THE FIRST AND SECOND DALHOUSIE MANUSCRIPTS
POEMS AND PROSE BY
JOHN DONNE AND OTHERS,
A FACSIMILE EDITION

EDITED BY ERNEST W. SULLIVAN, II
Discovered in 1977 among the papers of the Dalhousie family at the Scottish Record Office in Edinburgh and purchased by Texas Tech University in 1983, the First and Second Dalhousie Manuscripts contain, respectively, forty-four and twenty-nine of Donne's most studied poems as they were copied during his lifetime. Additionally, the manuscripts contain poems by Francis Bacon, Francis Beaumont, Thomas Campion, Richard Corbet, Sir John Davies, Sir Edward Dyer, Sir John Harington, John Hoskyns, George Morley, Sir Thomas Overbury (as well as three of his prose "Characters"), Sir Walter Raleigh, Jonathan Richards, Sir John Roe, Joshua Sylvester, and Sir Henry Wotton, as well as several anonymous and possibly unique English and Scottish Renaissance lyrics.

The Dalhousie manuscripts are the most important Donne manuscripts to surface since Sir H. J. C. Grierson's 1912 edition of The Poems of John Donne. They provide authoritative and unique readings that will cause critics and textual scholars to reconsider the genesis, transmission, and texts of Donne's poetical works. Further, the Dalhousie manuscripts, deriving from a collection compiled by the Essex family, throw light on the textual transmission of Renaissance poems as well as on Renaissance practices and assumptions in collecting verse.

Following an introduction identifying and dating the poems and discussing their textual and critical significance, this edition
THE FIRST AND SECOND DALHOUSIE MANUSCRIPTS
FOR ELEANOR
This edition of the Dalhousie I and II manuscripts of the poems and prose of John Donne (1572–1631) and others provides scholars and students with a photographic facsimile and a facing transcription of two of the most important Renaissance verse miscellanies yet discovered. The introduction to the edition discusses the discovery of the Dalhousie manuscripts, describes them, explains how they were compiled and transcribed, and analyzes their textual and literary significance.

The edition revises our knowledge of the genesis and transmission of John Donne’s poetic manuscripts by placing the Dalhousie manuscripts very early in the major Donne manuscript traditions. The discussions of the textual and critical significance of the Dalhousie manuscripts establish their importance to Donne textual and critical studies, and the textual apparatus provides the first complete listing of the substantive variants among Donne’s seven, seventeenth-century collected editions/issues for the forty-six Dalhousie Donne poems. Further discovery that the Dalhousie I manuscript derives from papers preserved by the Essex family and that the Essex collection became the basis for British Library MS. Lansdowne 740 and, ultimately, Trinity College Dublin MS. 877 suggests that Donne’s patrons and poetical coterie, rather than Donne himself, may lie behind the major manuscript collections of his poems; and the deliberate nature of the Dalhousie collections has important implications for the study of Renaissance verse and culture generally. With this publication, the known manuscript locations for the Dalhousie poems are dramatically expanded, making it possible to trace the manuscript circulation of poems by several important Renaissance poets.

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My greatest thanks go to Dr. Peter Beal: he discovered the Dalhousie manuscripts, provided invaluable expertise in helping me locate and purchase the Dalhousie I manuscript, made possible my research with the manuscripts in private hands, lent me xerox and microfilm, and literally wrote the book on the study of English literary manuscripts.

E.W.S.
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Modern Provenance of the Dalhousie Manuscripts

In 1977, Peter Beal discovered the Dalhousie I and II manuscripts in the depository of the Dalhousie family at the Scottish Record Office in Edinburgh. Scottish Record Office volume “GD 45 Inventory of Dalhousie Muniments Vol III. Sections 17–26 Pages 648–962,” entry 95, p. 947, reads: “[Early 17 cent.] Paper-covered volumes (2), one having the signature of Andrew Ramsay, both containing poems mostly [all] by John Donne. (One with a few notes in the handwriting of Patrick Maule of Panmure).” Beal lists and describes the Dalhousie I manuscript (Scottish Record Office number GD 45/26/95/1) as Δ11 and the Dalhousie II manuscript (Scottish Record Office number GD 45/26/95/2) as Δ12 and classifies them among the now eight Group II Donne manuscripts in his Index of English Literary Manuscripts, vol. 1, pt. 1, p. 251.

The two manuscripts next surfaced at the 21 July 1981 Sotheby’s sale in London of “The Property of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie K.T., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., M.C.” of Brechin Castle, Scotland. The Dalhousie I manuscript (item 490), the larger of the two manuscripts, was purchased by Virginia Makin, from whom Texas Tech University bought the manuscript on 27 September 1983. The Dalhousie II manuscript (item 491) did not fetch a sufficiently attractive bid and was withdrawn. At a second auction of the muniments of the Earl of Dalhousie at Sotheby’s on 15 December 1982, Maggs of London purchased the Dalhousie II manuscript (item 49). Maggs sold the manuscript to Zeitlin and Ver Brugge, a Los Angeles dealer in antiquities, and Texas Tech University purchased the manuscript on 7 March 1983.

Manuscript Descriptions

The Dalhousie I manuscript (henceforth, TT1) evidently suffered no changes between the time of its original cataloging at the Scottish Record Office and its arrival at Texas Tech University. The Scottish Record Office catalog mentions “Paper-covered volumes,” an appropriate description for TT1, still bound in very old reinforced paper stitched with very old leather thongs. Neither the binding nor the stitching is original, although the reinforced paper cover and the manuscript leaves show few signs of the wear one would expect around the stitching holes if many rebindings or restitchings had taken place (folios 1–4 do have some minor repair around the bottom hole). The slightly trimmed—there is no loss of text, and the crowded text on some leaves suggests that the copyist recognized that he was nearing the bottom of the leaf—folio leaves measure 293 x 195 mm and have a 63.5 x 14 mm pot watermark with features of watermarks 12701 (1573), 12704 (1542), 12739 (1556), 12765 (1564), and 12805 (1555) in C. M. Briquet, Les filigranes dictionnaire historique des marques du papier, 2d ed., and with features of watermarks 466, 469, and 471 in W. A. Churchill, Watermarks in Paper in Holland, England, France, etc., in the XVII and XVIII Centuries and Their Interconnection. The sixty-nine-leaf manuscript contains five hands (the following handwriting segments include blank pages up to the succeeding segment): 1A, folios 1–10, 11–20v, 62v–63v; 1B, folios 10v–11; 1C, folios 21–62; 1D, folio 62v; and 1E, folios 64–69v.

TT1 is in excellent physical condition (marred only by very slight water staining and a few worm holes), and the fact that many of its leaves are complete folio sheets rather than loose leaves simplifies determination of its original binding order and relative completeness. Since TT1 has obviously been bound in its current order for a long time, and since its sheets lay unnoticed (and, presumably, undisturbed) for so long, the current order, despite the possibility of lost materials, likely approximates the original. Unfortunately, the presence of only three catchwords (two on rectos and one before a missing leaf!) and of twenty-three blank pages as well as an apparent effort by the copyists to keep poems from spanning more than one leaf prevents certainty in reconstructing the order and contents of the original TT1, particularly for the first twenty-three leaves.

The original order of current folios 1–13 remains particularly problematical: even though only folios 5, 6, and 13 are not full sheets, many of the leaves are blank (folios 3, 4, 7, 8, 12, and 13), two hands (1A and 1B) appear, only three catchwords occur, and only one poem (Sir John Davies’s “Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire”) occurs from the Dalhousie II manuscript (henceforth, TT2) or from British Library MS. Lansdowne 74O (henceforth, B78), which TT1 closely resembles. Currently, folios 1–4 form a two-leaf quire; folios 5 and 6 are independent leaves; and folios 7–13 form a four-leaf quire with the original folio 7 razored out. I hypothesize an initial, three-leaf quire with sheet 1/4 as the outer sheet, followed by 2/3, and then by a missing sheet containing the remainder of King James’s reply to Archbishop Abbot. The catchword “first.” on folio 2v of TT1 indicates that something other than the current blank folio 3 followed; and although “first” is not the next word in the State Trials version of James’s reply, “first” would appropriately continue his reply beyond where the missing leaf in TT1 cuts it off: “I answer, that it may be ... But leaving this to search, my main Answer is” (“The King’s Answer” in “Proceedings between the Lady Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, and Robert Earl of Essex, her Husband, before the King’s Delegates, in a Cause of Divorce: I I James I. A.D. 1613” in T. B. Howell, A Complete Collection of State Trials, 2:799). Further, comparing what remains of King James’s trial testimony (folio 2v) to the complete
transcript of his testimony (Howell, 2:798–802) suggests that a single sheet has been lost.1 A five-sheet quire would have followed: the outer sheet composed of the razored-out original seventh leaf and folio 13, followed by current 7/12, 8/11, 9/10, and current 5/6 as the inner sheet. In this hypothetical quire, only the order of folios 10v–11 (spanned by Sir John Davies’s poem) is certain. Current sheet 7/12 is blank and could go nearly anywhere; its tentative position puts its beginning and end in a sequence of blanks. Sir John Davies’s poem (folios 10v–11) orders transcript of his testimony (Howell, 2:798–802) suggests have followed: the outer sheet composed of the razored-out sheets 8/11 and 9/10, though, of course, they need not original seventh leaf and folio 13, followed by current 7/12, hypothetical quire, only the order of folios 10v–11 follow sheet 7/12. Leaves 5 and 6 could have been a single folio sheet: 5 has the watermark, and 6 does not; and they are in hand 1A, which appears only in folios 1–20v and in a brief reply to a Thomas Campion ballad on folio 62v.

The original order of the next group of leaves (folios 14–23) is ambiguous because most of these leaves are not complete sheets and because only a few of the poems in this group appear in either B78 or TT2. Sheet 14/15, which has the inner stitching intact, would seem to be the inner sheet of a nine-sheet quire (folios 14–23) with the first halves of all except sheet 14/15 missing. Working backward from sheet 38/55 (certainly the outer sheet of its quire), one sees that sheet 24/37 must be the outer sheet of the preceding quire; therefore, the fact that Donne’s “Satyre IV” spans folios 22–24 means that folio 23 is the final leaf of its quire, must precede folio 24, and must follow folio 22. In turn, folio 21 must precede folio 22 because Donne’s “Satyre III” spans folios 21–22. A change from hand 1A to hand 1C places folio 20 before the lengthy sequence beginning with folio 21. Folio 19 precedes folio 20 because an anonymous poem beginning “Some who in her third widdowhood” orders sheets 39/54 and 40/53. Sheet 41/52 follows 40/53 because Francis Beaumont’s “To the Countesse of Rutland” spans folios 52v–53. Sheet 42/51 follows 41/52: Donne’s “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so’” spans folios 51v–52. Sir John Roe’s “To S’ Tho. Roe 1603” orders sheets 42/51 and 43/50; and his “An Elegie. Reflecting on his passion for his mistrisse” orders sheets 43/50 and 44/49. Sheet 45/48 follows 44/49: Donne’s “Elegie on the Lady Machkham” spans folios 48v–49. Sheet 46/47 follows 45/48: Donne’s “Loves diet” spans folios 47v–48.

The final, seven-sheet quire (folios 56–69) almost certainly is original. Its outer sheet, 56/69, must follow 38/55, the outer sheet of the previous quire: Donne’s “Communitie” spans folios 55v–56; Sir Walter Raleigh’s “The Lie” orders sheets 57/68 and 58/67; Sir Thomas Overbury’s translations of Ovid’s Remedia Amoris, “The Remedy of Loue” and “The second part of the Remedy of Loue,” order sheets 58/67, 59/66, 60/65, 61/64, and 62/63. Any possible loss would have to have occurred between sheets 56/69 and 57/68. Interestingly, B78 does have four more Donne poems (“The Dreame,” “A Valediction of weeping,” “A Fever,” and “The Paradox,” folios 125v–27) as well as Sir John Roe’s “To Sickness” (folio 127v) between the sequence involving Donne’s “Womans constancy” (TT1, folio 56; B78, folio 125) and Sir John Harington’s “Of the commodities that men haue by their Marriage” (TT1, folio 56v; B78, folio 128); however, since the poems present in B78 could not be omitted between 56 and 56v in TT1 as the result of missing leaves and since the equivalent TT2 manuscript sequence of Donne poems (copied from TT1 at a very early date) also ends with “Womans constancy,” the likelihood of leaves could be omitted from between them;2 however, sheet 28/33 very probably precedes 29/32 because the poems on folios 32 and 32v respectively are headed “Eligia 4” and “Eligia 5,” and that on folio 33 is headed “Eligia 6.” In the same way, sheet 29/32 probably precedes 30/31 because the poems on folios 30v–31 are headed “Eligia 2” and “Eligia 3” respectively, and that on folio 32 is “Eligia 4.” Furthermore, the Overbury “Characters” on folios 29–30 occur in exactly the same order in their only other known manuscript locations (B78, folios 80v–81, and Trinity College, Dublin MS. 877 [henceforth, DT4], folios 141–142v, and folios 29v and 30 share an ink blot near line 12. The presence of material between “Eligia 1” (folio 27v) and “Eligia 2” need not cause concern because “Eligia 2” begins on folio 30v and must follow Sir Thomas Overbury’s “The Authours Epitaph. Written by Himsel” (folio 30).3

The nine-sheet quire of folios 38–55 is original. Its outer sheet, 38/55, is linked to the outer sheet of the following quire, 56/69, by Donne’s “Communitie” (folios 55v–56); thus, the quire must begin with folio 38. Sheet 39/54 follows 38/55 because Donne’s “The Funerall” spans folios 54v–55. Donne’s “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: ‘Like one who’in her third widdowhood’” orders sheets 39/54 and 40/53. Sheet 41/52 follows 40/53 because Francis Beaumont’s “To the Countesse of Rutland” spans folios 52v–53. Sheet 42/51 follows 41/52: Donne’s “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so’” spans folios 51v–52. Sir John Roe’s “To Sr Nicholas Smith: 1602.”

1. James’s testimony on folio 27v in TT1 corresponds to one and one-half columns in Howell (cols. 798–99); the missing material in TT1, then, corresponds to another two and one-half columns in Howell, or three and one-third folio pages.

2. The only other loose leaves in TT1, folios 5 and 6 (folio 13 is loose but has a substantial remaining stub), contain hand B (folios 15–20 are in hand A) and material unrelated to that found in folios 14–23.

3. TT1 does break with the B78 sequence at folio 28, where TT1 has the anonymous “A Paradoxe of a Painted Face” and B78 has “A Satyre: to Sr Nicholas Smith: 1602.”

4. Interestingly, B78 has much of the same material between its “Elegie 1” and “Elegia 2.”
containing Donne poems missing between 56/69 and 57/68 seems small.

TT2, on the other hand, underwent some changes between its original cataloging at the Scottish Record Office and its purchase by Texas Tech University. The Scottish Record Office catalog mentions “paper-covered volumes”; however, between the time that Beal saw TT2 at the Scottish Record Office and 21 July 1981, when it was auctioned at Sotheby’s, all of its thirty-four leaves had been repaired, mounted on guards, and rebound with a dark blue cloth cover. In addition, its third leaf had been reversed (the earlier, penciled “3” in a different hand appears on the now verso side; a penciled “3” in a different hand appears on the now recto side). With all traces of the original binding lost and only the modern foliation, the order of the leaves in, and the contents of, the original manuscript remains problematical.

Substantial evidence does suggest, however, that the current state of the manuscript closely approximates the original order of leaves and contents. Catchwords in the hand of the copyist on folios 25v (“her”), 26v (“yet”), and 30v (“strive”) establish the sequence of 25–27 and 30–31. Folios 5–6, 7–8, 9–10, 25–26, 26–27, and 30–31 are also ordered by Donne’s “Elegie: Loves Progress,” which spans folios 5–6; an unidentified poem, “If kings did heretofore there loues indite,” which spans folios 7–8; Donne’s “The Will,” which spans folios 25v–26; Francis Beaumont’s “To the Countesse of Rutland,” which spans folios 26–27; and Josuah Sylvester’s “The Fruiites of a cleere Conscience,” which spans folios 30v–31. Furthermore, even though they overlap no leaves, poems headed “Elegia 3,” “Elegia 4,” “Elegia 5,” and “Elegia: 6” sequentially occupy folios 15–17, implying that this unit of pages retains its original order. Finally, Donne’s “A Storme” (folio 18v–r) and “A Calme” (folio 19) are in their proper and less obvious sequence. If what are now folios 18 and 19 were in some other sequence when the foliator or binder encountered them, he would not only have made a connection between the topics of these two poems but also to have read the first line of “A Calme” (“Our storme is past”) to arrange the present order; thus, the foliator or binder very likely found 18 and 19 in their present and traditional order as loose leaves.

Without establishing any specific ordering within the units, handwriting also groups the leaves into larger units that tend to verify the integrity of the above segments. Four hands appear in TT2 (handwriting segments include blank pages up to the succeeding segment): 2A, folio 1; 2B, folios 1v–2v; 2C, folios 3–4v, 21v–34v; and 2D, folios 5–21. These handwriting units support the integrity of the blocks of folios 5–6, 7–8, 9–10, 15–17, 18–19 (all in hand 2D), 25–27, and 30–31.

Watermark occurrences also provide evidence of the original order of TT2. Although no direct evidence identifies any particular folds in any particular sheet, the most complete remaining leaves measure 305 × 195 mm; thus, the leaves were almost certainly originally in folio format, a suggestion supported by the presence of the watermark on almost exactly half of the leaves (sixteen of thirty-four). The watermark, a 67 × 23 mm pot with features of watermarks 12783 (1564–1569) and 12803 (1580–1594) in Briquet and 469 and 471 in Churchill, occurs on folios 3, 5, 8, 12, 14–20, 22, 31–32, and 34. From the previously described evidence of catchwords, poems that span leaves, and poems in labeled or traditional sequences, one can feel reasonably certain that the following watermark pattern matches the original manuscript: yes, no (folios 5–6); no, yes (7–8); no (9–10); yes (15–19); no (25–27); and no, yes (30–31).

Even with the above evidence, the original order of current leaves 1–14 remains extremely ambiguous. Folios 5–14 are in one hand, but the only certain foliation sequence units are 5–6, 7–8, and 9–10, and the order of these units remains uncertain. Folios 1–4 possibly form a two-sheet quire: 1 and 1v have different hands, and 3 and 4 have hand 2C with either three attempts to copy an unidentified poem beginning “My deare and onelie loue tak heede” or three slightly different and partial versions of the poem. These first four leaves would form a two-sheet quire with the watermarks on folios 3 and 4 and the contents not related to any other sequence in the manuscript. Folios 5–14 contain the basis of a seven-sheet quire, particularly if one accepts the present sequence of the 5–6, 7–8, and 9–10 folio units. The innermost sheet would be folio 10 (no) and a missing leaf (yes); expanding outward, one would have 9 (no) and a missing leaf (yes), 8 (yes)/11 (no), 7 (no)/12 (yes), 6 (no)/missing leaf (yes), 5 (yes)/13 (no), and a missing leaf (no)/14 (yes).

The next segment, folios 15–29, likely consists of the inner seven sheets of the original, nine-sheet quire with the leaves in their original order. The innermost sheet would be 21 (no)/22 (yes); expanding outward one would have 20 (yes)/23 (no), 19 (yes)/24 (no), 18 (yes)/25 (no), 17 (yes)/26 (no), 16 (yes)/27 (no), and 15 (yes)/28 (no). The almost certain correctness of the sequence of folios 15–19 (all yes), beginning with “Elegia 3,” the certitude of the sequence of folios 25–27 (all no), and the exactly matching sequences of watermark occurrences (folios 15–20 yes; 23–28 no) suggest the completeness and correctness of the order of folios 15–28. In fact, it appears that folio 29 (which would complete a unit of Donne poems begun on folio 27) and another leaf immediately preceding or following it originally belonged to the quire of folios 15–28, giving a nine-sheet quire, with only the first two leaves and the leaf adjacent to current folio 29 missing. If the first two missing leaves contained the same material as the identical sequence in TT1 and B78, one of the missing elegies would very likely have been “Elegie: The Comparison” (54 lines), headed “Elegia 2” and “Elegia. 2” in TT1 and B78 and immediately preceding “Elegie: The Perfume,” the “Elegia 3” of TT1, B78, and TT2. TT1 and B78 fill the remainder of these two initial missing leaves with the Overbury “Characters” and “Epitaph.” The missing leaf immediately preceding folio 29 would contain “The Funerall” and “Loves Usury” if the sequence parallels that in TT1 and B78.

The final five leaves, folios 30–34, may be the remainder of a three-sheet quire with the second half of the inner sheet missing and lacking the watermark. The catchword “strive” on folio 30v establishes the order of folios 30–31.
James I concerning the divorce of Lady Frances Howard

July 1981 dates TT1 between 1620 and 1625, as does Beal

the manuscript-testimony of Archbishop Abbot and King

the anonymous poem beginning “Why doe yee giue mee

(as well as of 33-34 in the case of a three-sheet quire), and

leave to sip” at the bottom of folio 32v is incomplete.

Transcription and Compilation of the Manuscripts

The entirety of TT1 was undoubtedly transcribed during

Donne’s lifetime. On the basis of the first and last items in

the manuscript—testimony of Archbishop Abbot and King

James I concerning the divorce of Lady Frances Howard

from Robert Devereux, Third Earl of Essex, on 12 May

1613 and an elegy on Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond,

who died 30 July 1624—the Sotheby sales catalog for 21

July 1981 dates TT1 between 1620 and 1625, as does Beal

(1:251). Briquet’s dates for paper with similar watermarks

range from 1542 to 1573.

TT2 was also almost certainly transcribed during

Donne’s lifetime. It contains two transcriptions of a song

“Carold for new yeeres day 1624” (folios 21v, 33), its first

leaf is dated “the 28th of september the year of our Lord

1622,” and its final leaf bears “An Epitaph vpon the Duke

off Buckingham” (George Villiers, who died 23 August

1628). Although the Buckingham epitaph could have been

transcribed many years afterward from a 1628 original, no

source for this epitaph exists in

British Poetry: First and

Last Lines (the index to manuscript poems in the British

Library) or in Margaret Crum’s First-Line Index of English

Poetry 1500–1800 in Manuscripts of the Bodleian Library

Oxford, suggesting that the TT2 epitaph may be the

original.6 Certainly the uniformity of the paper throughout

the manuscript (and folio 34 does have the usual pot

watermark) implies that no very great period transpired

from the dating of the earliest leaf in the manuscript (28

September 1622) to the transcription of the latest item.

Briquet’s similar watermarks are dated 1564–1569 and

1580–1594.

Internal evidence suggests, however, that the versions of

the texts preserved by TT1 and TT2 may be much earlier

than the dated materials at the beginnings and ends of the

manuscripts; that at least the main body of poems in hand

1C (folios 21–62, including all but two of the forty-four

Donne poems) in TT1 could derive from pre-1609 versions

of the Donne poems; and that TT1 to folio 62 was

transcribed prior to August 1617. The datable original

versions of poems in the sequence are very early indeed:

1595 for the two Davies poems on Richard Fletcher, 1597

for Donne’s “The Storme” and “The Calme,” and 1602

and 1603 for the Roe poems. John T. Shawcross assigns all

the Donne poems in this sequence (indeed, all the Donne

poems in TT1 and TT2) dates earlier than July 1611

(“Chronological Schedule of the Poems,” The Complete

Poetry of John Donne, pp. 411–17), and even his July

1611 date for “A Valediction forbidding mourning”

depends on Izaak Walton’s unsupported account in his Life

of Donne that Donne wrote the poem when he went

abroad with the Druries; the latest certain date for the

Donne poems in TT1 and TT2 is 4 August 1609 (“Elegie

on Mrs. Boulstred”). In addition to the 12 May 1613 date

for the divorce proceedings, evidence suggests that the

material in TT1 up to folio 62 was transcribed before

August 1617. Ted-Larry Pebworth, whose edition of the

poems of Henry Wotton is in press, has established that the

TT1 version of Sir Henry Wotton’s “The Character of a

Happy Life” (folio 11) predates the earliest published

version (4th impression of Sir Thomas Overbury’s A Wife,

1614). The Sir Thomas Overbury materials (folios 29–30,

58v–62) must antedate his death on 15 September 1613;

yet at least the “Characters” (folios 29–30) postdate the

involvement of the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex (late

1612) if W. J. Paylor is correct in arguing that “A Very

Very Woman” and “Her Next Part” specifically attack the

behavior of Lady Essex during her divorce (The Overburian

Characters, pp. 109–11). After the main sequence in hand

1C, hand 1D adds a Thomas Campion song (folio 62v)

composed to celebrate the return of James I to Scotland in

August 1617 (first published in George Mason and John

Earsden, The Ayres That Were Song and Played, at

Brougham Castle in Westmerland, in the Kings

Entertainment [London, 1618], sig. C1); hand 1A adds a

reply to Campion’s song (folio 62v); and hand 1E adds two

more datable poems of Scottish interest that end the

manuscript, “An Elegie on the late Lord William Haward

Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December, 1615”

(actually, 28 November 1615) and “On the Duke of

Richmonds fate an Elegie” (d. 30 July 1624); thus, the

poems in hand 1C that form the main part of TT1 (folios

21–62) were very likely copied as a unit and taken to

Scotland before August 1617. That these seventy poems

were together as a unit (suggested by the single hand) is

confirmed by the presence of virtually the same unit of

poems in B78 (see below).

Obviously, establishing a terminus ad quem for copies

from the dates of their originals is impossible; however,

dating the transcription of the materials to folio 62 in TT1

between the 12 May 1613 divorce proceedings and the

return of James I to Scotland in August 1617 would be

entirely consistent with the uniform paper, pattern of

handwriting segments, early states of the texts (even

recognizing that late copies may preserve early textual

states), the essentially chronological order of the datable

originals represented by the copies, and the switch to poems

of particularly Scottish interest at the end of the

manuscript. As will appear below, the main poetic sequence

in TT2 (folios 5–34) was copied from TT1 in Scotland.

TT1 and TT2 provide a surprising amount of

information about their compilation. Both verse

miscellanies contain evidence in every gathering and in the

work of every copyist that they derive immediately from

documents consciously preserved by one or more members of

the Essex family. Some of the poems may have been

collected from the papers of Robert Devereux, Second Earl

of Essex (1565–1601), statesman, soldier, poet, literary

patron, and husband of Frances Walsingham, the widow of

Sir Philip Sidney. Another possible collector would be

7. See Steven W. May, ed., “The Poems of Edward de Vere,

Seventeenth Earl of Oxford and of Robert Devereux, Second Earl of

Essex.”

8. Donne’s literary connection to the Sidney family lasted at least
Penelope Devereux (1562–1607), sister to the Second Earl, the Stella of Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, literary patroness, and indefatigable defender of her brother's reputation. The collection would have been continued beyond the 1601 and 1607 deaths of the Second Earl and Penelope by the Third Earl (1591–1646), of whom Robert Coddington wrote: "And if ever any unseverer hours of leisure offered themselves in his study, he would imploy that time in the perusall of some labour'd Poeme, and having great judgment especially in the English Verse, it was his custome to applaud the professors of that Art, as high as their deserts and to reward them above it" (The Life and Death of the Illustrious Robert Earle of Essex (London, 1646), p. 11), or by Lady Lettice Carey and Mrs. Essex Rich, daughters of Penelope Devereux, to whom Donne wrote "A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs. Essex Riche, From Amyens" in 1611, about the time the collection reached that state in which the Dalhousie manuscripts preserve it.

The most likely copist or conduit from the court of James to the Dalhousie family would have been Sir John Ramsay, Viscount Haddington and Earl of Holderness (1580–1626). Although the Second Earl of Essex had been executed for treason by order of Queen Elizabeth (25 February 1601), the Essex family was prominent in the court of James I: the Third Earl was restored in blood and honor by act of Parliament in 1604 and his marriage to Frances Howard in 1606 "had been arranged by the King, who was favourably disposed to all who were connected with the late Earl of Essex" (DNB, 5:890). Sir John Ramsay would have had an interest in the particular poetry in the collection as well as access to the poetry in circulation through his membership in the Inner Temple (where several of the poets represented in the Dalhousie collection studied law) and as a favored member of the court of James I. Sir John also had a likely connection to the Dalhousies who owned the manuscript—the DNB (1670701) identifies him as the second son of James Ramsay of Dalhousie and brother of George Ramsay, First Lord of Dalhousie.9 Interest in preserving materials associated with the Essex family would have been strong for the Dalhousies. William Ramsay, Second Baron and First Earl of Dalhousie (d. 1674), eldest son of George Ramsay, signed the letter of covenanted lords of 19 April 1639 to the Third Earl of Essex and served with him in the Civil War against Charles I.

The material most obviously linked to the Essex family appears at first glance to be an incomplete letter from George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, to King James I and an apparent incomplete reply of King James regarding the suit of Lady Frances Howard for divorce from Robert Devereux, Third Earl of Essex, on 12 May 1613 (TTt, folios 1–2v). According to the "Proceedings between the Lady Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, and Robert Earl of Essex, her Husband," George Abbot was one of eleven commissioners appointed by James to hear the petition of Lady Frances for divorce on the basis that Robert, despite attempting "very often, again and again" and with the "earnest desire" of Lady Frances, had failed to consummate their nine-year-old marriage (she had been thirteen when they married and he fourteen), even though, according to Lady Frances, he had known other women carnally before and during his marriage to her (Howell, 2:786). The official trial transcripts show that the apparent Abbot "letter" appears as "The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's Reasons against the nullity" (Howell, 2:794–98) and that the apparent James letter is his immediately following official reply to Abbot's testimony: "To these Arguments of the Archbishop, the king vouchsafed to give an Answer himself, which was as follows" (Howell, 2:798–802). The Dalhousie text closely parallels the official trial record.

The identifiable materials in the second quire (folios 5–13) of TTt also have links to the Essex family. Edward de Vere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford (1550–1604), whose poem "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is"10 appears on folio 9r-v, as Lord Great Chamberlain oversaw the elevation of Walter Devereux to the earldom of Essex on 4 May 1572. Sir John Davies (1569–1626), whose poem "Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire" appears on folios 10v–11, became Solicitor General for Ireland on 18 September 1603 and surely must have known Essex either through Essex's service as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 9 March 1599 to June 1600 or through their mutual Inns of Court acquaintances Sir John Harington, John Hoskyns, and Richard Corbett—all authors present in the Dalhousie manuscripts. Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1619), whose poem "The Character of a Happy Life" appears on folio 11, was secretary to the Second Earl from 1595 to 1601 and accompanied him on the ill-fated expedition to Ireland in 1599 (see Donne's verse letter "H. W. in Hiber, belligeranti"). In the second quire, then, the three identifiable authors accounting for three of the four poems have close links to the Second Earl.

Of the thirteen poems in the third gathering (folios 14–23), six of the eight identifiable poems and three of the five authors are connected to the Essex family. John Donne (four poems) served with the Second Earl in the expedition to Cadiz in 1596–1597 and worked for Sir Thomas Egerton the elder, who, as Arthur F. Marotti points out, was "one of the Earl of Essex's most important clients" (John Donne, Coterie Poet, p. 116). Alexander B. Grosart prints two letters by the Second Earl from the Bacon papers at Lambeth Library recommending Josuah Sylvester (1563–1618), whose poem "A Caution for Courtly Damsels" appears on folio 17, for secretarial positions in 1597.12 Sir John Harington (1560–1612), whose poem "Of a Lady that gives the cheek" appears onfolio 18, served the


11. The two identifiable authors unconnected to Essex are the Scottish poet Sir Robert Aytoun and Jonathan Richards, a person for whom no record survives but to whom the poem "a songe: 'I die when as I doe not see'" is attributed in British Library Additional MS. 30982.

Second Earl as Commander of the Horse in Ireland and was knighted by him in Ireland on 30 July 1599.

Leaves 24–37 contain eight Donne poems as well as the “Epitaph” and “Characters” (folios 29–30) by Sir Thomas Overbury (1581–1613), who was a close friend of the Third Earl and who was murdered by Lady Frances Howard and her second husband, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, for his opposition to their marriage. Of the sixteen poems in the gathering, all twelve identifiable poems by Donne, Overbury, and Davies have links to the Essex family. Interestingly, the selection of Overburian characters might have had particular relevance for the Third Earl: Paylor argues that these three are very likely by Overbury himself and that “A Very Very Woman” and “Her Next Part” are not only the antitheses of “A Good Woman” but also are a specific attack on Lady Frances Howard (pp. 109–11).

Of the forty poems in the next gathering (folios 38–55), twenty-nine are by Donne, and seven are by Sir John Roe (1581–1608), who served with the Second Earl in Ireland in 1599 and may have been knighted by him: “He chose the career of a soldier and served in Ireland, and probably owes his knighthood to the Earl of Essex, which was somewhat lavish in the bestowal of that honour.” Francis Beaumont’s “To the Countesse of Rutland” (folios 52v–53) has topical links to the Second Earl: her husband, Roger Manners, First Earl of Rutland (1576–1612), accompanied Essex on the 1599 Irish expedition, was knighted by Essex in Ireland, and participated in the Essex “plot” of 1601 against Queen Elizabeth. John Hoskyns, author of “A Poem upon Absence” and a member of Donne’s “coterie” (Marotti, p. 34), knew enough of the Second Earl to use “And the speciale for the perticular, as the Earle is gone into Irelond for E: E” as an example of synecdoche in his “Directions For Speech and Style.”

Of the sixteen poems in the final gathering (folios 56–69), eleven are identifiable, and all six authors have associations with the Second Earl. Two are by Donne; three by Harington; and two by Sylvester. Sir Walter Raleigh, who served with Essex at Cadiz and in the Azores, is the author of “The Lie” (folio 57v); and Thomas Campion (1567–1620), a volunteer in the 1591 Essex expedition to Dieppe, wrote “A Ballad” (folio 62v). “An Elegie on the late Lord William Haward Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December. 1615” by Richard Corbett (1582–1635) eulogizes one of the four squadron leaders in the Second Earl’s expedition to Cadiz and his companion in the Azores expedition. The final poem, “On the Duke of Richmonds fate an Elegie,” mourns the death of Ludovick Stuart, Second Duke of Lennox and Duke of Richmond (1574–1624), who must have known both the Second and Third Earls but may be in the collection for his Scottish connections.

The first gathering of TT2 (folios 1–4) may be incomplete; its only poem is three versions of an ancient Scottish ballad, “My deare and onelie loue tak heede” (later revised and expanded by James Graham, Marquis of Montrose [1612–1650]), which have no link to Essex. The second gathering (folios 5–14), however, contains fourteen poems, eight identifiable as by five authors (four by Donne, and one each by Davies, Sylvester, Harington, and Richards), with only Richards unconnected to the Essex family.

The third gathering (folios 15–29) contains thirty poems, of which twenty-seven identifiable by four authors (twenty-four by Donne, and one each by Beaumont, Roe, and Francis Bacon) are associated with the Essex family. Francis Bacon (1561–1626), a longtime friend of the Second Earl, later prosecuted him in the 1601 trial for treason against Elizabeth.

In the final gathering (folios 30–34), the six of the eleven poems that are identifiable were written by six authors, four with connections to the Essex family (Donne, Raleigh, Sylvester, and William Herbert). “When my Carliles Chamber was on fire” (folio 32v) by William Herbert, Third Earl of Pembroke (1580–1630), may be linked to the Essex family by both subject and author: “Carlile” may be Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle (1599–1660), subject of many poems during the period, and granddaughter of Walter Devereux (1541–76), the First Earl of Essex. Pembroke was a friend of Donne (Donne’s son published his poems in 1660), Raleigh, Bacon, Harington, and Daniel, as well as the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, whose widow, Frances Walsingham, had married the Second Earl in 1601. George Morley’s “On the death of King James” is related to the Third Earl by topic (the Third Earl was prominent in the court and military of James I) and author (Morley edited Excellent contemplations, divine and moral. Written by the magnanimous and truly loyal Arthur lord Capel, Baron of Hadham. Together with some account of his life . . . With his pious advice to his son the late Earl of Essex [London, 1683]). The anonymous, unique “An Epitaph vpon the Duke off Buckingham” would have had several links to the Third Earl, who served under George Villiers in the Palatinate and in the 1625 naval assault at Cadiz: Buckingham befriended Archbishop Abbot, opposed the Earl of Somerset, and married Katherine Manners, daughter of the Earl of Rutland.

