groues or shade, wronging my delight:
He speak out of those ghosts I found alone,
Those thousand ghosts, wherof my self made one,
All images of thee: I askt them whie;
The Judge told mee, they all for thee did dye, 70
And therefore had for their Elizian bliss
Another, their owne loues to kisse.
O here I myst, not blisse, but being dead
(For loe I dreampt) I dreamt, and waking sed,
Heauen if whoe are in thee ther must dwell,
How is't I now was there, and now I fell?

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text in this instance is from Hailewood-Kingsborough
ms. as before, as this Elegy does not appear in the Stephens'
ms. But we for the first time print ll. 57-76, deriving them from our British-Museum ms. This Elegy (as far as l. 56) originally appeared in 1685 edition, and since in the after-editions. The heading is ours.

Line 4, 'these:' so usually: our ms. ungrammatically reads 'them.'

Line 5, 'Else:' so in '35, but usually 'True,' as in '69. The former is preferable, because stronger; the meaning being, Else if you were [sovereigns], sovereigns being taken out of sovereignty in l. 3.

Line 9, 'pale and wan.' Cf. Suckling's 'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?'

Line 10, 'Orecame she:' usually 'Or can the Fates love Death,' to the confusion of the sense; but I accept the usual order, 'Fates, Love, Death,' because they so appear in the other copies, and because they are so enumerated in the poem: Fates, l. 13; Love, l. 15; Death, l. 17.

Line 14, 'tax:' so usually, and I prefer it to 'taske' of our ms. because they take our thread of life to add to her distaff for ransom for themselves. Our ms. also misreads 'they lay,' from the common error of inadvertently rewriting a word that has caught the eye and memory. Similarly 'their' is mis-inserted before 'ransom' in l. 14, and 'true' before 'reason' in l. 15; which make the scansion irregular, as well as lessen the neatness of the wording, without adding to the strength. So too in l. 24 our ms. by reading 'Did not promise,' and erasing 'no,' turns the line into mere prose, and throws the words out of accent.

Line 20, 'Muse:' usually 'Muses,' badly.

41. Usually 'That fatal night we last kiss'd... thus praise,' i.e. as above from l. 1.

Line 25, 'yet:' usually 'and,' badly.

28. Our ms. reads here 'A small little drop.' This shows it to have been a transcription from a ms. in which the author had been in doubt which epithet he would decide on, and had written both. So writing 'A small little drop,' the epithet 'great' was erased: but on revision it became clear that the size of the drop was wholly irrelevant, and therefore took away from his meaning, while 'pains' expressed that in which he would say Dives and he were alike. Hence he struck out the epithet from 'drop,' and added one (i.e. 'great') to pains, as usually.
ELEGIES.

Line 80, 'are all:' so usually: our ms. misreads 'all are.'

86, 'all may:' so usually: our ms. 'alway.' I accept
the former—I hate and pray to Love that all 'may,' so that
all others may hate her too. Not only is this stronger, but it
agrees with Love's answer (l. 38), 'The sun would shine, though
all the world were blind' = She would be the same beauty
whatever might be the world's opinion of her. The ms. 'way'
is not unlikely the error of w for m, of which we have noted
another example in 'wench' for 'month.' So in l. 37, I accept
the usual 'shall,' instead of 'should' of our ms.—Even if I
grant it, that shall be no revenue to you.

Line 45. He being weak through sight of the tear, wanted
force to kiss as he would, but made up for this by the duration
of the kiss.

Line 60. Cf. Elegy ix. (The Comparison), l. 45, Doth not,

65. I have ventured to read 'I' for 'he him:' and l.
66 'walk' for 'make'—the common clerical error of m for w,
as before. So too in l. 72 'Another' for 'In other:' the con-
ceit being that for or in recompense for that Elizian bliss of
dying for her [probably an Eliza], they were granted that
other, viz. of having their own loves to kiss.

Lines 73-6 are somewhat obscure; but as a (too characteristic)
equivoque underlies them, I am not careful to elucidate
here. G.

XIV.

PARTING.

SINCE SHE MUST GO, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
Shadowe that hell unto mee, which alone
I am to suffer, when my loue is gone.
Alas, the darkest magick cannot doe it,
And thow great hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Heauen, and each starre,  
It would not forme one thought darke as mine are ;
I could lend them obscurenes now, and say  
Out of myselfe, there should be no more day.  
Such is already my felt want of sight,
Did not the fyer within me force a light.  
O Loue, that fire and darknes should be mixt,  
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt !
Is 't because thou thyselfe art blinde, that wee,  
Thy martirs, must noe more each other see ?
Or tak'st thou pride to breake us on thy wheele,  
And view oould Chaos in the paine we feel ?
Or haue we left undone some mutuall rite
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight ?
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,  
Or rather to conspiring Destenye ;
Which, since I lou'd, in jeast before, decreed,  
That I should suffer, when I loved indeed,
And therefore now sooner then I can say than  
I saw the goulden fruite, its rapt away.
Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast streame,
And I left wealthy only in a dreame.
Yet, Loue, thou'rt blinder then thyselfe in this, than
To vex my doute-like freind for my amiss:
And, where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
Soe blinded Justice doth, when favorites fall,
Strike them, their house, their freinds, their favorites all.
ELEGIES.

Wast not enough that thou didst dart thy fyers
Into our blood, inflaming our desires,
And madest us sigh and blow, and pant, and burne,
And then thyselfe into our flames didst turne?
Wast not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so darke and ruinous:
And those so ambusht round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's two red eyes
That flam'd with ugly sweat of jealousy:
Yett went wee not still on with constancy?
Hauen wee for this kept guards, like spy on spy?
Had correspondence, when the foe stood by?
Sollen (more to sweeten them) our manny blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence, our most respects?
Varyed our language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, lookses, and often under-boords
Spoke dialouges with our feet farre from our woords?
Hauen we proud'd all the secrets of our art,
Yea, the pale inwards att thy panting hart?
And after all this passèd purgatory
Shall sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riueted quite through
Our turning braines, and both our lips grow too:
Let our arms clasp like iuys, and our fæare
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruen us with the deed,
Straine his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Louse it cannot be, whom hithertoo
I have accus'd, should such a mischiefe doe.
Oh Fortune, thou'ret not worth my least exclaime,  65
And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame:
Doe thy great worst, my frend, and I have charmes
(Though not against thy stroakes) against thy harmes.
Rend us in sunder, thou can'st not deuide
Our bodyes soe, but still our soules are tyde;  70
And we can loye by letters still, and guifts,
And thoughts, and dreams: Louse neuer wanteth shifts.
I will not looke upon the quickening sone,  75
But streight her beauty to my sence shall runn;
The aire shall noste her soft, the fire most pure;
Waters suggest her clear, and the Earth sure;
Time shall not loose our passages; the Spring
Shall tell how fresh our love was in 'beginning;
The Summer, how it ripned in the yeare;
And Autumn, what our goulden harvests were.  80
The Winter I'le not thinke on to spight thee,
But count it a lost season, soe shall shee.
And, dearest frend, since wee must part, drown Night
With hope of Day; (burthens well born are light.)
The cold and darknes longer hang somewhere,
Yett Phebus equally lights all the sphere.  85
And what he cant in like proportion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and soe we may.
Be then ever yourselfe, and let no woe
Winn on your health, your youth, your beauty: soe  90
KLEGIES.

Declare yourself base Fortune's ennemy,
No less be your contempt then constancy: 95
That I may grow enamored on your mind,
When mine own thoughts I there neglected finde.
For this to th' comfort of my deare I vowe,
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;
The poles shall move to reach me when I start,
And when I change my Lone, I'll change my hart; 101
Nay, if I but wax cold in my desire,
Thinke, heaven hath motion lost, and the world fyer:
Much more I would; but many woords have made
That oft suspected, which men would persuade:
Take therefore all in this; I loun so true,
As I will neuer look for less in you.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text here is again from Hailewood-Kingsborough ms. as before: as neither does this Elegy appear in Stephens' ms. It originally appeared in 1665 edition, and since in all after-editions. 1669 has considerable additions in agreement with our ms.

Line 4, 'lone:' '85 'soule.'
7, 'Heaven.' '69 'Venus' = the brightest star and leader of the host of heaven.

Line 11, 'felt.' '69 'self-want.'
18, 'in jeast.' our ms. here is specially good: usually for me before.'

Line 40, 'ruinous.' '69 'dangerous.'
42-3. 1669 'husband's tower.' query, lowering? i.e. for 'two red.' and for 'That flam'd' reads 'Inflam'd with th' ougle.'

Line 49, 'most.' '69 'best.'
66, 'shame.' '69 'name.' and l. 67 reads 'armes' for 'charmee.'
ELEGIES.

Line 78. Usually 'How fresh . . . the . . .' and l. 79 'un-ripen'd.'
Line 87, 'he' and 'proportion:' '89 'we' and 'portion:' an example of how our collation of ms. rewards all the toil. So l. 97 'reach' in '89 is 'teach:' and 'ere' for 'when.' G.

XV.

JULIA.

Hark, newes, O Enuy, thou shalt hear discry'd
My JULIA; who as yett was ne'or enuide.
To vomitt gauille in slaunderas, swels her vaines
With callumny, that hell itself desdaines,
Is her continuall practice, to doe her best,
To teare oppinion even out of the brest
Of nearest frends, and (which is worse then vild)
Stick jealousy in wedlock; her own child
'Scapes not the showers of enuy: To repeate
The monstrous fashions how, were aliue to eate
Dear reputation; would to God she were
But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare
My milde reproof: Liued Mantuan now agen
(That femall-Mastix) to lim out with his penn
This shee Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with angar (aŋgar feeds desire),
Tongud like the night-crowe, whose ill-boading cryes
Gieue out for nothing but new injuyes.
ELEGIES.