The handwriting units within the Dalhousie manuscripts also connect the work of each copyist to the Essex family. The ten identifiable poems of the sixteen in the hand of copyist 1A in TT1 (folios 1–10, 11–20v, and 62v–63) are by eight authors (Oxford, Wotton, Ayton, Donne, Sylvester, Harington, Richards, and Campion), with only Ayton and Richards lacking evident links to the Essex family. The only poem in hand 1B is Sir John Davies’s “unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire” (folios 10v–11). The majority of the poems (sixty-nine) as well as the three Overburian characters are in hand 1C (folios 21v–62): of these, sixty-one are identifiable as by Donne (forty-two), Overbury (three), Davies (two), Roe (seven), Hoskyns, Beaumont, Harington (three), Raleigh, and Sylvester. The one poem in hand 1D is by Thomas Campion (folio 62v). Of the three


15. Jonathan Richards, “I die when as I doe not see” (folio 31v), has no connection by author to the Essex family.
poems in hand 1E (folios 64–67), the Second Earl is linked by subject to the elegies on Effingham and Richmond. In TT2, hands 2A and 2B appear only on folio 1 and IV respectively and copy no poems. The thirty-two poems in hand 2C (folios 3–4v, 21v–34v) include twenty-three identifiable (sixteen by Donne and one each by Bacon, Beaumont, Raleigh, Sylvester, Richards, Pembroke, and Morley), with only this second version of Richards’s “a song: ‘I die when as I doe not see’” (folio 3iv) unrelated by author or content to the Essex family. The segment in hand 2D (folios 5–21) contains twenty-six poems, including thirteen by Donne and one each by Davies, Sylvester, Harington, Richards, and Roe; only “a song: ‘I die when as I doe not see’” by Richards (folio 13v) seems unconnected to the Essex family.

Essentially every part of the Dalhousie manuscripts, whether formed by gatherings or by the workings of various copyists at various times, bears a relatively direct relationship to the Second or Third Earl of Essex. It would seem that the men who had served the earls in civil or military capacities sent their poetry to them in hopes of patronage and preferment and that the poems were then collected (and perhaps arranged) by one of the Essex family. The collection was subsequently copied at least twice, first by someone, perhaps Sir John Ramsy, connected to the Dalhousie family and second into B78 by someone connected to the Cecil family (Penelope Devereux maintained good relations with the Cecil family).16

Textual Significance of the Manuscripts

Modern editors of Donne’s texts have focused primarily on the seven seventeenth-century collected editions/issues of Donne’s Poems and on a few major manuscripts that appeared to represent efforts to collect all of Donne’s poems. This approach sidesteps the possibility that the collected editions and major manuscript collections of Donne’s poems may derive from smaller collections, particularly groups of poems that circulated together, and that the texts of poems in these smaller collections (or even individual poems) of the sort that appear in verse miscellanies might be closer at least chronologically to Donne’s originals than are the texts in the larger collections. Although the relationships among the more than two hundred and fifty manuscripts containing Donne’s poems need working out before one can establish the precise significance of the Dalhousie manuscripts, these manuscripts do suggest the necessity of postulating a new hypothesis for the genesis and transmission of the texts in what is called the Group II Donne manuscript tradition, and they do suggest the need to reassess the current theory that “Y” (Helen Gardner’s hypothetical manuscript behind the Group II tradition) and “X” (her hypothetical manuscript behind the Group I tradition) were collections made by Donne from his own manuscripts.17

On the basis of poem sequence, collations, and contents, the Dalhousie manuscripts belong to what Donne’s Oxford editors have designated the Group II manuscripts: British Library Additional MS. 18647; Harvard University Library MS. Eng. 966.3; Trinity College, Cambridge MS. R 3 12; DT4; B78; and National Library of Wales Dolau Cothi MS. 6748 (W. Milgate, ed., John Donne: The Epithalamions, Anniversaries, and Epicedes, p. lxv). These manuscripts contain a large collection of Donne poems that, according to Helen Gardner, derives from a single manuscript “Y” that was completed around 1625 and that grew by accretion from a smaller collection preserved in B78 (John Donne: The Elegies and the Songs and Sonnets, pp. lxvii-lxviii).

The early date and position of B78 in the stemma of the Donne Group II manuscript tradition suggest the potential textual significance of the closely related and even earlier Dalhousie manuscripts (Beal [1:251] assigns B78 to the 1620s). Sir H. J. C. Grierson first recognized the early date of the poems in B78 and its connection with what became the Group II manuscripts: “The Lansdowne MS. 740, in the British Museum, is an interesting collection of Donne’s mainly earlier and secular poems, along with several by contemporaries. The text of the Satyres connects this collection with A18 [listed by Grierson, page xci, as British Library Additional MS. 18646; actually 18647], N [Harvard University Library 966.3], TC [Trinity College, Cambridge and Trinity College, Dublin MS. 877], but it is probably older, and it contains none of the Divine Poems and no poem written later than 1610” (The Poems of John Donne, 2:cv-cv). Shawcross assigns all the Donne poems in B78 dates earlier than July 1611 (Donne, pp. 411–17), and, as mentioned above, even this July 1611 date for “A Valediction forbidding mourning” is based on Izak Walton’s account in the Life of John Donne that Donne wrote the poem when he went abroad with the Druries; the latest certain date is 4 August 1609 for the “Elegie on Mrs. Boulstred.” Helen Gardner argues that the B78 texts are the earliest of those preserved in the Group II manuscripts: “If we are considering the possibility of ‘earlier or later versions’ of poems, it is possible that Group II preserves ‘earlier versions’ in poems that it has in common with L 74 [Lansdowne 740], and ‘later versions’ in the poems that the compiler of Y added to make up his very full collection” (p. lxx).

The contents, their sequence, and headings establish the close relationship among B78, TT1, and what remains of the original TT2; the extraordinary parallels among these manuscripts place them securely in the same line of textual transmission. TT1 and B78 have the same seventy-two

16. Materials related to the Essex family probably reached the Marquis of Lansdowne (William Petty, 1737–1805) via the Cecil family papers or via Sir Julius Caesar (1558–1636), one of the commissioners appointed to hear the Lady Frances Howard suit (though Sir Julius is less likely since he sided with Lady Frances): “His [Lansdowne’s] valuable collection of manuscripts, which included the original state papers of Lord Burghley, the correspondence of Sir Julius Caesar, and the collections of Bishop White Kennett and Le Neve, were purchased for the British Museum in 1807” (DNB, 15:1012).

poems (counting the Overburian "Characters," transcribed in both manuscripts as poetry) in the same order in their main poetic sections (folios 21–62 and 58–136 respectively) with few exceptions. TT2 closely parallels the following segments of TT1: Donne’s “Elegie: The Perfume” to “The Autumnall” (TT2 folios 15–17v); Donne’s “The Storme” to the anonymous “Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love” (18–21);19 Donne’s “The Legacie” to “A Valediction forbidding mourning” (22v–23);20 and Donne’s “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so’” to “Womans constancy” (25–29v).21 With the exception of “Faustus” (folio 57) in the last section of poems by authors other than Donne in TT1 and “Elegie: Loves Progress” in the preliminary section of TT2, the other forty-three Donne poems in TT1 and twenty-eight Donne poems in TT2 appear in B78.

The correspondences among the poem headings and ascriptions in the Lansdowne and Dalhousie manuscripts reinforce the connection implied by the contents and sequence. Of the seventy-two poems contained in both B78 and TT1, forty in TT1 and thirty-nine in B78 have headings in the hands of the original copyists; the thirty-nine headings in B78 are identical to those for the same poems in TT1, but in B78 the heading for Donne’s “The Will” has been erased (TT1 and TT2 each have the heading “Loues Legacie”). Sixteen poems in TT2 have headings in the hands of the original copyists; all their headings correspond exactly to those in B78 (except for the erasure of the heading for “The Will”) and TT1.

The attributions in the Dalhousie manuscripts are more accurate than those in B78; however, with two exceptions, the same poems bear attributions in the hand of the original copyist in TT1 and B78.23 These attributions are: Donne’s “The Curse” to “Donne” in TT1; Donne’s “The Autumnall” to “I D” in all three manuscripts; Donne’s “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: ‘Like one who in her third widdowhood’” to “Jo: Roe” in B78 only; Donne’s “To Sr. Henry Wootton: ‘Here’s no more news’” to “I D” in both Dalhousies, but to “Jo: Roe” in B78; Sir John Roe’s “Song. ‘Deare Love, continue nice and chaste’” to “I R” in the Dalhousies and to “Sr JR” in B78 (a nescibial attribution to “J: R:” heads the poem; the attribution in the hand of the original copyist follows the poem and resembles a signature); Sir John Roe’s “An Elegie to Mrs Boulstred: 1602” to “IR” (TT1) and “I R” (B78); Donne’s “The Legacie” to “ID” in TT1 and B78; and Donne’s “The broken heart” to “ID” (TT1) and “I D” (B78). The fact that the poems with attributions in the hands of the original copyists all fall within very short segments of the three manuscripts (TT1, folios 17, 33v–44v; TT2, folios 17v–23; B78, folios 86–106v—segments that would reduce to folios 39v–44v, 19v–23, and 99–106v if “The Curse” and “The Autumnall” were not considered) suggests that this sequence of poems (which includes seven of nine extant poems by Sir John Roe) might have circulated as a unit.

Material in TT1 also helps distinguish a subset of manuscripts within Group II and adds evidence that the Essex collection (henceforth, “E”) might be the ultimate progenitor of Group II. The presence in the main bodies of TT1, B78, and DT4 of the same three Overburian “Characters” and of Overbury’s “Epitaph” in the identical order when, as far as I can determine, the “Characters” and poem do not exist in any other manuscript establishes the certainty of a common progenitor for at least part of these three Group II manuscripts. As mentioned above, Paylor notes that these three characters constitute a specific attack against Lady Frances Howard, who had just divorced the Third Earl of Essex. The fact that the Third Earl would have had a reason for collecting these particular Overburian rowsward Woodward” for “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: ‘Like one who in her third widdowhood’”; “To Sr. Henry Wootton” for “To Sr. Henry Wootton: ‘Here’s no more news’”; “The Good Morrow”; “Alchymy” replacing original copyist’s “Mummy” for “Loves Alchymy”; “Break of Daye”; “Sunn Rising”; “Loues lecture upon the shaddow”; “The Triple ffoole”; “Loues Will” for “The Will”; “Loues vsurie”; and “Womans Constancy.” These additional twelve B78 headings resemble those in the collected edition.

13. The ascriptions in other hands in B78 are the original copyist’s ascription to “Jo: Roe” of Donne’s “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: ‘Like one who in her third widdowhood’” changed to “J: Donne”; the original copyist’s “Jo: Roe” for Donne’s “To Sr. Henry Wootton: ‘Here’s no more news’” changed to “J: Donne”; “J. D.” for Sir John Roe’s “To Sr Tho. Roe 1603”; “J D” for Sir John Roe’s “An Elegie. Reflecting on his passion for his mistris.” These later attributions, like the additional headings, seem to come from a collected edition.

18. Where TT1 has the anonymous “A Paradoxe of a Painted Face” (folio 28), B78 has miscellaneous material including Donne’s “Satyre I” and Overbury’s “The Wife” (folios 68–79v). B78 has a section of blanks and mathematical calculations between the anonymous “Libell against Bashe” and Sir John Davies’s “On Bp. Richard Fletcher, Feb. 1594–5” (folios 91v–93v). B78 has Donne’s “Elegie: The Anagram” (folio 98) between Donne’s “The Calme” and “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: ‘Like one who in her third widdowhood,’” while TT1 has “Elegie: The Anagram” in its preliminary materials (folio 16). B78 inserts Donne’s “Confined Love” (folio 101) between Sir John Roe’s “Song. ‘Deare Love, continue nice and chaste’” and the anonymous “Wonder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense”; Sir Thomas Roe’s “I can no more resist nor yet subdue” and the anonymous “Yet not despaise and die, and se accuse” (folio 101v) between the anonymous “Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love” and Sir John Roe’s “To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603”; Donne’s “The Curse” (folio 108) between Donne’s “The good-morrow” and “Loves Alchymie”; Donne’s “To the Countesse of Bedford. ‘Reason is our Soules left hand’” (folios 114v–13) between Donne’s “Elegie to the Lady Bedford” and “Elegie on Mzrs. Boulstred”; Donne’s “The Dreame,” “A Valediction of weeping,” “A Fever,” and “The Paradox” as well as the anonymous “To Sicknes. Whie disease dost thou molest” (folios 125v–27v) between Donne’s “Womans constancy” and Sir John Harrington’s “Of the commodities that men haue by their Marriage.” B78 (folios 129–30) has Sir John Davies’s “Unto that tongue, that spirit of fire” (located on folios 10v–11 in TT1) and the anonymous “There hath beene one that Stroue against natures order when, as far as I can determine, the “Characters” and poem do not exist in any other manuscript establishes the certainty of a common progenitor for at least part of these three Group II manuscripts. As mentioned above, Paylor notes that these three characters constitute a specific attack against Lady Frances Howard, who had just divorced the Third Earl of Essex. The fact that the Third Earl would have had a reason for collecting these particular Overburian
“Characters” suggests that they might have first been together as a unit in his possession, suggesting in turn that B78 might derive from “E” and that DT4 ultimately derives from “E” as well.

The relationships among the texts in B78, TT1, and TT2 even in the main hands are complicated by nonshared materials as well as by the fact that even the main part of TT2 was not copied all at one time by one person, but it is clear that B78 cannot derive directly from TT1 or TT2 and that TT1 does not descend from TT2. Unless an enormous amount of material is missing from TT1 and TT2 or unless the TT1 and TT2 copyists were very selective even among poems by the same author, TT1 and TT2 cannot have been copied from B78 either. In addition to the extra materials in B78, its earliest foliation (of at least four foliation sequences) indicates that its original folios 32–38 are missing between current folios 73–74 and its original folios 87–100 are missing between current folios 96–97 (interestingly, both TT1 and TT2 break with the B78 sequence at these points). Furthermore, the omission of lines from poems throughout TT1 and TT2 proves that B78 could not derive from TT1 or TT2 even in their original, complete states. The texts of the forty-six Donne poems found in either TT1 or TT2 and B78 (which contains fifty Donne poems) are complete in B78; thus, the omission of lines 14–17 in “Satyre V” (TT1, folio 24v), the second half of line 78 and first half of line 79 in “Satyre IV” (TT1, folio 22), line 89 of “Elegie: The Bracelet” (TT2, folio 9—
the present line has been added in a later hand), line 34 of “Elegie: Change” (TT1, folio 32; TT2, folio 16), line 35 of “The Autumnall” (TT1, folio 33v; TT2, folio 17v), line 6 of “Image of her whom I love” (TT1, folio 47v), line 3 of “The Legacie” (TT1, folio 44; TT2, folio 22v), and lines 17–18 in “Loves Usury” (TT1, folio 55) means that B78 cannot derive directly from even the original complete collections of TT1 or TT2. Finally, the omission of line 89 in “Elegie: The Bracelet” in TT2 (folio 9) and its subsequent addition in a later hand with the reading of TT1 as well as the omission of “enowghe” (line 5) and “for” (line 6) from “Elegie: The Anagram,” “staying” (line 46) from “Elegie: Loves Warre,” “be” (line 19) from “The Autumnall,” “Sadd” (line 10) from “The Storme,” “narrow” (line 6) from “The triple Foole,” “it” (line 13) and “what and” (line 16) from “Loves diet,” “and” (line 31) from “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so,’” “an” (line 18) from “The Will,” and “then” (line 3) from “Loves Deitie” from TT2 proves that TT1 did not derive from the original of TT2 and confirms that B78 (in which the words occur) could not have either.

Since B78 and TT1 have such an unusually close relationship, the fact that neither derives from the other implies the existence of a common source, probably “E”; however, TT2 derives from TT1 rather than from “E.” The large amount of material missing from TT2, the relative uncertainty of the order of its remaining material, and the presence of two copyists in its main sequence make determining its derivation difficult; nonetheless, the omission of the same lines in the same poems (see above), the presence of eleven poems unique to TT1 and TT2, and the generally very close agreement between their texts of Donne poems (see Textual Apparatus, though the agreement between TT1 and TT2 is much closer for poems in hand 2C than for those in 2D) strongly imply that much of the material in hands 2C and 2D in TT2 derives from TT1 rather than from “E.” Further, the contents of the sections of each Dalhousie manuscript that contain most of the Donne poems (TT1, folios 21–62; TT2, folios 5–34) agree closely: the twenty-nine Donne poems in TT2 include only two (“Elegie: Loves Progress” and “The Message”) absent from TT1, and TT1, folio 17v, parallels TT2, 13–14; TT1, folios 31–33v, parallels TT2, 15–17v; TT1, folios 38–41, parallels TT2, 18–21; TT1, folios 44–48v, has the poems “The Legacie,” “The broken heart,” “The good-morrow,” “Breake of day,” “The triple Foole,” “Loves diet,” and “A Valediction forbidding mourning” in the same order as they appear in TT2, folios 22v–25, though the materials in these sections are not identical; and TT1, folios 51v–56, parallels TT2, 25–29v, except for the presence of “The Funerall” and “Loves Usury” between “Loves Deitie” and “The Flea.” Yet not all of TT2 derives from TT1: not only does TT2 (admittedly in an incomplete state) omit much material from TT1, but it also has eleven poems not found in TT1. Furthermore, the extensive differences between the TT1 and TT2 texts of “Elegie: The Anagram,” “The Curse,” and “Elegie: The Bracelet” as well as the absence of “The Message” from TT1 prove that the texts in folios 5–11 of TT2, even though they are in the hand of one of the two main copyists of TT2, do not derive from TT1.

Fourteen Donne poems from throughout TT2 have manuscript corrections in a later hand: “Elegie: The Anagram,” “The Curse” (extensively corrected), “Elegie: The Bracelet” (extensively corrected), “Elegie: The Perfume,” “Elegie: Loves Warre,” “Elegie: Going to Bed,” “The Storme,” “The Calme,” “To Mr. Rowland Woodward,” “To Sr. Henry Wootton,” “The broken heart,” “A Valediction forbidding mourning,” “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so,’” and “The Message.” Of these corrections, only those in line 42 of “Elegie: Going to Bed” (imputed to imp[ar]ted), line 19 of “A Valediction forbidding mourning” (l’ther to f[c]ht[,]er), line 35 of “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so’ ” (mee to mee and forgett to forgett[begett]), and line 24 of “The Message” (now to now[el]) are anything other than emendations of TT2 to TT1 readings, and only the changes in “Elegie: ‘Oh, let mee not serve so’ ” are certainly in the direction of printed copy. The single manuscript correction in a later hand in TT1, in line 19 of “A Valediction forbidding mourning” (lnter to In[o][b]ler), would seem an unfortunate effort by an insensitive reader.

Evidently, “E” continued to grow after its transcription into TT1 and B78, and ultimately its core shows up as folios 13–59 of DT4. DT4 does have “Satyre I” (omitted in TT1 but present in B78) on folios 13–14. However, it also has the same unit of Satyres III, IV, V, II and “Elegie: The Bracelet” (folios 14v–27) as does TT1, as well as the same unit with the verse letters “The Storme,” “The Calme,” “To Mr. Rowland Woodward: Like one who in her third widdowhood,” “To Sr. Henry Wootton: Here’s no more newes,” (folios 27v–31v, interrupted by “Elegie: The Anagram” [folios 29v–30] as in B78); the same unit with “Elegie: The Comparison,” “Elegie: The Perfume,” and
“Elegie: Change” (folios 31v–34); the same Song and Sonnet unit with “Breake of day,” “The Sunne Rising,” “Lecture upon the Shadow” (folio 36v-v); the same Markham, Bedford, Bulstrode elegies (folios 38–44); and many of the same single poems and pairs of poems. After DT4’s folio 60 (“An Elegie on the late Lord William Harward Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December. 1613”), DT4 and TT1 share no other material until the Overbury unit (DT4, folios 41–42v, beginning, as in B78, with “A Wife”) and Sir John Roe’s “An Elegie. Reflecting on his passion for his mistrisse” and “Song. ‘Deare Love, continue nice and chaste’” (folios 142v–44).

Thus, the steps in the genesis and transmission of what has become the Group II manuscript tradition would seem to be as follows: (1) the existence of an ongoing manuscript collection, “E,” made by the Essex family from poems obtained from a coterie of poets associated with the Inns of Court who had some connection to the Essex family; (2) the compilation and/or transcription of this collection between 12 May 1613 and August 1617 as TT1 and its removal to Scotland to the Dalhousie family; (3) the transcription from TT1 in Scotland (many of the spellings, such as “wes” for “was,” in TT2 are Scottish) of parts of TT2 including the Donne poems between folios 15 and 31; (4) the transcription from an enlarged “E” of B78, probably in the 1620s (Beal, 1:250–51); (5) the addition of many small collections or another large collection of Donne poems to “E” (with no evidence that Donne, rather than a patron or member of his coterie, collected the necessary manuscripts), creating Gardner’s “Y” by the early 1620s; and (6) the transcription in 1623–1625 of DT4 (Beal, 1:251), the largest of the Group II Donne manuscripts with 145 Donne poems. The possibility that Donne did not collect the poems from which Gardner’s “Y” derived means that he might not have collected Gardner’s “X” either: despite the 1614 letter to Gooder asking for that “old book” of his poems for the purpose of gathering them for publication [Letters to Severall Persons of Honour [London, 1651], pp. 196–97], no evidence exists that Donne ever successfully collected his poems.

Perhaps a note of caution regarding this proposed genesis and transmission of the Group II Donne manuscripts (and Renaissance manuscript texts generally) is in order here. The stemma of “E,” TT1, TT2, and B78 only describes certain segments in each (“E,” unknown; TT1, folios 21–62; TT2, folios 5–34; and B78, folios 38–136v). Unique poems as well as radically different passages in shared poems exist outside the main sequences; for example, in TT1 lines 14–16 of Donne’s “The Curse” (folio 17) read “Or maye he, for her vertue reuerence / Her y’ hates him, only for impotence / And equall traytors be she; and his senc,” but in TT2 (folio 11) these lines read “in earely scoreneses, and longe may he rott / for land, wch had been his, if he had not / hiselme incestuouslie an heire begott.” In this case, the TT1 readings belong to the B78 or Group II tradition, while those of TT2 belong to the Cambridge University Library, Additional MS. 5778 and British Library Harley MS. 4935, or Group I tradition. Thus, even though “The Curse” is in the main sequence (hand 2D) of TT2 and not in the main sequence of TT1, its text in TT2, which should derive from “E,” B78, or TT1, cannot; and its text in TT1 (outside the main sequence deriving from “E”) does derive, if not directly from “E,” at least from a manuscript related to “E.” The possibility that a manuscript might derive from another that has lost some of its material further complicates the question of textual transmission: the TT2 reading of “crosse” (where most texts read “breake”) in line 14 of “The Message,” the other Donne poem not contained in TT1, derives from a Group II manuscript; thus, it might have been copied from a now-missing leaf of TT1. The fact that texts of poems from different parts of TT1, TT2, and B78 derive from different manuscript traditions suggests that Renaissance manuscripts should not be thought of or treated as textual units but as collections of smaller groupings of poems or other materials.

**Literary Significance of the Manuscripts**

The Dalhousie manuscripts, as verse miscellanies, are valuable not only for the study of John Donne’s poems but also for the study of Renaissance poetry generally. Peter Beal, who has undertaken the most complete study to date on Renaissance verse miscellanies, describes their potential importance:

Miscellanies can, however, throw extensive light on the process of textual transmission, on the general practices and assumptions involved in the collecting of verse in this period, on the way contemporaries interpreted texts, and on the nature and provenance of sources. The selection and arrangement of poems by Donne in these MSS, and of accompanying poems by others, are vital clues to the collections from which they derive and to possible reasons for confusion over the canon. Individual texts in miscellanies may, in any case, derive not from large collections at all but from independent early copies of particular poems, and apparent ‘corruptions’ may, in fact, sometimes represent different versions or states of revision of the text. In short, the potential and far-ranging significance of miscellanies should not be underestimated. (1:248–49)


As perhaps the earliest exemplars of an important Donne manuscript tradition, TT1 and TT2 provide authoritative evidence for Donne’s canon. TT1 and TT2 are important witnesses for several poems now generally accepted as Donne’s but not published in all or any of the seven seventeenth-century editions/issues of Donne’s collected Poems: “Elegie: The Bracelet” (TT1, 177v; TT2, 9–10) was not included until the 1635 second collected edition; lines 29–46 of “Elegie: Loves Warre” were first published anonymously in The Harmony of the Muses (1654), pp. 6–
7, and the poem was not published in its entirety as Donne's until F. G. Waldron's *A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry* (1802), pp. 1–5, and his *The Shakespearean Miscellany* (1802), pp. 1–5; "Elegie: Going to Bed" was first published anonymously in *Harmony* (pp. 2–3) and was not published as Donne's until the seventh collected edition of 1669; "Lecture upon the Shadow" first appeared in the second collected edition (pp. 66–67); and "Elegie: Loves Progress" was first published anonymously in *Harmony* (pp. 36–39) and did not appear as Donne's until the seventh collected edition.

The attributions and groupings in TT1 and TT2 also provide evidence for authorship for some poems mistakenly published as Donne's in the seventeenth-century collected editions/issues or frequently attributed to him in seventeenth-century manuscripts or modern editions.24 Sir John Roe's "Song. 'Deare Love, continue nice and chaste" (ascribed to "IR" and "I R" in TT1 and TT2 respectively), "To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603," "To Ben. Johnson, 9 November, 1603," "To S T Tho. Roe 1603," and "An Elegie. Reflecting on his passion for his mistrise" (grouped together away from Donne in TT1) appeared as Donne's in the second through the seventh seventeenth-century collected editions. The anonymous "Wonder of Beautie, Goddessse of my sense" and "Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love" (grouped away from the Donne poems in TT1 and TT2) are frequently ascribed to Donne in seventeenth-century manuscripts. Alexander B. Grosart, *The Complete Poems of John Donne*, and Sir John Simeon, *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, 3 vols. (London, 1856–1857), accepted Sir John Roe's "An Elegie to M'no Boulstred: 1602" (ascribed to "IR" in TT1) as Donne's.

By far the two most problematical poems for the Donne canon among those appearing in TT1 and TT2 are "Elegie: The Expostulation" and "Faustus." Even though "Elegie: The Expostulation" was first published as Donne's in the 1633 collected edition (pp. 300–302), its subsequent publication in the second volume of Ben Jonson's *Workes* (London, 1640), pp. 204–6, sparked a debate over authorship that continues.25 Gardner's 1965 edition of the elegies lists "Elegie: The Expostulation" as dubia (pp. 94–96). The presence of "Elegie: The Expostulation" in long sequences of poems by Donne in TT1 (twenty-six Donne poems from "The Legacie" on folio 44 to "Womans constancy" on folio 56, broken only by Hoskyns’s "A Poem upon Absence" on folio 45 and Beaumont's "To the Countesse of Rutland" on folio 52v) and TT2 (fifteen Donne poems from "The Legacie" on folio 44v to "Womans constancy" on folio 50v, broken only by Beaumont's "To the Countesse of Rutland" on folio 26), manuscripts containing chiefly Donne's poems (and the majority of his elegies) and not containing any of Jonson's, powerfully augments the evidence of the manuscript traditions utilized by Evelyn Simpson to assign authorship to Donne ("Jonson and Donne: A Problem in Authorship," *Review of English Studies* 15 [1939]: 274–82).

In 1967, John T. Shawcross first published "Faustus" and, on the basis of its presence amid other Donne poems and its attribution to "J D" in National Library of Scotland MS. 2067, Hawthornden MS. XV (henceforth SN4), assigned its authorship to Donne ("John Donne and Drummond's Manuscripts"). "Faustus" also occurs among other Donne poems and is attributed to "J D" in National Library of Scotland MS. 6504, Wedderburn MS (henceforth, SN3). Even though TT1 contains primarily Donne poems, its evidence for Donne's authorship of "Faustus" is not as strong as that for Donne's authorship of "Elegie: The Expostulation": "Faustus" is not positioned in a sequence of Donne poems, no other Donne epigrams occur, and three poems by Sir John Harington, Donne's chief competitor for authorship (Shawcross, p. 165n), are nearby ("Of the commodities that men have by their Marriage," folio 56v; "Of a Precise Tayler," folio 57; and "Of Women learned in the tongues," folio 57). Nonetheless, the appearance of "Faustus" even without attribution in a superior textual version (see below) in an early manuscript in a main Donne textual tradition adds considerably to the evidence for Donne's authorship.

Even though more than 250 manuscripts containing poems by John Donne are now known and most of these manuscripts remain uncollated, TT1 and TT2, as large, and possibly the earliest, exemplars of a major Donne manuscript tradition, will play an important role in establishing the texts of Donne's poems.

Several unique readings in the texts of Donne poems in TT1 deserve serious consideration. TT1's "Surs" for the traditional "sinnes" in line 3 of "Satyre III" ("I must not laugh, nor weep sinnes, and be wise") is in keeping with the poem as a speech. Line 33 in the TT1 "Satyre III" ("I must not laugh, nor weep sinnes, and be wise") is in keeping with the poem as a speech. Line 33 in the TT1 "Satyre III" ("Knowe thy foe the fowle diuell is whom thou") is superior in meter—admittedly an imperfect criterion in a satire—and in sense to the traditional "Knowe thy foes, the foule Devill h'is, whom thou." Since the dialog in "Satyre IV" concerns linguists (see line 59), TT1's "Linguists" (line 53) makes more sense than does the traditional "linguist" ("For the best linguist? And I seelily").

In other cases, TT1 and TT2 may assist editors in the choice of texts and/or readings. For example, TT1 will provide important evidence for the text of "Faustus." Shawcross uses SN4 as his copy text, emending only the terminal comma to a period: "Faustus keeps his sister and a whore, / Faustus keeps his sister and no more." (p. 165). This version has only nine syllables per line, whereas both SN5 and TT1, which begin each of these two lines with an italic "Faustinus" ("faustinus" in TT1), have decasyllabic lines. By modern standards, the SN5 version has the superior accidents ("Faustinus keeps his Sister, and a Whore, / Faustinus keeps his Sister, and noe more." as opposed to "faustinus keeps his sister & a whore / faustinus keeps his sister and no more /"). At the least, however, TT1 will serve as an important witness to the "Faustinus" reading in preference to the "Faustus" of SN4. Some other TT1 readings, not clearly superior, that
would become part of the text only if TT1 proved the most authoritative version do have some aesthetic interest. For example, in line 5 of “Elegie: The Anagram,” TT1 has “donna,” where TT2, collected editions, and all manuscripts read “dimme” (“Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough”). Aside from the amusing pun on Donne’s name, “donna” would mean “dull grayish brown”—perhaps a term more appropriate for describing both the “eyes” (line 3) and “teeth” (line 4) than “dimme” would be and every bit as good a contrast with the “light” (line 5) female.

In addition to their value for Donne studies, TT1 and TT2 contain other important Renaissance verse (much of it with significant potential textual authority). TT1 contains an additional forty-seven poems by Sir Robert Ayton, Francis Beaumont, Thomas Campion, Richard Corbett, Sir John Davies (three), Edward de Vere, Sir John Harington (four), John Hoskins, Sir Thomas Overbury (six, including three of his prose “Characters” transcribed as poems), Sir Walter Raleigh, Jonathan Richards, Sir John Roe (seven), Josuah Sylvester (two), and Sir Henry Wotton. TT1 also contains six anonymous poems that appear in other manuscripts including TT2, one anonymous poem that appears elsewhere only in TT2 (“a songe: ‘When my hart seems most ingaged,’” folio 19), and four unique anonymous poems (“m’d: Lamb: Cooke’s Epi: to his Bro: Hen:;’” folio 10; “Some who the speakinge sparke of my first loue did spie,” folio 19v; “The famous learned Tullie long agoe,” folio 57; and a reply to Thomas Campion’s “A Ballad,” folio 62v). TT2 contains twenty-four poems by other Renaissance authors (four poems occur more than once: “My deare and onelie loue tak heede,” three times; Jonathan Richards’s “a songe: ‘I die when as I doe not sec,‘” twice; “Onste and no more, so sayd my loue,” twice; and “Carold for new yeeres day 1624,” twice); Francis Bacon, Francis Beaumont, Sir John Davies, Sir John Harington, William Herbert (Third Earl of Pembroke), George Morley, Sir Walter Raleigh, Jonathan Richards, Sir John Roe, and Josuah Sylvester (two poems). TT2 also contains two anonymous poems appearing in other manuscripts, six anonymous poems appearing in other manuscripts including TT1, one anonymous poem appearing elsewhere only in TT1, and four anonymous unique poems (“If kings did heretofore there loues indite,” folios 7–8; “Carold for new yeeres day 1624,” folio 21v, 33; “Why doe yee giue mee leaue to sip,” folio 32v; and “An Epitaph upon the Duke off Buckinghame,” folio 34v). All told, TT1 and TT2 preserve fifteen heretofore unpublished poems, including ten poems unique to one or both manuscripts.

Given the overwhelming evidence that the main poetic sequences in TT1 and TT2 derive from a collection of poems by a coterie of poets associated with the Essex family and given that TT1 and TT2 may preserve pre-1617 versions of the texts of those poems, many of the texts in TT1 and TT2 have considerable authority for the English poems as well as for the unique Scottish poems. Certainly, the Essex family would have had access to holographs or to very early copies of poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir John Roe, Francis Beaumont (at least for “To the Countesse of Rutland”), Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Overbury, and Francis Bacon. TT1 and TT2 are particularly critical for the corpus of Sir John Roe’s work: with its seven Roe poems, TT1 is second only to B78 (which has eight Roe poems, adding “To Sr Nicholas Smyth,” folios 68–69) in number of manuscript Roe poems. Some sense of the superiority of the TT1 readings for Roe’s poems can be seen in its reading on folio 43 of “tindes” as opposed to “findes” in Grierson’s printing of line 1 of “An Elegie” (“True Love findes wit, but he whose wit doth move”): the image system of the entire poem depends on the sparks and fire initiated by love (Bodleian manuscript Rawlinson poet. MS. 31 has “kindles”).

Ultimately, the chief literary significance of TT1 and TT2 may lie in the evidence they provide about the way verse circulated and was collected and arranged in the Renaissance. The discovery that verse miscellanies like TT1 and TT2 may not result from random circulation of verse but rather derive from a body of verse by a coterie of authors whose work was intended for the approbation of and deliberately collected by “culture-heroes . . . like Sir Philip Sidney and the [Second] Earl of Essex” (Marotti, p. 33) has profound implications not only for the study of the authorship, dating, manuscript circulation, and texts of Renaissance verse generally but also for our understanding of the function of verse in the aesthetic, social, political, and economic life of the Renaissance.

26. Grierson adds only “Satyre. ‘Men write that love and reasoon disagree’” (1:406–7), bringing the total likely Roe canon to nine poems.
A NOTE ON THE TRANSCRIPTION

The facing transcription of the prose and poetry in the Dalhousie manuscripts attempts, within the limits of modern typography, to reproduce the manuscript text exactly, including all layers of revision by the original and later copyists. Revisions are indicated by the symbol — immediately following the original word and punctuation (if any) and immediately preceding the new word and punctuation (if any). Revisions by later copyist(s) are in square brackets; additions in modern pencil are in braces. When the revision has been made by lining out the original reading, the transcription shows the original reading lined out. Letters lined out so heavily as to render them indecipherable are represented by asterisks. Conjectured readings appear between vertical lines.

The following manuscript abbreviations, used more than once by the various copyists and representable in modern typography, have not been expanded:

- & for and; còn for cion; " and ' for n or m; m' for ment; p for par, per, por, pre, and pro; v for pre; q for que; qe' for quod; w'h and w'h for with; y for the; yenm for them; y's for they; yf for their; and y' for that. For unexpanded abbreviations that appear only once, see the Explanatory Notes. The following six manuscript symbols not easily represented by modern typography have been uniformly expanded:

1. "f" to "us" (e.g. vincif to vincibus [p. 16, line 66]);
2. "t" to "et" (e.g. you't to your [p. 42, line 168]);
3. "m" to "am" (e.g. eu'm to eu'm [p. 62, line 40]);
4. "v" to "av" (e.g. e'veto est [p. 17, line 26]);
5. "s" to "es" (e.g. e'se to esse [p. 17, line 26]); and
6. "f" to "es" at the ends of words (e.g. thing1 [p. 15, line 1]); the copyists usually employ the more standard "s" when indicating terminal "s," except in TT2, ff. 3-4v, where copyist 2C used both symbols for the terminal "s").