Her breath like to the aire of Tennarus,
That blasts the springs, though ne're so prosperous. 20
Her hand, I know not how, usd more to spill
The food of others, then herself to fill.
But of her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischeif, countles multitudes
Of former curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfasioned, thought corrupt,
Misshapen caules, palpable untoaths,
Ineuitable errors, selfe-accusing oathes:
Thes, like those attoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosome for creation.
I blush to give her half her dew; yet say,
No poysen's halfe so bad as Julia.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Again our text is from Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. This Elegy appeared originally in 1635 edition, and since in all after-editions.
Line 8, 'her.' so 1635. Our ms. 'in.'
   5, 'to doe.' 1635 'does.'
   8. Here our ms. misinserts 'y' sheets of;' and in line 31 'only this I' for 'yet say.'
Line 13, 'Mantuan.' I presume the poet Baptista Spagnolus, 'the good old Mantuan' of Holofernes in Love's Labour Lost, so called from his birthplace.
Line 19, 'aire.' 1635 'juice.'
1b. Tennarus' = Teneriffe.
Line 28, 'oathes.' 1635 'loathes.' G.
XVI.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it stronge in you?
Thought I, but once had breathèd purest ayre,
And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
Is it your beawtie's markes or of your yowth,
Or your perfectyon not to study truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, and hath no eyes?
Or those she hath smyle at your periuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they ar made, that they 'are writ in water?
And blowne away with wynd? Or doth their breath
(Both hott and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Formd into words, so many sighs shold meet,
As from our hart, soe many oaths, and teares
Sprinkled amonge (all sweetned by our feares)
And the devine impression of stolne kisses,
That seald the rest, shold now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe to break?
Or must we read you quight from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wronge way? or must
He first desire you false, wold wish you just?
Oh, I prophane: though most of women bee
This kynd of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest Lou’d; though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge thy ‘inconstancy,
Sooner I’ll think the sun will cease to cheere
The teeming earth, and that forget to beare:
Sooner that rivers will run backe, or Thames
With ribbs of ice in June will bynd her streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Wold change her course, before you alter yours.
But oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, (and we both may rue,
Having his falshood fownd too late,) ’twas hee
That made me cast you guilty, and you mee;
Whilst the black wretch betrayd each symple word
We spake, unto the cunninge of a third;
Curs’d may he bee, that so our loue did stayne,
And wander on the earth, as cursed as Caine,
Wretched as he, and not deserue least pitty;
In plagueing him let Miserie be wytty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysom as his infamie;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his sowls price;
And after all selfe-torment when he dye,
May wolves tear out his hart, vultures his eyes;
Swayne eat his bowels; and his falser toungue
That uttered all, be to some raven flunge;
And let his carion corse be a longer feast
To the King’s doggs, then any other beast.
Now I have cursed, let us our louse revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure strengthen the short days
Of my life's lease. Like painters that do take
Not in made workes delight, but whilst they make,
I cold renew those tymes, when first I sawe
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the lawe
To like what you likt; and at maskes and plaies
Comend the selfe-same actors, the same waies;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of beinge officious, bee impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtilie catcht as a disease;
But, beinge gott, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder then to get:
And ought not to be prophande on eyther part;
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., as before, where it is headed 'Elegia Decima quarta.' This Elegy appeared originally in 1633 edition, and since in all the after-editions. It is the more important to keep in mind that the dates 1633 and 1635 inform us that it had twice appeared during Ben Jonson's lifetime—for he did not die until 1637; a fact quite sufficient to set aside its introduction into his posthumous 'Underwoods'—than which a more uncritical and illiterately-edited book it is scarcely possible to imagine. Besides, I have not met with any edition of Donne not containing this Elegy, and in all the ms. collections—and they are very numerous—it is found; while in
no ms. is it ever assigned to Jonson, notwithstanding that there are many of his poems in such ms. collections. Internally the whole sentiment, colouring, turns, and wording of the Elegy is Donne's, and the antithesis of Jonson. Lient. Cunningham in his edition of Ben Jonson (S vols. 8vo), while retaining this Elegy in the 'Underwoods,' notes its resemblance to Donne, and suggests that probably other two of the Elegies belong to Donne. My answer is, that while the present Elegy is found in all the printed editions of Donne, and similarly in all the ms., those other two never have been found assigned to Donne. Cunningham's idea of the present Elegy springing out of another Elegy, certainly Jonson's, is a mere fancy unsupported by evidence external or internal. See more on this in our Essay.

Line 8, 'Thought:' so usually: our ms. miswrites 'Thoughe.'

8, 'smyle at your perjuries:' a saying quoted by Shake- speare:

"They say Love laugha."  Romeo and Juliet, II. 2.

Usually it is 'it,' not 'she,' the latter quaintly making heaven feminine.

Line 10, 'swit in water.' Was the dying Keats thinking of this? See our Essay on the place.

Line 25, 'lon'd': others had been loved. Usually 'love.'

58, 'breast:' our ms. 'beast:' but I prefer the former, because it implies he was one to whose supposedly faithful 'breast' she confided her secrets.

Line 36, 'cast.' See former note.

39, 'stayne:' 1669 'so our love hath slain:' and line 40 usually 'wretched.' I adopt our ms., although some may think 'revive' of line 58, and line 55 'I could begin again,' agree better with 'hath slain' in line 40.

Line 49, 'fauler:' so usually: our ms. inadvertently 'false.'
A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I sing no harne, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord or foole, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
Reformèd or reducèd captaine, knave,
Officer, jugler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat sowe’s grease;
I am no libeller, nor will be any;
But (like a true man) say there are too many:
I fear not ore tenus, for my tale
Nor count nor counsellour will looke red or pale.

A citizen and his wife the other day,
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtooke; the wench a pretty peate,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate;
I saw the lecherous citizen turne backe
His head, and on his wife’s lip steale a smacke,
Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
Riding before to kisse his wife behinde;
To get acquaintance with him, I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
I ask’d the number of the Plaguing Bill,
Ask’d if the custome-farmers held out still;
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the Iland seas had marr’d;
ELEGIES.

Whether the Brittaine Burse did fill space,
And likely were to give th’ Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built Algate, and the Morefield crosses,
Of store of bankerouts and poore merchants’ losses,
I urg’d him to speake; but he (as mute
As an old courtier wore to his last suite)
Replies with onely yeas and nayes; at last
(To fit his element) my theame I cast
On tradesmen’s gaines; that set his tongue agoing,
Alas, good Sir (quoth he), there is no doing
In court nor city now. She smil’d and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present times with such a face
He rail’d, as fray’d me; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex dayes:
Call’d those the age of action: true (quoth he)
There’s now as great an itch of bravery
And heat of taking up, but cold lay-downe;
For put to push of pay, away they runne;
Our onely city trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whores, and scriveners;
The much of priviledg’d kinsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore:
In the first state of their creation
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous paymaster. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harah talk, I sweat for feare of treason.
And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Major,
And his wise brethren's worship, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
(In happy time) an angel did appeare,
The bright signe of a lov'd and well-try'd innen,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well-us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way;
Looke, how he look'd that hid the gold (his hope),
And at retourne found nothing but a rope;
So he at me; refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
I found my misse, struck hands, and prai'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
But his kinde wife gave me the very Signé.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This tale appeared originally in 1635 edition. Our text is that of 1639.
Line 4, 'Reformèd Captain,' or Reformado. Said by Nares to be an officer who for some disgrace had been deprived of his command, but not of his rank, nor perhaps of his pay. Some of the uses of the word, however, do not seem to agree with this, and I rather think it was eventually, if not originally, applied to any officers who had no present command, and who, awaiting vacancies or the like, were formed into a company by them-
selves. With this Bullaker, Dyche, and Kershaw agree, though not Coles.

Line 6, 'fat sow's grease:' evidently a proverbial saying.

'' 9, 'ore tenes'=by word of mouth, a law term.

'' 10, 'looks': not in 1669.

'' 20, 'To': '1669 'And.'

'' 21, 'Flagging': '1669 'Plague'=Bill of Mortality for the Plague.

Lines 22-3: these are date-marks if we could get at them.

'' 23, 'Ward.' There was printed in 1612 a play by B4.

Daborne, 'A Christian turn'd Turk, or the tragical Lives and Deaths of the two famous Pirates, Ward and Dansiker;' and Halliwell says it is taken from an account of the overthrow of these two pirates by Andrew Barker (1669, 4to). This gives the (probable) date of this tale. The Island seas are those around the West Indian and other islands. The Midland seas (as in 1669) were probably the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Seas.

Line 25, 'Brittaine Burse':=(now) British.

'' 34. This unseemly equivoque is frequent in the writers of that day.

Line 41, 'quoth he': a notable correction in 1669 of the 'Quoth I' of 1635, 1639, &c.

Line 47, 'kinmen': '1669 'kingsmen.'

'' 57, 'say amen': because neither Mayor nor Brethren were wise.

Line 58, 'him off': i.e. to get from him, [and] from what I glozed to hear.

Line 62, 'Well-us'd and often,' may refer to the inn; but it is simpler to take these words as referring to citizens and wives.

Line 65, 'rope': an old story found in many forms, of a man who saw another hide some stolen money in a hole in a barn, and took it, and replaced it by a rope.