The manuscript punctuation resembling a modern question mark tilted on its side, which was used by the copyists to represent interrogation and exclamation, has been transcribed as a question or exclamation mark as sense suggests. The various copyists do not indicate italics or distinguish capital letters with perfect consistency; I have italicized and capitalized only when the indication appeared relatively certain.

Italic headings or titles have been added before all items in the manuscripts. The italic numbers at the top left of each page indicate the foliation of the Dalhousie manuscripts.

All manuscript pages were photographed and the photographs developed identically. Leaves that had darkened (particularly at the beginnings and ends of the manuscripts) and leaves on which the ink had faded (generally ink used by the nonprofessional copyists) have been printed slightly darker to make the writing on them more legible.
I, 1. Archbishop George Abbot, trial testimony

The ArchBishopp Go: Abbotes to Kinge James ye first of Eng:

for as much as we doe firmly beleue ye the Scriptures doe directly con=
tayne in it sufficient matter to decide all controversies especiallie in things
appertayninge to ye church: & ye mariage among Christians can
be no lesse ac=
compted then a sacred thing as being instituted by god in Paradise;
honored by
the presence of our Sauior himself. Declared by St. Paule to be a
figure of ye
spirituall coniunction betweene christ & his church, I would be
glad to
knowe by what text of Scripture eyther of ye old or new testament,
a man
may have a warrant to make a nullitie of marriage pleineye
celebrated
in facie ecclesiae; uppren this reason ppter maleficu versus illam.
W-h I doe ye' rather ask yecause I find warrant expressly in
scripture to
make a nullitie of mariage propter frigi litatem by ye' word of o' Sauvio;
mat. 19. 12. for there are some chast Eunnches w-h were so borne
of there mo=
thers bellie. & there be some chast w-h have made them selves
chast, & there be
be some chast, w-h are made chast by men. & there be some chast
w-h haue made
them selves chast for ye' Kingdom of heauen.
I would also gladlie know, what auncient fathers ether among ye' Greekes
or Latynes by occasion of interpretation of scripture, or any
disputation,
hath mentioned maleficium versus illam, or declared it to be a
nullitie
in mariage:
The like I temaunde touching the auncient counsell ether generall
or
punciall, & concerninge ye' stories Ecclesiall: whether any such
matter
be found in them
If, for ought ye' appeareth neuer mension was made till ye' tyme of
Hinimar
Eписcopus Remensis, who lived about 900 yeares after christ, it
may be
conceived a concomitant of darkenes & popish Superstition, w-h
aboute ye'
tyme grew to a great heght, god then pmitting this punishment to
fall upon the children of vnbeleif.
But since ye' lyght of ye' gospell is now in so great measure broake
forth a=
gayne, why shold not I hope ye' those who haue embraced ye' gospell, shold
be free from this maleficium, especiallie, since amongst a million of
men
in o' age there is not found in all o' countrye who is clearlie &
evidently,
knowne to bee troubled wth the same. And if there shold be any
who might
seem to be thus molested, we are taught to use tow remedies
agaynst it,
the one spirituall phisicke the other externall; for ye first o' Sauior.
sayth
I, iv
sayth, hoc genus demoniorum non eiciatur, nisi per orationem et ieminiu:
and St. Peter speakinge of ye devell sayth cui resistite firme in fide.
& the Papistes them selues prescrib almes fastinge & prayer to be vsed in that case, but ye they ioyne superstitionlye there exorcismes
there vnto: And for corporall phisike to be applied as agaynst a disease see ye judgment of o' late Devines, whether they speake of
leficium or not:
Now admit the Earle of Essex might be imagined to be troubled with maleficiu versus illam. I demaund what Almes hath beene given, what fasting, hath bene vsed, what prayers haue bene powred oute to appease the indignation of god towards him or his wife, or what phisicke hath beine taken or medecines applied for three yea res togeather.
Not one of these thinges; but the first Stepp must be to pnounce a nullitie in the mariage. of wch declaration we know the begininge. but no mortall mans witt can foresee the end ether

Six obiections in law made by some of the ludge deligates.
The libell to be defective in ye words. Ar. 40 pluribus et iteratis vicibus tentabit.
The Earles answere to be insufficient, yt he did divers tymes attempt
The Earle to answere cui septi. mar. requise in law.
The Earle to be inspected by Phisicans etc.
Doubtfed an impedimenti maleficiii precesserit or subsecutu fuerit matrimonii notwithstanding triennii cohabitationis elapsii.
Whether notwithstanding the Tryenniall cohabitation past nonus terminus cohabitationis arbitrio iudicis, be not to be assigned for further tryall.

1. 40
2. 50
3. 60
4. 3
5. 40
6. 55

Iudicium diversorum de hac materia.
Philippus Melanchton de divorciis ex impotentia.
Pezelius secunda pte explica'. in examet melanchtonis
Henningii Iudiciu.
Hemmingii libello de coniugio repudio et diuorsio.
Polanus lib. de diuorsis, de repudiiis. pag. 9 etc 94.

I, iv
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I, 2. King James I, trial testimony

His ma:sties answere to ye presedent discourse. / 

To the first article y' scripture directlye or by consequence doth containe sufficient matter to decide all controverses especiallie in thinges appertayninge to ye church; this in my opinion is pro:positio erronea, & on of the puritans grounds, distinctio or ex:planatio: for the orthodoxall position is, that y' scripture doth directlye or by consequence containe in it self a sufficient matter to decide all controverses in poynte of fayth & salvation; of w' sort a nullitie in mariage cannot be accomplt for, one, and therefore your consequence vppon the former position must faile. 

For further satisfaction to your following question, I saie your owne second question doth answer it, for if there be a warrant in scripture for pronouncing a nullitie propter frigiditatem, then all the meanes w'h makes him frigidus versus illam, must be comprehended therein. For why doth our church iustlye condeme as incestuous the marriage of a man w'h his sisters daughter, or the mariage of two Sisters, but a paritate rationis, for none of them is in terminis phased in scripture, onlie the conclusion is gathered a paritate rationis, for if it be not lawfull to marry your fathers wife, because thereby you discouer your fathers shame nor his sister because she is his kinswoman, nor your owne sister bycause thereby you discover your fathers and mothers shame, it can no more be lawfull to marry your sisters daugther, for thereby you also discover your owne shame. 

As also y' the same reason serues for ascending or descending in poynte of consanguinitie, quia par est ratio, y' like is in this case, for alrhowgh christ spake onlie of three sortes of Eunches, yett tatio est quia non potest esse copula inter Eunuchum et mulierem. And therefore St:Paule in ye sixt of the 1 to ye Corinthians, telleth vs clearlie y' it is not coniunctio sine copula. I Conclude therefore a paritate rationis, y' christ did comprehend vnder these three sortes of Eunches all inabilitie, w'h did ppetuallie hinder Copulation versus illam, whether it were naturall or accedentall; for what difference is betwixt cutting of ye hand and being made impotent thereof. Amputatio et mutilatio membrorum, is all
all one in civil law. And it is alike destrawdinge of ye woman, when yether he who is to be her husband is gelded or when ye s
of ye memb towards her, is by any unlawful means taken fro her. neither is it any wyes neidfull to craue ye paticuler warrant for nullities pter maleficium out of scripture, no more then there is warrant in ye place for anye nullitie at all. for Christ doth not directlie saye y' marriage so made shalbe Null: neither doth he teatch vs what forme of pcesse shalle be used in it, neither maketh he mention of a tryniall plation no more then he for biddeth marriage w'hin the fourth degree w'hte oute leaue oblyned of ye bishopp of the diocesse: It is there
fore sufficient to all moderate christians to be taught oute of ye word of god y' marriage is null sine copula. & that y' words quos deus coniunxit is never found in scripture, where y's words doth not preceede, but whether the impediment be not universall or versus illam only. And whether ye faute thereof hath beene borne w'hte him, or done to him by violence, of fallen by disease, or disproportion or ineptitude betwixt y' parties, or by unlawful or vnnatural practises it is ever par ratio for he is Eunuchus versus illam, for he owght to be Eunuchus versus omnes alias, seing to her onlie was he married, and therefore a paritate rationis such nullities are grounded, vppon the aforesayd warrant of Scriptures, neither had christ any occasion to speake there to y< lewes concerning maleficium, for though it be apparant y' god made kinge Abimelech & his familie vnable to abuse Sara Abrahams wife, & so was he made by god him self Eunuchus versus illam, & y' it be not vnprobable y' y' diuell beinge gods ape shoulde imitate gods worke by his filthie witch= crafte by makeinge such as god wil prite him vnable versus illam. It is phable y' it was longe after y' tyme before y' deuell put y' trike in vse vppon y' yearth. And to you" third & fourth question, what intention, the fathers & councells make of maleficium versus illam, first.
Conditor celi et terre, rex regum, et dominus dominantium,
qui me de nihilo fecisti, ad imaginem, et similitudinem tuam,
et me proprio sanguine redemisti, quem ego peccator non
sum dignus nominare, nec invocare, nec corde cogitare: Te
suppliciter deprecor, et humiliare oras et clementiam tuam
picas me seruam tuam nequam, et miserere mei, qui

[tus fuisti mulieri Cananee, et Marie Magdalene, qui
peccisti publicano, et latroni, in cruce pendenti: Tibi con=
fiteor pater piissime, peccata mea, que si volo abscondere
non possum tibi domine; parce mihi christe, parce mihi
domine, parce mihi christe, qui Petro te negante peccisti, tu es creator meus, et
redemptor meus, dominus meus, et salvator meus
mea salute descendisti, qui David a peccati lapsu
erexisti; parce mihi domine, parce mihi christe, qui

[19]
nisit ad te vadam? si tu me eicis, quis me recipiet? si
nu me despicis, quis me aspiciet? recognosse me ergo
indignum, ad te refugientem, quamvis sim vilis et
immundus, quia si vilis et immundus sum potes me
potes me illuminare si mortuus sim
mundare, si cecus sim, potes me resuscitare, quia
maior est misericordia tua, quam iniquitas
mea, maior
est pietas tua, quam impietas mea, plus potes de
mittere, quam ego committo, et plus parcere quam
ego peccaverim, quam ego respiciens domine,
maior misericordia tua quam iniquitas mea, sam
plures mitisse quam ego committere, et plus parcere quam
generosus mihi maximus peccator, sed
plures mitisse quam ego committere, et plus parcere quam
crime, et plus parcere quam ego committere, sed
plures mitisse quam ego committere, et plus parcere quam
dominum, et noli irasci contra me,
animae meae salus tuae: qui dixisti, nolo mortem
peccatoris, sed magis ut conversetur, et vivat:
conversetur me ad te, et noli irasci contra me,
decrecor te clementissime pater: propter misericordiam tuo
et sanum tuam:
Qd concedat deus vires essentialiter, et personaliter
trinum qui est benedictus in secula seculorum Amen:


1. 5v
Anonymous, *Arms of Christ*

A sheilde of redd a crosse of greine
A crowne wrethen, wth thornes keine
A speare, a spounge with nayles three.
A boddie bounden vnto a tree.

Who so this sheilde in harte will take:
Amongst his enimies; dare he not quake:
My mind to me a kingdom is
such perfect joy therein I finde
that it excelles all other blisse
that nature yeilds or comes by kinde.

though much I want I most would haue:
yett still my mind forbids to craue:

No princely pompe no wealthy store
no force to wine a victorie,
no wyely heade to salve a sore
no shape to please a wanton eye

To none of these I yealde as thrall
for why my minde dothe serve for all:

I see how plentiful surfettes ofte
& hastie clymers sonest fale
I see yt those yt sett alofte
mishape doth threaten most of all

To gett with toyle and keipe with feare
such cares my minde shall neuer beare:

Some haue too much yett still doe crave
I little haue yett seike no more:
they are but poore thoughge mutch y' haue
and I am ritch with little store:

They poore I ritch, they begge I gyve
They lake I leave, the pyne, I lyve:

I laughe not at an others losse
nor grudge not at an others gayne,
No worldlye cares my mynde can tosse.
I brooke y' is an others bayne
I feare no foe I force no frend
I lothe no lif: I dread no end:
I, 9v
Content I lyve with any staye
& seike no more then may suffice,
I prese to beare no hawtye swaye
looke what I lake my minde supplies:

Loe how I triumph like a kinge

Content with that my mind doth bringe:

My wealth is health & quyett ease
my conscient cleare my cheif defence
I never seike by bribes to please
nor by desertes to give offence

Thus doe I lyve thus will I die:
would all did so as well as I:

Some weighe there pleasures by there luste
there wisdome by there edge of skill
there treasure tooe there only truste
and cloaked crafte there store of skill.

O But all the treasure yt I find
Is to content; a quiett minde: finis.
What shall I give thee being dead y' I maye bee a brother, & thow better by?
Shall I be dew thy hearse wth teares? why so they woonte to doe, wth haue least sense of woe
Or shall I thinke wth pompe & funerall fame
to adde ye least of glories to thy name?
Tis bootelesse: so are tombes: for we haue seene Churtches wth weare, & now no chutches beene.
that therefore thow maiste liue, & lyve wth me loe in my harte thy monument shalbe where thow shalt rest in peace: free from ye thrownge of rude diseased karkasses amonge, and wee an Anthem to the hyghest kinge thow of thy blisse: I of my hopes will singe.
And more ile vowt none shall there shrined bee who doth not match: or much resemble thee:
I, 10v. Sir John Davies, Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire

Unto that sparkling wit that spirit of fire
That diamond like aspect that Eagles eye
Whose lightning makes audactie retier
And yet drawes on respectue modestie
With wings of feare and love my spirit doth fly
And doth therein a flame of fier resemble
When yt burns most bright and mounts most high
Then doth yt waver most and doth tremble.

O that my thoughts were words, O could I speake
The tonge of angelles to express my mynde
For mortall speech is farre to fainte and weake
to utter passions of soe highe a kinde.

You have a bewtie of such life and light
As yt hath power all wandringer eyes to stay
To move dumbe tonges to speake, lame hands to write
Stayd thoughts to rime, and hard harts to melt away
Yet paynters can of this draw everie line
And every wittles psone that hath eyes
Can see and judge and sweare yt is devine.

For in those outward formes all fooles are wise.
But yt with my admiringe spirit doth viewe.
(In thought whereof yt would forever dwell.)
Eye never saw, the pensell never drew.
Pen never could descibe, tonge never tell.
Yt is the invisible bewtie of yo' minde
Yo' clere imagination, livelie witt
Soe sünde soe tempored, of such hevenly kinde.
As all mens spiritts are charmed and rapt wth yt.
This life wthin begetts yo' livelie looke.
As fier doth make all mettles looke like fier
Or yo' quicke soule by choyse this bodie tooke.
As angells wth bright beames there selues attier.
I, ii

Oh that my brest might ope, and hart might cleave.
that soe yo\w might my silent wondringe veiwe.
oh that yo\w could my servinge spiritt pseave.
how still wth tremblinge wings yt waites one yo\w.
then should[you] see of thought an endles chaine
whose linkes yo\w bewties and yo\w vertues bee.
then should yo\w see how yo\w faire forme doth rayne
through all the regions of my phantasie.
then should yo\w find, that I am yo\w? as much
as are yo\w quicke conceites bowroed of none.
or as yo\w native bewtie, w\w is such
as all the world will sweare yt is yo\w owne./
finis

Sir Henry Wotton, The Character of a Happy Life

How happie is he borne or tawghte,
that servethe not an others will
whose armor is his honest thoughte
and simple trewth his hyghest skill
whose passions not his maysters are
whose sowle is still prepayred for death
not tyed vnto the world wth care
of princes grace, or vulgar breath;
who envies not whome chance doth rayse
nor vice who never vnderstoode
y\w swords makes lesser wounuds then prayse
not rulles of state but rulles of good
who god doth late &\w yearlye pray
more of his grace then goods to lend
and intertaynes ye harmeles day
wth a well chosen booke or frend
that man is free fro servill bands
of hope to rise or feare to falle
Lord of him self thowgh not of landes
& haueinge nothing yett haue all;/
[*] The shippard Thirsis longed to die
gaesinge vppon the gracious eye
of her whom he adored & loved
when she whom no lesse passion moued
Thus said o die not yett I pray
Ile die wth thee if thou wilt stay
then Thirsis for awhile delays
the heate he had to end his dayes
but whilst he thus plonged his breath
not dieinge vnto him was death
at last whilst languishinge he layes
and sukes sweit necter from her eyes
the louelye shepperdise who fand
the harvest of her love at hand
wth tremblinge eyes, strayght fell a crieinge
die, Die sweete hart for I am dieinge;
and I thethy swayne did strayght replie
be howld sweete harte wth the I dye
thus spent those happie tow there breath
in such a sweite and deathles death
that they retourd in hast[el] agayne
agayne to trie deaths pleasant payne: finis

Marrye: and loue thy flauia for she
hath all things whereby others biewtious bee
for than why her eyes be smale, her mouth is greate
Though they bee luorye, yet her teeth bee lett
though they bee donne, yett she is light it enowgh
And though her harsh hayre fille, her skinne is rowghe:
What though her skinne is rowghe, her hayre is yeallow, her hayre is reed
Give her thyn and she hath a mayden head,
These thynge are biewtyes elametes: where these
meite in one, that one meste as parfeite please.
If reed and white, and each good qualitie
be in the wench; nere aske whare it doth lye.
In buyng the things piumed, we aske if thare
bee muske and amber in it, but what not whare.
Though all her ptes be not, in the usuall place
she hath an Anagram of a good face
If we might pte the letters but one way
in that leane dearth of words, what coulde we saye
When by the Gam. vt; some musitian make
a piuff sonnge others will vndertake,
By the same gam, vt; changed to euall it
things simplye good, can neuer be vnfit.
She is fayre as any; if albe like her.
and if none bee, then is she singuler.
All loue is wonder; if we lustly doe
accoumpte he wonderfull; why not louely too.
Louve builte one biewtye, sone as biewtye dyes
Chose this face charged with noe deformityes
women are like angells, and not they fayre bee
Like those with fell to worse: but such as she
Like to good angells, nothinge can impare.
Tis lesser greif to bee foule, then to haue beene fayre:
ffor one nights reuelles silke and goulde we chovse
but in longe Journyes cloth and leather vse:
beawtye is barren oft/ best husbands saye
there is best lande, where is the foulest waye.
Oh what soveraygne plaster will she bee
If thy past sinnes haue tawght thee leasowel leowsye
here neids no spyes nor Eweunches; her committ
safe to thy fooes, yee to a marmasett,
When Belgas Cityes, the round Centryes drownd
that durtyle fowlnes, gards and armes the towne,
Soe dothe her face gard her, and so for thee
Wch forced by bewsines ofte must absent be
She whose face like Clowds tournes day to nighte
Who mightier then the Sea; makes more seime white
Whom thowghe vii yeares she in the Stewes had layde
a nunnerye durst receaue and thinke a mayde
and thowgh in childbearth labor she did lye
Midwives, would sweare twere but a Tympanie,
Whom if, the she accuse I credit lesse
then witches wch impossibles confesse
Whom dildoes, beadstaves and her velvet glase
would be as loth to tutch as Joseph was
One like none; and likt of none fittest were.
ffor things in passion; every man will weare/
finis:
I, 17. John Donne, The Curse

A curse:

Donne

Whoever: guesses, thinkes, or dreames, hee knowes who is my mistris; wither by this curse. His only; and only his purse, may some dull harte; to loue dispose, and she yealde then to all that are his fooes;

Maye hee be scorned; by one whome all men scorne
fforsweare to others, what to her he hath sworne for feare of missinge; shame of gettinge torne:

Madnes his sorrow, goute his crampes; may hee make; by but thinkinge, who hath made him such and may he feel no tutch, of conscience, but of fame; and be anguisht, not that t'was sinn, but y' t'was shee

Or maye he, for her vertue reuerence
Her y' hates him, only for impotence
And equall traytors be she; and his senc,

Maye he dreeame treason and beleive that hee meant to pforme it, & confesse and dye, and no recorde tell why, his sonnes; wch none of his may bee inherite nothinge but his infamy,

Or may he so longe pasites haue feedd That he would fayne be theres whome he hath breed And at the last be circumsiced for bread.

The venim of all stepdames, gamesters gall
what Tyrantes and there subjectes interwish what hearbs, mynes, beasts, fowle, fishe, can contribute, and all, wch all, poets or pphets spoke, and all wch shall Bee annexd in schedules, vnto this by me ffall on that man: for if it bee a shee Nature before hand, hath oute cursed mee:

finis:
Bewayre fayre Mayd; of musicke courtiers oaths
take heed what gwyftes and fauors you receave,
Lett not the fadinge glowe, of silken cloathes
dasel your vertues, or your fame bereave:
ffor loose but once the houlde you haue of grace
Who will regard you' fortune or you' face:/
Eache greidie hande will stryue to catch ye flower
when none regards the stalke it growes vpon,
Each nature couettes, the frowettes still to devoure
and leaues the tree to faule or stande alone.
Then this adyve fayre creature, take of me
Lett none take frui∫e, vnlesse y[e] take ye tree:/
Beleive no oaths, nor no ptestinge men
credit no vowes, nor no bewaylinge songe
Lett courtiers sweare, for sweare, & sweare agayne
there harte doth lyve tenn regions from the tongue
ffor when w th o∫thes, they make thy harte to treamble
Beleive them leaste for then they most dissemble:/
Beware least Cesar doo corrupt thy minde
or fond ambition, sell thye modestie,
Saye thoughge a kinge, thou ever courtious finde
he cannot pardon thy impewritie,
Begyne w th kinge, to subiecte thow wilt falle
ffrom Lord to Laque, and at last to all:/

Anonymous, On a Maiden-head

Lost lewells may be recouered, virginitye neuer:
That's lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever:/
I, 18. Sir John Harington, Of a Lady that giues the cheek

yst for a favor, or for some dislike
that for your lipp, you tourne to me your cheike
to give you a taste of my unfayned love.
your lips and cheikes Ile leave, and kisse your gloue
but know you why, I make you wth this acquaynted
your gloues be pfumide; your lips & cheikes be paynted:

Jonathan Richards, a songe: “I die when as I doe not see”
a songe:
I die when as I doe not see
her who is lif & all to me
and when I see her yett I die
in seeinge of her cruelltye:
So y’ to me like miserie is wrowght
Both when I see, & when I see her nought—not:
or shall I speake, of—or silent gryve
but how can silenc then relieve
& if I speake, I may offend
& speakeinge not my harte will rend
So y’ to me I see it is all one
Speake I or speake I not: I am vndone:

Anonymous, Onste and no more, so sayd my love

Onste and no more, so sayd my love
when in myne armes inchayned.
She vnto me her lips did move
and so my hart, she gayned:
Adew she sayde, be gone I must
for feare of beinge missed
You’ hart putts o’er, but in trust
and so agayne she kissed:
I, 18v. Anonymous, for a louinge constand harte

for a louinge constand harte
my reward is greif & smarte
she yt kills me wth disdayne
takes a pleasur in my payne

I a dore her eyes whose lighte
cause it's seine vnto my sighte
makes her see her self most fayre
makes her prowde makes me dispaire.

She whome I held yt only rare
ls yt causer of my care.
of my cares & teares whose showers
moves not her yett quickens flowers

Dayes & nightes my woes improve
whilst I languish for her love
whilst her hart wth rigors frawght
scorninge setts my love at nawght:
Anonymous, a song: “When my hart seemes most ingaged”

When my hart seemes most ingaged
my love lasts but for a day,
foolish birds that wilbe caged
haueinge meanes to fly away
Loue hath winges & loues to range
I love those, yt love to change
One to hovld & catch at mannys
none to trust but all to prove
To coure all not care for any
Is ye wisest course of love,
Love hath: etc

Age affectes a reputation
of a sober steaddie mind.
youth is in ye youth full fashion
when it wavers like ye winde
Love hath winges etc
Constancie so hyghlye prised
makes a man a slave to one
they are free & well advised
who in louinge all loves none
Love hath winges etc

What are ye so mutch commended
for a constant louinge harte,
Children, cowards, ill be frended.
fooles vnskilled in lovers arte
Love hath winges etc:

You yt heare my free pfession
and thinke I doe ye world belye
Trie and make a trew confession
you will saye as well as I.
Love hath winges & loves to range
I love those yt loues to change:
I, 19v. Anonymous, Some who the speakinge sparke of my first loue did spie

Some who the speakinge sparke of my first loue did spie
which smother'd up in ashes now, not dead (though burried) lye
They muse yt I not still a lyuinge Idoll prayse
and that my muse (like Icarus) flyes what his flyght did rayse

Nor am I so retyr'd, but yett I one may see
that may (ye center of my thoughtes) my fancies object bee
I could vnto my self a heauenlye creature shape
by whose excellencie, I could even grace a second rape.
But only such a one could me her captiue call
as I might of my bondage bragge, avoluntarie thrall
No outward beautie now, thowgh nature ioyne wth arte
can draw attendance from my eyes, lesse homage from my harte
Such seellie bonds as those, my hart could never bind.
I like not Helens face so much, as I abhorre her mind
whome one might take away, in vayne sought bake an hoste
she ravish'd wth more reason was, then foughten for, when lost.
Trew worth might force me yet, not coulloures frayle entice
one by my eares, not by my eyes, must now my thoughts surprise
A vertuous creature yet, my fancies might enroule,
with whom I might (as wth a frend) communicate my soule,
Why might not of ye sex some one thus purchase fame,
as of all virtue capable, and everie way extreame they what defective is, might to perfection tume
whose vehement affections calm'd, would foster what ye
burne
I wth some of great worth, this wonder would pasure
a vertuous, not voluptuous love, a frenshipp great yett pure
I would for such favor would aspire but to prevaile
as might not make a virgin blush, nor matron to loke pale
for her to whose pra'yed partes, I once engag'ed my name
I as a Phenix would extoll, to flye over all wth fame

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and her disgrace in ought who did my choyce remayne.
if for nowght els, it could greiue me, as beinge my
Judgments stayne
Thus euen as of my owne, beinge jealous of her state,
I what migh honor her might would urge urge, what migte
dishonor hate
but such a loue as this no soddayne fancie founds
but by degrees must stronglie grow, built on eternall
grounds
A face first move my eyes, a gesture fix them might
as wch themselves insinuate deseru'dlie in the sight
and then beinge tempted thus what further was to
prove
a quicke discourse, a vertuous course, by tyme might make
me love
Not that externall partes, a stoicke I disdayne
I hold them but as bayts to take, worth y wch should
retayne
when wth a face most fayre, a mind more fayre I find
this angles eyes, yr ankers thoughts, both absolutelie binde
Then doth perfection shine for ye badge which beautie
beares
as diamonds enshrin'ed in gold, or starres enstalld in
spheares:
Satire

Kind pittie choakes my spleene braue scorne forbidds
those teares to issue wth swell my eielidds
I must not laugh nor weepe Surs and be wise
Can Railing then cure these worn Maladies
Is not our Mistres faire Religion
As woorthie of all oure soules deuotion
As vertue was to the first blinded age
Are not heauens ioyes as valiant to asswage
Lustes as Earths honour was to them Alasse
As wee doe them in meanes shall they surpasse
Vs in the end and shall thy fathers spirit
Meet blind Philosophers in heauen whose meritt
Of strickt life may be imputed faith and heere
Thee whom he taught so easie waies and neere
To followe damned? Or if thou darest feare this
This feare great courage and he valour is
Darst thou aid Mutinous Dutch & darst thou lay
Thee in Shippes woodden Sepulchres a pray
To Leaders Rage to stormes to shott to death
Darst thou diue seas and dungeons of the earth
Hast thou couragious fire to thawe the Ice
Of frozen North discoueries and thrice
Colder then Salamanders Like deuine
Children in the Ouen fires of Spaine and the line
Whose Countries Limbecks to our bodies bee
Canst thou for gaine beare? and must euer hee
Which cries not goddesse to thy Mistris drawe
Or eat thy poisonous woords courage of strawe
o desperate coward wilt thou seeme bold and
To thy foes and his (who made thee stand
Sentinell in his worldes worlds garison thus yeeld
And for forbidden warres leave the appointed field
Knowe thy foe the fowle diuell is whom thou
Striuest to please for hate not loue would allowe
Thee faine his whole Realme to be quitt and as
The worlds all parts wither away and passe
So the worlds selfe thy other loued foe is
In her decrepitt wane and thou louing this
Dost loue a withered and worne strumpett last
fflesh (it selfes death) and ioyes wth flesh can tast
Thou louest and thy faire goodlie soule wth doth
Gieue this flesh power to tast ioy thou dost loth
Seeke true Religion; O where Mirreus
Thinking her vnhowes’d here and feldd from vs
Seekes her att Roome, there because she doth know
That she was there a thousand yeares agoe
He loues the Raggs so as wee heere obey
The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday
Grants to braue loue will not be inthralld
But loues her onlie who att Geneua is calld
Religion plaine simple Sollen yonge
Contemtuous yett vnhandsome as amonge
Lecherous humours there is one that iudges
No wenches wholsome but course country drudges
Grayus stais still att home here and because
Some Preachers (vile ambitious Baudes and lawes
Still new like fashions) biddes him thinke that shee
Which dwells with vs is onlie perfect, hee
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him beeing tender. as wards still
Take such wiuves as their Gardeans offer or
Pay vallewes. Carelesse Phrigius doth abhorre
All because all cannot be good as one
Knowing some women whores dares mary none
Gracchus loues all as one and thinckes that so
As women doe in diuers countries goe
In diuers habitts yett are still one kind
So doth so is Religion and this blindnes
Too much light breeds but vnmooued then
Of force must one and forced but one alowe
And the right, aske thy father which is she
Lett him aske his though truth and falshood bee
Neere twinnes yet truth a little elder is
Be busie to seeke her beleive mee this
He is not of none nor wororst wch seeks the best
To adore to skorne an Image or protest
May all be badd; doubt wiselie in strange way
To stand inquiring right is not to stray
To sleepe or runne wrong is: on a huge hill
Cragged and steepe truth standes and he that will
Reach her must about and about goe
And what the hills sodainnesse resists winne soe
Yett striue so that before age deaths twilight
Thy soule rest for none can woorke in that night
To will implies delay therefore now doe
Hard deedes the bodies paines hard knowledge too
The minds endeuiores reach. and misteries
Are like the sunne dazeling yet plaine to all cies
Keepe the truth which thou hast found men doe not stand
In so ill case here that God hath with his hand
Signed Kings Blanck=charters to kill whom they hate
Nor are they Vicars but Hangmen to fate
fioole and wretch wilt thou lett thy soule be tied
To mans lawes by which she shall not be tryed
Att the last day will itt then boote thee
To say a Phillipp or a Gregorie
A Harry or Martin taught thee this
Is not this excuse for meere contraries
Equalie stronger? cannot both sides say so
That thou maist rightly obey power her bondes know
Those past her nature and name is changd to bee
Then humble to her is Idolatry
As streams are power is those best flowers that dwell
Att the rough streams calme head thrive and prove well
But having left their Rootes and themselves given
To the streams tyrannous rage alas are driven
Through Mills and Rocks and Woods and at last almost
Consumed in goinge in the sea are lost
So perish soules which more chance mens unjust
Powre from God claimed then God himselfe to trust.