Line 68, 'miss': I found my failure. This is no equivoque, as 'miss' in that sense was not used till later. See our MARVELL, s.v.

Line 71, 'Signe,' i.e. of their shop. G.
XVIII.

LOVE'S PROGRESS.

Whoever loves, if he doth not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To see for nothings but to make him sick:
Love is a beare-whelpe borne, if we ore-lieke
Our love, and force it newe strange shapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
Faced like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in vinity: preferr
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I valew gold, may thinke upon
The ductilness, the applicatyon,
The wholsomenes, the ingenuetye,
From rust, from soile, from fire for ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
(By our new nature) use, the soal of trade.
All this in woman we might think upon
(If women had them), and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women then to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I coole my blood
Till I both be, and fynd one, wise and good?
Let barren angels love soe, but if wee
Make love to woman, virtue is not shee,
ELEGIES.

As bewtie's not, nor wealth; he that straies thus, 25
From her to her's, is more adulterous
Then if he took her mayd. Serch every sphære than
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He's an infernall god, and undergrounw,
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fyre abound; 30
Men to such gods their sacrificing coles
Did not on altars lay, but in pytts and holes:
Although we see cælestiall bodyes move
Above the earth, the earth we thy and loue:
So we her aires contemplate, words, and hart, heart 35
And virtue; but we love the centrique part.
Nor is the sowle more worthy, or more fytt
For love, then this, as infinyte as it. than
But in attayning this desired place
How much they err, that set out at the face! 40
The hayre a forest is of ambushes,
Of springges, snares, fetters, and manacles:
The browe becalms us, when 'tis smooth and plaine;
And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwrackes us againe.
Smooth, 'tis a paradice, where we wold haue 45
Immortall stay; but wrinkled, 'tis our grave.
The nose (like to the first meridian) runns
Not betwixt east and west, but 'twixt two sunns;
It leaves a cheeke, a rosie hemisphære
On syther syde, and then directs us where 50
Upon the islands Fortunate wee fall,
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosiall
And swelling lipps to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and thinke ourselves at home,
For they seeme all: there syrens' songes, and there Wise Delphique oracles, doe fill the eare;
There in a creeke, where chosen pears do swell,
The Remora, her cleaving toungue, doth dwell.
These and the glorious promontory, her chynn,
Being past, the straits of Helespont, between The Sestos and Abidos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers, but two loves, the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thyne eye
Some island moles may scatred there discry,
And sayling towards her India, in the way Shall at her faire Atlantique navill stay,
Though thence the current be thy pylot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embaide,
Thou shalt vpon another forrest sett,
Where many shipwrack and no further gett.
When thou art there, consider thou thy chace
Maskt longer by beginnings at the face.
Rather sett out belowe; practize my art;
Some simmetrie the foot hath with that part,
Which thou doest seek, and is as mapp for that;
Lovely enough to stopp, but not stay att:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the embleme, that hath figurèd
Firmnes; 'tis the first part that comes to bedd.
ELEGIES.

Civilitie we see refyned: the kisse
(Which at the face begun) transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to the imperiall knee,
Now at the Papall foote delights to bee:
If kings thinke that the nearer way, and doe
Rise from the foot, lovers may doe so too.
For as free spheres move faster farr then can
Byrds, whom the ayre resists; so may that man,
Which goes this emptie and ethreall way,
Then if at bewtie's enemies he stay.
Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made
Two purses, and their mouthes aversly laid:
Then they, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way, which that exchequer looks, must goe:
He who doth not, his error is as great,
As who by oyster gives the stomack meate.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens' ms., as before, where this Elegy is numbered 'Elegia Nona,' and headed as we have done, 'Love's Progress,' and so too in ms. 4955, as before. It appeared originally in 1669 edition (pp. 94-97), but very incorrectly, as a collation will show. We have silently put right from our ms. and other mss.

Line 4, 'ore-licks:' a reference to the belief that animals licked their young into shape, whence the phrase 'lick into shape.'

Line 12, 'the:' our ms. misreads 'of.'

18, 'ingenueyte:' Latinate, free-born or noble descent, untaintedness.

Line 16. The reference is to the proverb, 'use is second
nature,' and I accept the usual text rather than 'By use of our new nature,' as in our ms.

Line 20. Our ms. inserts badly 'That' before 'they,' and reads 'they are' for 'they're.' I accept the usual printed text. So in line 21 our ms. misreads 'Mak.'

Line 22, 'be:' so usually. Our ms. misreads 'see': Must I cool my blood both till I 'be' wise and good, and till I find a woman equally so?

Line 25. Our ms. reads badly 'As bewtie nor wealth is.'

,, 27, 'if he tooke:' our ms. misreads 'then he that tooke.' There is no woman spoken of in particular, but only 'woman' generically. I therefore accept the usual printed text, 'if he tooke,' as it agrees with this, while 'he that tooke' makes a reference to one that has not been referred to.

Line 42, 'sprinidges,' &c. Cf. MARVELL, s.v.

,, 60. The construction here is elliptical, or requires a double use of the verb: 'These and... her chin being past, and the straits being passed.' There is a similar phrase (lines 3-4) in the 'Funeral Elegy' commencing 'Language, thou art too narrow' (hitherto erroneously included in this Series). 'If we could sigh out our accents, and weep words, grieve wears and lessens [grief wears and lessens] that affords breath [to] tears.' See also note on next Elegy, line 40. Cf. too Elegy on Julia, line 5, where 'Is her continual practice' has to do double duty.

Lines 71-2. 1669 reads 'what this chase Misspent, by thy.'

,, 88, 'whom:' so usually. Our ms. reads 'when;' 'when' gives the first sense, 'free spheres move faster when the air resists than birds;' 'whom' frees the sentence from that absurd-sounding ambiguity.

One mourns that ever Donne wrote in this vein of Carew at his worst. G.
ELEGIES.

XIX.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powres defie,
Untill I labour, I in labour lye.
The foe ofttimes, havinge the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standinge, though he never fight.
Off with that gyrdle, like heavn's zone glysteringe, 5
But a farr fayrer world incompassinge.
Unpin that spangled brestplate, which you weare,
That the 'eyes of busy fools might be stopt there;
Unlace yourselfe, for that (your woman's chyme)
Tells me from you, that now 'tis your bedtime. 10
Off with that happy busk, which I envye,
That still can bee, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gowne goinge off such bewteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads th' hill's shadowe steals.
Off with your wirie coronett, and showe 15
The hairye diadems which on you doe growe:
Off with your hose and shooes, then safely tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bedd.
In such white robes heaven's angels use to bee
Perceiv'd by men; thou angell bring'st with thee 20
A heaven-like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walke in whyte, we easily know
By this, these angels from an evill sprite;
Those sett our hayre, but these our flesh upright.
License my roaving hands, and let them goe
Behynd, before, betweene, above, belowe.
Oh my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom, safest when with one man man'd.
My myne of precious stones! my emperie!
How blest am I, in thus discoveringe thee!
To enter in those bonds is to be free;
That where my hand is sett my seale shalbee.

Full nakednes! all joyes are due to thee;
As fowles unbodied boydes uncloth'd must bee,
To tast whole joyes. Gems, which you women use,
Are, as Atlanta's balle, cast in men's viewes;
That when a foole's eye lighteth on a gemm,
His earthly sowele might covr't those, not them:
Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus arraide.
Themselves are only mistique books, which wee
(Whome their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see revail'd. Then since that I may know,
As liberally as to a midwife shoue
Thyselue; cast all, yea y* white lynen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I'll be naked first; why, than
What needs thou haue more covering then a man?

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is from Stephens’ ms., as before, where it is num-
bered 'Elegia Decima octava.' This Elegy, the most sensual
ever written by English poet of the genius of Donne, originally appeared in 1669 edition (pp. 97-9).

Line 7, ‘spangled breastplate.’ Those who have seen the Corfoot women in their gala dresses, Venetian fashions of two or three hundred years ago, will recognise the ‘spangled’ and sometimes ‘gold’ plate, breast-plate, or stomacher of the text.

Line 12. The first ‘still’=quiet; the second=yet or continuously.

Line 18, ‘bewteous:’ so usually: our ms. reads ‘beautie’s state,’ not so good.

Line 15, ‘wirte coronet:’ on which the hair and added hair and head-gear were built up.

Line 40, ‘lay-men:’ in the sense of ignorant laics, not admitted into the inner precincts. ‘For laymen’ is to be used with both the preceding and following clause; a kind of ellipse already noted in Donne.  G.

XX.

OPINION.

The heavens rejoice in motion; why should I
Abjure my so beloved variety,
And not with many, youth and loue deuide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifie.
The sun, that sitting in the chaire of light,
Sheds flame into what else soe’er seemes bright,
Is not contented att one Sign to inn,
But ends his yeare, and att a new begins.
All things doe willingly in chang delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite:

VOL. I.
Riuers the clerer and more pleasing are, [clear;  
Where their faire-spreading streams run wide and
And a dead lake, that no strange barque doth greete, 
Corrupts itself and what doth lieue in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is faire 15 
And worthy all alone my loue to sheire.  share
Nature hath done in her the liberall part
Of a kind mistress, and empoilde her art
To make her loueable; and I auerr
Him not humane, that would return from her; 20 
I loue her well; and could, if need weere, dye were 
To doe her service. But followes it that I,
Must serue her only, when I may haue choice?
The lawe is hard, and shall not haue my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is faire, 25 
And houlds me in the sunnebeams of her haire;
Her nymphlike features such agreements haue,
That I could venture with her to the graue:
Another's browne, I like her not the worse;
Her tonge is soft, and takes me with discourse; 30
Others, for that they well descended are,
Doe in my loue obteine as larg a share;
And though they be not faire, 'tis much with mee
To winn their loue only for their degree;
And though I faile of my required ends, 35
The attempt is glorious, and itself comends.
How happy were our sires in ancient time, were
Who held plurality of loues no crime!
ELEGIES.