John Donne, Satyre IV

Well I may now receive and die my sinne
Indeed is great but I have beene in
A Purgatorie such as feared Hell is
A Recreation and scant Mappe of this
My mind neither with prides Itch nor yet hath beene
Poisened with loue to see or to be seen
I had no suit there nor newe suit to shew
Yett went to Court but as Glare which did goe
To a Masse in lest catchd was faine to disburse
The hundred Marckes which is the Statutes curse
Before he scaped. So it pleased my destinate
Guiltie of my sinne of goinge to thinke mee
As prone to all ill and of good as forgetfull
As proud lustfull and as much in debt
As vaine and wittlesse and as false as they
Which dwell at Court, for once goinge that way
Therefore I suffered this, towards mee did runne
A thinge more strange then Nilus slyme the Sunne
Ere bred, Or all which into Noahs Arke came
A thinge which would have posed Adam to name
Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies
Then Affrick monsters Guianaes rarities
Stranger then strangers one who for a Dane
In the Danes massacre had sure beene slaine
If he had liued then and without helpe dies
When next pretences against strangers rise
One whom the watch att noone letts scarce goe by
One to whom the Examining lustice sure would cry
Sir by your Priesthood tell mee what yow are
His Clothes were strange though course and black though bare
Sleeuelesse his learkin was and itt had byn
Velvett but t'was now so much ground was seen
Become Tuftstaffata and our children shall
See it plaine Rash a while then nought at all.
This thing hath trauelled and saith speaks all tongues
And onlie knoweth what to all states belongs
Made of the Accents and best phrase of all these
He speaks strange language if strange meates displease
Art can deceuie or hunger force my taste
But pedants mostly tongue soldiours bombaste
Mountebancks drugg tongue nor the termes of law
Are stronge enough Preparatitives to drawe
Mee to beare this yett I must be content
With his tongue in his tongue called complement
In which he can winne widdowes and pay skores
Make men speake treason cosen suttlest whores
Out flatter favourites or outlie either
lovius or Lurius or both together
He names mee and comes to mee I whisper
How haue I sinned that thy wraths furious rodd
This fellowe chooseth mee he saieth. Sir
I loue your judgement whom doe yow preferre
for the best Linguists? and I seelie
said that I thought Calepines Dictionary
Nay but of men most sweet Sir. Beza then
Some Iesuitts and twoo reuerent men
Of our twoo Academies I named; there
He stopt mee and said nay your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists and so Panirge was
Yett a poore gentleman all these may passe
By trauaile then as if he would haue sold
His tongue he praised itt and such woordes told
That I was faine to say If yow had liued Sir
Time enough to be Interpreter
To Babells Brick Layers sure the towre had stood
He adds it of Court life yow knowe the good
Yow would leaue lonelines I said not alone
My lonelinesse is but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting Drunkards doth not tast
Now Aretines pictures haue made fewe chast
No more can Princes Courtes though there be fewe
Better Pictures of vice Teach mee the vertue
He like to a high streacht Lutestring squeakt O sir
'Tis sweete to talke of Kings Att Westminster
Said I the man that keepes the Abbey Tombes
And for his price doth with who ever comes
Of all Sir Harries and Sir Edwards talke
Of from Kings to Kings naught but kings your eies meet.
Kings only the way to itt is Kings street
Hee smackt and cryed hees base Mechanick coarse
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse
Are not your french men neat fine as yow see
I haue but one Frenchman looke he followes mee
Certes they are neatlie clothd. I of this mind am
Your only wearing is ye Grogaran
Not so Sir I haue more vnder this Pitch
He would not flie I chafd him but Itch
Scratcht into smart and as blunt Iron ground
Into an Edge hurts woorese (so I foole) found
Crossing hurt me to fitt my sullenesse
He to another key his stile doth dresse
And asks what newes I tell him of new plaies
He takes my hand and as a still w ch stayes
A Sembreefe twixt each dropp he niggardlie
As loth to inrich mee so tells many a lie
More then ten Hollensheads or Hales or Stowes
Of truiiall houshold trash he knowes he knowes
When the Queene frownd or smild and he knowes what
A subtle states man may gather of that
He knowes who loues whom and who by poison
Hastes to an Offices Reversion
He knowes who hath sold his land and now doth begge
A Licence Old Iron Bootes shoes and Eggeshells
To transport shortly boyes shall not play
Att Spanncounter or blewepoint but shall pay
Tole to some Courtie' and wiser then all vs
He knowes what Ladie is not painted, Thus
he with home meates tryes mee I belch spewe spitt
Looke pale and sickly like a Patient, yett
He thrusts me more and as if he vnertooke To say Gallobelgicus without booke
Speakes of all states and deedes that haue beene since
The Spaniards came to the losse of Amyens
Like to a bigg wife att sight of loathed meat
Ready to trauell so I sigh and sweat
To heare his Macron talke in vayne for yett
Either my humour or his owne to fitt
He like a priuiledged spie whom nothing can
Discreditt Libelles now against each great man
He names a price for euery Office paid
He saith Our warres thriue ill because delayd
That Offices are intaild and that there are Perpetuities of them lasting as farre
As the last day and that great Officers
do with the Pirates share and Dunkerkers
Who wast in meat in clothes in horse he notes
Who loues whores who boyes and who goates
I more amazed then Circes prisoners when
They felt themselues turne beasts felt my selfe then Becomming Traitor and me thought I saw
One of our Gyant Statues ope his lawe
To sucke mee in. for hearing him I found
That as burnt venomd Leachers doe growe sound
By giuing others their sores I might growe Guiltie and he free, therefore I did showe
All signes of loathing but since I am in
I must pay mine and my forefathers sinne
To the last farthinge therefore to my power Toughly and Stubbernly I beare the Crosse
But the houre of mercy now was come he tries to bring Mee to pay a fine to scape his torturinge
I, 23v

And sayes Sir can yow spare mee I said willinglie
Nay Sir can yow spare mee a Crowne thankfullie I
Giue itt as Ransome but as ffiddlers still
Though they be paid to be gone yett needes will
Thrust one ligge more vpon yow so did he
With his long Complementall thankes vexe mee
But he is gone thankes to his needy want
And the Purgatorie of my Crowne scant
His thankes were ended when I wch did see
All the Court filled wth more strange things then hee
Rann from them with such or more hast then one
Who feares more Actions doth make from prison
Att home in wholsome solitarines
My pretious soule beganne the wretchednes
Of suters att Court to mourne and a traunce
Like his who dreampt he sawe Hell
did aduance
Itt selfe on mee and such men as he sawe there
I sawe att Court and worse and more lowe feare
Becomes the guiltie not the accuser, then
Shall I nones slaue of high borne or raysed men
fear frownes? and my mistres truth betray thee
To the Huffinge Braggart puft Nobilitie
No No! Thou wch since yesterday hast beene
Almost about the whole world hast thou seene
O Sunne in all thy Iorney vanitie
Such as swells the bladder of our Court I
I thinke he wch made your waxen garden, and
Transported itt from Italie to stand
With vs att London flowtes our presence for
Just such gay painted things wch no sapp nor
Tast haue in them are ours and naturall
Some of ys stockes are their fruits bastard all
Tis ten a clocke and past All whom the Mewes
Balloune Tenis Diett or the stewes
Had all the morning held now the second
Tyme made ready that day in flockes are found
In the presence and I (God pardon mee
As fresh and sweet the apparrelles bee as bee
The fieldes they soould to buy them for a Kinge
Those are cries the flatterer and bring
Them next weeke to the Theater to sell
Wantes reach all states me seemes they doe as well
Att stage as Court All are players who ere lookes
(ffor themselues dare not goe) ore Cheapside bookes
Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now
The Ladies come as Piratts wth doe knowe
That there came weake shipps fraught wth Cutchanell
The men board them and praise as I thinkewell
Their beauties they the mens wittes both are bought
Why good witts neere weare scarlett gownes I thought
This cause these men mens witts for speeches buy
And women buy all reddes wch scarlett die
He cald her beuty Iymetwigges her haire Net
She feares her druggs ill layd her haire loose sett
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
fron Hate to sue himselfe att doore refine
Att the pr'sence weare a Meschite and lifte
His skirtes and hose and calls his cloathes to stifte
Making them confesse not only mortall
Great staynes and holes in them but also veniiall
fleathers and dust wherewith they fornicate
And then by Dureus rules survey the state
Of his each limbe and wth stringes the oddes tryes
Of his neck to his legge and wast so to his thighes
So in Immaculate clothes and symitrie
Perfect as Circles wth such Necetie
(As a young Preacher att his first tyme goes
to preach) he enters and a Lady wch owes
Him note so much as goodwill he arrests
And vnto her protests protests protests
So much as at Roome would haue serud to haue throwen
Ten Cardynall into the Inquisicon
And whispered by lesu so often that a
Purseuant would haue rauished him away
ffor saying of our Ladies Psalter but tis fitt
That they each other plague they merit it
But here comes Glorius that will plague them both
Who in the other extreme onlie doth
Call a rough carelessenes good fashion
Whose cloake his spurre teare whom he spittes on
He cares not his ill woordes doe no harme
To him he rusheth in as if Arme Arme
He meant to cry; And though his face bee as ill
As theirs wch in old hanginges whipt Christ yealt still
He striues to looke worse he keepe all in awe
Liciencd lestes like a foole Commandes like law
Tyrd now I leaue this place and be but pleased so
As men wth from layles to Execution goe
Soe through the great chamber whyt it 3/2 honge
With the seauen deadlie sinnes beeing among
Those Ascapartes menn bigg enouh to throwe
Charingcrosse for a Barr men that doe knowe
No token of woorth but Queenes man and find
Liuing Barrells of Beefe flaggons of wine
I shooke like a spied spie Preachers wth are
Seas of Witt and Artes yow can then dare
Drowne the sinnes of this place for for mee
Wch am but a scarce Brooke it nowsh shall bee
To wash those staynes away though I yett
With Maccabees modestie the merit
Of my woorke lessen yett some wise men shall
I hope esteeme my Writtes Canonickal

Finis
I, 24v. John Donne, Satyre V

A Satyre 3

Thou shalt not laugh in this leafe Muse nor they Whom any pitie warnes He who did lay Rules to make Courtiers (Hee beeing understood May make good Courtiers But who Courtiers good ffrees from the stings of lests all who in extreme Are wretched or wicked Of these twoo a Theame Charitie and Libertie giue mee! what is hee Who Officers rage and suitors misery Can Write and lest if all things bee in all As I thinke since all which were are and shall Bee be made of the same Elementes Each thing each thing imploys or representes Then man is a world in with Officers Are the deiouing stomacke and Suitors The Excrements with they void. all men are dust How much worse are suitors who to mens lust Are made prays O woos then dust or woormes meat for they doe eat yow now whose selues woormes shall eat They are the Mills with grind yow yett yow are The wind with driues them and a wastfull Warre Is fought against yow and yow fight itt! they Adulterate lawe and yow prepare the way Like Wittolls the Issue your owne ruine is Greatest and fairest Empresse knowe Yow this Alas no more then Thames calme head doth knowe Whose Meades her Armes drownes or whose corne overflow You sir whose Righteousnes she loues whom I By hauing leaue to serue am most richly for seruice paid authorizd now beginn To knowe and weed out this enormious sinne o age of rusty Iron some better witt Call it some woors name if ought equall itt The Iron age Age that was when Justice was sould! now Injustice is sold dearer farr! Allowe All Demaundes fees and duties Gamsters anon The money with yow sweat and swearre for is gone Into others handes so controuered Landes Scape like Angellica the striuers handes If lawe bee in the Judges hart and hee Haue nor hart to resist letter or fee Where wilt thou appeale? power of the Courtes belowe fflowe from the first maine head and these can throw thee (If they suck thee) into misery To fetters Halters but if the Injury Steele thee to dare complaine alas thou goest Against the streame when upwardes thou art most
Heaue and most faint and in these labours they
Gainst whom thou shouldst complayne bee in thy way
Become great Seas ore when thou shalt bee
Forced to make golden Bridges thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before
All things followe their likes only who haue may haue
more
Judges are Gods who made and said them so
Ment not men should be forcd to them to goe
By meanes of Angells when Supplications
Wee send to God to Dominations
Powres Cherubs and Heavens Courts if wee
Should pay fees as here! Dallie Bread would bee
Scarce to Kinges so it is would itt not anger
A stone A Coward yea a Martyr
To see a Pursuain come in and call
All his Clothes Copes Bookes Primmers and all
His plate Chalices and mistake them away
And aske a fee for comming Oh neare may
Faire lawes white reverent name be stropueted
To warrant Theftes she is established
Recorder to destinie on Earth and she
Speakes fates woordes and tells
Who must be rich who poore who in Chaires who in Layles
She is all faire but yet hath fowle long nayles
With which she scratcheth suitors in bodies of men
Of men so in lawe nayles are the Extremities
So officers stretch to more then lawe can doe
As our Nayles reach what no els part comes too
Why barest thou to yon Officer. ffoole hath hee
Gott those goodes for wch men erst bared to thee
ffoole twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now
hungerly
Begst right but that dole comes not till these die
Thou haddst much and lawes Vrim and Thummim try
Thou wouldst for more and for all hast paper
Inough to cloath all the great Caricke pepper
Sell that and by that thou much more shalt leese
Then Haman when he sold his Antiquities
O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
Esops fables and make tales prophesies
Thou art the swimming dogge whom shadowes cossened
And diuest neere drowninge for what vanished.

Finis
I, 25v. John Donne, Satyre II

Sir though (I god thank god for itt I doe hate
Perfectly all this towne yet there is one state
In all ill things so excellently best
that hate towards them breeds pitie toward the rest
Though Poetrie indeed be such a sinne
As I think that bringes dearths and Spanyardes in
Though like the pestilence and old fashioned loue
Ridlingly it catch men and doth remoue
Neuer till itt be starud out! yett their state
Is poore disarmd like papists not woorth hate
One (like a wretch) wth att barr iudged as dead
Yett prompts him wth standes next and cannot read
And saues his life(giues Ideott Actors meanes
Steruing himselfe) to liue by his laboured Scene
As in some Organ Puppitts daunce aboue
And bellowes pant belowe wth them doe mooue
One would mooue loue by Rimes but Witchcraftes charmes
Bring not now their old feares nor their old harmes. / Rammes and Slinges now are sillie Battery
Pistollets are thee best Artillery
And they that write to Lords rewardes to gett
Are they not like singers att doores for meat
And they that write because all write haue still
That excuse for writinge and for writing ill
But he is woorst who beggarlie doth chaw
Others witts frutes and in his Rauenous maw rancklie digested doth these thinges out spue
As his owne things and they are his owne tis true
ffor if one my meat though it be knowne
The meat was mine the Excrement is his owne
But those doe me no harme nor those wth vse
to out doe Dildoes and out vsure lewes
T'out drinke the sea t'out sweare the Letany
Who wth sinnes of all kind as familiar bee
As Confessours and for whose sinfull sake
Schoolemen new Tenementes in Hell must make
Whose strang sinnes Canonists could hardly tell
In wth commandementes large recept they dwell
ffor those punish themselues the insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my iust offence
Whom tyme (wth rots all and makes botches poxe
And plodding on must make a Calfe an Oxe)
Hath made a Lawyer wth was alas of late
But a scarce Poett sollicitor of this state
Then are new beneficd Ministers he throws
Like Netts or limetwigges wheresoere he goes
His Title of Barrister on every wench
And woes in language of the Pleas and Bench
A Motion Lady (speake Coscae) I have beene
in Loue euer since Tricessimo of the Queene
Continuall Claymes I have made Injunctions gott
To stay my Riualls suit that he should not proceed
Spare me in Hilary terme I went
Yow said if I returne next Assize in Lent
I should be in Remitter of your grace
In the Interim my letters should take place
Of Affidauitts Woordes woordes weh would teare
The tender Laborinth of a soft maides eare
More More then ten Sclauonians scolding more
Then when windes in our ruind Abbeyes tore
When sick weh Poetry and possesst with Muse
Thou wast and madd I hop't but men weh chuse
Lawe practise for meere gaynes bold soule reput
Woorse then Imbrothelld Strumpetts prostitute
Now like an Owlelike watchman he must walke
his hand still att a bill now he must talke
Idlely like Prisoners weh whole moneths will sweare
That only Suertishipp hath brought them there
And to euery Suitor lie in euery thinge
Like a Kings favourite yea like a kinge
Like a wedge in a blocke wring to the Barr
Bearing like Asses and more harmless farr
Lye to the Graue. Iudge for Bastardy aboundes
Not in Kings titles nor
Symony or Sodomy in Churchmens liues
As these things doe in him by theis he thrives
Shortly as the Sea he will compass all ou' Land
from Scots to Wight from Mount to Dover strand
And spying Heirs melting wth Luxurie
Sathan will not ioy att his sinnes as he
ffor as a thriftie wench scrapes kitchin stuffe
And Barrollinge the droppings and the snuffe
Of wasting candelles weh in thirtie yeare
Relique like kept perchance buyes wedding geare
Peacemeale he gets landes and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as men pulling prime
In Parchment then large as his fieldes he drawes
Assurances bigg as glosd Ciuiil lawes
So huge that men (in our tymes forwardnes
Are fathers of the Church for writing lesse
These he writes not nor for these written payes
Therefore spares no length as in those first dayes
When Luther was professed he did desire
Short Pater noster saying as a ffryer
Each day his Beads but haung left those lawes
Addes to Christs prayer the power and glorie clawes
But when he sells or changes Land h'impaires
His wrighting and vnmatchd leaues out his heires
As slie as any Commenter goes by
Hard woordes or sence: or in Diuinitie
As Controverters in vouchd texts leaues out
Shewd woordes w ch might against them cleare the doubt
Where are those spread woodes w ch dothd heretofore
Those bought landes? not built nor burnt within doore
Where's the old Landlordes Troopes and Almes in Haules
Carthusian fastes & fulsome Bacchanalls
Equallie I hate meanes blesse in Ritchmens homes
I bidd kill some beasts but no Hecatombs
None sterue none surfett so but Oh wee allowe
Good woorkes are good but out of fashion now
Like old Rich wardrobes but my woordes drawes
None wthin y' vast reach of huge statute lawes.

Finis
I, 27. John Donne, Elegie: The Bracelet

Eligia 1.

Not that in colour it was like thy haire
for Arme letts of that thou mayest lett me weare
Nor that thy hand itt oft embracst and kiste
for so itt had that good wch oft I miste
Nor for that silie old Morralitie
That as those linckes were tied our loue should bee
Mourne I that I thy seauen fold chaine haue lost
Nor for the lucke sake but the bigger cost
Oh shall twelue righteous Angells wch as yett
No leauen of vile Soder did admitt
Nor yett by any fault haue strayed or gone
from the first state of their Creation
Angells wth heauen commanded to prouide
All things to mee and bee my faithfull guide
To gayne new frendes to appease great enimies
to comfort my soule when I lie or rise
Shall these twelue Innocents by thy seuer
Sentence dread Judge my sinnes great burden beare
Shall they be damnd and in the fornace thrown
And punishd for Offences not their owne
They saue not mee they doe not ease my paines
When in that Hell they are burnt and tied in chaynes
Were they but Crownes of ffrance I cared not
for most of them their naturall Country rott
I thinke possesseth! they come here to vs
So leane so pale so lame so ruinous
And how so ere french kings most Christian bee
Their Crownes are circumcisid most Jewishly
Or were they spanish stampes still trauailing
That are become as Catholique as their Kinge
Those vnlickd Bearewhelpes vnfild Pistolets
That more then cannon shott auailes or letts
Wch negligently left vnrounded looke
Like many Angled figures in the booke
Of some great Coniurer which would inforce
Nature as those doe justise from their course
Which as the soule quickens head feet and hart
Of streames like vaynes runnes thorough the earthes euyry part
Visitt all Countries and haue silie made
Gorgeous France ruind ragged and decayd
Scotland wth knewe no state proud in one day
And mangled seauenteene headed Belgia
Or were itt such gold as that where withall
Almightie Chimicks from each Minerall
Hauing by subtle fier a soule out pulld
Are durtilie and desperately guild
I would not spitt to quench the fier they were in
for they are guilte of much hainous sinne
But shall my hameles Angells perish shall
I loose my Guard my head my foot my all?
Much hope wth they should nourish wilbe dead
Much of my able youth and Lustiehead
Will vanish if thou loue lett them alone
For thou wilt loue me lesse when they are gone
Oh be content that some loud squeaking cryer
Well pleasd wth one leane thredd bare groat for hier
May like a diuell roare thorough euery street and gall the finders conscience if he meet
Or lett mee meet with some dread Coniurer
With with fantastick Sceneus fylles full much paper
Which haue deuided Heauen in Tenements
And with Whores Theeues and Murtherers stuff his rentes
So full that though he passe them all in sinne
He leaues himselfe no roome to enter in
And if when all his Art and time is spent
he say t'will neere be found (Oh be content
Receive from him the doome vngrudginly
Because he is the mouth of Destynie
Thou saist alas the gould doth still remaine
Though it be changd and putt into a chayne
So in the first fallen Angells resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge but t'is turned to ill
As these should doe good woorkes and should prouide
Necessities but now must nurse thy pride
And they still badd Angelles mine are none
for forme gues beeing and their forme is gone
Pittie these Angells yet their dignities
Passe vertues powers and Principalities
But thou art resolute thy will be done
Yett with such anguish as her only Sonne
The mother in the hungry Graue doth lay
Vnto the fire these Martirs I betray
Good soules for yow giue life to euery thinge
Good Angells for good Messages yow bring
Destind yow might haue beene to such a one
As would haue loud and woorshippt yow alone
One wch would suffer Hunger Nakednes
Yea death ere he would make your number lesse
But I am guiltye of your sad decay
May your fellowes with mee longer stay
But Oh thou wretched finder whom I hate
So much that I almost pittie thy state
Gold beeing the heaviest Metal amongst all
May my most heauie curse vpon thee fall
Heere fetterd manacled and hangd in chaynes
first maist thou bee then chained to hellsish paynes
Or bee with forraigne gold bribd to betray
Thy country and faile both of that & thy pay
May the next thing thou stoopst to reach containe
Poison whose nimble fume rott thy most brayne
Or Libells or some Interdicted thinge
With negligently kept thy ruine bringe
Lust breed diseases rott the & dwell with thee
Itchy desire and no Abilitie
May all the hurt that euer gold hath wrought
All mischiefes with all duelles euer thought
Want after plentie poor and gowtie age
The Plagues of Trauailers loue and Mariage
Afflict thee and att thy liues last moment
May thy swolne sinnes themselues to thee present
But I forgie repent thou honest man
Gold is restoratiue restore itt then
Or if with itt thou beest loth to depart
Because t'is Cordiall would twere att thy hart

finis
I, 28. Anonymous, A Paradoxe of a Painted Face

A Paradoxe in praise of a painted face [*]

Not kisse? By loue I must and make Impression
As long as Cupid dares to hold his Sessyon
Vppon my flush of blood our kisses shall
Out minute time and without number fall
Doe not I knowe those balls of blushing redd
That on thy cheeckes thus amorously are spredd
Thy snowy necke those vaines vpon thy browe
Wch with their azurd wrincklinges sweetly bowe
Are artfull borrowed and no more thine owne
Then Chaynes wch on St Georges day are shouwne
Are proper to the wearers. yett for this
I Idoll thee and begge a luscious kisse
The Fucus and Cerusse wch on thy face
Thy cunning hand layes on to addde more grace
Deceiue mee with such pleasing fraud that I
ffynd in thy Art what can in nature lie
Much like a painter that vpon some wall
On wch the cadent sunnbeames vse to fall
Paintes wch such Art a guilded butterflye
That sillie maides with slowe moud fingers try
To catch itt and then blush att their mistake
Yett of this painted flye most reckoning make
Such is our state since what wee looke vpon
Is nought but cullour and proportion /
Take mee a face as full of fraud and lyes
As Gipseyes or your running Lotteries
That is more false and more sophisticate
Then are Snes Reliques or a man of state
Yett such beeing glazed by the slight of Art
Gayne Admiration won in many a heart
Put case there be a difference in ye mould
Yett may thy venus bee more choyse and hold
A dearer treasure. Oftentymes wee see
Rich Candian wines in woodden Bowles to bee
The Odriferous Ciuett doth not lie
Within the Muske Catts nose or eare or cie
But in a baser place. for prudent Nature
In drawing vpp of various formes & feature
Giuess from the curious shopp of her large treasure
To fayre partes comlynes to baser pleasure
The fairest flowers that on y spring doe growe
Are not so much for vse as for the showe
The Lillies Hiacinth and gorgeous birth
Of all pie’d flowers wch diaper the earth
I, 28v
Please more wth their discouloured purple trayne
Then wholsome pottheares wth for vse remaine
Shall I a gaudie speckeld serpent kisse
For that the coulour wth he beares is his
A perfumd Cordiuant who will not weare
Because the sent is borrowed other where
The Roabes and vestimentes wth grace vs all
Are not our owne but aduentittiall
Time rifles natures beautie but slye Art
Repaires by cunning this decayed part
ffills heere a wrinckle and there purles a vaine
And with a nimble hand runnes ove againe
The breaches dented in by the Arme of time
And makes deformitie to bee no cryme
As when great men are gript by sicknes hand
Industrious Phisick pregnantly doth stand
To patch vpp fowle diseases and doth stand—strive
To keepe their rotten Carcasses aliue
Beautie a Candle is wth euery Puffe
Blowes out and leaues naught but a stinking snuffe
To fill our Nostrells wth! This bouldly thinke
The purest candle st makes the greatest stinke
As your pure food and chariest nutriment
Getts the most hoot and nose strong excrement
Why hange wee then on things so apt to vary
So flitting brittle and so temporary
That Agewes Coughs the Toothach and Catharre
Slight touches of diseases spoile and marre
But when old age their bewtie hath in chase
And plowes vpp furrowes in their once smooth face
They then become forsaken and doe showe
Like statelie Abbeyes ruin long agoe
Nature but giues the mod dell and first draught
Of faire perfection wth by Art is taught
To speake itt selle a compleat forme and birth
So standes a copie to the shapes on earth
Loue grant me then a repairable face
Wth whiles that colours are can want no grace
Pigmations painted statue I could loue
Were itt but warme & soft and could but mooue/
finis
I, 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, A Very Very Woman

A Verie woman

Woman is a dowbaked man or shee ment
Well towardes him but fell the two bowes short
Strength and understanding Her vertue is
The hedge Modesty that keepes a man from climinge
Ouer into her faultes. Shee simpers as if shee
Had no teeth but lipps and she deuides her eies
And keepes halfe for her selfe and giues the other
To the Neate youth Beeing sett downe she casts
Her face into a platt forme w^th_ dureth the meale
And is taken away with the voider Her draught
Reacheth to good manners not to thirst and it is a part
Of their Mistery not to professe Hunger
But nature takes her in priuate & stretcheth
Her vpon meat. She is Marriageable and fourteene
Att once And after she doth not liue butt tarry
Shee rea des ouer her face euery morninge
And sometimes blottes out pale & writes redd
She thinkes shee is faire though many times her
Opinion goes alone and she loues her glasse
And the knight of the Sunne for lyng She is hidd
Away all but her face and theates hangd about
With toyes and deuices like the signe of a Tauerne
To drawe Strangers it is likely she traffiques flesh
And hanges itt out of her shopwindowes if shee
Shew more she preuentes desier and by too free
Giuing leaues no guift Shee may scape from
the Seruingman but not from the Chambermaid
Shee committes w^th_ her eares for certayne. After
that shee may goe for a maid but she hath beene Iyen
Within her understanding. Her Philosophy is a seeming
Neglect of those that bee too good for her
Shees a yonger Brother for her portion but
Not for her portion of witt that comes from her
In a treble w^th_ still is too bigge for itt yett her
Vanitye seldom matches her with one of her owne
Degree for then she will begett another creature
A begger and commonly if she marry better shee
Marries woorse. She gets much by the Simplicitie
Of her suitor and for a ieste laughs att him w^th_out one
Thus she Dresses a husband for her selfe and after
Takes him for his patience and the land adioining
Yow may see itt in a seruingmans fresh Napery
And his legge stepps into an vnknowne stockinge
I need not speake of his Garters the Tassell shoes
Sir Thomas Overbury, Her Next Part

Her next part

Her lightnes getts her to swimm att Topp of the Table
Where her wry little finger bewrayes caruing her Neighbours att the latter end know they are welcome
And for that purpose she quencheth her thirst Shee Trauailes too and among and so becomes a woman
Of good entertainment for all the folly in y e contry Comes in cleane linnen to visitt her and she breaks To them her griefes in sugar cakes and receiues from them mouths in Exchange many stories That conclude to no purpose! Her eldest sonne Is like her howsoever and that dispraiseth him Best her vturomost drift is to turne him foole: wch Commonly she obtaynes att the yeares of discretion shee Takes a journey sometimes to her Neeches house but Neuer thinckes beyond London Her Deuotion is Good Clothes. they carie her to Church Expresse Their stuffe and fashion and are silent if shee bee More devout shee liftes up a certaine number of Eies in stead of Prayers and takes the sermon And measures out a napp by itt just as longe She sendes Religion afore to Sixtie where shee Neuer ouertakes itt or driues itt before her againe Her most necessary Instrumentes are a wayting Gentlewoman and a chambermaid she weares her Gentlewoman still but most often leaues the other In her chamber windowe shee hath a little kennell In her Lapp and shee smelles the sweeter for itt The uttermost reach of her Providence is the flattnes of a Capon and her greatest Envie is The next Gentlewomans better Gowne Her Most commendable skill is to make her husbandes fustian beare her veluett. This she doth many Times ouer and then is deliuiered to old age And a Chaire where euery body leaues her
A good woman

A good woman is a comfort like a man Shee lackes Of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnes of Disposition wth mettes his sweetnes more pleasantly so Wooll meetes Iron easier then Iron Her greatest Learning is Religion and her thoughts are on her Owne sexe or on men without casting the difference Dishonesty neuer comes neerer then her eares and then Wonder stopps itt out and saues vertue the labour She leaues the neat youth telling his Lushious Tales and puts back the seruing mans putting forward With a frowne yett her kindnes is free inough to Bee seen for itt hath no guilt about itt and her mirth Is cleare that yow may looke thorough itt Into vertue; but not beyond. She hath not Behauior att a certaine but makes itt to her Occasion: She hath so much knowledge as to loue littt and if shee haue itt not att home she will fetch itt for this sometymes in a pleasant discontent She dares chide her sexe though she vse itt Neuer the woorse: Shee is much within and frames Outward things to her mind not her mind to them Shee Weares good clothes but never better for she findes No degree beyond Decency: She hath a content Of her owne and so seekes not a husband but ffindes him. Shee is indeed most but not much to Description for shee is direct and one and hath not The varietie of ill! Now she is giuen fresh And alieue to a Husband and shee doth nothing more Then love him for shee takes him to that purpose After this her chiefest vertue is a good husband for Shee is Hée. Finis

Sir Thomas Overbury, The Authours Epitaph. Written by Himselfe

The Epitaph to Mr Ouerbu: wife

The spann of my daies measured here I rest That is my bodie but my soule his guest Is hence discended whither neither tyme Nor faith nor hope but only loue can clime Where beeing now enlightened shee doth knowe The truth of all men ergo of one belowe Onlie this dust doth here in pawne remaine That when the world dissolves shee come againe

Finis
As the sweet sweat of Roses in a still
As that wch from chaf'd Muskattes pores doth trill
As the almighty Balme of the earlie East
Such are the sweat drops on my Mistres breast
And on her necke her skinn such lustre sets
They seeme no sweat drops but pearle Coronetts
Rancke sweatie froth thy Mistres browe defiles
Like spermatique issue of ripe monstrous biles
Or like that skumm wch by needes lawlesse law
Enforc'd Sanserraes starued men did drawe
fro'm parboyld shoes and bootes & all the rest
Wch were wth any soueraigne fatnes blest
And like vile liyng stones in saffron'd tinn
Or wartes or Wheales they hung vpon her skinn
Round as the World's her head on euery side
Like to that fatall Ball wch fell on Ide
Or that whereof God had such lealousie
As for the rauishing thereof wee die
Thy head is like a rough statue of leat
Where Marckes for Eyes nose mouth are yett scarce sett
Like the first Chaos or flat't seeming face
Of Cinthia when the earths shadowes her embrace
Like Proserpines white beautie keeping chest
Or loues best fortunes vnne is her faire brest
Thine like worme eaten Trunckes cloathd in seales skinns
Or graue thates durt w'thout and stinch within
And like that slender stalke att whose end standes
The Woodbine squeering are her armes and handes
Like rough barckd Elmeboughs or the russett skin
Of men late scourgd for madnes or for sinn
Like sunn parchd quarters on ye citie gate
Such is thy tannd skins lamentable state
And like a bunch of ragged carretts stand
The short swolne fingers of thy gowtie hand
Then like the Chimicks masculine equall fire
Wth in the Lymbeckes warme Wombe doth inspire
Into the earths woorthlesse durt a soule of gold
Such cherishing heat her best loued part doth hold
Thines like the dread mouth of a fired gunnel
Or like hott liquid metalles newlie runne
Into clay mouldes or like that AEtna
where round about the grass is burn'd away
I, 31

Are not your kisses then as filthy and more
As a worme sucking an invenom’d sore
Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake
As one wch gatheringe flowers still feard a snake
Is not your last Act harsh and violent
As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent
So kisse good Turtles so deuoutlie nice
Are Priests in handlinge reuerent sacrifice
And such in searching woundses the surgeon is
As wee when wee embrace or touch or kisse
Leave her and I will leaue compa rin g thus

Shew comparisons are odious

Finis

John Donne, Elegie: The Perfume

Elegia 3.

Once and but once found in thy company
All thy supposde escapes are laid on mee
And as a Thiefe att Barr is questioned there
By all the men that haue beene robd that yeare
So am I (by this traiterous meanes supprisde)
By thy Hidroptique father catechisde
Though he had woont to search wth glazed eies
As though he came to kill a Cocatrice
Though he haue oft sworn that he would remooue
Thy beauties beautie and food of our’ loue
Hope of his goodes; if I with thee were seene
Yett close and secrett as our soules were beene
Though thy Immortal mother wch doth lie
Still buried in her bedd yett will not die
Take this advantage to sleepe out day light
And watch thy entries and returns all night
And when she takes thy hand and would seeme kind
Doth search what Ringes and Armeletts she can find
And kissing notes the colour of thy face
And fearing least thou art swolne doth thee embrace
And to try if thou long doth name strange meates
And notes thy palenes blushinges sighes & sweats
And politiquely will unto thee confesse
The sinnes of her owne youths ranck lustinesse
Yett loue these sorceries did remooue and mooue
Thee to gull thy mother for my Loue
Thy little brethren wch like fairy spirittes
Oft skipt into our chamber those sweet nights
And kiss and ingled on thy fathers knee
were bribd next day to tell what they did see
The grim eight=foot=high Ironbound=seruingman
That oft names god in Oathes and only then
He that to barr the first gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride
I, iii
Which if in Hell no other pains there were
Makes mee feare Hell because he must be there
Though by thy father he were hir’d for this
Could neuer witnesse any touch or kisse
But of twoo common Ill: I brought wth mee
That wth betrayd mee to mine enimie
A lowd perfume wth att mine entrance cride
Euen att thy fathers nose so wee were spide
When like a Tirant King that in his bedd
Smelt Gunnpowder the pale wretch shiuered
Had itt beene some badd smell he would haue thought
That his owne feet or breath that smell had wrought
But as wee in our Ile imprisonned
Where cattell only and diuers dogges are bredd
The Pretious Vnicornes strange monsters call
So thought he good strange that had none att all
I taught my silkes their whistling to forbeare
Euen my opprest shoes dum be and speechles were
Onlie thou bitter sweet whom I had laid
Next mee, traiterously hast betrayd
And unsuspected hast invisiblie
Att once fledd vnto him and staid wth mee
Base excrement of earth wth dost confound
Sence from distinguishing the sick from sound
By thee the seele Amorous suckes his death
by drawinge in a leprous harlotts breath
By thee the greatest stayne to mans estate
Hall’s on vs to be called effeminate
Though thou be much lou’d in the Princes Hall
There thinges that seeme exceed substantiall
Godes when yee fum’d on Altars were pleased well
Because yow were burnt not that they lik’d your smell
Yow are loath some all beinge taken simple alone
Shall wee loue all thinges ioynd & hate each one
If yow were good your good doth soone decay
And yow are rare that takes the good away
All my perfumes I giue most willingly
To embalme thy fathers coarse! what will he die /
Although thy hand and faith and good workes too
Haue sealed thy loue wch nothing should vn doe
Yea though thou fall back that Apostasie
Confirmes thy loue Yett much in much I feare thee
Women are like the Arts forc'd vnto none
Open to all searchers vnprizd if vnknowne
If I haue caught a bird and lett him flie
Another fowler seeing those meanes as I
May catch the same bird and as those thinges bee
Women are made for man not him nor mee
Foxes and goates all beasts change when they please
Shall women more hote wilie wild then these
Be bound to one man? and did nature then
Idely make them apter to endure then men
They are our clogges not their owne if a man bee
Chained to a galley yet the galley is free
Who hath a plowed land casts all his seed corne there
And yett_allowes his ground more corne should beare
Though Danvoy into the sea must flowe
The sea receiues Rhene Volga and Poe
By nature wch gaue itt this libertie
Thou lou'st but oh canst thou loue itt and mee
Likenesse glewes Loue then if so thou doe
To make vs like and loue must I change too.
More then thy hate I hate itt rather lett mee
Allowe her charge then change oftner then shee
And so not teach but force my opinion
To loue not any one nor euery one
To liue in one land is captiuitie
To runn all countries a wild Roguery
Waters stinke soone if in one place they bide
And in the vast sea are worse putrifide
But when they kisse one banck & leaving this
Then are they purest change is the ioy & nursery
Of musique life ioy and eternitie

Finis
I, 32v. John Donne, Elegie: Loves Warre

Eligia

When I haue peace with thee warr other men
And when I haue peace can I leaue thee then
All other warrs are scrupulous only thou
O faire free cittie maist thy selfe allowe
To anyone In Flaundders who can tell
Whether the Maister presse or men rebell
Only wee knowe not wch all Idiottes say
They bear most blowes that come to part the fray
France in heer Lunatique giddines did hate
Euer our men and our God of late
Yett she relies vpon our Angell well
Wch nere returne no more then they wch fell
Sick Ireland is with a strong warr possesst
Like to an Ague now raging now att rest
Wch time will cure yett itt must doe her good
If she were purgd & her head vayne lett blood
And Midas lourneys loyes our spanish journeys gue
Wee touch all gold but find no food to liue
And I should bee in that hott parching clime
To dust and ashes turnd before my time
To mewe mee in a shipp is to enthrall
Mee in prison that were like to fall
Or in a Cloyster saue that there men dwell
In a calme hauen heere in a swaggering Hell
Long voyages are long consumptions
And shippes are cartes for Executions
Yea they are deaths is't not all one to flie
Into another world as tis to die?
Heere lett me warr in these armes lett me lie
Heere lett me parlee batter bleed and die
Thine Armes Imprison mee and mine Armes thee
Thy hart thy ransom is take mine from mee
Other men warr that they their rest may gaine
But wee will rest that we may fight againe
Those warres the Ignorant these the experienc'd loue
That wee are alwaies under her aboue
Their Engines farr of breed a just true feare
Neere thrusts pikes stabbes yea ene bullettes hurt no neere
Their lies are wronges here safe uprightly lie
There men kill men! weele make one by and by
Thou nothing I not halfe so much shall doe
In those warres as those may wch from vs twoo
Shall springe! Thousandes wee see trauaile not
To warres but stay swordes armes & shott
To make att home And shall not I doe then
More glorious seruice staying to make men

finis
Elegia 6

X Come Madame come all rest my powers defie
Vntill I labour I in labour lie
The foe oft tymes hauing the foe in sight
Is tired wth standing though they neuer fight
Of with that girdle like heauens zones glisteringe
But a farre fairer world encompassinge
Vnpinn that spangled breaste plate wth you weare
That th eies of busie fooleys may be stopt there
vnlace your selfe for that harmonious chim
Tells me from you that now is your bedd time
Of with that happie buske whom I envie
That still can bee and still can stand so nigh
Your Gownes going of such beautious state reueales
As when from flowry Meades the Hill shadowe steales
Of with you wメリor coronett and showe
The hairy diadem wth on yow doth growe
Now off with those shoes and then softly tread
In this loues hallowed Temple this soft bedd
In such white Roabes heauens Angells vse to bee
Receuied by men: Thou’ Angells bringst wth thee
A heaven like Mahametts paradise And though
Ill spiritts walke in white wee easilie knowe
By this those Angells from an euill spiright
They sett our haires butt these the flesh vpright
Licence my roaung hands and lett them goe
Behind before betweene aboue belowe
O my America my new found land
My Kingdome safe when wth one man mand
My Mine of Pretious stones my Emperie
How blest am I in thus discouering thee
To enter in those bondes is to be free
Then where my hand is sett my seale shall bee
full Nakednes all loies are due to thee
As soules vnbodyd bodies vnclathd must bee
To tast whole loyes lent wth you women vse
Are as Atlantaes Balles cast in mens viewes
That when a soules eie lighteth on a Gemm
His earthlie soule may couett theirs not them
Like Pictures or like bookes gay Couerings made
for lay men are all women thus arayed
Themselves are Mistique bookes wth onlie wee
Whom their imputed grace will dignifie
Must be reuealde. Then since I may know
As liberallie as to a Middwife showe
Thy selfe cast all yea this white linnen hence
Here is no Pennaunce much lesse Innocence
To teach thee I am naked first why then
What needest thou haue more Couering then a man /

finis
I, 33v. John Donne, The Autumnall

Widdowe Her

I D
No spring nor summer beautie hath such grace
As I haue seene in one Autumnall face
Yong beauties force your loue and thats a rape
This doth but councell yett yow cannot scape
If it were a shame to loue here twere no shame
Affection here takes reuerence his name
Wheer her first yeares the golden age? thats true
But now shees gold oft tried but neuer new
That was her Torridd and inflaming time
This is her habitable Tropique clyme
I fare eies who asks more heat then comes from hence
Hee in a feauer wishes pestilence
Call not those wrinckles graues; if graues they were
They were loues graues for els he is no where
Yett lies not loue dead heere but heere doth sitt
vowed to this trench like an Anchoritt
And here till her wth must bee his death come
He doth nott digg a graue but build a Tombe
Here dwells hee though he soiourne every where
In progresse yett his standing house is heere
Heere where still euening is not noone nor night
Where no voluptuousnes but all delight
In all her woordes vnto all hearers fitt
Yow may att Reuells yea att Councell sitt
This is loues Tymber youth her vnderwood
There hee as wine in lune enrages blood
Which then comes seasonablest when our tast
And apetite to other things is past
Zerzes strange Lydian loue the Platan tree
Was loud for age none beeING so large as shee
Or because beeING yong nature did blesse
Her youth wth ages glorie Barennesse
If wee loue thinges long sought Age is a thing
Wch wee are fifty yeare in compassinge
Age must be loueliest att the latest day
But name not winter faces whose skinns slack
Lanck as an vnthrifts purse but a soules sack
Whose eies seeke light within for all here is shade
Whose mouthes are holes rather wore out then made
Whose euerry tooth to a seuerall place is gone
To vexe their soules att the Resurrectyon
Name not these liuing deaths heads vnto mee
for these not ancient but Antiques bee
I hate extreames yet I had rather stay
With tombes then cradles to weare out a day
Since such loues naturall lation is may still
My loue discend and journey downe the hill
Not pantinge after groning beauties soe
I shall ebbe on wth them that homeward goe

Finis
I knowe not how it comes to passe
But sure it is not as itt was
My pen is sett on riming now
And if you aske I know not how
fforsooth my witts are growen so rash
That I must board w th M* Bash
And though I leape beyond my lash
To play the knaue a little Crash
It is but Rime and Revell dash
ffor why my libertie is large
I am not tied by any charge
To call a spade a spa=vad=ede
Nor yet to count a Curtall lade
To bee a lennett bredd in Spayne
My witts are dull my speech is plaine
ffor I must call a knaue a knaue
And though he thinke I raile and raue
Yett when I speake of such a slaue
Lett him be sure I will not spare
To rime a little out of square
But will you know w th Bash I meane
Or els it were not woorth a beane
It is not Bash the Millers man
nor Bash the Bruer of the Swann
nor Bash the Butcher though he bee
As Butcherlike a knaue as he
But this is Bash the new made squire
Of Stansteed towne in Hartfordshire
Duke of Albeefe nam'd for the nones
And Marques of ye Marrowbones
Countie of Calues heads by like degree
And Vicount Neates tongues this is hee
But shall I spend a little tyme
To blaze his name in riding ryme
Then will I doe the best I can
To paint you foorth a proper man
ffirst of his name of great renowne
This Bash was borne in Worcester towne
Perhapps yow take my woordes as skornes
But there his Sire made shooing hornes
As for his youth he spent itt well
Not where his father wont to dwell
But wandring through here and there
In many a towne and sundry sheere
To sekke the fortune of his happ
Butt att the last he caught a clapp
In Beuer castle in ye vale
As some men say marke well my tale
Neither for better nor for worse
But euen for cutting of a purse
Well that passe his luck was good
To scape that scowring by the Rood
from whence he came (but wott yee what
That country after was too hott
And so he went to London walles
Where after sundry climeinge falls
He fell in Consanguinitie
And linked in Affinitie
With Bauds & Brothells whores and knaues
Cutthroates: Enchanters Bankrupt slaues
Clippers Coyners and Conveyers
Priuie Takers and Pilferers
Bribers and false Extortioners
Of euery wicked fashion
With all abhomination
Thatt att the last he scant so much mucke
and grewe so rich by Cuckolds lucke
That now he gan for to disdaine
The name of Purveyour it was to plaine
And on the ground he might not tread
for iouling of his Heauie head
Well lett it bee as bee it might
This scabby Squire this Dunghill knight
Gan now on horsebacke for to ride
Along the street in pompe and pride
But ere he lett his office slipp
He gaue poore Elliott such a tripp
That he was faine to crack twoo pointes
for nought but hempe could hold his iointes
Well Elliott once was Purveyour
and Bash became a noble Seigneur
The walles of Stansteed were too lowe
And vpp in hast then must they goe
Much like the Towre of Babilon
Wth fell to great confusion
And so shall his att last I hope
ffor though this Bash did scape the Rope
And bee as stout as Turke or Pope
Yett if you give mee leaue to grope
Within the lining of a Cope
Then of his house this needes must hitt
That either fire must perish itt
Vell rapto alter habebit
And why? forsooth because it is
Variis constructa rapinis
Bee as may bee is no banninge
A knaues life is not worth scaninge
ffor if it were I could you tell
That he hath spent his talent well
And never hidd itt in ye ground
why should he to one stocke be bound
for I dare lay you twenty pound
there was no strumpett to be found
Were she sore or were she sound
But he would broach her barrell loe
Beshrew me then if I say soe
But lett that passe amongst the rest
Vox populi vox dei est
Alas but little might he doe
To putt on his owne brothers shoe
With such a shooving horne or twoe
And were his brother not vnkind
But of an honest thankfull mind
Surele he would take the paine
to send him home his horns againe
And so to lett him haue as good
In token of their brotherhood
ffor though he then might spare them well
While he was yong and bare the bell
Yett now forsooth I can yow tell
That he hath woorke enough att home
Abroad hee need not for to rome
He hath a yong wife hath he caught her
Nor that she was a wisemans daughter
Nor that that was a wise mans part
But sure poore wench itt pincht her hart
Of wch the Lord soone send her ease
Although and if itt might her please
I could assure her now and than
A prettie morsell of a man
That should be proper sweet and good
Better then Neates tongues by the Rood
Alas alas itt fretts my blood
ffor why of late I haue hurd say
Shee was deliuered thi s other day
Of a knaue child both faire and fatt
Wch was good luck but wott yow whatt
How much the better had itt beene
If she had beene deliuered cleane
Of the knaue himselfe and all
Oh there had beene a festiuall
ffor then some lustie Reveller
Would haue beene glad to haue maried her
And so to haue done him good Almes deedes
And first to helpe her att her needs
And then to sett a broach the Tunne
Of poundes and pence so lewdlie wonne
But sith that now I haue begunne
I will assay not for to misse
To tell yow plainlie what he is
ffirst of his shape itt doth appeare
Much like a Tunne of double beere
And he that well doth marke his nose
Wch is as redd as any Rose
Then out of doubt he will suppose
That Bash louses double beere full well
Or if a man the truth should tell
First if his body were sett vp right
And his necke were cutt of quite
A man that had good lust to shite
Might sitt att ease vpon his necke
And downe his throat without all checke
The durt would fall into his guts
And then itt might be tried by rutts
Whether the durt that downe did fall
Or that wth was there first of all
Be putrifide best of twaine
This is a question that is plaine
Or if itt bee as I haue heard
Whether his filthy feltred beard
Be fitter for a dizard
Or for a Masker on his vizard
Another question doth arise
Whether the twinkleling of his eies
Bee all of drink or ought of sleepe
Or when he smileth like a sheepe
What faith or troth he meanes to keepe
Now some there be that make a doubt
Whether his Turkie coloured snout
Be bigger then his mouth about
Loe thus they dally wth the lout
But this I boldly dare avowe
That he is wasted like a cowe
And like a bull in brest & browe
And somewhat snowted like a sowe
Eid like a ferritt when he winckes
Mouth like a Mattock when he drinkes
Breathd like a polecatt when he stinckes
And may not such a man as this
Thinck him selfe woorthy to kisse
A Counsellours daughter where she pisse
Yes indeed and so he shall
With lippes wth tongue and mouth and all
But of his shape a little more
Or els itt should offend him sore
Sett him on foote and he goes then than
Reeling and rowling like a Swann
Sett him on horsebacke out of doubt
he rideth like a demie lout
Or if I doe not forgett the foole
Like a Toad on a washing stoole
But hang him vpp and so tis best
And lett his face hang East or West
And on his shoulders wilbe spread
The plaine signe of yr Saracens head
His tongue his tongue alas, alas,
I had forgott itt by the Masse
Some say it is a Neates tongue right
faire full fatt in lustie plight
Some to a Calues tongue haue great keepe
Some say t'is like vnto a sheepe
And other say it is so fine
Like to the taster of a swine
But this I dare be bould to say
It is a knaues tongue euery way
To prate and to clatter
To lie and to flatter
To cog and to slander
To sneake like a Gander
To speake like a Prelate
To thincke like a Pilate
To fill upp my letter
To taunt with his better
I thinck from Denmarke to Inde
A falser tongue can no man find
Now sith the case so plaine doth stand
That he is thus att euery hand
I thinke it would be better scan'd
Why and wherefore he giues the Griffen
Comming so lately from the kitchen
O sir you are deceived much
The beast he beares is nothing such
But when the Harrolds did espie
The walls of Stansteed clime so high
They might perceiue and guesse thereby
That Bash must needes haue Armes in hast
Because he was so trimly plac't
Clarentius knew itt very well
And as I heard some Harrolds tell
They haue assigned him a thinge
Much like a Griffen by the winge
But gripping Talents hath it none
And in his mouth a Maribone
Wsh some take for a broken speare
But sir did yow ever heare
Of such a strange deformed beast
Nor Bash himselfe that beast at least
Did neuer knowe the Mistery
But takes it for great dignitie
fforsooth and by mine Honesty
The Harrold vsd him hansomly
Yett plaine dealing had been best
He should haue gone among the rest
And Armes he should haue none of mee
If I were Harrold as they bee
Except I would of charitie
I, 36v
Bestowe some Armes vpon a knaue
Behold what Armes he then should haue
Partie g paunch with Durt and Draffe
Vpon his sace he sacke of Chaffe
Betweene twoo Purses to stint all strife
a Chevin like a cutting knife
All counterchanged like a Cope
And brauelie embrothered like a Rope
Supported as itt comes to passe
Both by an Oxe and by an Asse
A shooing horne should bee the Crest
Because his Dad did breed that beast
And for his woord he should apply
Oues et Boues et pecora campi
A knaue he was borne & so he shall die
And now forsooth to tell yow true
I thinke tis tyme to bidd adewe
To such a scabby Squier as yow
And yett or ere I goe my way
This one thing to yow I must say
I am not in your debt a woord
Not to ye valewe of a tie'd

Anonymous, Lenvoy

Lenvoy

My maisters all that read this rime
I pray yow take itt for no crime
for why I orderly haue sought
To keepe Decorû as I ought
My maister Chaucer taught mee once
This prettie lesson for the nonce
That if a man should paint a pike
With asses eares itt were not like
So if I haue rimd slouenly
Bash is a slouen certainly
If baudie woordes bee my offence
His baudie deedes are my defence
If ill fauouredly rimd I haue
Bash is an ill fauoured knaue

And this is knauish rime say I

finis
And if itt be not say I lie
1594–5

If any ask what Tarquin meant to marry
It better is to marry then to burne
If any why he could no longer tarry
The Diuell did owe his pride a shamefull turne
If any why he would a Ladie wedd
It was because he would her Miter beare
If why a Ladie of the common bedd
The Match was equall both had common geare
But yett if any would a reason finde
Why hee that lookes so loftie as a steeple
Should be so base as for to come behind
And take the Leauings of ye common people
Tis plaine for in precessyon yow know
The priest must after all the parish goe

Finis

Sir John Davies, In Londenensem Episcopum iampridem
Dominae et scortae nuptias 1595

It was a question in Harroldry
What name proud prelates Ladies best might beare
Though London=like shee bee of all Trades free
And long hath beene a common Occupier
Her Lord of London cannot London giue
for t'is his owne but as he holdes his place
And that so proud a Priest in itt should liue
It is but superfluitie of grace
An Ladie Fletcher she cannot be nam'd
How can a vickars sonne a Ladie make
And yet her Ladishipp were greatly sham'd
If from her Lord no title she should take
Therefore they shall deuide the name of Fletcher
Hee my Lord F and she my Ladie Letcher

Finis
A ladd that lay with Doctour Burcotts wife
By Burcotts Phisick neere had lost his life
This great wordmonger he likewise by woordes
To his Corriuall the like death affoordes
But wott yow why poore Robin is distrest
It was for breeding in the Cuckoes nest
Who ere sawe garden so well walld about
That it could keepe a Robin Redbreast out
Thoughtst thou that nature framde so braue a wench
To carie a pack of paltrie pedlars french
No Mrs Attorney scornes vnto the death
A seruile swaine that selles vnsauoury breath

Finis
A Storme

Thou wch art I (tis nothing to be soe
Thou wch art thy selfe by these shalt knowe
Part of our passage and a hand or eie
By Hilliard drawne is woorth an history
By a woore painter made; And without pride
When by thy judgement they are dignified
My lines are such tis the Preheminence
Of frendshipp only to impute Excellence
England, to whom wee owe what wee bee and haue
Sadd that her sonnes should seeke a foraigne graue
(For fates or fortunes drifts none can sooth say
Honour & misery haue one face and way)
From out her pregnant entrailes sighd a wind
Wch att th'ayers middle=marble-roome did find
Such strong Resistance that itt selfe itt thewre
Downward againe and so when it did viewe
How in the Port our Fleet deare time did leese
Withering like Prisoners wch lye but for fees
Mildly itt kist our sailes and fresh and sweet
As to a stomack steru'd whose in sides meete
Meat comes, itt came, and swole our sailes when wee
So loyd as Sara her swelling ioyd to see
But t'was so kind as our Contrymen
Wch bring frendes one dayes way and leave them then
Then like twoo Mightie Kinges wch dwelling farr asunder; meet against a third to warr.
The South and West windes ioynd and as they blew
Waves like a Rowling Trench before them thewre
Sooner then yow read this line did the gale
Like shott not feard till felt our sayles assaile
And what att first was calld a gust the same
Hath now a stormes anon a Tempests name
Ionas I pittie thee and curse those menn
Who when the storme raged most did wake thee then
Sleepe is paines easiest salue and doth fulfill
All offices of death except to kill
But when I wak.4 I saw that I sawe not
I and the sunne wch should teach mee hadd forgott
East, West, Day Night and I could but say
If the world had lasted now itt had beene day
Thousands our noises neere yett wee amongst all
Could none by his right name but Thunder call
Lightening was all our light and itt raynd more
Then if the Sunne had druncke the sea before
Some cofind in their cabines lie! Equallie
Greed that they are not dead and yett must die
I, 38v

And as sin burthened soules from graues will creepe
Att the last day some foorth their cabbins peepe
And tremblinglie aske newes and do heare soe
Like lealous Husbands what they would not knowe
Some sitting on the Hatches would seeme there
With hideous gazing to feare away feare
There note they the shippes sicknesses the Mast
Shakd with this Ague and the Howld and Wast
With a salt dropsie clogd and all our Tacklinges
Snapping like to high stretchd treble stringes
And from our Tatterd sayles ragges dropp downe soe
As from one hangd in chaynes a yeere agoe
Euen our Ordinance placd for our defence
Striue to breake loose and scape away from thence
Pumping hath tird our men and what's the gaine
Seas into Seas throwne wee such—sucke in againe
Hearing hath deafd our sailours and if they
Knewe how to heare there's none knewe what to say
Compard to these stormes death is but a qualme
Hell somewhat lightsome and the Bermuda calme
Darkenes lights elder brother his birthright
Claymes o'th' this world and to heauen hath chasd light
All things are one and that one none can bee
Since all formes vniforme deformitie
doth couer. So that wee except god say
Another Fiat shall haue no more day
So violent yet long these furies bee
That though thine absence sterue mee I wish not thee

Finis

A Calme

X Our storne is past and that stornes tirannous rage
A stupid calme but nothing irt doth swage
The fable is inverted and farre more
A Blocke afflicites now then a storke before
Stormes chafe and soone were out themselves or vs
In Calmes Heauen laughs to see vs thus languish thy
As steddie as I can wish that my thoughts were
Smooth as thy Mistres glasse or what shines there
The sea is nowe And as those Isles wth wee
Seeke when wee can moue our shippes rooted bee
As water did in stornes now pitch runnes out
As lead when a fir'd church becomes one spout
And all our beautie and our trime decayes
Like courtes remouing or like ended playes
The fightings place now seamens raggis supplie
And all the Tackling is but Frppery
No vse of Lanternes and in one place lay
feathers and dust today and yesterday
Earths hollownesses wth the worldes lunges are
Haue no more wind then the upper vault of thyare
Wee can nor left frendes nor sought foes recouer
But Meteorlike saue that wee moue not houer
Only the Calenture together drawes
Deare frendes wth meet dead in great fishes iawes
And on the Hatches as on Altars lies
Each one his owne Priest and owne sacrifice
Who liue that Miracle doe multiply
Where walkers in hott Ovens do not lie
If in desipte of this wee swimm that hath
No more refreshing then the Brimstone Bath
But from the Sea into the Shipp wee turne
Like Parboyled wretches on the coales to burne
Like Baiazet’ encag’d the shepheardes scoffe
Or like slack sinewed Sampson his hair of
Languish our shippes Now as a Mireade
Of Ants durst the Emperous lou’d snake invade
The crawling Galleyes sea Gaoles finny chippes
Might braue our Venices now bedidd shippes
Whether a rotten state and hope of gaine
Or to diffuse mee from the queasy paine
Of beeing belou’d and louing; or the thirst
Of Honour or faire death out pushd mee first
I lose my end for heere as well as I
A desperate may liue and a coward die
Stagge dogge and all wch from or towards flies
Is payd wth life or pray or doeing dies
fateth grudgeth vs all and doth subtilie lay
A scourge against we all forgett to pray
Hee that att sea praies for more wind may as well
Vnder the Poles begge cold or heat in Hell
What are wee then how little more alas
Is man now then before he was hee was
Nothing for vs we are for nothing fitt
Chance or our selues still disproportion itt
Wee haue no will no power no sence! I lie
I should not then thus feel this misery

Finis

John Donne, To Mr. Rowland Woodward: "Like one who in her third widdowhood"

Like one who in her third widdowhood doth professe
Her selfe a Nunn tir'd to a retirednesse
So affectes my muse now a chast fallownesse
Since shee to fewe yet to too many hath showne
How loue song woordes weeds and satirique thornes are
grownne
Where seedes of better Artes were earlie sowne
Though to vse and loue Poetry to mee
Bethrothd to no one Art be no Adultery
Omissions of good Ill as Ill deedes bee
ffor though to vs itt seeme and be light and thin
Yet in those faithfull skales where god throwes in
Mens woorkes vanitie waighes as much as sin
If our soules haue staind their first white yet wee
May cloath them with faith and deare honesty
With god imputes as Natiue puritie
There is no vertue but Religion
Wise valiant sober iust are names wch none
Want wch want not vice=covering discretion
Seeke wee then our selues in our selues for as
Men force the sunne wch much more force to passe
By gathering his beames wch a christall glasse
So wee if wee into our selues will turne
Blowing the sparkes of vertue may outburne
The strawe wch doth about our hartes soiourne
You know Phisicians when they would enfuse
Into any oile the soule of simples vse
Places where they may lie still warme to chuse
So woorkes retirednes in vs to rome
Giddilie and to be eu'ry where but att home
Such freedome doth a banishment become
Wee are but farmers of ou' selues yett may
If wee can stock our selues vpp lay
Much much deare treasure for the great rent day
Manure thy selve then to thy selve be approued
And with vaine outward things bee no more moued
But to knowe that I loue thee & would be beloued

Finis

John Donne, To Sr. Henry Wootton: "Here's no more newes"

Here is no more newes then vertue I may as well
Tell yow Callis or St. Michaelis tale for newes as tell
That vice doth here habituallie dwell
Yett as to gett stomaches we walke vpp and downe
And toyle to sweeter rest so may god frowne
If but to loath both I haunt Court or Towne
for here no one is free from the extremitie
Of vice by any other reason free
But that the next to him is still worse then hee
In this worldes warrfare they whom Ragged fate
(Godes Commissary) doth so thoroughly hate
As in the Courtes squadron to marshall their state
If they stand arm'd with seelie honestie
With wishing prayers & neat integritie
Like Indians against spanish hostes they bee
Suspicious boldnes to this place belongs
And to haue as many eares as all haue tonges
Tender to knowe loath to acknowledge wronges
Beleeue mee Sir in my youths giddiest days
When to be like the Court was a plaies praise
Playes were not so like Courtes as Courtes are like plaies
Then lett vs att these Mimick Antique lests
Whose deepest projectes and egregious gests
Are but dull Moralls of a game att Chests
But now t'iis incongruitie to smile
Therefore I end and bidd farewell a while
Att Court though from Court were the better stile

Finis
Deare loue continue nice and chast
for if yow yeeld yow doo me wronge
Lett duller wittes to loues end hast
I haue enough to woe the longe
All paine and ioy is in their way
The things wee feare bring lese away
Then feare and hope bringes greater ioy
But in themselues they cannot stay
Small fauours will my prayers increase
granting my suite yow giue me all
And then my prayers must needs surcease
for I haue made your godhead fall
Beastes cannot witt nor beauty see
those mans affections only mooue
Beasts other sportes of loue doe proue
With better feeling farr then wee
Then loue prolong my suite for thus
by loosing sport I sport doe winne
And that my vertue proue in vs
With euer yett hath been a sinn
My comming neere may spie some ill
and now the world is giuen to scoffe
To keepe my loue then keepe mee of
And so shall admire thee still
Say I haue made a perfect choise
societie our loue may kill
Then giue but mee thy face and voice
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill
To make mee rich (O) be not poore
glue mee not all yett somthing lend
So I shall still my fate commend
And yow att will doe lesse or more

Finis
I, 41. Anonymous, Wonder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense

Wonder of Beautie Goddesse of my sence
Yow that haue taught my sole to loue aright
Yow in whose limbes are natureschiefe expence
fit instrument to serue your matchles spiright

If euer yow haue felt the Misery
Of beeing banisht from your best desier
By absence tyme or fortunes tirany
Striving for cold and yett denied the feir

Deare Mistres pittie then the like effectes
The wch in mee your absence makes to flowe
And hast their ebbe by your diuine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe
Stay not too Long for though it seeme a wonder
Yow keepe my body & my soule asunder

Finis

Anonymous, Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love

ffaire Eies doe not thinke scorne to read of loue
That to your Eies durst never yett presume
Since absence those sweet wonders doo reemooue
That nourish thoughts yett sence & woordes consume

This makes my penn more hardie then my tongue
ffree from my feare yett feeling my desire
To utter that I haue concealed so long
By doing what yow did your selfe requier

Beleeue not him whom loue hath left so wise
as to haue power his owne tale for to tell
ffor childrens griefes doe yeeld the loudest cries
and cold desires may be expressed well

In well tould loue most often falshood lies
But pittie him that only sighes and dyes

Finis
I, 4tv. Sir John Roe, To Ben. Johnson, 6 Ian. 1603

An Epistle to Mr. Ben. Johnson Jan. 6 1603

The state and mens affaires are the best plaies
Next yours t'is no more nor lesse then due praise
Wright but touch not the much descending race
Of Lordes houses so settled in woorthes place
As but themselues none thinke them vsurpers
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs
If the Queene Maske or King a hunting goe
Though all the court followe lett'hem wee knowe
Like them in goodnes that court nere will bee
ffor that were vertue and not flattery
forgett we were thrust out, It is but thus
God threatens Kings, Kinges Lordes as Lordes doe vs
Judge of strangers trust and beleue your frend
And so mee And when I true frendshipp end
With guiltie conscience lett mee be worse stunge
Then with Paphans sentence. Theeues, or Cookes tongue,
Traytours are! frendes are our selues This l thee tell
As my frend and to my selfe as counsell
Lett for a while the tymes vnthriftie rout
Contemne learning and all your studies flout
Lett them scorne Hell They will a Serieant feare
But creditors will not Lett them increase
In Riott and excesse as their meanes cease
Lett them scorne him that made them and still shunn
His grace, but loue the whore who hath vndone
Them and their soules But that they that allowe
but one God should haue religions ynow
ffor the Queens Masque and their husbandes for more
Then all the Gentiles knewe or Atlas bore
Well lett all passe and trust him who nor crackes
the bruised reed nor quencheth smoaking flaxe

Finis
Another Epistle to Mr Ben. Johnson Nov 9 1603

If great men wrong mee I will spare my selfe
If meane I will spare them I know that pelfe
Wch is ill gott the owner doth vpbraid
Itt may corrupt a ludge make mee afraid
And a lurdie but twill reuenge in this
That though himselfe be ludge he guiltie is
What care I of weaknes if men taxe mee
I had rather sufferer then doer bee
That I did trust it was my natures praise
ffor breach of woord I knew but as a phrase
That judgement is that surely can comprise
the world in preceptes) most happie and most wise
What though though leesse yett some of both haue wee
Who haue learnt it by vse and misery
Poore I whom euery petty crosse doth trouble
Who apprehend each hurt that is don me double
And of this, (though it should sincke mee carelesse
it would but force mee to a stricter goodnes
They haue great oddes of mee who gaine do winne
(If such gaine be not losse) from euery sinne
The standing of great mens liues would affoord
A prettie summe if god would sell his Woord
He cannot they can theirs and breake them too
How like are they that they are likened too
Yett I conclude they are amidst my euilles
If god, like godes, the naught are so like deuilles

Finis

Sir John Roe, An Elegie to Mrs Boulstred: 1602

An Eligie to Mrs Boulstredd

Shall I goe force an Eligie abuse
My witt and breake the Hymen of my Muse
for one poore houres loue? deserues it such
Wch serues not mee to doe on her so much
Or if itt would? I would that fortune shunn
Who would be rich to bee so soone vndone
The beggar’s best his wealth he doth not knowe
And but to shewe itt him increaseth woe
But wee may enioy an houre when neuer
itt returnes who’ld haue a losse for euer
Nor can so short a loue if true but bring
A halfe houres feare with the thought of loosing
Before itt all houres were hope and all are
that shall come after itt yeares of dispaire
This joy brings the doubt whether it were more
To have enjoy'd it or have died before
Tis a lost Paradise a fall from Grace
Wch I think Adam felt more then his race
Nor need those Angells any other Hell
It is enough for them from heauen they fell
Besides conquest in loue is all in all
That when I list shee vnder mee may fall
And for this turne both for delight and viewe
Ile haue succuba as good as yow
But when these toyes are past and hott blood ends
the blest enjoying is, wee still are frendes
Louve can but bee frendshippes outside their two
Beauties differ as myndes and bodies doe
Thus I this great good still would bee to take
vnlesse one hower another happie
Or that I might forgett it instantly
Or in that blessed estate that I might die
But why doe I thus trauell in ye skill
Of despisd Poetry and pchance spill
My fortunes, or vndoe my selfe in sport
By hauing but that dangerous name in Court
Ile leaue and since I do your poett proue
Keepe yow my lines as secrett as my loue

Finis

Sir John Roe, To Sr Tho. Roe 1603

An Eligie to Sr Thomas Roe 1603

Tell her if shee to hired servantes shewe
Dislike, before they take their leaue they goe
When nobler spiritts startes att no disgrace
For who hath but one mind hath but one face
If then why I tooke not my leaue she aske
Aske her againe why she did not vnmaske
Was she or proud? or cruell? or knewe shee
T'would make my losse more felt & pitied mee?
Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe
Or els was she vnwillinge I should goe
I thincke the best and loue so faithfullie
I cannot chuse but thinke that she loues mee
If this proues not my faith then lett her try
How in her seruice it will fructifie
Ladies haue boldly loud bidd h'sr newewe
That decayd woorth & proue the times past true
Then he whose witt and verse now goes thus lame
With songes to her will the wild Irish tame
How ere lie weare the blacke & white ribband
White for her fortunes? blacke for mine shall stand
I doe esteeme her fauours not their stuffe
If what I haue was giuen I haue inough
And all's well for had shee loue I had had
All my frendes hate for not departinge sadd
All my I feele not that; yet as the racke the gout
Cures so has this woourse greife that putt out
My first disease naught but that woourse cureth
Which I dare foresee naught cureth but death
Tell her all this before I am forgott
That not too late she greve she loue mee not
Burthen'd with itt I was to depart lesse
Willing then those which die and not confesse

Finis

Sir John Roe, An Elegie. "True Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move"

Elegia /

True loue tindes witt but he whose witt doth mooue
Him to loue confesse he doth not loue
And from his witt passions and true desier
Are forcd as hard as from the flint is fier
My loue is all fier whose flames my soule doe nurse
Whose smoakes are sighes whose euery sparks a verse
Doth measure winne women then I know why
Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie
A Scottes measured in each sillable terse
And smooth as a verse and like that smooth verse
Is shallowe and wantes matter but in his handes
> And they are rugged Her state better standes
[ / And if that linth of misorie be hir lott]
\ In briefe shees out of measure lost so gott
Greene sicknes wenches (not needes must) but may
Looke pale breath short att court none so long stay
Good witt neere dispaird there or (Ay me) said
ffor neuer wench att court was rauished
And she but cheates on heauen whom so you winne
thinking to share the sport but not the sinne

Finis
I, 43v. Sir John Roe, An Elegie. Reflecting on his passion for his mistrisse

An Elegie

Come ffooles I feare you not all whom I owe
Are paid but yow. then rest mee ere I goe
But chance from yow all soueraigntie hath gott
Loue woundeth none but those whom death dares not
Els if yow were and iust in equitie
I should haue vanquishd her as yow did mee
Els louers should not braue deaths paines and liue
But tis a rule death comes not to relieue
Or pale and wann deaths terours are they laid
So deepe in louers they make death afraid
Or (the least comfort) haue I company
Ore=came shee fates Loue death as well as mee
Yeas, fates doe silke vnto her distaffe pay
for their ransome wch taxe on vs they lay
Loue gies her youth wch is the cause why
Youth’s for her sake some wither and some die
Poore death can nothing gie yet for her sake
Still in her turne he doth a Louer take
And if death should prooue false shee feares him not
Our Muses to redeeme her she hath gott
That last fatall night wee kist I thus prai’d
Or rather thus dispair’d I should haue said
Kisses and yett despaire the forbidd tree
Did promise and deceiue more then shee
Like Lambes that see their teates and must eat hay
Diues when thou sawst blisse and crauedst to touch
A small little dropp thy paynes were such
Here griefe wantes a fresh witt for mine beeing spent
And my sighes weary groanes are all my rent
Vnable longer to endure the payne
They breake like thunder and doe bringe downe rayne
Thus till dried teares sodder mine eies I wepe
And then I dreame how yow securelie sleepe
And in your dreams doe laugh att mee I hate
And pray loue all may he pitties my state
But says therein I no reuenge should find
The Sunn would shine though all the world were blind
Yett to try my hate Loue shewed mee your teare
And I had died had not your smile beene there
Your frowne vndoes mee your smile is my wealth
And as yow please to looke I haue my health
Mee thought loue pittiing mee when he saw this
Gaue me your handes their backes and palmes to kisse
That cur’d me not but to beare payne gauue strengh
And what it lost in force itt tooke in length
I calld in Loue againe who feard yow soe
That his compassion still prou'd greater woe
for then I dreampt I was in bedd wth yow
But durst not feel for feare't should not proue true
This merritt not your anger had itt beene
The Queene of Chastitie was naked scene
And in bedd not to feel the payne I tooke
Was more then for Actaeon not to looke
And that breast wth lay ope I did not know
But for the clearnes from a Lumpe of snowe

Finis

John Donne, The Legacie

Elegie

When I died last and deare I die
As often as from thee I goe )
And louers houres bee full eternitie
I can remember yett that I
Something did say and something did bestowe
Though I be dead wth sent mee I should bee
Mine owne Executor and Legacy
I heard me say tell her anon
That my selfe (thats yow not I)
Didd kill mee and when I felt me die
I bidd mee send my hart when I was gone
But I alasse could there find none
When I had ript and searchd where hartes should bee
Itt killd mee againe that I who still was true
In life in my last will should coozen yow
Yett I found something like a Hart
But cullours itt and corners had
Itt was not good itt was not badd
Itt was entire to none and fewe had part
As good as could be made by Art
Itt seemd and therefore for our losses sadd
I thought to send that hart in stead of mine
But oh no man could hold it for t'was thine

Finis
1, 44v. John Donne, *The broken heart*  

**Eligie**

ID  
He is starke mad who euer saies  
That he hath bin in loue one houre  
* yeet not that loue so soone decayes  
But that itt can ten in lesse space deuoure  
Who will beleue mee if I sweare  

X  
That I haue had the plague a yeare  
Who would not laugh att mee if I should say  
I saw a flash of powder burne a day  

Ah what a trifle is a hart  
if once into loues handes itt come  
All other griefes allowe a part  

to other griefes and aske themselves but some  
They come to vs but vs loues drawes  
He swallowes vs and neuer chawes  

By him as by chaind shott whole ranckes doe die  
He is the tiran pike our hartes the frie  

If t'were not so what could become  
of my hart when I first sawe thee  
I brought a hart into the Roome  

and from the roome I carried none wth mee  
If itt had gone to thine I knowe  
Mine would haue taught thy hart to show  

More pitie vnto mee but loue alasse  
Att one first blowe doth shiuer itt like glasse  

Yet nothing can to nothing fall  
Nor any place be emptie quite  
Therefore I thincke my breast hath all  
those peeces still though they be not vnite  
And now as broken glasses showe  

A thousand lesser faces soe  
My ragges of hart can like wish and adore  
But after one such loue can loue no more  

*Finis*
Absence heare thou my protestation
Against thy strength
Distance and length
Doe what thou maist for alteration
ffor harts of truest mettall
Absence doth ioyne and Time doth settle
Who loues a Mistres of such qualitie
His mind hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time place and all mortalitie
To harts that cannot vary
Absence is present Time doth tarry
My sences want their outward motion
which now within
reason doth winn
Redoubled by her secrett notion
Like rich men that take pleasure
in hiding more then handling treasure
By Absence this good meanes I gaine
that I can catch her
where none can watch her
In some close corner of my braine
There I embrace her and there kisse her
and so enjoy her and so misse her
Finis

John Donne, Twicknam garden

Blasted with sighes and surrounded wth teares
Hether I came to seeke the springe
And att mine eies and att mine eares
Receive such balmes as els cures euery thinge
But oh selfe traitor I doe bringe
The spider loue wth transubstantiates all
and can convert Manna to gall
And that this place may thoroughlie be thought
True paradise I haue the serpent brought
T'were holsummer for mee that winter did
Benight the glorie of this place
and that a graue frost would forbidd
These trees to laugh and mocke mee in my face
But I may not this disgrace
Endure nor leaue the garden loue lett mee
some senceles part of this place bee
Make mee a Mandrake so I may grone heare
Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare/
I, 45v

Hether with Christall Vials Louers come
And take my teares wch are Loues wyne
And try your Mistres teares att home
for all are false wch tast not iust like mine
Alasse harts doe not in eies shine
Nor can you more judge womans thoughtes by teares
then by her shaddowe what she weares
Oh peruerse Sexe where none is true but shee
Who is therefore true because her truth kills mee / 25

Finis

John Donne, The good-morrow

I wonder by my troth what thou and I
did till wee lov'd were wee not weaned till then
But suck'd our childish pleasures seelilie
Or slumbred wee in the seven sleepers den
T'was so but as all pleasures fancies bee
If euer any beutie I did see
Which I desired and gott t'was but a dreame of thee/
And now good morrow to our waking soules
which watch not one another out of feare
But loue; all loue of other sights controules
and makes a little roome an euery where
Lett sea discoverours to new worldes haue gon
Lett Mapps to other Worldes one worldes haue
Lett vs possesse our world each hath one and is one
My face in thine eye thine in mine appeares
and plaine true harts doe in the faces rest
Where can wee find two fitter Hemisphare
Without sharpe North without declining West
What euer dies is not mixt equallie
If both our loues be one or thou and I
Loue iust alike in all none of these loues can die