With them it was accounted charrety
To stirr up race of all indifferently; 40
Kindred were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Persians still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner askt then won; 45
And what they did was honest, and well done.
But since this title honnour hath been used,
Ower weake credulety hath been abuse.
The goulden lawes of nature are repealed,
Which our first fathers in such reverence held;
Our libertye's reverst, and chartar's gone,
And we made servants to Opinion; 50
A monster in no certaine shape attired,
And whose originall is much desired;
Formless at first, butt growing on, itt fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here Loue received immedicinable harmses, 55
And was despoiled of his daring armes;
A greater want then is his daring eyes,
He lost those awfull wings with which he flyes;
His sinewy bow, and those imortal darts,
Wherewith hee's wont to bruise resisting harts. 60
Only some few, strong in themselues, and free,
Retaine the seeds of ancient liberty;
Following that part of loue, although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their brest;
In spite of modern censures, him avouing 65
Their soveraigne, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troope, although I am the least,
Yet equall in affections with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor neuer did decline his least commaund;
For in whateuer form the message came,
My heart did open, and receaue the flame.
But time will in its course a point descrye,
When I this loved service must denye;
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age returne ouer libertyes.
What time, in grauer judgement, wee repos’d,
Shall not see easily be to change dispos’d;
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth see rareley weyng;
Which being found assembled in some one,
Wee’ll love her euer, and love her alone.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text is Haslewood-Kingsborough ms., as before. This
Elegy appeared originally in 1669 edition (pp. 411-414).

Line 3, ‘beloved.’ 1669 ‘much lov’d.’

4, 1669 badly reads ‘many youth and lov’d.’

5. Usually ‘soever’==soe’er, which accordingly I have
ventured to give; but even thus there is a syllable which will
not come into seansion, and ‘soe’er doth seem bright’ is un-
metrical prose. From other instances it is plain Donne did not
always at once detect that he had written an Alexandrine in-
stead of an ordinary five-foot verse. I correct by reading ‘seemes’
for ‘doth seem.’

Line 7, ‘im.’ See our PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER, s.v.

8, ‘att.’ 1669 ‘with.’

12, ‘clear.’ our ms. ‘faire;’ I accept 1669.
XXI.

A PARADOX OF A PAINTED FACE.

Nor kisse! by Jouve I must, and make impression!
As longe as Cupid dares to hould his sesseyon session
Within my flesh and blood, our kisses shall
Out-minvte tyme, and without number fall.

Doe I not know these balls of blushinge reed
That on thy cheeks thus amorously are spread,
Thy snowie necke, those vaines vpon thy browe
Which with their azure twinkling sweetly bowe,
Are artificiall, borrowed, and no more thyne owne
Then chaynes which on St. George's day are showne
Are proper to their wearers; yet for this
I idole thee, and begge a lascyous kisse.

The fucus and ceruse, which on thy face
Thy cuninge hand layes on to add new grace,
Deceive me with such pleasinge fraud, that I

Fynd in thy art, what can in Nature lye.
Much like a paynter that vpon some wall
On which the cadent sun-beames vse to fall
Paynte with such art a guylded butterflie
That sillie maids with slowe-mov'd fingers trie
To catch it, and then blush at their mistake,
Yet of this painted flie most reckoninge make:
Such is our state, since what we looke vpon
Is nought but colour and proportion.
Take we a face as full of frawde and lyes
As gipsies in your common lottereyes,
That is more false and more sophisticate
Then are saints’ reliques, or a man of state;
Yet such beinge glosed by the sleight of arte
Gaine admiration, wininge many a hart.
Put case there be a difference in the mold,
Yet may thy Venus be more choice, and hold
A dearer treasure. Oftentimes we see
Rich Candyan wynes in wooden bowles to bee;
The oderiferous civett doth not lye
Within the pretious muscatt’s care or eye,
But in a baser place; for prudent Nature
In drawinge us of various formes and feature,
Gives from y' envious shopp of her large treasure
To faire partes comlynesse, to baser pleasure.
The fairest flowres that in y' Springe do grow
Are not soe much for vse, as for the showe;
As lyllies, hyscinths, and your gorgious byrth
Of all pied-flowers, which dyaper the Earth,
ELEGIES.

Please more with their discoulered purple traine
Then holsome pot-heare which for vse remayne.
Shall I a gawdie-speckled serpent kisse
For that the colours which he wears be his!
A perfum’d cordevant who will not weare
Because ye sent is borrowed otherwhere?
The robes and vestments which do grace vs all
Are not our owne, but adventitiall.
Tyme rifies Nature’s bewtie, but alie Art
Repaires by cuninge this decayinge part;
Fills here a wrinkle and there purls a vayne,
And with a nymble hand runs ore againe
The breaches dented in by th’ arme of Tyme,
And makes deformitie to be noe cryme;
As when great men be grypt by sickness’ hand
Industrious phisick pregnantly doth stand
To patch vp fowle diseases, and doth strive
To kepe their totteringe carcasses alive.
Bewtie’s a candle-light, which every puffe
Blowes out, and leaves naught but a stinking snuff
To fill our nostrills with. This boldly thinke,
The clearest candle makes ye greatest stinke;
As your pure food and cleanest nutriment
Getts the most hott and most strong excrement.
Why hang we then on things so apt to varye,
So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie,
That agues, coughes, the tooth-ake, or catbarr
(Slight howses of diseases) spoyle and marr?
But when old age their bewty hath in chace,
And ploughes vpp furrowes in their once smooth face,
Then they become forsaken, and doe shewe
Like stately abbies ruyn'd longe agoe.
Nature but gives the modell and first draught
Of faire perfection, which by Art is taught
To make itselde a compleat forme and birth
Soe, stands a coppie to these shapes on Earth.
Jove grant me then a reparable face,
Which whil'st that coulers are, can want noe grace;
Pigmalian's painted statue I wold loue,
Soe it were warme or soft, or could but move.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegy was first printed by Sir John Simeon in his tractate of Donne poems from ms. for the Philobiblon Society (on which see our Preface); but as throughout Sir John modernised the orthography, I take our text in preference from the Stephens' ms. as before. In the Simeon copy the heading is simply 'To a Painted Lady.' These variations, taken from Simeon's copy, may be recorded (orthographical not noted):
  Line 1, 'will.'
    8, 'Within:' our ms. 'ypon:' the former accepted.
    9, 'Do not I . . . white and red.'
    8, 'wrinkles.'
    9, 'borrowed' dropped.
    10, 'showne:' our ms. 'worne:' the former accepted.
    11, 'the.'
    15, 'faces and the ceruse on:' 'foces,' Latin, counterfeit painting, deceit: used in those days as the name for the preparations employed in colouring the skin.
Line 14, 'more.'
  15-16. First printed by ms.
  19, 'such gilded art a.'
KLEGIES.

Line 21, 'it' and 'then' dropped.
., 22, 'more.'
., 23, 'Such:' our ms. miswrites 'Sure,' and 'estate' for
'state,' and 'that' for 'what;' 'what' being preferable, as mak-
ing what it is a general reflection, there being probably an
allusion to the philosophic idea of the day that we see the acci-
dents, colours, and proportion, but not the true substantia of
anything.
Line 25, 'Make.'
., 26, 'their cunningest flatteries.' I do not remember
any other allusion to this custom (except as below), nor do I
know whether the gipsies were real or 'stage' gipsies:

'He's a scurvyy informer; has more covenage
In him than is in five travelling lotteries.'
Middleton, Anything for a Quiet Life, act 1.

Line 29, 'thus.'
., 31-34 first printed by us.
., 37, 'baser,' wrongly; and so in line 38, 'use' for 'us.'
., 39, 'Gives unto them the shop,' which is nonsense.
., 43, 'the.'
., 47-8 in Simeon copy follow our lines 49-50, but run
thus:

'A gandy speckled serpent who would kiss
Because the colours that he wears are his?'

Line 51, 'do I insert from Simeon copy.
., 53, 'rides:' our ms. badly 'rided;' but I retain 'bew-
tie' for 'bountie.'
Line 54, 'decayed.'
., 55, 'here:' I accept this for 'there,' but not 'pearls'
for 'purls:' purls = makes a vein ripple or run wavingly. Cf.
'winding meanders,' El. xxv. line 24.
Line 58, 'Making.'
., 61, 'old.'
., 64, Simeon reads badly 'stuff.' See our note on 'snnf'
in Satire ii. line 6.
Line 67, 'pure:' spelled oddly 'poaro.'
., 74, 'wrinkles.' I accept 'once' for 'owne' of our ms.
., 77, 'or.'
., 78, 'wrought.'
., 79. Our ms. 'Speak to y'self . . . breath.' I accept
the Simeon copy.
Line 81, 'you' for 'then.'
ELEGIES.

Line 82, 'are' dropped in ms. from the common cause of error, alliterative letters and similar syllables: 'colours are.'
Line 83, 'image . . . could.'
" 84, 'and soft and;' 'could' is spelled 'cold.'
" 49, 'cordevant' is Spanish leather, so named from Cordova, once famous for its manufacture. G.