Finis
John Donne, Loves Alchymie

Mummy

Some that haue deeper diggd Loues mine then I say where his Centrique happines doth lie
1 haue lov'd and gott and told
But should I loue gott; tell till I were olde
I should not find that hidden mistery
Oh t'is imposture all
And as no Chimick yet the Elixir gott
but glorifies his pregnant pott
I If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thinge or Medecinall
So louers dreame a rich and long delight
but gott a winter seeming sommers night

Our ease and thrift our honour' and our day
shall we for this vaine bubbles shaddowe pay
Endes loue in this? that my man
15 can be as happie as I can? if he can
Endure the short scorne of a bridegromes play
That louing wretch that sweares
T'is not the bodies marry but the mindes
who he in her Angelique findes
would sweare as justly that he heares
In that daie rude hoarse Minstralsie the Spheares
Hope not for mind in woman att their best
sweetnes and wit they are but Mummy possesst

finis

John Donne, Breake of day

T'is true t'is day what though itt bee
Wilt thou therefore rise from mee
Why should we rise because t's light?
Did wee lie downe because t'was night
Loue that in despite of darknes brought vs hither
should in despight of light hold vs together

5 Light hath no tongue but is all eie
if it could speake as well as spy
This is the woost that it could say
that being well I faine would stay
And that I loue my hart and louer so
That I would not from him who hath them gote
Must buisines thee from hence remoue
Oh thats the woost disease of loue
The poore the foole the false loue can
Admitt but not the buised man
He that hath buisines and makes loue doth doe
such wrong as if a maried man should woe

Finis
I, 46v. John Donne, The Sunne Rising

Busie old foole vnrule Sunn
Why dost thou thus
Through windowes and thorough curtaynes call on vs
Must to thy Motions louers seasons runn
Saucy pedantique wretch goe chide
Late schoole boyes and soure prentises
Goe tell court hunstmen that the king doth ride
Call contry Antes to haruest Offices
Loue all alike no season knowes nor clyme
Nor houres dayes moneths wth are the ragges of tyme
Thy beames so reverenc’d and strong
Whie shouldst thou thincke
I could eclipse and cloud them wth a wincke
but that I would not loose her sight so long
If her eies haue not blinded thine
Looke and to morrow late tell mee
Whither both Indies of spycy and Myne
be there thou lefts them or lie here with mee
Aske for those kinges whom thow sawst yesterday
And thou shalt heare all heere in one bedd lay
Shee is all states and all Princes I
nothing els is
Princes do but play vs comparde to this
All honours Mimique All wealth Alchymy
Thou sunn art halfe as happy as wee
In that the worlds contracted thus
Thine age asks ease and since thy duties bee
to warme the world that don in warming vs
Shine here to vs and thou art euery where
This bedd thy center is these walles thy sphere

Finis

John Donne, Lecture upon the Shadow

Stand still and I will read to thee
a Lecture loue in loues Philosophy
These three houres that wee haue spent
walking heere two shaddowes went
Along wth wth wee our selues produc’d
But now the sunn is iust aboue our head
we doe these shaddowes tred
and to braue cleernes all thinges are reduc’d
So whilst our Infant loues did growe
Disguises did and shaddowes flowe
from vs and our cares but now t’is not soe
That loue hath not attaynd the highest degree
Which is still diligent least others see
   Except our loues att this noone stay
   wee shall new shaddowes make the other way
As the first wee were made to blinde
others these wch come behinde
   will worke vpon our selues and blind oure eyes
   if our loues faint and westwardly decline /
To mee thou falslie thine
And I to thee to mine actions shall disguise
   The morning shaddowes weare away
   but these growe longer all the day
   but (oh) loues day is short if loue decay
Loue is a growing or full constant light
   And his first minute after noone is night

Finis

John Donne, The triple Foole

I am two foole I knowe
for louing and for saying so
   In whining Poetry
But where's that wise man that would not bee I
   if shee would not deny
Then as the earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away
   I thought if I could drawe my paines
Through Rimes vexation I should then allay
Griefe brought to Numbers cannott be so fierce
for he tames itt that fetters itt in verse
But when I haue done soe
some man his Act and voyce to show
   doth sitt and singe my paine
And by delighting many frees againe
   Griefe wch verse did restrayne
To Loue and griefe tribute of verss belonges
   but not of such as pleases when tis red
   both are increased by such songes
for both their Triumphes so are published
And I wch twoo foole doe soe growe three
   Whoe are a little wise the best foole bee /

Finis
John Donne, Image of her whom I love

Elegie

Image of her whom I loue more then shee
Whose faire impressyon in my faithfull hart
Makes mee her Mettall and makes her loue mee
As Kinges doe coynes to wch their stamps impart
The valewe, Goe, and take my hart from hence
Honours opresse weake spirittes and our sence
Strong objectes dull the more the lesse wee see
When you are gone and reason gone wth you
Then fantasie is Queene and soule and all
Shee can present ioyes meaner then yow doe
Convenient and more proportionall
So if I dreame I haue yow I haue yow
for all our ioyes are but Phantastical
And so I scape the paine for paine is true
And sleepe wth lockes uppp sence doth lock out all
After a such fruition I shall wake
and but the waking nothing shall repent
And shall to loue more thanckfull then if more honour teares & paynes were spent
But dearest hart and dearer Image stay
alasse true ioyes att best are dreame inough
Though yow stay heere yow passe to fast away
for euen att first lifes taper is a snuffe
ffilld wth her loue may I bee rather growne
Madd wth much hart then Idiott wth none

Finis

John Donne, Loves diet

Loves Diett

To what a cumbersome vnwildines
and burthenous corpulence my loue had growne
But that I did to make itt lesse
and keepe itt in proportion
Gie itt a diett made itt feed vppon
That wch loue woorst endures, discretion/
Above one sigh a day I allowed him not
of wch my fortune and my faultes had part
And if sometimes by stealth hee gott
a shee sigh from my Mrs hart
And though to feast on that I lett him see
t'was neither very sound nor meant to mee
If he wrung from me a tear I brined it too
With scorn or shame that him it nourisht not
If he sukk'd hers I lett him knowe
'twas not a tear wch he had got
His drinke was counterfeit as was his meat
for eyes wch roule towards all weep not but sweat
Whatever he would distaste I write that
and burnt my lies when shee wroth to mee
And that that favour made him fatter
I said if any title be
Convaid by this (ah) what doth it availe
to be the fortieth name in an entail
Thus I reclaimed my buzzard love to fly
att what and when and how & where I choose
Now negligent of sport I lie
and now as other falckners use
I spring a mistress swear write sigh and weep
and the game killd or lost goe talke and sleepe

Finis

John Donne, A Valediction forbidding mourning

As vertuous men passe mildlie away
and whisper to their soules to goe
And some of their sadd frendes doe say
the breath goes now and some sayes no
So lett vs melt and make no noyse
No tear floudes nor sigh tempestes mowe
T'were prophanation of our ioyes
to tell the Laiety of our Loue
Moouing of the earth bringh brings harmes & feares
men reckon what itt did and ment
But tripidation of the spheres
though greater far is Innocent
Dull sublunarye Louers Loue
(whose soule is sence) cannott admitt
Absence because it doth remoue
those thinges wch elemented itt
But wee by a love so much refind
that our selues know not what itt is
Iter--Iter--Iter--Inter assured of the mind
careles eyes lippes and handes to misse

1, 48
I, 48v
Our twoo soules therefore wch are one
though I must goe endure not yett
A Breach but an expansion
Like gold to ayerie thinnes beat
If they be twoo they are twoo soe
as stiffe twin=compasses are two
Thy soule the fixed foot maketh no showe
to move, but doth if thother doe
And though itt in the Center sitt
Yett when the other farre doth come
Itt leanes and harkens after itt
and growes direct as itt comes home
Such wilt thou bee to mee who must
Like thother foote obliquely runne
Thy firmnes makes my circle iust
and makes mee end where I begunn .

Finis

John Donne, Elegie on the Lady Markham

An Eligie vpon the death of the La: Markham

Man is the world and death the Ocean
to which god giues the lower partes of man
The sea inviron all and though as yett
god hath sett markes and boundes twixt vs and itt
Yett doth itt roare and gnawe and still pretend
and breake our banck when ere itt takes a freind
Then our Land waters (teares of passion) vent
our waters then aboue our firmament
Teares wch our soule doth for her sinne lett fall
take all a brackish tast and funerall
And euen those teares wch should wash sinn are sinne
Wee after Godes Noe drowne the world againe
Nothing but man of all invenomb’d thinges
doth woorke vpon itt wthin borne stinges
Teares are false spectacles: wee cannot see
thorough passions mistes what wee are nor what shee
In her this sea of death hath made no breach
but as the tide doth wash the slimy beach
And leaues imbrothered woorkes vpon the sand
so is her flesh refine by deaths cold hand
As men of China after an ages stay
Doe take vpp purslane where they buried clay
So att this Graue her Lymbeck wch refines
the Diamondes Rubies saphires pearles and mines
(Of wch this flesh was) her soule shall inspire
flesh of such stuffe as God when his last fire
Annulls the world to recompence itt shall
Make, and name then the Elixir of this all
They say when the Sea gaines itt looseth too
If carnall death the yonger brother doe
Vsurpe the bodie our wch subiect is
to the elder death by sinne is freed by this
They perish both when they attempt the lust
for graues our Trophees are and both deaths Dust
Not subject to danger

So vnobnoxious now shee hath buried both
for none to death sinnes wch to sinne are loth
Nor doe they die wch are not loth to die
so shee hath this and that Virginitie
Grace was in her extreamlie diligent
that kept her from sinne yett made her repent
Of whett small spots pure white complaines! alasse
how little poison breakes a christall glasse
Shee sinnd but iust enough to lett vs see
That Godes Woord must bee true. All sinners bee
So much did zeale her conscience rarifie
That extreame truth lackd little of a lie
Making Omissions, Actes, layeing the tuch
of sin on things wch sometimes may be such
As Moses Cherubims, whose natures doe
surpasse all speed by him are wronged too
So would her soule already in heauen seeme then
to clime by teares the common staires of men
How fitt she was for god I am content
to speake, that death his vaine hast may repent
How fitt for vs how euen and how sweete
how good in all her titles and how meet!
To haue reform'd this forward heresy
that women can not partes of frendshipp bee
How morall how Deuine shall not be told
least they that heare her vertues thinck her old
And least wee take deaths part and make him glad
of such a pray and to his triumph adde

Finis
I, 49v. John Donne, Elegie to the Lady Bedford

An Elegie to the Lady Bedford

Yow that shee and yow thats double shee
    in her dead face halfe of your selfe shall see
Shee was the other part for so they doe
   wch build them frendshippes become one of twoo
So twoo, but that themselfes no third can fitt
  which were to be so when they were not yett
Twinnes though their birth: Casco & Musco take
   as diuers starres one constellation make
Paird like two eyes haue equall motion so
   both but one meanes to see and way to goe
Had yow died first a carkasse she had beene
    and wee your rich tombe in her face had seene
Shee like the soule is gone and yow here stay
   not a liue frend but th'other halfe of clay
And since yow act that part as men say here
  Lies such a Prince when but one part is there
And doe all honour and deuotion due
   vnto the whole so wee all reuerence yow
  for such a frendshipp who would not adore
in yow who are all what both was before
Not all as if some perished by this
  but so that in yow all contracted is
As of this all though many partes decay
  the pure wch elemented them shall stay
And though diffus'd and spredd in infinite
   shall recollect and in one all vnite
So Madam as her soule to heauen is fledd
  her flesh rests in the earth as in a bedd
Her vertues due as to their proper
  retume to dwell w th yow of whom yow were
As perfect Motions are all circular
  so they to you their sea whose lesse streames are/
Shee was all spices you all Mettalls soe
   in yow twoo wee did both rich Indies knowe
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
  one dramme of gold but what was first shall last
Though it be forc't in water earthe, salt, aire,
    expansd in infinite none will impaire
So to your selve you may Additions take
  but nothing can yow lesse or changed make
Seeke not in seeking new to seeme to doubt
  that yow can match her or not be wthout
Butt lett some faithfull booke in her roome bee
  yett but of Judith no such booke as shee

Finis
I, 50. John Donne, Elegie on Mrs. Boulstred

An Elegie upon the death of Mrs Boulstredd

Death I recant and say unsaid by mee
what ere hath slipt that may diminish thee
Spirtuall Treason Atheisme t'is to say
that any can thy summons disobey
The earths face is but thy table and thy meat
Plants, Cattell, men, dished for death to eat
In a rude hunger now he millions drawes
Into his bloodie or plaguie or staru'd iawes
Now he will seeme to spare and doth more wast
Eating the best fruite well preseru4 to tast
Now wantonly he spoiles and eats vs not
but breaks of frendes and letts vs pecemane rott
Nor will the earth serue him he sinkes the Deepe
Where harmeles fish Monastique silence keepe
Who were (death dead) by Rowes of liuing sand
might spunge that Element and make itt Land
He roundes the Ayre and breaks the Himique noates
In birdes Heauens Quiristers organique throats
Which if they did not die might seeme to bee
a tenth ranke in the heauenlie Hierarchie
O strong and long liu'd death how camst thou in?
and how without creation didst beginn
Thou hast and shalt see dead befoure thou diest
All the tower Monarchies & Antichrist
How could I thinke thee nothing that see now
In all this all nothing els tis butt thou
Our births and lifes vices and vertues bee
wastfull consumptions and degrees of thee
for wee to liue, our bellows were and breath
Nor are wee mortall diying dead but death
And though thou bee'st (O mightie bird of pray
so much reclaymd of god that thou maist lay
All that thou kill'st att his feet yet doth hee
Reserue but fewe and leaues the most to thee
And of those fewe now thou hast ouerthrowne
One whom thy blowe makes not ours Nor thine owne
Shee was more stories hie! hopelesse to come
to her soule thou hast offered att her lower Roome
Her soule and body was a Kinge and Court
but thou hast both of Captaine miste and fort
As houses fall not though the king reemooue
Bodies of Saintes rests for their soules aboue
Death getts twixt soules & bodies such a place
As sinn insinuates twixt iust men and grace
I, 50v
Both woorkes a seperation no diuorce
Her soule is gone to vsher vpp the coarse
Wch shalbe almost another soule for there
Bodies are purer then best soules are heere
Because in her her vertues did outgoe
Her yeares. Õ emulous death wouldst thou doe say
And kill her yonge to thie losse? must the cost
Of beautie and witt apt to doe harme be lost
What though thou foundst her proofe 'gainst sins of youth
On euery age a diuers sin pursueth
Thou shouldst haue staid and taken better hold
Shortly ambitious couetous when old
She might haue prou'd and such Deuotion
might once haue straid to supersticion
If all her vertues must haue growne yett might
Abundant vertue haue bredd a proud delight
Had she preserued just there would haue beene
some what would sinn misthinking she did sinn
Such as would call her frendshipp loue, and faine
to sociablenesse a name prophan
Or sinn by tempting or not daring that
by wishing though they never had her whatt
Thou might thou haue slaine more soules had'st thou not
crost
Thy selfe and to triumph thy army lost
Yett though theis wayes be lost thou hast left one
Wch is immoderate griefe that she is gon
But wee may scape that sin yett wepe as much
our teares are due because wee are not such
Some teares that knott of frendes her death must cost
because the Chaine is broke though no lincke lost

Finis
I, 51. John Donne, Elegie: Death

Another Eligie upon the death of Mrs Boulstred

Language thou art to narrow and too weake
to ease vs now great sorrowe cannot speake
If wee could sigh our accentes and weepe woordes
Griefe weares and lessens that teares breath affoordes
Sadd hartes they lesse doe seeme the more they are
(so guiltiest menn stand mutest att the barr)
Not that they know not feele not their estate
But extreame sence hath made them desperate
Sorrowe to whom wee owe all that wee bee
Tirant in the fift and greatest Monarchie
Wast that she did possesse all hartes before
Thou hast killd her to make thine Empire more
Knewst thou some would that knewe her not lament
As in a deluge perish the Innocent
Wast not inough to haue that palace won
But thou must race itt too that was vndon
Hadst thou staid there and lookt out att her eyes
All had adored thee that now from thee flies
ffor they lett out more light then they tooke in
They could not when but did they day begin
Shee was too Saphrine and cleere for thee
Clay flint and lett now thy fitt dwellinges bee
Alas she was to pure but not to weake
Who ere saw christall Ordinance but t'would breake
And if wee by—bee thy conquest by her fall
thou’st lost thy end for in her perish all
Or if wee liue wee liue but to rebell
they know her better now that knew her well
If wee should vapour out or pine or die
since the first went that were not misery
She changd our world w th hers: now she is gon
Mirth and prosperitie is oppression
ffor of all Morall vertues she was all
the Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall
Her soule was Paradise the Cherubin
sett to keepe itt was grace that kept out sin
She had no more that lett in death for wee
all reape consumption from one fruitfull tree
God tooke her hence least some of vs should loue
Her like the plant him and his lawes aboue
And when wee teares he mercy shedd in this
to raise our mindes to heauen where now she is
Where if her vertues would haue lett her stay
Wee had had a Saint now a holliday
Her heart was that strange Bush where sacred fire
Religion did not consume but inspire
Such piety so chast vse of godes day
That w^th^ we turnd to feasts we turnd to pray
And did prefigure here in devout tast
the rest of her Sabbaoth w^ch^ shall last
Angells did hand her vpp who next god dwell
(for she was of that order whence most fell
Her bodie left with vs least some had said
she could not die except they saw her dead
ffor from lesse vertue and lesse beauteousnes
The Gentiles fram’d them Godes and Goddesses
The rauenous earth that now woes her to bee
Earth too wilbe Lemnia and the tree
That wrapper that Christall in a woodden Tombe
shalbe tooke vpp spruce filld w,h Diamond
And wee here gladd sadd frendes all beare a part
of grieue for all would wast a stoicks hart

Finis!

John Donne, Elegie: “Oh, let mee not serve so”

Elegie

Oh lett not mee serue so as those men serue
whom honours smoakes at once flatter & sterue
Poorelie inrichd with great mens woordes & lookes
Nor soo wright my name in thy Loving bookes
As those Idolatrous flatterers w^ch^ still
Their Princes stiles w^th^ many Realmes full fill
Whence they no tribute haue and where no sway
Such seruices I offer as shall pay
Themselues; I hate dead names! O then lett mee
faourire in Ordinarie or no faourite bee

When my soule was in mine owne body sheathd
Not yett by oathes bethrothed nor kisses breathd
Into my Purgatorie (faithlesse thee
Thy hart seem’d waxe and steele thy constancy
soe careles flowers strourd in y^r^ waters face
the curled whirlepooles suck smack & embrace
Yett drowne them. So the tapers beamie eye
Amorously twincckling beckons the giddie flye
Yett burnes his winges And such the diuell is
scarce visiting him who are entirely his
When I beheld a streame w^th^ from the Spring
Doth with doubtfull Melodious murmuringe
Or in a speechles slumber calmelie ride
her wedded channells bosome and there chide
And bend her browses and swell if any bough
Doe but stoope downe to kisse her vppmost browe
Yett if her often gnawing kisses win
The traiterous banck to gape and lett her in
She rusheth violentlie and doth diuorce
her from her natuie and her long kept course
And roares and braues itt and in gallant skorne
In flattering Eddies promising returne
She floutes her channell who thencefoorth is drie
Then say I that is she and this am I
Yett lett mee not this deepe bitternes forgett
Careles dispaire in mee for that will whett
My mind to scorne and (oh) loue dulld wth paine
Was ne’re so wise nor so well arriud as disdaine
Then with newe eies I shall suruay thee & spie
Death in thy cheekes and darkenes in thine eie
Though hope breed faith and loue: thus taught I shall
(As nations doe from Rome) from thy loue fall
Mine hate shall outgrowe thine and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance and when I
Am the recusant in that resolute state
What hurtes it mee to be excommunicate

Finis

John Donne, The Will

Loues Legacie

Before I sigh my last gaspe lett mee breath
(great Loue) some Legacies Heere I bequeath
Mine eies to Argus if mine eies can see
If they be blind then loue I giue them thee
My tongue to fame. To Ambassadors mine eares
To woemen or the sea my teares
Thou loue hast taught me heretofore
By making mee serue who had twenty more
That I should giue to none but such as had too much before

My constancie I to the Plannettes giue
My truth to them who att the court doe liue
Mine ingenuitie and oppennesse
to Iesuites, to Buffones my pensiuenes
My silence to any who abroad hath beene

My mony to a Capuchin
Thou Loue taught mee by appointing mee
To loue there where no loue receiued could bee
Onlie to giue such an Incapacitie
I give my reputation to those
Whose were my friends mine industry to foes
To schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnes
My sicknes to Physicians or excess
To nature all that I in rime haue writt
And to my company my wit
Thou loue by making mee adore
her: who begott this loue in mee before
Taught mee to make as though I gaue when I did but restore
To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my Phisick bookes my written Rolles
Of Morall counsell I to Bedlam giue
My brazen Meddailles vnto them wch I live
In want of bread; To them wch passe among
All forrainers: mine English tongue
Though loue by making mee loue one
Who thinckes her frendshiph a fitt portion
for yonger Louers dost my guifts thus disproportion
Therefore Ile giue no more But Ile vn doe
The world by dying because loue dies too
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Then gold in Mines where none doe drawe itt foorth
And all your Graces no more vse shall haue
Then a Sun=Diall in a graue
Thou loue taught mee by making mee
Louve her who doth neglect both thee & mee
To invent and practise this one way to adnhilate all three

Finis

Francis Beaumont, To the Countesse of Rutland

To the Countesse of Rutland

Madam
So may my verses pleasing bee
so may you laugh att them and not att mee
Tis something to yow I would gladlie say
but how to doe it cannot find the way
I would avoide the common trodden waies
to Ladies vsd wch bee or loue or praise
As for the first that little witt I haue
is not yett growne so neere vnto the graue
But that I can by that dime fading light
perceiue of what and vnto whom I wright
Lett such as in a hopeles wittles rage
can sigh a quier and reade itt to a Page
I, 53

(Such as can make tenn sonnetts ere they rest
When each is but a great blott att the best
Such as can backes of bookes and windowes fill
with their two furious diamond and quill
Such as are mortified that they can liue
Laught att by all the world and yett forgiu
Write loue to you; I would not willinglie
Be pointed att in every company
As was the little Taylour who till death
Was hott in loue wth Queen Elizabeth
And for the last in all my idle daies
I never did yett lyuuing woman praise
In verse or prose and when I doe beginn
Ile pick some woman out as full of sinn
As you are full of vertue, with a soule
As black as yours is white, a face as fowle
As yours is beautifull for itt shalbe
Out of the rules of Phisiognomy
So farr that I doe feare I must displace
The art a little to lett in the face
Itt shall att least four places—faces be belowe
the diuelles; and her parched corpes shall showe
In her loose skinn as if some spiritt she were
Kept in a bagg by some great Coniurer
Her breath shalbe as horrible and vild
As every woord yow speake is sweet and mild
Itt shalbe such a one as will not bee
Couered with any Art or Pollicie
But lett her take all waters fumes and drincke
she shall make nothing but a dearer stincke
She shall haue such a foot and such a nose
As will not stand in any thing but prose
If I bestowe my praises uppon such
'tis charitie and I shall meritt much
My praise will come to her like a full bowie
bestow'd att most need on a thirstie soule
Where if I singe your praises in my rime
I loose my Incke my paper and my time
Add nothing to your overflowing store
and tell you naught but what yow knew before
Nor doe the vertuous minded (wth I sweare)
Madam I thinkke you are) indure to heare
Their owne perfections into question brought
But stopp their eares att them for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues knowne
(Pardon me Madam) I should thinke them none
But if your braue thoughts (wth I must respect
above your glorious titles) I shall accept
These harsh disordered lines I shall ere long
dresse upp your vertues new in a new song
Yett farr from all base praise or flattery
although I knowe what ere my verses bee
They will like the most seruile flattery show
if I write truth and make my subiect yow.

finis
To make the doubt more cleare that no womans true
was itt my fate to proue itt strong in you
Thought I, but one, had breathed purest ayre
and must shee needes be false because shees faire
Is itt your beauties marke or of your youth
Or of your perfection not to studdy truth
Or thinke you heauen is deafe or hath no eies
Or those she hath smile att your periueries
Are vowes so cheape wth women at—or the matter
Where of they are made that they are writt in water
And blowne away with wind? or doth they breath
( both hott and cold) att once make life and death
Who could haue thought so many accentes sweet
form'd into woordes so many sighes should meet
As from our hartes so many oathes and teares
sprinckled (among all sweeter by your feares
And the deuine impression of stolne kisses
(that seald the rest) should now proue emptie blisses
Did yow drawe bondes to forfeyt Signe to breake
Or must wee read yow quite from what yow speake
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
The first desier you false would wish you lust
O I prophane Though most woemen bee
This kind of beast; My thought shall accept thee
My dearest loue. ffroward Jealousie
With circumstance might urge thy Inconstancy
Sooner Ile thinke the Sunn will cease to cheare
The teeming earth! and that forgett to beare
Sooner that Riuers will runne backe or Thames
With Ribbes of Ice in June would bind his streames
Or nature by whose strength the world endures
Would change her course before you alter yours
But O that trecherous breast to whom weake yow
Did trust our counselles and wee both may rue
Hauing his falshood found too late t'was hee
That made yow cast you' guilie and yow mee
Whilst he black wretch betrayed each simple woord
Wee spake vnto the cunning of a third
Curst may he bee that so our loue hath slaine
and wander on the Earth wretched as Cayne
Wretched as hee and not deserue least pittie
In plagueing him lett misery be wittie
Lett all eies shunn him and he shunn each eie
till he be noysome as his infamy
May he without remorce deny god thrice
And not be trusted more on his soules price
And after all selfe torment when he dies
May woolues teare out his hart vultures his eies
Swine eat his bowells and his falser tongue
that utterd all be to some Rauen flonge
And lett his carion coarse be a longer feast
To the kinges dogges then any other beast
Now I haue curst lett vs our loue reuiue
In mee the flame was never more aliue
I could begin againe to court and praise
And in that pleasure lengthen the short daies
Of my liues lease Like Painters that doo take
Delight, not in the made worke but whilst they make
I could renewe these times when first I sawe
Louve in your eies that gaue my tongue the lawe
To like what yow lik'd and att Masques and plaies
Commend the selfe same Actours the same wayes
Aske how yow did and often with intent
Of beeing Officious be impertinent
All wth were such soft pastimes as in these
Louve was as subtle catchd as a disease
But beeing gott it is a treasure sweet
Wth to defend is harder then to gett
And ought not be prophan'd on either part
ffor though t'is gott by chance t'is kept by art

Finis

John Donne, Song: “Goe, and catche a falling starre”

A song
Goe and catch a falling starr
gett with child a Mandrake roote
tell mee where all past yea res are
or who cleft the diuells foot
Teach mee to heare Mermaidases singing
Or to keepe of envies stinging
And find
what wind
Serues to aduance an honest mind
If thou beest borne to strange sights
things invisible see
Ride ten thousand daies and nights
till age snowe white haires on thee
This—Then when thou returnst will’t tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee
And swere
No where
Liues a woman true and faire
If thou findst one lett mee know
such a pilgrimage were sweet
Yett do not I would not goe
though att next doore we might meet
Though she were true when you mett her
And last till yow write your letter
Yett shee
wilde
false ere I come to th two or three

finis
I, 54v. John Donne, Loves Deitie

Loves Deitie

I long to talke wth some old louers ghost
Who died before the God of loue was borne
I cannot thincke that he who then loued most
suncke so lowe as to loue one wth did skorne
But since this God producd a destinie
And that vice=nature Custome letts itt bee
I must loue her that loues not mee
Sure they wth made him God meant not so much
nor he in his yong godhead practisd itt
But when an ever flame twoo hartes did touch
his office was indulgentlie to fitt
Actiues to Passiues: correspondency
Onli his subiect was itt cannot be
Loue till I loue her that loues mee
But every Moderne God will now extend
his vast prerogatiue as far as loue
To rage to lust to write to to commend
all is the purlewe of ye god of loue
Oh were wee weakned by this Tiranny
To vngod this child againe it would not be
that I should loue who loues not mee
Rebell & Atheist too why murmure I
as though I felt the worst that loue can doe
Loue might make mee leaue louing or might trie
A deeper plague to make her loue mee too
Wth since she loues before I am loath to see
falshood is woorse then hate and that must bee
If she whom I loue should loue mee

Finis

John Donne, The Funerall

The Funerall

Who euer com**es to shrowd mee doe not harme
nor question much
That subtile wreath of haire wth crownes mine arme
The mistery the signe you must not touch
for tis my outward soule
ViceRoy to that wth then to heauen beeing gon
Will leaue this to controwle
And keepe these limmes her Prouinces from dissolution
ffor if the sinnewie thredd my braine lettes fall through euery part
Can tie those partes and make mee one of all
These haires wth vppward grewe and strength and art haue from a better braine
Can better doe itt, except she meant that I by this should know my paine
As prisoners then are manacled when they are condemnd to
die
What ere she ment by itt burie itt with mee for since I am Loues Martir it might breed Idolatrie
if into anotheres handes these reliques came and t'was humilitie
To affoord itt tlohe wth a soule can doe
So tis some brauery
That since yow would saue none of mee I bury some of you

Finis

John Donne, Loves Usury

ffor euery houre that thou wilt spare me now
I will allowe
(Vsurious God of loue twenty to thee)
When wth my browne my gray haires equall bee
Till then loue lett my bodie raigne and lett
Mee trauaile soiourne snach plott haue forgett
Resume my last yeares Relique. Thincke that yett
Wee had never mett
Lett mee thinke my Riualls letter mine
att att next Nine
Keepe middnights promise mistake by the way the maid and tell the ladie of that delay
Onlie lett mee loue none no not the sport ffrom country grasse to comfitures att court or citties Quelque choses lett report
My mind transport

If thine owne honour or my shame or paine thou couett most att that age thou shalt gaine
Doe thy will then Then subiect and degree
And fruit of loue Loue I submitt to thee
Spare mee till then Ile beare itt though she be one that loues mee.

Finis
I, 55v. John Donne, The Flea

Marke butt this flea and marke in this
how little that wch thou deniest mee is
Mee it suck'd first and now suckes thee
And in this flea our twoo bloodes mingled bee
Confesse itt this cannot be said
A sin, or shame or losse of maydenhead
Yett this enioyes before itt woe
and pamperd swelles wth one blood made of twoo
and this alasse is more then wee could doe

Oh stay three liues in one flea spare
Where wee almost the nay more then maried are
This flea is yow and I and this
our mariage bedd and mariage Temple is

Though Parentes grudge and yow wee are mett
and cloystered in these liuing walls of lett
Though vse make thee apt to kill mee
Lett not thy selfe murther added bee
and sacriledge three sinnes in killing three

Cruell and suddaine hast thou since
Purpled thy naile in blood of Innocence
In what could this flea guiltie bee
except in that dropp wch itt suckt from thee
Yett thou triumphst and saist that thou
findst not thy selfe nor mee the weaker now
Tis true then leare how false feares bee
lust so much honour when thou yeeldst to mee
Will wast as this fleas death tooke life from thee

Finis

John Donne, Communitie

Good wee must loue and must hate ill
ffor ill is ill and good good still
but there are thinges indifferent
Wth wee may neither hate nor loue
but one and then another proue
as wee shall find our fancy bent

If then att first wise nature hadd
made women either good or badd
then some wee might hate & some wee might chuse
but since she did them so create
That wee may neither loue nor hate
Onlie this rests All, All may vse
If they were good it would be seen
Good is as visible as green
and to all eyes it selfe betrayes
If they were badd they could not last
Badd doth it selfe and others waste
soe they deserve nor blame nor praise
But they are ours as fruits are ours
he that but tastes he that deuoures
And he wth leaues all doth as well
Changd loues are but changd sorts of meat
and when he hath the kernell eat
Who doth not fling away the shell

John Donne, Womans constancy

Now thou hast lou'd mee one whole day
to morrowe when thou leaust what wilt thou say
Wilt thou antidate some new made vowe
Or say that now
Wee are not just those persons wth wee were
Or that Oathes made in reuerentall feare
Of loue and his wrath any may forsweare
Or as true deaths true mariages vntie
So lovers contracts Images of those
Bind butt till sleepe? Deaths Image thee vnlose
Or your owne end to iustifie
ffor hauing purposd change and falshood yow
Can haue no way but falshood to be true
Vaine Lunatique; Against those scapes I could
Dispute and conquer if I would
Which abstaine to doe
ffor by too morrowe I may thincke so too. /
I, 56v. Sir John Harington, Of the commodities that men have by their Marriage

A fine yong Priest of kin to frier ffrapper
Prompt of his tongue of person neat & dapper
Not deeplie read but were he putt vnto itt
One that could say his servise and would doe itt
His Markes and hairre shewd him of excellent harriage
This Priest one day happened to speake of mariage
And prooued that it is not onlie honourable
But that the ioyes thereof are admirable
He told the tale to one and other frendes
And straight I had itt on my fingers end
four ioyes he said on Maried Priests are cast
A wife and frendes and coyne and mony last
And first the wife see how att bedd and bord
What comfort and what ioy she doth affoord
Then for the frendes what ioy can bee more deare
Then louing frendes dwell they farre of or neere
Thirdlie a ioy it is to haue the portion
Well got without guilt fraud or extorcion
Lastly the little babes that call them Dad
Oh how it ioyes the hart and makes itt glad
But now sir there remaines one obseruacon
That well deserues our due consideracon
Marke then againe with mee for so it is meet
Which of their ioyes are firme and w ch do fleet
first for the wife no man can deny itt
But for the most part she sticketh surelie by itt
But for the frendes when they should most auaile yow
by death or fortunes change they oft deceiue yow
Then for mony without more forecast
as change encreaseth mony wasteth as fast
Lastlie the children most of them outliue yow
Or beeing ill brought vpp they liue to grieue him
Then marke vpon my fingers w ch remaine
The wife and children only these twaine

Finis
I, 57. Sir John Harington, Of a Precise Tayler

A Tayloure thought a man of vpright dealing
True but for lying honest but for stealinge
falling one day extreme sickie by chance
Was on a sodaine in a wondrous trance
The fiendes of Hell mustering in fearfull manner
Of sundry coloured silkes displayd a banner
That he had stole and wishd as they did tell
That one day he might find itt all in Hell
The man affrighted with this apparition
Vpon Recouerie grewe a great precisian
He bought a bible of the new translation
and in his life he shewed great reformation
He walked mannerlie and talked meekelie
He heard 3 sermons & 2 Lectures weekelie
He vowed to shun all company vnrule
And in his speach he vsd no oath but trulie
And zealously to keepe the Sabbaths rest
His meat for that day on the Eue was drest
And least the custome that he had to steale
 Might cause him sometimes to forgett his zeale
He gives his Journey man a speciall charge
that if the stuffes allowance beeing large
He found his fingers were to filch inclinde
Badd him haue then the banner in his mind
This done I scant can tell the rest for laughter

A captain of a shipp brought 3 daies after
3 yardes of 3 pile veluet and 3 quarters
to make venetian hose belowe the garters
Hee that precisely knewe what was enough
soone slipped away 3 quarters of ye stuffe
His man that sawe itt said in derision
Remember master how you sawe the vision
Peace knaue qd he I did not see a ragge
Of such a coloured silke in all the flagge

Finis

Anonymous, The famous learned Tullie long agoe

The famous learned Tullie long agoe
spake in a spleenefull moode a lustie woord
None thinking then that now it should be so
Rome saith he for the gowne before the sword
Itt seemes the man in spirit did foresee
The Ladies of this age wch now preferr
for Riches and for titles of degree
the man of wealth before the man of warr
And well itt fitts that so for wise respects
Their youthfull greenesse should with grauenes meet
Saue only this that age in his defectes
Comming to bedd with cold & frozen feet
The Ladie findes her bargaine but afforodes
ffaint doinges for a few well spoken woordes

Finis

Sir John Harington, Of Women learned in the tongues

You wished me to take a wife faire rich & yong
that had the lattin french & spanish tongue
I thanckt & told yow I desird no such
I feard one language might be tongue to much
Then loue I not the learned? yes as my life
A learned mistris but not a learned wife

finis

John Donne, Faustus

faustinus keeps his sister & a whore
faustinus keeps his sister and no more /
I, 57v. Sir Walter Ralegh, The Lie

Goe soule the bodies guest
upon a thanckles errant
ffeare not to touch the best
the truthshalbe thy warrant
Goe since I needes must die
And giue them all the lie
Say to the Court it glowes
and shines like rotten wood
saie to the Church it shoes
what's good but doth no good
If Court and Church replie
Giue Court & Church the lie

Tell men of high condition
that rules affaires of state
Their purpose is Ambition
their practise onlie hate
And if they do reply
feare not to giue the lie

Tell Potentates they liue
acting but others actions
Not lou’d vnlesse they giue
not strong but by their factions
If Potentates reply
Giue Potentates the lie

Tell those that bragges it most
they begge for more by spending
And in their greatest cost
seeke nothing butt commendinge
Tell witt how much it wrangles
in tickle pointes of finenessse
Tell wisdome she intangles
in pointes of ouernicenes

Tell zeale it wantes devotion
tell loue it is but lust
tell time it is but motion
tell flesh it is but dust

Tell age it dailie wasteth
Tell honour how itt alters
Tell beautie that she blasteth
tell favour that she faulters

Tell Phisicke of her boldnes
tell skill it is preuention
Tell Charitie of coldnes
tell Loue it is contention

Tell fortune of her blindnes
tell nature of decay
Tell frendshipp of vnkindnes
tell Iustice of delay
Tell Artes they haue no scandalles
but varie by esteeming
Tell schooles they want profoundnes
and stand too much on seeming
Tell faith t’is fled the Citie
tell how the Contry erreth
Tell manReshakes of pittie
say vertue least preferreth
So when thou hast as I
Commanded thee done babbling
Although to giue the lie
Deserves no lesse then stabbing

Stabb art thy soule who will
No stabbe thy soule can kill

Finis

Anonymous, Emelia embracing many guifts and loues

Emelia embracing many guifts and loues
the honester she is the worser she proues
Lais giues pleasure for the guiftes she takes
But she a filthie game of vertue makes
A modest maid should haue chaste handes chaste eies
not thinke that chastitie in one part lies
To smile on all and to drawe on all louers
Bee she untoucht an unchaste mind discouers

Finis

Josuah Sylvester, The Fruites of a cleere Conscience

The fruities of a good conscience

To shine in silke and glister all in gold
To shewe in wealth and feed on daintie fare
To build vs houses statelie to behold
the Princes fauour and the peoples care
Although theis guifts be great and very rare
the groaning gout the collick & the stone
Will marre their mirth & turne it all to moane
But bee it that the bodie subject bee
to no such sicknes or the like annoy
Yett if the conscience be not firme & free
Riches is trash and honour butt a toy
The peace of conscience is that perfect ioy
Wherewith godes children in this life be blest
to want the wch better want the rest
The want of this made Adam hide his head
The want of this made Cain to waile & weep
The want of this makes many goe to bedd
When they god wott haue little lust to sleepe
Strive Strive therefore to entertaine & keepe
So rich a lewell and so rare a guest
With beeing had a rush for all the rest

Finis
When Loue did read the title of my booke
He feard least some had armes against mee tooke
Suspect mee not for such a wicked thought
Vnder thy cullours wch so oft haue fought
Some youths are oft in loue but I am ever
and now to doe the same I doe perseuer
I meane not to blott out what I haue taught
Nor to vnwinde the webb that I haue wrought
If any loue and is with loue repaid
Blest be his state he needeth not my aide
But if he reape scorne where he loue hath sowne
of such it is that I take charge alone
Why should loue any vnto hanging force
When as (euen) hate can drue them to no woorse
Why with their owne handes should itt cause men perish
When it is peace alone that loue doth cherish
Ile ease you now wch taught to loue before
the same hand wch did wound shall ease the sore
The same earth poisoned flowers & loathsome breedes
The rose is often neighbour vnto wee des
To men and women both I Phisick giue
Or els I should but halfe the sick world relieue
If any for that sexe vnfitting are
Yett they by mens examples may beware
Had wicked Scylla this my counsell redd
the golden haire had stucke to Nissus head
Take heed when thou dost first to like begin
thrust not loue out but lett him not come in
By running Farr; brookes runne wth greater force
tis easier to hold then to stopp the horse
Delay addes strength and faster hold impartes
Delay the blades of corne to eares convertes
The tree wch now is father to a shade
and often head against the wind hath made
I could att first haue pluckt vpp wth mine hand
though the sunnes prospect now it dares withstand
Then passions ere they fortifie remoue
In short time liking growth to bee loue
Be prouident and so preuent thy sorrowe
Who will not doo't to day cannot to morrowe
The riuer wch now multiplied doth swell
Is in his cradle but a little well
Oft that wch when t'is done is but a scarre
becomes a wound whilste wee the cure diferr
But in thine hart if loue be firmlie seated
and hath such root as cannot be defeated
Although in hand at first it did not take you
att point of death t'were cruel to forsake you
That fier wch no water can asswage
for want of stuffe att length must end his rage
Whiles Loue is in his furious heat giue place
What councell cannot delay brings to passe
Att first his mind impatient and sore
Doth Phisick more then disease abhorre
Who but a foole a mother will forbidd
her sonne new dead some teares to shedd
When she a while hath spoke her griefe in teares
Wth patience, then if patience she heares
Out of due season who so Phisick giues
Though it cause health yett hath he done amisse
And frendlie counsell vrged out of date
doth frett the sore and cause the hearers hate
But when loues anger seemeth to appease
by all meanes labour to shunn Idlenes
This brings him first this stayes him and no other
this\textsuperscript{49}to Cupid both his nurse and mother
Barr Idlenes loues arrowes blunt will tume
and the vnflameing fire want power to bume
Loue neare doth better entertainment finde
then in a dissolute and empty mind
Sloth is loues bawde if thow wilt then leave wooing
Lett still thy bodie or thy mind be dooinge
ffull happines neere stopt wth rubbe of chance
Ease vncontrol'd long sleepes and dalliance
Doe wound the mind though neuer pierce the skin
and thorough that wound loue slily creepeth in
Then either vnto bookes goe make thy mone
so shalt thou haue most company alone
Or els vnto the doubtfull warrs goe range
Redie this life for honour to exchange
The Parthian that valiant Runnaway
to yeeld new cause of Triumph doth assay
\textit{Aegistus} a letcher and why so
The cause was he had nothing els to doe
When all the youth's of Greece for Troy was bound
and wth a wall of men inclos'd itt round
\textit{Aegistus} would not from his home remoue
where he did nothing but that nothing loue
If theis faile to the country then repairre
for any care extinguisheth this care
There maist thou see the Oxe the yoke obey
and thorough the earth plowes eating thorough their way
To whom thou maist sett corne to use & see
(for every corne) spring vpp a little tree
The sunn being midwife thou shalt oft find there
Trees bearing farr more fruit then they can bear
And how the siluer brookes in riding post
Till they in some rivuer themselves haue lost
There maist thou see the goates scale hiest hill
That they their bellies and their duggs may fill
And harmlese sheepe to whom was no defence
By nature ever giuen but Innocence
There maist thou leaerne to graft and then note how
the old tree nurseth the adopted bowe
And of his sapp doth some allowance rate
though his fruit from him do degenerate
There maist thou see the hare tread many a ring
the houndes into a Laborinth to bringe
Vntill he (hauing long his life delay'd
by his owne stepps be to the dogges betrayed
Or fishing vse so thou the fish shalt see
punishd to death for their credulitie
Doe this that thou maist weary bee att night
so sleepe in spight of thoughts shall close thy sight
Lett not thy memory thinges past repeat
'tis easier to learne then to forgett
Therefore keepe distance and thy loue forsake
this to effect some lourney vndertake
I know thou wilt wish raine and faine delay
and oft thy doubtfull foot stand att a stay
But how much more itt grieues thee to be gon
so much the more remember to goe on
Name not the miles nor once looke backward home
the Parthians by flight doe ouercome
Some say my rules are hard I doe confesse itt
I must needs hurt the wound because I dresse itt
Wilt thou bide for thy bodies health vexation
Wch straight decayes wthout foodes reparation
And will not doe this thie mind to mend
the better halfe wth did from heauen descend
ffor your owne comfort this one proofe I say
'tis harder farr to part then stay away
ffor custome wth the hardest thinges that are
Will make vs in short time familiar
If thou be once abroad there long abide
Least comming home thou in relapse doe slide
Then will thine absence bring thee to worse plight
as fasting breeds a greater appetite
Thincke not by witchcraft to fright loue away
for Pluto himselfe was in loue they say
Circes vsd this the wandering knight to stirr
Yet many miles were twixt his loue and her
But he that is so vexed that would esteeme
All paines but cheape his freedome to redeeme
Lett him alone summe vp his Mri's crimes
Thinck how much she hath cost thee many times
Thincke how she vsd to sweare and kindlie speake
and faithles straight her woord and oath to breake
And thincke the same night that shee the denies
That greedie, wt some seruingman she lies
Vrge this thy matter neuer wilbe spent
for sorrowe will make any eloquent
I was in loue my selfe the other day
And shee vngratefullie would not loue repay
Then grewe I the Phisician and the sicke
and did my selfe recouer by this tricke
I said she was not faire when I did eie her
Yett to confesse the truth I did belie her
yett I att length for man y times I said itt
Gainst mine owne knowledge to my selfe gaue creditt
Still neere to vertue vices bordering lie
for on both sides of her they seated bee
Then the good partes thou in thy Mris knowest
to one of those twoo vices see thou bowest
Accompt the fatt as swnolne the browne turn'd black
If she be slender say she flesh doth lack
If she be merry sweare that she is light
If modest thinck it is for lacke of witt
This done thy Mistris bee shee not to coy
Wherein she hath no guift nor grace to employ
If she sing harsh intreat her still to singe
Hath shee fatt fingers then a lute her bringe
If she stride wide then gett her foorth to walke
Or speake shee ill then giue her cause of talke
If she dance hobling lett her not sitt still
and make her laugh if that her teeth be ill
Sometimes into her chamber earlie presse
Before att all pintes—points she her selfe can dresse
That which is Venus Image now tis done
was (whilst it was a making) ragged stone
With clothes and Tires our judgementes bribed bee
and woman is least of what wee see
But least thou too much trust this rule beware
for many like truth fairest naked are
Yett venture in for there is often found
the stuffe whereof their painting is compound
And boxes wch vnto their cheekes giues colour
and water wch doth wash their faces fowler.

Finis i. partis

Sir Thomas Overbury, The second part of the Remedy of Loue.

The second part of the Remedy of Loue.

Hitherto haue I breathed now will I bring
My ranging course into a shorter Ringe
When that night comes wch many hath lost thee
and much sweet bitter expectation cost thee
Whiles thou art heavy and thy spirites downe
and foolishly wise by repentance growne
Then lett thine eies eies her body note till they
Doe something find amisse and thereon stay
Some may perchance theis prcepts trifles call
Who is not help't by any may by all
for all I cannot fitt Instructions find
because wee twoo are like in face and mind
The same that one doth not mislike att all
A great deformitie some others call
As that nice youth that did his loue withdraw
because his Mris hee att Priuie sawe
They loue in iest that so can whole become
When Cupid shootes att such he drawes not home
Striue thou to bee in loue wth twoo together
so shall thy loue be violent in neither
for when thy mind by halles doth doubtfull stray
One loue doth take the other force away
The selfe same strength united is more stronge
then when to twoo it pain-parted doth belong
Great riuers beeing peace meale oft deuided
Doe shrinke att length to brookes that may be strided
This trick hath many helpt therefore wee see
Women for spite terme itt Inconstancy
The old loue by succession out is droue
In Helen Paris lost Oenones loue
She wch hath manie sonnes makes not such mone
as she wch looseth all her sonnes in one
The falsest loue a second loue vndoes
for in a crosse way loue doth himselfe loose
Although thy hart with fier like Ætna flame
Lett not thy M'ns once perceive the same
Smother thy passions and lett not thy face
tell thy mindes secrettes while she is in place
Thy hart being stormy lett thy face be cleare
Nor lett loues fier by smoake of sighes appeare
Dissemble tonge till thy dissembling breed
Such use as thou art out of loue in deed
I haue from drinking so my selfe to keepe
Laid on a bedd and winckt my selfe asleepe
Oft haue I seene youths faine them selues in loue
till taken att their woordes they so did prove
If shee appoint thee any night to come
and comming thither findst her not att home
Doe not make sonnetts att her chamber dore
Nor thy repulse as a mischance before deplore
Nor to her when thou meetest her againe
Of thy owne wronges or thy vntruth complain
for to be patient time will easilie make itt
if thou haue patience but to undertake itt
Hee that from farr his m'ns doth admire
and dares not hope of having his desire
His mind a care incurable will prove
for that wee thincke forbidden most wee loue
Distrust not then till thou heare her reply
Who asketh faintly teacheth to deny
Say if all theis faile this next will helpe impart
and loue of others to selfe loue convert
for thoughts of loue no longer vs possesse
Lett him that is indebted thincke alone
That whiles he thinkes his day drawes neerer on
Whom a hard father from his will doth lett
Lett him before him still his father sett
Lett him with will a wife with nothing take
Thinke that from preferrment she will keepe him backe
None need this Phisick of Phisicians borrowe
for none but hath some cause of feare & sorrowe
Lett him that deepelie loues and is farre gone
(Like an ill doer) feare to be alone
Use not to silent groaues aside to shrincke
Nothing loue more vpholdeth then to thincke
Then will thy mind thy M'ns Picture take
for Memory all thinges past doth present make
Then like Pigmalion wee an Image frame
And fall in loue deuotlie with the same
Therefore then night lesse dangerous is the day
Because then thoughts new borne talke sendes away
Then shalt thou find how much a friend is woorth
Into whose breast thou maist thy griefe powre foorth
Phillis alone frequented riuers side
Clouded with shade of teares till there she di'de
Who loues must louers company refuse
ffor loue is as infectious as newes
By looking on sore eies wee sore eies gett
and fier doth alwaies on the next house sett
Did not infection to the next neighbour flie
Diseases would with their first owners die
A wound new healed will soone breake out againe
therefore from seeing of thy loue refraine
Nor will this serue but thou must shunn her kin
and euen the house wch she abideth in
Lett not her nurse nor chambermaid once mooue thee
though they protest how much their M'ris loues thee
Nor into any question of her breake
Nor of her talke (though thou against her speake)
He that saies oft that he is not in loue
by repetition doth himselfe disproue
I would not wish thy loue in hatred end
Lett her that was thy loue be still thy frend
But when yee needes must meet then shew thy spiritt
thincke how she loues some fellowe of lesse meritt
Make not thy selfe against thou seest her fine
for this is doubtles of some loue a signe
The reason is as I my selfe haue tride
why many men so long in loue abide
Because if they some kinder looke obteyne
they foorth with thincke they are belou'd againe
To our owne flatteries creditt wee do giue
and what wee would haue true we soone belieue
So they like gamsters leese on more and more
least they should loose that little lost before
But trust not thou their woordes and though they sweare
Yett womens Oathes are Othes of Atheists heere
Nor as a signe of griefe their weeping take
But thincke their eies vse soluble doth make
Be still and sullen beare a grudge in mind
Nor tell the cause least she excuses find
He that beginneth with his loue to chide
that man is willing to be satisfied
Beautie is nothing woorth for if wee loue
the fowlest in our judgement faire will proue
Therefore the only meanes by wch to try them
is then to judge when fairer doe stand by them
Conferre their faces and with all their mind
Who seeth onlie with his eies is blind
Comparison the touch stone is whereby wee from the good the better doe descry
Tis but a trifle wch I meane to speake and yet loues strength this trifle oft doth breake
All letters written from thy Mistris burne such Reliques louers mindes doe backwarde turne
Though thou canst not behould them while they flame thy loues funerall fier thinke the same
Take heed least thou into the place resort which by accessarie to your sport
Stir not the ashes wch doe fire conceale nor touch the wound wch is about to heale
Loue cannot be maintaingd with pouerty his riott doth with riches best agree
Honour and titles though not felt nor seene the chiefest cause of loue to some hath beene
ffrequent not plaies for whiles wee others loue see acted wee our selues doe parties prove
Vpon my proofe Musique and dauncing flie for musicke trees and stones did mollifie
And fishes too though they themselves be dumbe
to heare Arions voyce did gladlie come
And dauncing some more passions doth raise Then reason pacifies in many daies
These melt the mind and soft our hartes doe make and thereby loues impression apt to take
Touch not the Poets wch of loue doe sing they vs to loue by imitation bringe
Whilst wee in them doe others loue behold change but the names the tale of vs is told
What man (but some stiffe clowne) but soone will proue by reading in such bookes in loue with loue
Barr them I say for that in them is found a certaine Musique and a wanton sound\nvlhes I by Apollo be misled tis a mutation wch most loue hath bredd
Much easines doth cloy and most wee sett by that which wee with doubt from others gett
Then frame thy selfe but surmise that cold in middle of her bedd she lies
Atrides could be dull by Helens side And was content att Creet from her to bide Vntill by Paris she from him was rented then was his loue by others loue augmented
Lastlie I must some meates forbidd the sick that I in all may be Phisician like Vse not on sweet and iuicy meates to feed for fullnes of such doth lusts hunger breed And stuffd with such wee any doe admire When all their beautie lies in our desire But wine is more prouoking farr then meat This heates our blood and itt on rage doth sett This drowns our mindes and makes it sence obey Loues winges beeing wet he cannot flie away

Finis
Dido was the Carthage Queene
that lou'd the Troian knight
that manie a foraine coast had seene
and manie a dредfull fight
as they on Hunting rode, a showre
draue them in a luckie hower
into a darksome caue
where Eneas with his charmes
lockt Queene dido in his Armes
and had what he would haue
Dido himens Rights forgott
hir loue was winged with hast
hir honnor she regarded not
but in [hir] hist bosom[breest], [him] plast
and when the sport was new begunne
loure sent downe his winged sonne
to fright Eneas sleepe
and bad him by the breake of daye
ffrom Queene dido steale a waye
which made hir wale and wepe
Dido wept but what of this
the gods would haue it soe
Eneas nothing did amisse
for she was forst to goe
Ierne lordings[then]~
no faith to keepe
with your loues but let them wepe
tis follie to be true
lett this storie serue your turne
and lett twentie didoes bm:m
[mourne]
so you haue dalie new. //

Anonymous answer to Campion

Dido wept but what of this
the gods woll plauge her so
Eneas falsely did a mise
He had no cause to goe
Learne ladies then to showne such charmes
and lett Eneas cursed armes
Teatch you to flye all louers
Beware of such a Sirens songe
least yo' honors thus you wronge
And then be scorned of others:/
An epitaph:

Heire lyes an honest cobler whom curst fate
perceiving neere worn out, would needs translate
twas a trew poore soule, & tyne hath beene
He would well lickard goe throw thick & thynne,
Death put a trick vppon him & what waste
He called for his nail, death browght him his laste.
Twas not vprightly done to cut his thread
who mended more & more till he was dead
But being gone, this only can be sayed
Honest John Cobled→Cobler lyes heire vnderlayde:
Richard Corbett, An Elegie on the late Lord William Haward Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December. 1615

An Elegie upon the death of the Late Lord Howard Baron of Effingham dead, the 10. Dec. 1615.

I did not know the lord, nor doe I strue To win access, and grace with Lords alue. The dead, I serve: from whom nor faction can Mowe mee nor fauour, nor a greater man. To whom no sice Commends me, no bribe sent From whom no penance warnez, nor poftion sent To these I dedicate as much of me As I can spare from mine owne husbandrye And till ghosts walke, as they were wont to doe I trade for some, and doe their errands too. But first I doe enquire, and am assured what tryalls in their journeies they endur'd what certenties of Honor and of worth Their most uncertaine lifetimes have brought forth. And who so did least hurt, of this small store He is my patron be hee rich, or poore. First I will know of fame (after his peace when flattery, and euie both do cease) who ruled his actions, vertue? or my lord? did the whole man relye upon a word? A badge, a title? or above all chance seem'd hee as Ancient as his Cognizance? What did hee acts of mercy? and refraine Oppression in himselfe, and in his trayne was his essential table full as free As boasts, and invitations use to bee? (where if his russet frend did chance to dine) whither his satten man would fill him wine? Did hee thinke perjury as loud a sin Himselfe forsworne as if his slaue had been? did hee seeke regular pleasures? was he knowne lust husband to one wife, and shee his owne? Did hee give freely without pause, or doubt? And read petitions ere they were worne out? Or should his well deserving client aske would hee bestow a tilting, or a Masque To keepe need vertuous and that done not feare what lady damn'd him for his absence there? 
I, 64v
Did hee attend the court for no mans fall?
wore hee the ruine of no Hospitall?
And when hee did his rich apparrell don?
put hee no widdow, nor no orphan on?
did hee lose simply vertue for the thing?
The king for no respect but for the king?
But above all, did his Religion waite
upon gods Throne? or on the chaire of state?
hee that is guilty of no quaere heere
Outlasts his Epitaph, outlives his heyre
But their is none such, none so little bad
who but the negative vertues euer bad
of such a lord we may expect the birth
hees rather in the wombe then in the earth
and th wre a crime in such a publique fate
For one to line well, and degenerate.
and therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to upbraid the world as Effingham
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
ere thy approach was ready, and to dye
er e custome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes are past since thou hast paid thy debt
to sin and not a libell stirring yet
Courtiers (who scoffe by patent) silent sitte
And have no use of slander, nor of wit.
But which is monstrous thought against the tide
The water=men haue neither rayl'd, nor lide
for in thy praise the good, and bad are owne
it seemes wee all are covetous of Fame
And heire=heari, what a purchase of good name
Thou lately madest, are carefull to encrease
our litle by the holding of some lease
From thee our landlord, and therefore the whole crew
speakes now like tenants ready to renew.
It were to sad to tell thy pedigree
Death hath disordered all misplacing thee
whilst now the Herauld with his line of heyres
Blots out thy name and fill the place with teares
And thus hath cunning death or nature rather
Made thee praeposterous Ancient to thy father
who greiues hee is so: but like a glorious light
Shines o're thy heart. He therefore who would
And blaze thee throughly may at once say all
Here lies the anchor of the Admiral.

Let others write for glory, or reward
Truth is well paid when shee is sung and heard.

On the Duke of Richmonds fate an Elegie:

It was the morne that ushered that blest day
whereon great Brittaines hopes and fortunes lay
which, heaven (enamored on this Isle) hath sent
To Auspicate one happy parliament
When, great with publique cares our sacred Herra
pleased to give ishue to his mind minerals
In a sollicitous muse as then she sate
these faire concepions how to propogate
A bird of night about his chamber flutters
And skriching thrice these fatal accents utters
The Duke is dead which Duke the amas'd king cries
Indefinite feares doubling his Agonies
For thought in eithers fate hee should have found
his Diademe missed a rich Diamond,
yet since that might (heauen knowes) have been the man
that brought our hopes on shore, his Buckingham
whom equall fame doing faith, and vertue right
hath stil'd the Kings, and peoples fauorite
whose zeale to truth to strong to bee seduced
Blew up the mines of hell and thence reduced
Our loue led Thesus from the inchanting twines
of wealth and beauty Rommes two Proserpines
It was a question primely pertinent
To know which Duke the rigid Herald meant
and thankes to heauen in euills so extreme
Theire were choise) death hath observ'd a meane
Twas but the Neptune of the Northen maine
But, quoth the King, at whom sterne death made ayme
The Duke hath destin'd god and you to freind
To waft your Tropheis to the extreamest Inde
Your all admired Admirall suruiues
And Castors death, a Pollux life reuiues
Is this your meane the king replies in wroth
I lost in Richmond a rich world of worth
hee was to mee noe lesse then th'Articke pole
to heauen, hee bore the halfe up of my soule.
Hee was to mee nearer in loue then blood
I stiled him great, but heauen install'd him good
The solid councellor the steward lust
The faithfull Patriott in him kisse the dust
Teste me ipso. and with that a spring
of pearly teares confus'd the Oceans King
And every drop distill'd from ouraignes eyes
of vulgar teares doth Hecatombes comprise
Think there was cause for sorrow to goe deep 
when bee that ioyes all harts enioyes to weepe.
Think there was cause greifes billowes should goe hight 
when princely sighes fain'd tempests from the Skye
Think there was cause to mourne. seen, and allow'd 
when the unnuersall eye affects a cloud
when on a day of joy so generall
A Jubile so panted for of all
The king by such a sad adiournem t somons
To fill the scene of sorrow. Peeres, and Commons
But harke me thinkes that Crittricke inquisition
the Parl: of Paules (which by commission
Censures the occurrents of the time, whose witty
Speaker, and those other midle Isles committy
passe upon all the world) demands a reason
why Richmond disappear'd so out of Season 
why such a prince the pillar of a state 
should vanish and no starre denounce his fate
why leaving such fare fortunes undisposed 
hee was so on the suddaine discomposed
why mute upon a day of parlaiment 
why quit such flesh being licensed to breake Lent 
with many a curious why without a wherefore 
to which I spare to shape an Answer therefore yet give me leaue (a little will suffice
Duke Humphryes' guest) to satisfy, some whyes
what need a commet brandish'd from the skie
indiginate a vertuous prince to dye 
when blazing pride, and lustfull blandishment 
are grown fixt stars in the court firmament
Twos Cesars wish a death free from deaths feares
Tis there rapt motion dignifies the sp'ears.
suppose his death precipitate. yet were hard
To censure who liu'd well, who dy'd unprepar'd
Death is a Don that on advantage lies
and glories in defeats gien by surprize
Trust him not Princes: his false Ambuseadoes
have prou'd more dangerous then his grand Armadoes
Had hee by faire assaults this prince assaid
Nature, and art had both reenforc'd their aid
Religion too the season being wholly
would haue dispacth for rescue many a volly
of fervent prayers: many a pale faced fast
and happily obtain'd some truce at last
Meane time twas happy since fate could not stay
Death hurried him to heauen the privy way
hath hee the common rode of nature trod
and by dease been driuen to arriue ad-+at god
Lord what a hell of torment, and temptation
must hee haue past during heavens visitation
here emptie vissits, and frothy complements
clogging the soules winge in her passing hence
as if to condole, and congratulate
were all the essentials of a great mans state
There sholes of Montebanks assuring ease
when hope lyes lawfalone. and to earne theire fees
In th'article of death, and dissolusion
vexing the soule with fond irresolution
heiere a learned lawyer with his knotty pate
distracts the mind to setle the estate
and yet be thinking after much a doe
hees sworne to the law leaves that unsettled too
There a unpensioned troope of fleg, crying
To see therei vast hope in theire lords death dying
heire (ludged to stale virginity) an heard
of chambermaides and women unpreferd
But of the Dutches spirit of bitternesse
To haue seen her violate that golden tresse
which had so oft in blisse enchanted his eye
had been enought to haue made him dye
his soule to hers in Adamantine ties
was linkt. and death that grand observer wise
To cut a Gordian that hee could not loose
without exasperating both their woes
Thus what they witte call suddenly to dye
hee found the shortest cut to Eternitie
And for the season heaven could not have sent
to mortifie the flesh more fit then Lent
A Parliament that might redintegrate
The breaches Gondamur had trencht in state
and rectifie the members which—
was such a wish that millions would haue ...
Richmond seeing now this was by heavens accommodation brought to passe
his loyes surcharg'd the spirit breaks forth and sings
A nunc demittis to the King of Kings
Heauen takes him at his word and so hee dyes
Loy hath as well as greife her Extasies
Thus what in him the world can most deplore
was a wish rapture to the Elizian shore
They say it is found in Merlins leavens inrould
two English Dukes the senate could not hould
And seeing it so concerns the present state
that the one must their the affaires of Spaine relate
and heavens decrees admit no alteration
the other undertooke this transmigration
to gratulate with love the safe arrivinge
Of our long long'd for Prince from Spanish wiuing
Oh may that match be crown'd with consumation
when hee returnes from this negotiation.
II, 1. Anonymous [Patrick Maule?], *Notations*

Sert in the kitching gardine; the 28th of september
the year of our Lord 1622.

Apricok stones three scor
of peich and neckteriens stones a hunderith
and four,
II, iv. Andrew Ramsay, Prayer

In my defenc god me defend and bring
my soull to ane good end guhen I am sick and
Lyk to ye father of heauens heauie mynd amene
andreae RAmsey Andrae RAMsey finis amene
god

seaue and defend thy Ichosen flök
flök which now
Anonymous, My deare and onelie loue tak heede

My deare and onelie loue tak heede, least fame a fault descry.

If thou now longing louers feede; vponne thy wandring eye
Noe Marble wall can hearts restraine wch truth and trust deceiue
If thyne steal out, myne stays in paine, I loue and cannot leaue

If louers oathes shoute thorough thy heart, that maks noe breach in myne
Thy scaled walles pleades my desert, wch noe plottes vndermine
If my fire me not loue consume, though thine in smoake remoue
True vertue cannot corn~[torne] consume~[to sume], nor can I leave to loue
O lett thy vertue trueth prolong, which feares noe faults surprise
My loue shall man the wall. so stronge, too force the seadge to rise
But if the ruler rule so ill, a commonwealth too proue
Yet my scale shall keep the Monarch still, I cannot leaue to loue

If thy close fraud or open power[thou] my wounded heart betray
Noe trumpet shall sound vp my woes, I'le silent march away
And foule myne armes like ensignes vp[;] my colours none shall reaue
Though nevir more I tast thy Cupp[,] I loue and cannot leaue

I'le shune that cruell heroes name that burnt his Empires prude
I will relieue thy broken fame[,] thy shame[none]shall [none] deride
Thy spiret pouer makes myne more braue, my skorne shall pitie proue
My teares my greues shall grace thy graue I cannot leaue to loue
Anonymous, My deere and onlie loue

tak heed

My deere and onlie loue tak heed
Lest thou thye face expose
And let these longing louers feed
Vponne such lookes as these
A marble wall may round about
Be built without a dore
But if thou lett thy heart steal out
I'le nevir loue the more/

Nor let there oaths by follies volleyes shott
Mak any breach at all
Nor smoothnes of there longing plott
Which way to scale the wall
Nor balls of wyld fyre loue consume
The shryne that I adore
for if such smoak about it fume
I'le nevir loue the more

I know thy vertues are too strong
To suffer by surprize
And vitled by my loue soo long
The seige at last must rise
And leaue the ruler in that health
And state it wes before
But if thou proue a Commonwealth
I'le nevir ___

But if by fraud or by Consent
My heart to ruine come
Ide sound noe trumpet when I went
Nor march by noyse of drume
But fold myne Armes like Ensignes vpp.
ythy falshood to deplore
And after such a bitter Cupp.
I'le nevir ___

But doe by the as Nero did.
when Rome wes set on fyre
Not onlie all Releife forbidd.
But to a hill retyre
And scorne to shead a teare to saue
A Spirit growen soo poore
But smyle and sing the to the graue
And nevir loue the more

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II, 4v. Anonymous, *My deere and onlie loue tak heed*

My deere and onlie loue tak heed
how thou thy loue disclose
And mak my wounded heart to bleed
My boasts and open shewes
A marble wall falls vndermynd
Although it want adore
If I such folly in the find
I'le nevir see the more/
Thy vowes thy oathes by volleys shott
Shall pas into the ayre
And all advantage thou hast gott
Shall adde to thy dispaire
And fyre of scorne shall then consume
The shryne that I adore
And though thou sweare and frett and fume
I'le nevir __________
Who ever loues, if he doe not propose
The righte true endes of loue: He is one web goes
To sea for nothinge but to make him sick
And loues a beare whelpe borne: if wee ouer lick
Our loue, and force new strange shapes to take
Wee err and of loue a monster make
Were not a calfe a monster, that were growne
facde like a man though better than his owne?
Perfection is in vertue: preferr
One woman first, and then one thing in her
I when I vallow Gould may thinke vpon
The dutchines, the Applicacion,
The wholesomen, the Ingenuitie,
from rust from soyle from fire ever free:
By our new Natures use, the soule of Trade.
All this in women we might thinke vpon,
if women had them: but yet loue but one
Can men more Injure women then to say
They loue them for that, by which they are not the y?
Makst vertue woman? Must I coole my blood
Till I both be, and finde one wise and good
May barren Angells loue soe: but if wee
Make love to woman virtue is not shee
As beautie is not nor welth: He that strange stryes thus
from her to hers, noe more Adultrous
Then if he tooke her maide. search every spheare
And firmam of Cupid is not there:
Hees an Infernall Godes and vnder ground
Which With Pluto dwells where Gould and fire
abounds
Men to such Godes theire sacraficinge coales
Did not in Alters lay but pitres and hoales
Although we see Celestyal bodies moue
Above the earth; the earth wee till and love:
soe wee her Ayres contemplate; words and hart
And virtues, but we love the Centrique part
Nor is the soule more worthie, or mor fitt
for love then this, as Infinit as it.
But in attaining this desert place
How much they stray that set out at face
The hayre a forrest is of Ambushes
Of springs, snares, fetters, and Mannacles.
The brow becalmes vs when tis smooth and plaine
And when tis wrinckled shipwrackes vs againe
Smother tis A paradice where wee would have
Immortal stay and wrinck[l]ed is our grave.
The Nose like to the first Meridian
Not twixt an Easte and Weste, but twixt two sonnes.
It leaves A rosie cheeke Hemisphere
On either side, and then direct vs where
Vpon the Islands fortunate we fall
(Not fainte Canarie but Ambrosiall)
Her swelinge lippes: to wch when we are com
Wee Anchor there, and thickes o' selves at home:
For they seeme all: There siren songe and there
wise Delphigue Oracles
Then in a creeke where chosen Pearles doe swell
The Remora her cleaunginge tongue doeth dwell
These and the glorious Promontory
Not of two lovers, but two loues y' nestses
Succeedes a boundles sea, but that thine Eie
Some Isles may scattered there discry
And saylinge towards hir India, in that way.
Shall at her faire Atlantique Nauell stay.
though thence the current be thy Pilott made
Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be imbayed
Thou shalt upon another forest sett
Where some doe shipwrack, and noe further gett
When thou art there consider what this chace
Mispent, by thy begininge at the fface
Rather set out belowe, practice my Arte:
Men say the Devil never can change his
It is the Emblem wth hath figured
firmenes: Tis the first pte that comes to beid!
Cuality we soe refindes, the kiss
Wch at the face began trasplanted is
Since to the handes, since to the inperial! knee
Now at the papall foot delightes to be:
If kings thinke that the neerer way and doe
Kisse from the foote, lovers may doe soe too.
ffor as free spheares moue faster far then can
Birdes whome the ayre resites, soe may that man
Wch goes this emptie and etheryal! way,
Then if at beauties Elemen! he stay
Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made
Two purses and there mouths auersly laid,
They then wch to the lover tribute owe,
That way wch that Exchequer lookes must goe:
Hee wth doth not, his Error is as greate
As who by Clister gave the stomache meate.
If kinges did heretofore there loues indite
as they now personate, those kinges doe write,
Then why not I; by heaven he loved not more
then I doe thee, were he an Emperor:
well in externall toyes, he might expresse
In larger guiftes, and such like amplenesse
More then I can: but for that better part
the inward meanes, truely for a hart
that my Angellike M's thates the thinge
that in loves listes sounds greater then a kinge
and such is myne! knowest thou who I am
thy devouted servant princely dame
he that by wordes of mouth, at that blest shrinne
and moste angell like portraiture of thine
have offered vp soe many others to moue
comes now by writinge to implore thy love
All his meanes left for never till I die
will I leave begginge love if you denie
do not devinest buetie then make boaste
of holdinge for a tyme what must be loste
Tyme that does maister all, makes vassalls kinges
at laste orcomes e'ne the vnlikest thinges
and lett that thought my worthise Mr s moue
hadst thou when first of all, that I did woe thee
and truely proffered love and service to the
accepted them: I had not then been left
to this poore straight of writinge seldomes shift
I had not then bene banished, the which use
and too much seene resortinge to thy house
at last procured for where they both consent
for one still studyinge, for bringinge to passe
what designd lately by the other was
as pde=lde imbrace the love, yet none should see
thou sendes me word, when such a tyme should be
then adventringe, wantinge thy love to instruct me
my passions often, did a misse conducct me
Oh guide me yet, and though some tyme be loste
wele spend the pleasure cominge with more coste
Each kisse weed had before anotheres greetinge,
shall now be tripled, at our tymes of meetinges:
put case tis held that sometyme to denye
and not at first to grant is modestie
with things may restraine my M's yet
all things, have limites feaire=fayre you knowe, then lett
You will have likewise limites too, and yeeld, honor as much to him, that leaves the field ofte tymes belongs, as he that keeps it still and bouldly bides the venture of all ill