XXII.

LOVE'S WAR.

Till I have peace with thee, war other men;
And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
All other wars are scrupelous, only thou
A faire free cyttie, maist thy selfe allowe
To any one. In Flanders, who can tell
Whether the master 'press, or men rebell? oppress
Onely we knowe, that which all ideots say,
They beare most blowes that come to part the fray.
France in her lunatique giddines did hate
Even our men, yea and our God of late;
Yet she relies vpon our angells well,
Which n'e re returne no more then they that fell.
Sicke Ireland is with a strange warre possesst,
Like to an ague, now raging, now at rest,
Which tyme will curre: yet 'it must doe her good
If she were purg'd, and her head-vaine let blood.
And Midas joyes, our Spanish jorneyes give,
We touche all gold, but fynd no food to live.
ELEGIES.

And I shold be in the hot parchinge clyme
To dust and ashes turnd before my tyme. 20
To mewe me in a shipp is to inthral
Me in a prisonn, that were like to fall;
Or in a cloister, save that there men dwell
In a calme Heav’n, here in a swayring Hell.
Long voiages are long consumptions,
And shippes are cartes for executyons;
Yea, they are deaths: It is all one to flye
Into another world, as ’tis to die.
Heere let me warre, in these arms let me lye;
Here let me parley: better bleed then dye. 30
Thyne arms imprison mee, and myn arms thee;
Thy hart thy ransom is, take myne for mee.
Other men warre, that thy their rest may gaine,
But we will rest that we may fight againe.
Those warres th’ ignorant, these the experienc love; 35
There we are alwaies vnder, heere aboue;
There engines farr of[f] breed a iust true feare;
Neere thrusts, pickes, stabbs, yea bullets, hurt not heere.
There lyes are wronges, here safe vprightly lye;
There men kill men, wee’le make one by and by. 40
Thou nothinge, I not halfe see much to doe
In these warres, as they may which from vs two
Shall springe. Thousands we see which travail not
To warre, but stay, swords, arms, and shott
To make at home; and shall not I do then
More glorioues service, staying to make men?
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegy was first printed by Waldron (on whom see our Essay), and, ignorant thereof, by Sir John Simeon, as before; but again, and for the same reasons, I follow the Stephens' ms., where it is headed simply 'Elegia Decima quinta.' These variations from our ms. are noteworthy:

Line 1. Characteristically Donne writes in our ms. 'I war with,' oblivious of scansion, &c. 'Warr other men'—let other men war—second and greatly-improved thought. So in like manner 'The present wars devour him' (Coriol. i. 1); a phrase surprisingly puzzling to some, even after Warburton had pointed out its true meaning.

Line 6, 'press' = oppress (as in margin). Our ms. reads 'master-peers.'

Line 8, 'who,' and line 12, 'which.' The allusion is to the assistance at various times given to the Provinces in their War of Independence.

Lines 10-11. Perhaps referring to the force which was sent to the assistance of Henry of Navarre under Essex in 1591. The Queen, who had given him and the Dutch money and other secret assistance before, then sent him 20,000l. in gold.

Line 13, 'straying,' and line 15, 'must' for 'will.'

16, 'dead-valine.'

18. I accept 'touche' for the first 'fynd.'

24, 'swaggering.'

27, 'is'n't not.'

30, 'batter, bleed, and.' The explanation of such a phrase can be found in Sir Thomas Browne's Pseudod. b. iii. c. ix.; and the computation has been usefully—for their purpose—employed by quacks in the present day.

Line 52. I accept 'for' instead of 'from' of our ms.; and 'thy' for 'the ransom,' as the context demands.

Line 55. Our ms. 'unexperienc't.'

57. Our ms. 'their.' Simeon 'these:' accepted.

41, 'shall do.'

Waldron has this footnote: "'Than they which fell' (line 14). The ms. from which this and the following Elegy were printed reads, 'then they,' &c., the common orthography of the time. It is dated 1625. For the sake of perspicuity, some other trifling variations have been made—as bear for bare, vein for
vaine—and a few commas inserted. The distinction between angels, coin so-called, and the Fallen Angels scarcely needs being pointed out." All the references go to show that this Elegy was written in the reign of Elizabeth. G.

XXIII.

LOVE'S POWER.

Shall Love, that gave Latone's heire the foile, Apollo
(Proud of his archerie and Pethon's spoile,) Python's
And so enthrall'd him to a nimph's disdain.

As, when his hopes were dead, hee, full of paine,
Made him above all trees the lawrell grace,
An embleme of Love's glory, his disgrace;
Shall he, I say, be termed a foot-boy now
Which made all powers in Heauen and Earth to bowe?
Or is't a fancy which themselves doe frame,
And therefore dare baptize by any name?

A flaming straw! which one sparke kindles bright,
And first hard breath out of itselfe doth fright;
Whose father was a smile, and death a frowne,
Soon proud of little and for lesse cast downe?
'Tis so! and this a lackie terme you may, lackey

For it runs oft, and makes but shortest stay.

But thou, O Love! free from Time's eating rust,
That sett'st a limite unto boundles lust,
Making desire grow infinitely stronge,
And yet to one chast subiect still belong;
Bridling self-love, that flatters us in ease,
Quick'ning our wits to strive that they may please;
Fixing the wand'ring thoughts of straying youth,
The firmest bond of Faith, the knott of Truth:
Thou that did'st never lodge in worthless hart, heart 25
Thou art a master, wheresoe're thou art.
Thou mak'st food loathsome, sleep to be unrest,
Lost labor easeful, scorneful lookes a feast;
And when thou wilt, thy ioyes as farr excell joys
All else as, when thou punish'st, thy Hell. else 30
Oh make that rebell feel thy matchless power,
Thou that mad'st Jove a bull, a swan, a showre.
Give him a love as tirannous as faire,
That his desire goe yoaked with despaire;
Live in her eyes, but in her frozen heart
Lett no thaw come that may have sence of smart.
Lett her a constant silence never breake,
Till he doe wish repulse to heare her speake;
And last, such sence of error lett him haue
As he may never dare for mercy crave. 40
Then none will more capitulate with thee,
But of their harts will yield the empire free.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

First printed by Sir John Simeon, as before; but through a friend who collated this and others in our Vol. II. at Sir John's sale, I have been enabled to give the original orthography. I regret that there was no time to do the same for
ELEGIES.

Nos. xxiv. and xxv. that follow, which I am obliged to give as in the Simeon tractate.

Who the rebel was that represented Love as a post-boy, and so gave rise to the present poem, it is probably impossible now to discover. Ben Jonson in his Cynthia's Revels (1600) introduces Cupid as a gamesome boy-deity, who disguises himself as a page or foot-boy in the Court of Cynthia, and is foiled in his attempts, in part through those who may be likened to 'themselves' of line 9, &c. having drunk of the fountain of 'self-love' (line 21). Line 11, 'prond'—when proud; line 30, 'thy Hell' [excels all other Hells]. G.

XXIV.

LOVE AND REASON.

Base Love, the stain of youth, the scorn of age,
The folly of a man, a woman's rage;
The canker of a froward will thou art,
The business of an idle, empty heart;
The rack of Jealousy and sad Mistrust,
The smooth and justified excuse of lust;
The thief which wastes the taper of our life;
The quiet name of restless jars and strife;
The fly which dost corrupt and quite distaste All happiness if thou therein be cast;
The greatest and the most concealed impostor That ever vain credulity did foster;
A mountebank extolling trifles small,
A juggler playing loose, not fast with all;
An alchymist, whose promises are gold,
Payment but dross, and hope at highest sold.
This, this is Love, and worse than I can say
When he a master is, and bear the way.
He guides like Phaeton, burns and destroys,
Parches and stifles what would else be joys.
But when clear Reason, sitting in the throne,
Governs his beams,—which otherwise are none
But darts and mischiefs,—oh, then, sunlike, he
Doth actuate, produce, ripen, and free
From grossness, those good seeds which in us lie
Till then as in a grave, and there would die.
All high perfections in a perfect lover
His warmth doth cherish, and his light discover.
He gives an even temper of delight
Without a minute’s loss; nor fears affright
Nor interrupt the joys such love doth bring,
Nor no enjoying can dry up the spring.
Unto another he lends out our pleasure,
That—with the use—it may come home a treasure.
Pure link of bodies where no lust controls,
The fastness and security of souls!
Sweetest path of life, virtue in full sail,
Tree-budding hope whose fruit doth never fail!
To this dear love I do no rebel stand,
Though not employed, yet ready at command.
Wherefore, oh Reason high, thou who art king
Of the world’s king, and dost in order bring
The wild affections, which so often swerve
From thy just rule, and rebel passions serve;
ELEGIES.

Thou without whose light love's fire is but smoke, 45
Which puts out eyes and mind's true sense doth choke;
Restore this lover to himself again,
Send him a lively feeling of his pain,
Give him a healthy and discerning taste
Of food and rest, that he may rest at last, 50
By strength of thee, from his strange strong disease,
Wherein the danger is that it doth please.
Grant this, oh Reason, at his deep'st request
Who never loved to see your power suppress.
And now to you, Sir Love, your love I crave, 55
Of you no mastery I desire to have.
But that we may, like honest friends, agree,
Let us to Reason fellow-servants be.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From Sir John Simeon's tractate, as before. But while Sir John assures us very earnestly that he had well weighed the evidence furnished in the different mss. of his own and of (now) Lord Houghton of the authorship of all printed by him being Donne's, a critical perusal of the present Elegy suggests that it cannot have been written by, though probably it was addressed to, him. Line 39 (to notice only it)—

'To this dear love I do no rebel stand'—

seems plainly the poetic rejoinder of the person whom Donne had addressed in Elegy xxiii. This grows plainer still when we find that in reply to Donne's humorons curses he gives as 'a soft answer turning away wrath' the prayer beginning line 41; and then applying to Donne the title of Sir Love, clearly applies to him the phrase Donne had applied to Love: 'Thou art a master' (El. xxiii. line 36), and concludes with, 'of you, Sir Love:'

'Of you no mastery I desire to have,
But that we may, like honest friends, agree.' (ll. 55 et seqq.)
The same is also referred to, line 18, 'When he a master is,' &c. And again [Reason],

'Give him a healthy and discerning taste
Of food and rest, that he may rest at last' (ll. 48-50.)

refers to Donne's

'Thou [Love] mak'et food loathsome, sleep to be unrest.'

So line 35 refers to Donne's line 18, and lines 41-3 to Donne's lines 28 and 26; for reason, king of the world's king, is reason king of man. I am indebted to the insight of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for above line of detection.

On line 7 see former note on the opinion of philosophers on this; line 94, 'use'=usury, interest. G.

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XXV.

TO A LADY OF DARK COMPLEXION.

If shadows be the picture's excellence
And make it seem more lively to the sense;
If stars in the bright day are lost from sight
And seem most glorious in the mask of Night;
Why should you think, rare creature, that you lack
Perfection, cause your eyes and hair are black;
Or that your heavenly beauty, which exceeds
The new-sprung lilies in their maidenheads,
The damask colour of your cheeks and lips
Should suffer by their darkness an eclipse?

Rich diamonds shine brightest being set
And compassed within a field of jet;
Nor were it fit that nature should have made
So bright a sun to shine without some shade—
It seems that Nature, when she first did fancy
Your rare composure, studied nigromancy:
That when to you this gift she did impart
She used altogether the black art,
By which infused powers from magic book
You do command, like spirits, with a look.
She drew those magic circles in your eyes,
And made your hair the chains with which she ties
Rebelling hearts. Those blue veins, which appear
Winding meanders about either sphere,
Mysterious figures are; and when you list,
Your voice commandeth as the exorcist.
O, if in magic you have power so far,
Vouchsafe to make me your familiar.
Nor hath dame Nature her black art revealed
To outward parts alone, some lie concealed.
For as by heads of springs men often know
The nature of the streams which run below,
So your black hair and eyes do give direction
To think the rest to be of like complexion;
That rest where all rest lies that blesseth man,
That Indian mine, that straight of Magelan,
That world-dividing gulph, where he who ventures
With swelling sails and ravish't senses, enters
To a new world of bliss. Pardon I pray,
If my rude Muse presumeth to display
Secrets unknown, or hath her bounds o'erpast
In praising sweetness which I ne'er did taste.
Starved men do know there's meat, and blind men may,
Though hid from light, presume there is a day.
The rover, in the mark his arrow strikes
Sometimes as well as he that shoots at pricks;
And if that I might aim my shaft aright,
The black mark I would hit and not the white.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From Sir John Simeon, as before, as printed by him from his MS. The queen [Elizabeth] being fair, all beauties were golden-haired, and gray eyes were esteemed the loveliest; and as we have seen in our own day, those who had dark hair used auricome dyes. This explains the heading and treatment generally.

Line 6, 'nigromancy.' This is not a punning coinage of Donne's; for both forms — nigromancy = the black art = German Schwarzkunst; and necromancy = divination by calling up the deceased — existed in English, Italian, and French. As necromancy in its general sense is a misnomer—for it can only be applied to such arts as that of the Witch of Endor—it may be that nigromancy, as having to do with spirits of blackness, was a medieval coinage, suggested by necromantia, and this is supported in some degree by the Teutonic forms. The evidence, however, seems stronger for the belief that nigromancy is but a corruption of the modern Latin race pronunciation of the former necro, assisted by the evident fitness of the word niger so compounded. Thus the Italian pronunciation of necro would be negro, and this would glide, with the assistance mentioned, into negro. In Spanish also there is, so far as I can find, but one form — negromancia (negro being also = black in Sp.); and it confirms this view, that the dictionary compilers of those days, and especially such a one as Minsheu, make no distinction between the two forms.

Line 46, 'pricks:' miswritten 'picks:' the rover shot at any casual mark, the other at a 'prick,' or established and measured mark. Minsheu gives 'prick' as = butt, though sometimes it would appear to be used preeminently of its
centre. From the use of the verb 'pricking' in Ascham it would seem that a 'but' was called a 'prick,' because, it being for instruction and exercise in accuracy, the arrow was not shot with a long or strong flight so as to pierce, but for a short distance, with moderate strength (and even with a weaker bow), so as only to 'prick' the mark. I commend this to my admirable and erudite friend Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, who has edited with such scholarliness Ascham's 'Scholemaster.' G.

XXVI.

AN ELEGIE TO MRS. BOULSTRED.

Shall I goe force an elegy? abuse
My witt? and brake the hymen of my Muse
For one poore hower's love? deserves it such
Which serves not mee to doe on her as much?
Or if it would, I would that fortune shunn—
Who would be rich to be soe soon vndone?
The beggar's best that wealth doth never know,
And but to shew it him increaseth woe.
But we two may enjoy an hower, when never
It returns, who would have a lease for ever?
Nor can soe short a loue, if true, but bring
A half-hower's feare with thought of loosing.
Before it all howers were hope, and all are,
That shall come after it, yeares of dispaire.
This ioy brings this doubt, whether it were more
To haue enjoyed it, or haue dy'de before.
'Tis a lost Paradise, a fall from grace,
Which I think Adam felt more than his race;
Nor need these angels any other Hell,
It is enough for them from Heaven they fell.   20
Beside, conquest in love is all in all,
That when I list shee under me may fall;
And for this turne, both for delight and view
I'll haue a Succuba as good as you.
But when these toyes are past, and o' blood ends, our
The best injoying is, we still are freindes.   26
Loure can but be friendship's outside, there two their
 Beauties differ as minds and bodyes do.
Thus I this good still fayne would be to take,
 Vnles one howeuer another happy make;   30
 Or that I might forgett it instantly;
 Or in that blest estate that I might dye.
But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
 Of dispa'd Poetry, and perchance spill
 My fortune, or undoe myself in sport   35
By hauing but that daungerous name in Court?
I'll leave, and since I doe your poet proue,
 Keepe you my lines as secret as my love.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Elegie as published by Sir John Simeon (as before, pp. 18-14) differs in several places from his own ms. (exclusive of modernised spelling), as a collation thereof by my scrupulously-accurate friend Colonel Chester reveals. I exactly reproduce the original ms. Sir John seems to have made uo his text from
ELEGIES.

some other copies; but as he does not adduce these, it seems better to adhere to the ms. itself. These departures from the ms. being important, it is deemed expedient to record them: Line 7, 'his wealth he doth not know'; line 25, 'hast' for 'our' —the former better certainly, yet unauthentic; line 29, 'this great good still would'; line 30, 'but a poet's name'; line 84, 'Of deeper mysteries.' With reference to our heading, which is that of the ms., it is noticeable from the after-elegies 'on,' and not 'to,' the Lady. Sooth to say, this Elegy is obscure and unsatisfactory. G.

XXVII.

LOVE AND WIT.

True love fynds wytt, but he whose witt doth move
Him to love, confesseth he doth not love;
And from his wytt, passions and true desire
Are forc't as hard as from the flynnt is fyre.
My Love's all fyer, whose flames my soele doth nurs,
Whose smoakes are sygbs, whose every spark's a versa.
Doth measure win women? Then I know the why
Most of our ladyes with the Scots doe lyse.
A Scot is measured, in each syllable, terse
And smooth as a verse, and like that smooth verse 10
Is shallow, and wants matter cut in bands,
And they're rugged. Her state better stands
Whom dawnninge measures tempted, not y' Scott;
In breife their out of measure cost, so gott.
Greene-sicknes wenchcs (not needs must, but) may 15
Looke pale, breathe short; at Court none so long stay.
Good wit never dispairèd there, or ny me sayd, ah me
For never wench at Covrt was ravishèd.
And she but cheats on Heav'n whom see you wynn,
Thinkinge to share the sport, but not the synn. 20

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

We print this for the first time from the Stephens' ms.,
where it is headed simply 'Elegia Undecima.' In the Hasle-
wood-Kingsborough ms. (624, p. 165) there is another copy,
with the name 'John Done' appended. It offers these various
readings:

Line 1, 'Trew:' our ms. miswrites 'Even.' Cf. this line
with Elegy xxiii. Love's Pow'.

Line 9, 'A Scott measure:' both our text and this seem
corrupt here. I have ventured to read 'A Scott is measured'
for 'A Scott's:' the meaning—a Scott is measured [in his
pronunciation] terse in each syllable. As may be seen by com-
parison of Shakespeare's later writings, it became the fashion to
run words and syllables together, and to pronounce them as it
were blurringly. The Scots were seemingly behind the fashion,
besides having naturally that pronunciation which gave the
spelling ghair and the like—a difference which led to great dis-
puting. So much for 'measured and terse;' but 'smooth' I do
not understand, except that, to myself a Scot, our vernacular
seems liquid and musical as Italian in much of it. Possibly
Raleigh, and the fashionable maritime expeditions, might have
brought into vogue a more Devonian pronunciation.

Line 10. I take the 'And' before 'smooth' from Haslewood-
Kingsborough ms.

Line 11, 'writ in his hands:' ibid. Both texts obscure.

Ib. 'Is shallow and wants matter, but [=except] in his
hands, [which have the itch]; and are also, unlike his smooth
speech, rugged.'

Lines 12-13. Possibly said with some remembrance of Queen
Elizabeth, whom Sir C. Hatton pleased by his dancing, and who
hated the Scots.

Line 14, 'she's out of measure lost:' ibid.

Ib. 'Her state,' &c. being a comparison, he now returns,
and says, In brief, those so obtained by Scots and by measure, that is, not by force of burning affection, are out of measure, or wholly lost.

Line 16. *Id est*, none long stay so or such.

,, 17, 'or (aymer) sed:' ibid.: meaningless. 'Ay me'=" ah me: restores sense. The meaning seems to be, that true forceful love was never known at Court, but that 'wit,' which moved one to love fancifully, or in a measured way, never became disconsolate through ill success; for the women were ever ravished, but loved, as they ever did, by measure, and gave themselves up measuredly and willingly, without being forced either by their lovers' forceful love or by their own.

Line 18, 'mingled': ibid. G.

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**XXVIII.**

**A LOVE-MONSTER.**

Behold a wonder such as hath not bene
From Pirrhus age vnto this present scene!
Six fingers, two heads, and such rarities
Which sometyme haue been thought as prodigies
May passe as common things. No monster there 5
Compar'd with this which I about me beare.
Sporting with Calda as I oft before
Had done with her, and many of them more,
When in few dayes somthinge began t' appeare
The thought whereof amazed me with feare. 10
I had thought that I 'had plundyred a sandy shore,
For what's more barren then a comon whore?
But now I see the signes, feel them and handle,
And know, alas, I 'am in for sope and candle.
ELEGIES.

But here's the wonder, that noe Oedipus
Nor sphinx can ere vnryddle without vs.
The father and the mother are the same,
And I the agent both and patient am.
I gott the chyld and beare it, she is free,
The care of being delivered lyes in me.
My belly swells and cannot be conceal'd,
The poyson is gone too farr to be heal'd.
All men that see me [do] faint, halt and shrinke,
Wonder to see't, but know not what to think.
Now is the tyme of my deliverance neare,
And now I labour betwixt hope and feare.
Hopings ye best, yet euermore in doubt
How this Cæsarian bratt can be cut out.
A barber is my mydwife, and a knyfe
That cutes the infant's throat doth give it life.
One such a chance accruid to Jove, when hee
Slylie on earth stole secret leacherye.
When Vulcan launc't him and so drest ye sore
That from that tyme he never felt it more.
The chyld he Pallas call'd, because, quoth hee,
Hereafter I do meane wyser to bee.
So call I myne as aptly and as fytt,
For I'me resolvèd, myne shal teach me wytt.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

From the Stephens' ms. (for the first time), where it is
headed simply 'Elegia Vicesima pryma.' The conceits of the
age and of Donne were often so far-fetched, that a satisfactory
solution of the subject of this poem is, as he says, impossible without his own aid. Perhaps he had a Winchester goose or poulain, or possibly, from the expressions in line 30, paraphrasmosis.

Line 2, 'Pirrhus age:' when the Romans were affrighted by his elephants.

Line 14: probably used to facilitate delivery and to wash the child, &c. Cf. Middleton’s Chaste Maid in Cheapside, where a 'promoter' looking out for those who sold or ate meat in Lent is left with a new-born baby in a basket of meat, and says (II. 2, vol. iv. p. 87, ed. Dyce):

'Half our gettings
Must run in sugar Qing and nurses’ wages now,
Besides many a pound of soap and tallow;
We’ve need to get loins of mutton still, to save
Suet to change for candles.'

Line 26 refers to the Cæsarian operation. G.
IV.

EPITHALAMIUMS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.
NOTE.

Our text of this division of Donne's poetry is that of 1669, with the results of collation of all the printed editions and ms. in Notes and Illustrations. These in this case are slight, as the variations are almost wholly in orthography, and so not demanding record. See our Essay (Vol. II.) for critical remarks on these Epithalamiums and the class to which they belong: also our edition of Donne's friend CHRISTOPHER BROOK (in Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies, Vol. IV.) for his Epithalamium. G.
AN EPITHALAMION

ON FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHENE AND THE
LADY ELIZABETH
BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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

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

III.
Up then, fair phœnix bride, frustrate the sun;
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all:
And by their blazing signifie
That a great princess falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; and be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine.
IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union go;
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but one, can disunite,
You are twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that ye' are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine,
Besides this bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh! what ayles the sun, that here he stays
Longer to-day than other daies?
Stayes he new light from these to get?
And finding here such stores, is loath to set?
And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?
The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise;
The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas, did not antiquiteit assign
A night, as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come: and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pences) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.
But now she is laid: what though she be?
Yet there are more delayes; for where is he?
He comes, and passeth through spheer after spheer;
First her sheets, then her armes, then anywhere.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there;
She gives the best light to his spheer,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe;
And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal,
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine!

VIII.
And by this act of these two phoenixes
Nature again restored is;
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one phoenix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and we
(As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desir'd, because your face we see;
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing then, whose hand it is,
That opens first a curtain, here or his;
This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our text of this 'Epithalamium' is from 1689 edition, with
collation of the others, as explained in the general note pre-
fixed. It originally appeared in the 4to of 1633 (pp. 118-122),
and since in all the after-editions.
The Marriage celebrated took place at Whitehall on 14th
February 1612-13. Frederick V. Duke of Bavaria and Elector Palatine of the Rhine (spelled as usual 'Rhine' in the inscription), afterwards elected king of Bohemia, was driven from his dominions by the Emperor Ferdinand, and died at Mentz 29th November 1638. The Princess Elizabeth, eldest and only surviving daughter of James I. by Anne of Denmark, was born 19th August 1596, at the palace of Falkland in Fifeshire, Scotland. She — the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia in history— died at Leicester House, in London, 18th February 1661-2, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 17th of the same month. They were the parents of 'Prince Rupert.'

The texts of printed editions and MSS. are nearly identical, but these variants may be recorded in 1685 edition:

St. iv. last line has σ (MSS. 'our'); probably an error for o = of (1669, &c.).

St. v. last line reads O Val. for 'old:' the latter agrees better with context, 'Antiquity,' &c.

St. viii. line 1 reads 'Moon here' for 'Moon there;' the latter preferable.

Then in st. viii. line 12, 1669 omits 'such' by mistake; or possibly the author, discontented with the word, struck it out, without deciding on another. Several of the MSS. (especially the Stephens') similarly drop words, to loss of metre.

On the other hand, the Stephens' MSS. offers variations worth record:

St. i. 12, 'his wife, and brings his feather bed' (MSS.).

Both the sense and allusion make the latter preferable. In human marriages the man does not 'bring' furniture; and there is reason to believe that a bed was sometimes a gift with the bride.

Ib. line 13, 'than others shine' (MSS.).

As the poet is speaking not of other days, but of past Valentines, the latter is preferable.

St. ii. line 7. Cf. Progress of the Soul, st. iii. line 1, and note that the words 'cage' and 'park,' used in both, confirm the view expressed there, that Janus is = Noah.

St. iii. line 9, 'this blazing' (MSS.).

'This blazing' makes it an act of the princess; and by context, 'their meteor portents' gives the better reading.
EPITALAMIAUMS.

St. iv. line 4, 'grow' (MS.).

Here the MS. may be said to be equally good; yet 'go' might be defended, because he is speaking of before the marriage ceremony, and of 'going' to it. Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. 'grew.'

St. vi. is not in the MS.
'... vii. line 6, 'their' (MS.).

That seems preferable; as also in these: line 7, 'or stay' for 'now stay;' and line 11, 'and' for 'they;' and line 13, 'and' for 'more;' and st. viii. line 10, 'at whose side' (MS.) for 'which.' I prefer the printed texts. Other differences, mainly in spelling, do not call for notice. From whatever cause, the printed texts of the Epithalamiaums are unusually good and accurate. This point requires notice:

St. viii. line 12. A strange custom this of visiting the yesterday-married couple in their chamber at morn, and while yet asleep or not risen. G.

ECLOGUE.

December 26, 1613.
ALLOPHANES finding IDIOS in the Country that Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court at that Marriage of the Earl of Summerset; IDIOS gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clyme
Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sayle through their sea, the ayre.
What delicacy can in fields appeare,
Whilst Flora herself doth a freez jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent:
At Court the Spring already advanced is,
The sun stayes longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
First, zeal to Prince and State; then Love's desires
Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great lights,
The first doth govern daies, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appear
Before the sun and moon created were,—
The prince's favour,—is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombes of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lusters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire;
And all is warmth and light and good desire.
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell, 
Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get 
Continual but artificial heat; 
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.
And canst thou be from thence?

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

ALLOPHANES.
Dreamer, thou art.
Think'st thou, fantastique, that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well dispos’d, and which would fain be gold:
But never shall, except it chance to lye
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God, religion springs;
Wisdom and honour, from the use of kings;
Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ’d they be,
Are still in heaven; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come.
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
Might’st have read more than all thy books bewray:
Hast thou a history, which doth present
A Court, where all affections do assent
Unto the king’s, and that, that kings’ are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t’ obey,
Where none need whisper anything, yet may;
Where the king’s favours are so plac’d, that all
Finde that the king therein is liberal
To them in him, because his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
EPITHALAMIAIMS.

Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more,—
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that brest
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man!

IDIOS.

I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say.
And yet I 'scaped not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I uttered some.
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
Either the Court or men's harts to invade;
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph, which might advance my fame,
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

1. THE TIME OF MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And should'st within five days expire.
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old soul, the sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run:
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art,
Either unto the northern pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?

Be tried by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
EPITHALAMIUMS.

How, having laid down in thy sovereign's brest
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
To show to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.
But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in bed so long:
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit 140
Thou in first rising should allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phoebus, would'st be Phaeton. 145
For our ease give thine eyes the unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quench, thou mai'st impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes; to him, thy loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.
Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in Winter see; 150
So dost thou, when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we, which do behold,
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every jewel be a glorious star; 155
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are.
And though thou stoop to appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art,       [heart.
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.
Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we,  160
As men, which through a cypres see
The rising sun, do think it two,
So, as you go to church, do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the church-rites you are from thenceforth one. 165
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend priest, who God's Recorder art,
Do from his dictates to these two impart       [heart.
All blessings which are seen or thought by angel's eye or

VII. THE BENEDICTION.
Blest pair of swans, O may you interbring       171
Daily new joys, and never sing:
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honor, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great lights to trie,                       175
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end, live
Heirs from this king, to take thanks; you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art;
May never age or errour overthwart       [heart.
With any West these radiant eyes, with any North this
But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth Time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.  185
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the ayr, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since the sun to bed did part,  190
The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, a center to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep?
To sit up, till thou fain would sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou'rt laid, do so.  195
Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertain,
And do all this day's dances o're again.
Know, that if sun and moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too.  200
Therefore thou maist, faire bride, to bed depart;
Thou art not gone being gone; where're thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.
X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a starr fall, runs apace,
   And finds a gelly in the place, jelly 205
So doth the bridgroom haste as much,
Being told this starre is falt, and finds her such.
   And as friends may look strange
By a new fashion, or apparel's change,
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been, 210
These clothes— their bodies— never yet had seen.
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part [heart.
As freely, as each to each before gave either hand or

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear, 215
   Unchanged for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
   Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,— 220
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
This is joye's bonfire, then, where Love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts 224
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving hearts.

IDIOS.

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

ALLOPHANES.

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

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This 'Eclogue' and Epithalamium appeared originally in
the 4to of 1683 (pp. 133-139), and has since been reprinted in
all the editions. Our text is that of 1689, as before. There
are no variations calling for record. It was fitting that Ben
Jonson should write his delicious Masque of 'Hymenaei' at the
marriage of the Lady Frances Howard (in her fourteenth year)
with the Earl of Essex (in his fifteenth year); for there was
then scope and warrant for all 'Pleasures of Imagination' and
'Pleasures of Hope'; but it is deplorable to read his verses 'To
the most noble and above his titles, Robert, Earl of Somerset,
sent to him on his Wedding-day, 1613' (Cunningham's Jonson,
193), and equally so to have Donne celebrating the same vilen
adulterous second marriage of the divorced 'Countess' of Essex
with the minion of James, Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester
(created just before it Earl of Somerset). This infamous mar-
riage led to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and the trial
and condemnation of the earl and countess—whose lives, re-
rieved by the king, were dragged out in mutual recrimination
and loathing. Somerset died obliviously; his devilish wife the
object of national horror. I fear that as Bacon got Campion to
write his Masque for the present occasion, he too over-persuaded
Donne to prepare his Eclogue and Epithalamium. Be this as
it may, it is saddening to find the great names of Bacon and
Jonson and Donne mixed-up with a marriage so disgraceful. The 'Insatiate Countess,' whether by Marston or not, probably reproduces (though founded on an older story) the popular opinion of our 'Countess,' spite of her beauty and fascination. On these see ll. 25, &c., and st. ii. iv. v. &c.: on the public opinion of her, ll. 122-4: l. 167, again, refers to the differences of opinion among those who tried the case of divorce. Archbishop Abbot gave against it, notwithstanding the king's reproof, and three out of the five doctors of law went with him; but some of the bishops took the king's view, and the divorce was decreed by seven against five: ll. 121, 142, and 222 remind us that the plea of divorce being that she forcibly remained a virgin, she was married as a virgin-bride, with 'untrimmed locks,' that is with loose and flowing hair.

Line 5, 'that': Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'their.'

6, 'scats:' cf. Marvell, and our relative note.

12. The construction 'having taken' is colloquial and irregular: and I accept the 'have taken' of 1638.

Line 21, 'then': Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'show.'

37, 'digest' = separate in a reflective sense, tend to dissolve as things digested in a retort or in the stomach: 'digest' accepted from 1635 edition.

Line 39, 'from thence:' this reduplication is now a forbidden colloquialism.

Line 40, 'dispos'd.' This and the example line 62 show how 'dispos'd' came (like 'procative') to have the particular meaning first noticed by Dyce, and how the particular disposition is to be deduced from the context. See Jonson's Tale of a Tub (act iv. sc. 6), where out of three uses, the second, like the example in Love's Labour Lost (ll. 1), seems to show that it sometimes stood merely for disposed 'to be merry.'

Lines 64-5. Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'I am not then from court.'

Line 57. Ibid. 'East Indian.'

62-8. If this be a piece of medieval natural science, it is unknown to me.

Line 67, 'powers': Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. 'points.'

77, 'and [doth present this] that kings' are just.'

80. I accept here Haslewood-Kingsborough ms. instead of 1669 'Where men need whisper nothing . . .'

Line 88, 'to them in him:' the particular one favoured, the bridegroom.
EPITHALAMIA.

Line 86, 'wise then, and before.' the allusion is to the saying that one cannot love and be wise.

Line 87, 'livery'—release from wardship.

" 89, 'into.' Haslewood-Kingsborough 'within.'

" 116. Ibid. reads 'undeserving . . . what eyes.'

" 131, 'present at the sun.' This, and the wording of lines 5-8, vi. line 1, vii. line 2, and the opening of the Epith. at Lincoln's-inn, have greater point and appropriateness when we remember the customs of the period. In more than one old play the people rise before sunrise to be ready for a bridal; and in one the father is surprised at the girls not being up; but not surprised when from their absence he supposes that they rose before him, and slipped off to church.

Line 145, 'Phaeton' [and search them].

" 150, 'Winter.' I accept this reading from Addl. mss. 10647, Plut. 201 H. In 1638, 1639, 1649, and 1669 'water:' in Stephens' ms. 'waters:' but line 152 'cloud'st' shows Winter to be the true reading, because the thought. It is no question of non-viewing the direct splendour of the sun.

Line 161, 'cypress'—crape.

" 172, 'never sing,' and therefore never die; the allusion being to the myth that swans sing [only] before they die.

Lines 205-6, 'gelly'—jelly. One of those popular beliefs which in all probability arose from a coincidence, some gelatinous matter having been found where an aerolite had buried itself and been lost, or where a star had seemingly fallen.

Line 211, 'These clothes'—their bodies, and so I punctuate (—).

Line 215, 'lamp.' The ever-burning light in Tullia's tomb and in another are mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne in his Pseudodoxia Epid. l. iii. c. 21: 'Why some lamps included in close bodies have burned many hundred years, as that discovered in the sepulchre of Tullia, the sister of Cicero, and that of Olibius many years after, near Padua.' The belief is supposed to have arisen from the taking fire of pent-up gases at the moment of opening. G.

VOL. I. N N
EPITHALAMION: MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

I.

The sun-beams in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint:  5
You and your other you meet there anon:
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft more nigh.  10
Come glad from thence, go gladder then you came, than
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mines and furnish'd treasurie;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you  15
Thousands of angels on your marriage dayes,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
EPITHALAMIUMS.

By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
  As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indis;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

The amorous evening starre is rose;
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musitians, and dancers, take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much wearines as perfection brings.
EPITHALAMIIUZE.

You, and not only you, but all toyl’d beasts,
Rest duly; at night, all their toyles are dispenced;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labors, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman’s name.

VII.

Thy virgin’s girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (love’s altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
T’ adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness;
This bed is only to virginities
A grave, but to a better state a cradle.
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said, I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman’s name.

VIII.

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

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Epithalamium appeared originally in the 4to of 1683
(pp. 135-138), and since in all the editions. Our text is that
of 1689, as before. The variations are of no importance.
St. i. line 1. See note on previous poem (iii. 5).
Ib. line 6, 'meet' = do meet = will meet.
St. iii. line 1 (line 26), 'Patricians.' Addl. ms. 18647 reads
'Puritans ... Come of ...'.
Ib. line 6. The students of the Law constantly supple-
mented 'study' with masques and plays, either acting them-
selves or hiring others to act before them. One very magni-
ficent entertainment was given to Queen Elizabeth by those of
the Inner Temple at Christmas 1561-2, when they performed
Ferrex and Pollux; and the four Inns combined in February
1684 to present before the court Shirley's Masque of the Triumph
of Peace, the music of which cost 1000l., and the clothes of the
horsemen were valued at 10,000l., and the whole charges 20,000l.
See Collier, Ann. of Stage, i. 179, and iii. 59, and authorities
there noted.
St. iv. line 9 (line 45); ms. 18647 reads 'Never night ...'.
vi. line 8 (line 68), 'dispenc'd': a license for 'dispensed'
[with].
St. viii. line 9 (line 93), 'This sun ...': the bridegroom:
a thought reversed from Psalm xix. 4-5.

END OF VOL. I.

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