It is not vnto our wills to constant be but vnto reasone, thates the dignitie:

Reasone requires the loved, to love againe retayninge worth still, you must love me than And though the world perhaps may vainely tell how I have here and there, and there been ill: and I grant it the more miraculus

My Mrs is, that can reduce me thus. wth in her selfe, wth heretofore was led and had desires all vnlimitted;

yet not miraculus to her: tis knowne shee is each perfectyon in her selfe a lone flor he were vaine, weede say seekes dyuers fayres when he in one may have all sorts of wayres sutinge w th his desires: choyse and good, witt spiritt, person, beautie fame, and blood, All w th you are, and beeinge you are thus you beeinge a lone enough are populus I could deare Mrs never covitt more you beeinge w th me I had women store And soe could live, lockt vp, and never see nor yet be seene of any onely thee w th whom I de spend more va»ringe delightes then freedome, and a broad suites appetites would I desire orations to be made me! speake thou and thousandes could not more psward me or wish for musick doe thou onely singe and never better, was expressed on a stringe would I desire warres, what warres could be more pleasinges then the combates had w th thee Beleeve me fare, thou beeinge once enjoyed there could be noething wantinge nothinge voyd, w th me, w th now wantes all, if debarred of her beeinge obtayned the worldes not ampler I can but wonder much, that he whome lawes hath tyed thee to; can spend in other cause Then what is you; or prostitude himselfe In the world else exposed worthlesse pelfe: Sith if he did consider, or had sence you are the extract, of all excellence: or if he did consider or did knowe and did apply himselfe vnto you beeinge soe
Then that you should haueinge that worthynesse that you can discerne betweene the greate and lesse and knowe the Treasure y( your selfe contayne too greate for one sole subject to retaine yet that you two beeinge parallelld by none should stricktly thus confine your selfe in one; O think of that, perhaps you will reply, why hees my husband Sr ./ and till he die I must not love another. o vaine thinge and from the wiues of owld, how differinge he is your husband soe was his Mother too wife to his ffather, aske what shee did doe if shee had never loue, then have thou none but ile assure the Deare that shee had one And if shee thought shee well might chalinge two what may my Mr s thinke then is her due followe her steps, the answer will be good to dash thy husband, if it be vnderstood for it were vnfitt in sonnes to thinke of more then what there ffathers mirritted before deare my love do it tis nothinge by this Inke besides the cofon, and y'e world does think That we are what, you may understand me let not deceive it, then so pray confend me
Not that in colour it was like thy haire
For armletts of that thou mayest lett me weare
Nor that thy hand itt oft embrace embracet and kiste
For soe it had that good wch oft I miste
Nor for that sillie old Morraltie
That as those plinks were tyed our loue should be
Mourn I that I thy seaven fould chine have lost
Nor for the lucke sake but the bigger cost
Oh shall twelue righteous Angells wch as yett
No leaun of vile soder did admitt
Nor yet by any fault have strayed, or gone
From the first state of there creatyon
Angelies wch heaven commandet to provide
All things to me and be my faithfull guide
To gaine new freindes to appease greate enimies
To comforth my soule when I lie or rise
Shall these twelue Inocents by thy severe
Sentence dread judyce my sinnes greate burden beare
Shall they be damnd and in the furnace throwne
And punished for offences not there owne
They save not me, they doe not ease my paines
When in that hell, they are burnt and tied in cheanes
Where they but crownes of ffrance I cared not
For moste of them there naturall contrie rott
I thinke possesseth they come [there to vs]
So leane so pale so lame so rulainous
And howsoever french kings most christian bee
There crownes are circumcised moste Iuishly
Or were they Spanish stamps stil trauailinge
That are become as catholique as there kinge
Those vnlicked bare whelps vnfild pistoletts
That more then cannon shott availes or lettes
Wch negligently left vnrounded looke
Like many Angled figures in the booke
Of some greate conjurer wch would insorce
Nature as these doe justice from there course
Of stremes like vaines runnes through the earth every part
Visit all contryes and have sillie made
Gorgeous ffrance ruined rugged and decayed
Scottland wch knew no state proud in one day
And mangled seaventeene headed Belgia
Or were it such gold as that weare wthall
Almighty chimicks from each Minerall
Having by subtill fier a soule out puld
Are durtile and desparatly guld
I would not spitt to quench the fire they were in
For they are guiltie of much haynous sinne
But shall my hameles Angells perish shall
I loose my gaurd my head my foot my all?
Much hope wth they should perish will be dead
Much of my able youth and lustie head
Will vanish if thou loose let them alone
For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone
Oh be content that some loud speakinge squakinge cryer
Well pleasd wth one leane thred bare groat for hier
May like a deuell rore through every street
and gall the fingers-finders conscience if he meet
Or lett me meete wth some dread coniurer
wth wth fantastick Scenies fills full much paper
Wch haue deuided Heauen in tenementes
And wth wth whores theaues and Murtherers stuft his rennes
So full that though he passe them all in sinne
he leaues himselfe no roome to enter in
And if when all his art and tyne is spent
he say twill neere be found (oh be content
Receive from him the doome vngrudgingly
Because he is the mouth of destinye
Thou saist alas the gould doth still remaine
though it be chainged and put into a cheane
Soe in the first fallen Angells resteth still
Wisdome and knowledge but tis turned to ill
As these should doe good workes and should provide
Necessaties but now must nurse thy pride
And they still bad Angelles mine are none
ffor forme giues beeinge and there forme is gone
Pittie these Angelles yet there dignities
passe vertues powers and principallities
But thou art resolute thy will be done
yet wth such anguish as her onely sonne
The Mother in the hungrie grave doth lay
Vnto the frier these Martirs I betray
good soules for you give lite to every thing
good Angelles for good messages you bringe
desdaind you might have been to such a one
As would have loved and worshippt you alone
One wth would suffer hunger Nakednes
Yea death ere he would make your number lesse
{but I am gultie of your sade decay.,}
May your fellowes wth me longer stay
But oh thou wretched finder whome I hate
So much that I almost pittie thy estate
Gould beinge the heauiest mettell amongst all
May my mote heauie course vpon the fall
Here fettred manacled and hanged in cheanes
first maieste thou be then chained to bellish paines
or be wth foraigne gould bribd to betray
thy conterie and faile boath of that and thy pay
May the next thinge thou stopot to reach contayne
poyson whose nimble fume rott thy moyste brane
Or lybells or some interdicted thing
wth negligently kept thy ruine bringe
Lust breedes deseases rott the, and dwell wth thee
if it tchiely desire and noe abilletie
May all the hurt that ever gould hat[h] wrongt
All mischeifes wth all duells all[i]ls ever thought
want after plentie poore, and goutie age
The plages of trauellers loue and Marriage
Affict thee, and at thy liues last moment
May thy swolne sinnes themselves to the present
But I forgive repent thou honest man
gould is restorytive restore it then
II, 10

Or if w'h it thou beest loath to departe
Because tis cordiall would twere at thy hart

\textit{finis.}

\begin{quote}
Sir John Davies, Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire
\end{quote}

X

Vnto that sparklinge witt that spiritt of fire
That diamond like aspeck, that eagles eie,
Whose lightninge makes audacitie retyere,
and yet drawes on respective modestie,
w'h wings of feare and loue my spiritt, doth flye
and doth therein a flame of fire resemble
w'h when it burnes moste bright, and mountes moste high
then doth it wauer moste, and moste doth tremble
Oh that my thoughtes were wordes: o could I speake
the tonge of Angells to expresse my mynde,
ffor mortall speach is far too faint and weake
to vtter passions of soe high a kinde
You haue a beautie of such life and light,
as it hath power all wandringe eies to stay
to moue dome thoughtes to speake, lame handes to
write,
stayed thoughtes to runne, hard hartes to melt away,
Yet painters can of this drawe every lyne—lyne,
and every wittles person that hath eies,
can see and ludge and sweare it is deuine
for in those outward formes all fooles are wise;
But that w'h my admireinge sperritt doth vieue
in thought whereof it would for ever dwell
Eie never sawe the pensell never drue
pen never could describe tonge never tell
It is the inuizable beautie of your mynde
your cleare Imagination lively witt
so tund so temperate—tempered of such heavenly kinde
as all men['sJ spirittes are charmed and rapt w'ith it./
this life w'ith begettes your luely looke
as fire doth make all mettles like—lo'ke like fire,
or your quick soule, by choyce this bodie tooke,
as Angells w'h bright beames themselves attire
o that my brest might ope, and hart might cleave,
soe you might my silent wondringe viewe
o that you could my servinge spiritt perceive
how still w'ith trimblinge wings it wates on you
then should you see of thoughts how yours and endlessse chaine
whose linkes your beauties and your vertues be
then should you see how your fare forme doth
raigne—raigne
through all the regions of my phantasie
then should you finde that, I am yo' as much
as are your quicke conceites, borrowed of none
or as your nature—natiue beautie w'h is such
as all the world will sweare it is your owne

143
Who ever guesses, thinkes, or dreams he knowes who is my M's, whither by this Cursse his onely and ,[onely] his onely purpose—[purs] may some dull hart to loue dispose And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes Madnesse his sorrowe, goute his crampe may he make, by but thinkinge who hath made him such and may he feele noe ruch of contyence—con[c]yence, but of fame, & be, Anguished, not that twas sinne, but that twas shee in earely scarcenesse, and longe may he rott for land, wch had been his, if he had not himselfe incestuoslie an heire begott May he dreame treason, and beleve that he ment to perfore it, and confess, and die And noe record tell why his sonnes wch none of his may be Inhirrett noethinge but his infamie or may p so longe parasites haue fed that he would fame be theires, whome he hath bred and at the last he—[b]e circumcisid for bread The venin of owld stepdames, gamsters gall what tyrantes and there subiectes interwish what planted[hearts] myne[s], beastes, foule, fish, Can subi contribute, all ill wth—wth all prophets, or poets speake and all wch all shall be anexd in scedules vnto this by [the]lay, the fall on that man, for if it be a shee nature before hand, hath out cursed me

Song

[X] Send home my longe strayed eies to mere
deb oh! too longe have dwelt on the yet since there they have learned such ill
such forced fassions
and false passions
that they be made by thee
fitt for noe good sight keepe them still
Send home my harmlesse hart againe
web noe vnworthy thought could staine
web if it be taught by thyne
to make lestinges
of protestinges
and crosse both
word and oath
keeepe it, for then tis none of myne
Yet send me back my hart and eies
that I may knowe and see thy lyes
and may laugh when that thou
art in anguishe
and dost languish
for some one
that will none
or proue as false as thou art nowe
Not kisse? by loue I must and make Impression
As longe as Cupid dares to hold his Session
upon my flush of blood our kisses shall
out minitt tyme and without number fall
doet not I knowe those balls of blushinges redd
that on thy cheekes thus Amorslye are spred
Thy snowey neck those vaines upon thy browe
wth with there Azur'd wrinklings sweely bowe
Ar artefull borrowed and noe more tyne sthyn owne
then cheanes that see on St Georges daie are showne
are proper to the wearers, yet for this
I Doll the and begge a lusious kisse
The fucus and ceruss wth on thy face
thy cunninge hand layes on to ad more grace
deceaze me wth such pleaseinge fraud that I
finde in thy art what can in nature lye
Much like a painter that upon some wall
on wth the cadent Sunne beames use to fall
Paintes wth such art a gildedy butter flye
that sillie madens wth slowe moued fingers trye
to catch it and then blush at there mistake
yet at this painted flye moste reckoninge make.
such is our state since what we looke upo
Is nought but color, and proporyon
Take me a face as full of fraud and lyes
as Gipseyes, or your runinge lotteries
That is more false and more Sophistcute
then are St's Reliques or a man of state
Yet such beeinge glazed by the sligt of art
Gaine Admiracon won in many a hart
Put case therebe a difference in the mould
Yet may thy venus be more choyse and hold
A deearer treasure, Often tymes we see
Rich, Cundian vines in woodden bowles to bee
The Odiriferous. Guett doth not lie
Wthin the Muske Cattes nose or eare or eie
But in a baser place, for prudent Nature
In drawinge vp of varyous formes and feature
gives from the curyous shopp of her large treasure
The fayre partes comlynes to beaser pleasure
The fairest flowers wth on the springe doe growe
Are noe no[t] soe much for vse as for the showe
The lillies Hiacinth and gorgeous birth
Of all pi'dd flowers wth diaper the earth
please more wth there discouloured purple traine
then wholesome potthearbs wth for vse remaine
Shall I a gaudie speckled serpent kisse
for that the color wth is he bearres is his
A perfumed Cordiuant who will not weare
Because the sent is borrowed other where
II, 12v

The Roubes and vestimentes wth grace vs all ard—are not our owne but aduentitiall.

Tyme ryfles natures beautie but slye art repayers by cunninge this decayed part fills here a wrinkle and there purles a vaine

And wth a nimble hand runnes o r againe The breaches dinted in by the arme of tyme and [makes]deformatie to be noe crime

As when greate men are gript by sicknesse handes Industrious Phisick pregnatly doth stand to pach vp fowle deseases and doth strive To keepe there rotten carcasses alive beautie a candle is, wth every puffe blowes out and leaues nought but a stinking snuffe To fill our nostrells wth! this bouldly thinke As your pure food and chariest nutriment getes the most hott and nosestronge excrement

Why hange we then on thinges so apt to vary Soe flittinge brittle and so temporary that Agewes Coughs the toothach and Catharre Slight touches of deseases spoyle and marre But when old age there beatie hath in chase and plowes vp forrowes in there once smooth face They then become forsaken and doe showe Like stately Abbyes ruind longe a goe Nature but gives the Moddell and first draught of faire perfectyon wth by art is taught To speake it selfe a compleate forme and birth So standes a coppie to the shaps on earth Loue grant me then a repairable face Wth whiles that colours are can want noe grace Pigmalions painted staturs I could love Were it but warne and soft and could not,[but] moue./
II, 13. Josuah Sylvester, A Caution for Courtly Damsels

[X]

Beware fayre Mayde; of musicke courtiers oathes take heed what guiftes and fauours you receave, lett not the fadinge glosse, of silken cloathes dasell your vertues, or your fame bereave; for loose but once the hould you haue of grace Who will regard your fortune or your face./

Each greidie hand will strayne to catch the flower when none regardes the stalke it growes vpon, each nature couettes, the fruettes still to devoure and leaues the tree to faule→falle and stand alone. Then this advise fayre creature take of me lett none take fruite, vnslesse they take the tree:/

Bewelee noe oathes, nor noe ptestinge men creditt noe vowes, nor noe bewaylinge songe lett courtiers sweare, for sweare and sweare againe there hart doth live ten regions from the tonge for when wth oathes, they make thy hart to treamble beleuie them leaste for then they moste dessemble:/

Beware leaste Cesor doo corrupt thy minde or fond ambition sell thy modestie say though a kinge thou ever courtious finde he cannot pdon thy impewritie beginne wth kinge, to subiect thou wilt fall from Lord to Laque soe at last to all:/

ffinis

Anonymous, On a Maiden-head

Lost jewells may be recouered, virginitie never:/ Thates lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever:/

Sir John Harington, Of a Lady that giues the cheek

Yst for a fauoure, or for some dislike that for your lipp you torne to me your cheeke to give you a taste of my unfayned loue, your lipps and cheekes lie leave, and kisse your gloue but knowe you why, I make you wth this acquainted your gloues be pfumed: your lipps and cheekees be painted ffinis
Jonathan Richards, a songe: "I die when as I do not see"

A songe

I die when as I do not see
her who is life and all to me
and when I see her yet I die
in seeinge of her cruelltie:
So that to me like miserie is wrought
boath when I see, and when I see her not—no[ught]
or shall I speake, or silent crave—[g]r[ee]ve
but hou can silence then releeve
And if I speake I may offend
and speakeinge not my hart will rend
so that to me I see it is all one
speake I, or speake[]
I am vndone:

Anonymous, Onste and no more, so sayd my loue

Onste and no more, so sayd my loue
When in my armes inchayned,
shee vnto me her lips did move
and soe my hart, shee gayned:
Adue shee saide, be gone I muste
for feare of beeinge missed
Your hant puttes over, but in trust
and soe againe shee kissed

Anonymous, ffor a louinge constant hart

ffor a louinge constant hart
my reward is greefe and smart
shee that kills me wth disdayne
takes a pleasure in my paine
I adore her eies whose lighte
cause ites seene vnto my sight
makes her see her selfe moste faire
makes her prowde, makes me dispare.
She whome I held the onely rare
Is the causer of my care
of my cares and teares whose showers
moves not her yet quicknes flowers
Dayes and Nightes my woes improue
whilst I languish for her loue
Whilst her hart wth rigors fraught
scorninge settes my loue at naught

When my hart seemes moste ingaged
my loue lastes but for a day
foolish birdes that wilbe caged
haueinge meanes to fly away
Loue hath winges and loues to range
I loue those that loue to change

One to hold and catth at many
none to trust but all to prove
to courte all not care for any
is the wisest course of loue
Loue hath: &c

Age affecttes a reputation
of a sober steddie mind,
youth is in the youthfull fassion
when it wavers like the winde
Loue hath: &c

Constancie so highly prised
makes a man a slaue to one
they are free and well advised
who in louinge all loues none
Loue hath: &c

What are they soe much commended
for a constant louinge hart
children, cowardes, ill befrended
fooles vnskilled in louers arte
Loue hath: &c

You that heare my free profession
and thinke I doe the world belye
try and make a true confession
you will say as well as I.
Loue hath winges and loues to range
I loue those that loues to change
Elegia 3.

Once and but once found in thy company
All thy supposed escapes are laid on me
And as a Thiefe att Barr is questioned there
By all the men that have beene rob'd that yeare
So am I (by this traitorous meanes surprized)
By thy Hidroptique father catechisde
Though he had woont to search with glazed eies
As though he came to kill a Cocatrice
Though he have ofte sworne that he would remoue
Thy beauties beautie and food of [of] or loue
Hope of his goodes; if I w[w]h thee were seene
Yet close and secr 

Though thy ymortal Mother w[w]h doth lie
Stil buried in her bedd yet will not die
Take this advantage to sleepe out day light
And watch thy entries and returns all night
And when shee takes thy hand and would see me kinde
Doth search what Ringes and Armelettes shee can finde
And kissinge notes the colour of thy face
And fearinge lest thou arte swolne doth thee imbrace
And to try if thou longe doth name strange meates
And notes thy palenes, blushinges, sightes—sighes and sweates
And politiquely will vnto thee confess.

The sinnes of her owne youths rancke lustinesse
Yet loue these sorcerers did remoue and mooue
Thee to gull thy Mother for my loue
Thy little Bretheren w[w]h like fairy spirittes
Oft skipt into our chamber those sweete nightes
And kist and ingled on thy £fathers knee
Were bribd next day to tell what they did see
The Grim eight=foot=high Ironbound=seruingman
That oft names god in Oathes and onely then
He that to barr the first gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride
Which if in Hel no other paines there were
Maketh me feare Hell because he must be there
Though by thy ffather he were hired for this
Could never witnesse, any touch or kisse
But of two common Ill: I brought w[w]h me
That w[w]h betrayed me to myne enimie
A lowd perfume w[w]h at myn entrance cried
Even at thy ffather nose soe wee were spide
When like a Tirant Kinge that in his bedd
Smelt Gunnpowder the pale wretch shivered
Hadh the been some bad smell he would have thought
That his owne feet or breath that smell hat wrought
But as wee in our lle impressed
Where cattell onely and diuers dodgges are bred
The pretious Vncornes strange monsters call
Soo thought he good, strange, thad had none att all
I taught my silkes there whistlinges to forbear
Even my opprest shoes dumbe and speachles were
Onely thou bitter sweet whome I had laid
Next mee, me, traiterously haste betrayed
Att once fled vnto him and stayed w th me
Basse excrement of earth w th doste confound
Scence from distinguishinge the sick from sound
By thee, the seelie Amorous suckes his death
by drawinge in a leaprous harlottes breath
By thee, the greatest staine to manes estate
ffalls on vs to be called effeminate
Though thou be much loued in the Princes Hall
There thinges that seeme exceed substantiall
Godes when yee fum’d on Altars were pleased well
Because you were burnt not that they liked your smell
You are loathsome all beeinge taken simple alone
Shall wee loue all thinges ioyned and hate each one
If you were good your good doth soone decay
And you are rare that takes the good away
All my perfumes I give mosle willingly
To embalme thy ffathers coarse! what will he die

ffinis
II, 16. John Donne, Elegie: Change

Although thy hand and faith and good works too
Haue sealed thy loue wch noethingshould vnnde
Yea though thou fall backst thatst postasie
Confirmes thy loue yett much in much I feare thee
Women are like the Arts. forcd vnto none
Open to all searchers vnprized if vnknowne
If I have caught a bird and lett him flie
Another fowler seeinge those meanes as I
May cath the same bird and as those things be
Women are made for man not him nor mee
Foxes and Goates all beasts change when they please
Shall women more hot wilie wild then these
Be bound to one man and did nature then
Idiely make them apter to endure then men
They are our clogges not there owne if a man be
Chained to a Galley yet the Galley is free
Who hath a plowed land castes all his seed corne there
And yet allowes his grownd more corne should beare
Though Danrey into the sea must flowe
The sea receaues Rhene Volga and Poe
By nature wch gave it this libertie
Thou louest but oh canst thou loue it and me
Likenesse glewes Loue then if soe thou doe
To make vs like and loue must I change too.
More then thy hate I hate it rather lett me
Allowe her change then change oftener then shee
And soe not teach but force my opinion
To loue not any one nor every one
To live in one land is captiuitie
To runn all countrieys a wild Roguery
Waters stinkes sone if in one place they bide
And in the vast sea are worse putrified
But when they kisse one banke and leauinge this
Then are they purest change is the ioy and misery
Of musique life ioy and eternitie

ffinis

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Elia. 5.

When I have peace wth thee warr other men
And when I have peace can I leave thee then
All other Warres are scrupulous onely thou
O faire free cittie maist thy selfe allowe
To any one in fflanders who can tell
Whither the Maister presse or men rebell
Onely wee knowe not wth all Idiottes say
They beare moste blowes that comes to parte the fray
ffrance in her Lunatique giddines did hate
Ever our men and our God of late
Yet shee relyes vpon [our] Angell well
Wth neere returne noe more then they wth fell
Sick Ireland is wth a stronge warr possest
Like to an Ague nowe rageinge now at rest
Wth tyme will cure yet it must doe her good
If shee were purgd and her head vaine lett blood
And Midas loyes our spanish lourneyes gives
We touch all gould but finde noe foud to live
And I should be in that hott parchinge clime
To dust and ashes turned before my tyme
If shee were purgd and her head vaine lett blood
And Midas loyes our spanish lourneyes gives
We touch all gould but finde noe foud to live
And I should be in that hott parchinge clime
To dust and ashes turned before my tyme
To mewe me in a shipp is to enthrall
Me in preson that were like to fall
Or in a Cloyster save that there men dwell
In a calme hauen here in a swaggeringe hell
Longe voyages are longe consumptyons
And shippes are cartes for Executyons
Yea they are deaths is't not all one to fly
Into another world as tis to die
Heere lett me warr in these armes lett me lye
Heere lett me parlie. better bleed and die
Thine armes impresone me and my armes thee
Thy hart thy ransom is, take myne from me
Other men warr that they there rest may gaine
But wee will rest that wee may fight again
Those warres the Ignorant these the experience loue
That wee are alwayes vnder her aboue
There engines farre of breed a iust true feare
Neere thrustes farr of breed a iust true feare
Neere thrustes pikes stabbes Yea eue bullettes hurt noe
There lies are wronges here safe vpwrightlie
There men kill men! weeke make one by and by
Thou nothinge I not halfe soe much shall doe
In those warres as those may wth from vs two
Shall springe! Thousands wee see trauaille not
To warres but stay swords armes and shott
To make at home And shall not I doe then
More glorious seruice to make men
ffinis
Elegia: 6.

Come Maddame come all rest my powers defie
vntill I labour I in labour[,] lie
The foe of tymes hauinge the foe in sight
Is tyred wth standinge though they never fight
Of wth that girdle like heauens zones glistringe
But a farr fairer world encompassinge
vnpin that spangled brestplate wch you weare
That thee eies of busie fobles may be stopt there
vnlace your selfe for that harmonious chim
Tells me from you that nowe is your bedd tyme
Of wth that happie buske whome I envie
That still can bee and still can stand so nigh
Your gownes goeing of such beautyous state reveals
As when from flowerly Meades the Hill shadowe steales
Of with your wearie coronett and showe
The harie diadem wch on you doth growe
Now of wth those shoes and then softly tread
In this loues hallowed Temple this soft bedd
In such white Robes heauens Angells vse to bee
Received by men: Thou'Angells: bringst wth thee
A heauen like Mahametts paradise And though
Ill spirrites walk in whide wee easely knowe
By this those Angelles from an evill spiright
They sett our haires but these the flesh vpright
Licence my rouaing handes and lett them goe
Behinde. before. betweene. aboue. belowe:
O my America my new found land
My kingdome safe when wth one man mand
My mine of Pretyous stones my Emperie
How blest am I in thus discoueringe thee
To enter in these bondes is to be free
Then were[e] my hand is sett my seale shall bee
full Nakednes. all loyes are due to thee
As soules vnbodied bodies vncloathe must be
To taste whole loyes. Iems wth you women vse
Are as Atlantas Balles cast in mens viewes
That when a soules eie lighteth on a Gemm
His earthly soule may couett theires, not unthem
Like Pictoures or like bookes gay coueringes made
for lay men are all women thus arayed
Themselves are Mistique bookes wch onely wee
Whome their impi red grace will dignifie
Must be reveald Then since I may knowe
As liberally: as to a Middwise showe
Thy self cast all ye this white linnen hence
Here is nce Pennamnce much lesse Innocence
To teach thee I am naked first why then
What needest thou haue more coueringe then a man. /
No spring nor summer beautie hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnall face
Younge beauties force your loue and thates a rape
This doth but councell yet you cannot scape
If it were a shame to loue here twere noe shame
Affectyon here takes reverence his name
Where her first yeares the goulden age? thates true
But now shees gould oft tried but never a new
That was her Torrid and inflaminge time
This is her habitable Tropique clyme
ffaire eies who asks more heate then comes from
thear→hence
Hee in a feauer wishes pestilence
Call not those wrinckles graues, if graues they were
They were loues graues forels he is no where
Yet liues not loue dead heere but heere doth sitt vowed
to this trench like an Anchorsitt
And here till her wth must be his death come
He doth not digg a graue but build a Tombe
Here dwells he though soiourne every where
In progresse yet his standinge house is here
Heere where still eueninge is not noone nor night
Where noe voluptuousnes but all delight
In all her words vnto all hearers fitt
You may at Reuells yea at Councell sitt
This is loues Tymber youth her vnderwood
There he as wine in lune enrages blood
Wth then comes seasonablest when our taste
And apetite to other things is past
Zerzes strange Lydion loue the Platan tree
Was loud for age none beeinge so large as shee
Or because beeinge younge nature did blesse
Her youth wth ages glorie Barennessse
If wee loue thinges longe sought Age is a thinge
Wth wee are fiftie yeares in compassinge
Age must be louelyest at the latest day
but name not winter faces whose skines slack
Lanke as an unthrites purse but a soules sack
Whose eies seeke light wth in all here is shade
Whose mouthes are holes rather worn out then made
Whose euerye tooth to a seuerall place is gone
To vex there soules at the Resurrection
Name not these livinge deaths heads ¥nto me for these not antyent but Antiques bee
I hate extreames yet I had rather stay
With tombes then cradles to weare out a day
Since such loues natarall lation is may still
My loue discend and iurney downe the hill
Not pantinge after growninge beauties foe
I shall ebbe on wth them that homeward goe

ffinis
II, 18. John Donne, *The Storme*

A Storme

Thou wch art I (tis nothing to be soe
Thou wch art thy selfe by these thou shalt knowe
Parte of our passage and a hand or eie
By Hilliard drawne is worth an history
By a worse painter made; And wthout pride
When by thy judgament they are dignified
My lynes are such tis the preheminence
Of freindshipp onely to impute Excellence
Englaund, to whome we owe what wee be and have
That her sonnes should seek a foraigne grave
For fates or fortunes driftes none can sooth say
Honour and misery have one face and way
From out her pregnant entrailes sighd and wind
Wth at the ayers middle=marble-roome did find
Such stronge resistance that it selfe it threwe
Downward againe and soe when it did viewe
How in the port or fleet deare tym did lease
Witheringe like Prisoners wth ly but for fees
Myldly it kist our sayles and fresh and sweet
As to a stomake starv'd whose insides meetes
Meate comes, it came, and swole our sailes when wee
Soe loyd as, Sara her suellinge ioyd to see
But twas soo kinde as our countrymen
Wth bring freindes one dayes way and leave them then
Then like two Mightie kings he wth dwellinge far
A sunder, mette against a third to warr
The South and West windes ioynd and as they blew
Wayues--Waues like a kowling--Rowlinge Trench before
them threwe
Sooner then you read this lyne did the gale
Like shott not feard till felt our sayles assaile
And what at first was calld a gust the same
Hath now a stormes, anon a Tempests name
Ionas I pittie thee and curse those men
Who when the storme raiged moste did wake the then
Sleepe is paines easiest salue and doth full fill
All officies of death except to kill
But when I wak'd I saw: that I saw not
I and the sunne wch should teach me had forgott
East, West, Day Night and I could but say
If the world had lasted now it had been day
Thousanides our noises weer yet wee amongst all
Could none by his right hand name but Thunder call
Lightninge was all our light and it rained more
Then if the Sunne had dranck the sea before
Some cofind in their cabins lie! Equallie
Greed that they are not dead and yett must die
And as sin burthened soules from graves will creepe
Att the last day some forthe there cabins peep
And trempingly ask newes and doe heare soe
Like Jealous Husbands what they would not knowe
Some sittinge on the Hatches would seeme there
Wth Hidious gazinge to feare away feare

157
There note they the shipps sicknesses the Mast
Shakd wth this Ague and the Hould and wast
With a salt dropsie clogd and all our Tacklinges
Snappinge like to high streche treble stringes
And from our tatterd sayles ragges drops=dropp downe soe
As from one hangd in cheaines a yeare a goe
Even our ordynance place for our defence
strive to breake loose and scape away from thence
Pumping hath tird our men and whates the gaine
Seas into Seas thrown wee suck in againe
Hearing hath deafd our sailours and if they
Knewe how to heare there is none knewe what to say
Compard to these stormes Death is but a qualme
Hell somewhat lightsome and the Barmuda calmes
Darkenes lightes elder brother his birthright
Claymes ore this world and to heaven hath chas'd light
All things are one and that one none can be
Since all formes vniforme deformitie
Doth cover, Soe that wee except god say
Another Fiat shall have noe more day
Soe violent yet longe these faries bee
That though thyn absence sterve me I wish not thee

ffinis

A Calme

Our storme is past and that stormes tirannous rage
A stupid calme but noethinge it doth swage
The fable is inverted and farr more
A blocke afflictes now then a stock before
Stormes chafe and soone were out themselves or vs
In Calmes Heaven laughs to see vs languish thus
As steddie as I can wish that my thoughtes were
Smooth as thy Mistres glasse or what shines there
The sea is now And as those Tsles→Isles wth you→[wee]
Seeke when we can moove our shippes rooted bee
As water did in stormes now pitch runnes out
As lead when a fird church becomes one spout
And all our beautie and our traine decayes
Like courtes remouinge or like ended playes
The fightinge place now seemens raggges supplie
And all the Tacklinge is but Frippery
Noe vse of Lanchormes→Lan[t]horns and in one place lay
feathers and dust to day and yesterday
Earths hollownes wth the worldes longes are
Have noe more wind then the vpper valt of th'ayre
Wee can nor left ffreindes nor sought foes recouer
But Meteorie→Meteorlike save that wee moove not hone
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deere freindes wth meet dead in great fishes iawes
And on the haches as on Alters lyes
Each one his owne Preist and owne sacrifice
Who live that Miracle doe Mulpyle
Where walkers in hott Ouens doe not lye
If in dispite of this we swimm that hath
Noe more refreshinge then the Brimstone Bath
But from the sea into the shipp we turne
Like pareboyld wretches on the coales doe→to burne
Like Baiazet encagd the shepheardes scoffe
Or like slack sinewed Sampson his haire of
Languish or→o[our] shippes Now as a Miriade
Of Antes durst the Emperours lou'd snake invade
The crawlinge Galleyes sea goates finny chipps
Might brave our Venices now beddridd shippes
Whether a rotten state or hope of gaine
Or to desuise me from the qu'esy paine
Of beeinge belou ; and louinge, or the thirst
Of honour or fraire death our past→p[u]|sh'\A dl me first
I loose my end for heere as well as I
A desperate may live and a coward die
Stagge dogge and all wth from or towards flyes
Is paid wth life or pray or doeinge dies
fate grudgeth vs all and doth subtilie lay
A scourge against wth wee all forget to pray
He that at sea prays for more wind may as well
Vnder the Poules begg cold or heate in Hell
What are we then, how little more alasse
As→Is man now then before he was he was
Nothinge for vs we are for noethinge fitt
Chance or ever[our] selues still dis proporition itt
We have noe will noe power noe sence; I lie
I should not then thus feel this misery. / ffmis
II, 19v. John Donne, To Mr. Rowland Woodward: “Like one who in her third widdowhood”

Like one who in her third widdowhood doth profess
Her selfe a Nunn tir’d to a retirednesse
Soe affectes my muse now a chast fallownesse
Since she to fewe yet to too many hath shewne
How loue songe wordes weedes and satirique thornes are growne
Where seedes of better Artes were earely sowne
Though to vse and loue Poetry to me
Bethrothe to noe one Arte be noe Adultery
Omissions of good III as III deedes be
ffor though to vs itt seeme and delight—[b]elight and thinf
yet in those faithfull skales where god thrownes—throw[s] is in
Mens woorkes vanitie waighes as much as sin
If our soules have stayned their feirst white yet wee
May cloath them with faith and deere honestie
With god Imputes as Nature—Natiue puritie
There is noe vertue but Religion
Wise valiant sober just are names with none
Want with want noe vice=covering discretion
Seeke wee then our selves in our selves for als
Men force the sunne, with much more force to passe
By gatheringe his beames with a christall glasse
Soe woorkes retirednes in vs to roam
Giddilie and to be every where but at home
Such freedome doth a banishment become
You knowe Phisuians when they would enfuse
Into any oyle the soule of scimples vse
Places where they may lye still warme to choose
Soe woorkes retirednes in vs to roam
Giddilie and to be every where but at home
Such freedome doth a banishment become
Wee are but farmers of our selves yett may
If we can stock our selves vpp lay
Much much deere treasurue for the great rent day
Nature thy selfe then to thy selfe be approved
And with vaine outward thinges bee noe more moued
But to knowe that I loue thee and would be beloued

Finis
II, 20. John Donne, To Sr. Henry Wootton: “Here’s no more newes” \[20\]

Here is no more newes then vertue I may as well
tell you Callis or St Michael tale for newes as tell
That vice doth here habituallie dwell.
Yett as to gett stomackes wee walke vpp and downe
And toyle to sweeter rest so may god frowne
If but to loath boath I hant Courte and-or Towne
ffor where none is free from the extremite
of vice by any other reasone free
But that the next to him is still woorse then hee
sin→[I]n this worldes warrfare they whome Ragged fate
Godes Commissary doth soe throughly hate
As in the Courtes squadron to marshall there estate
If they stand arm’d w rh seely hones tie
Wrh wishinge praires and neate integritie
Like Indians against spanish hostes they bee
Suspitions boldnes to this place belonges
And I—to have as many eares as all have tongues
Tender to knowe loath to acknowledge wronges
Beleve me St in my youths giddiest dayes
When to be like the Courte was a plaies praise
Playes were not so like Courtes as Courtes are like playes
Then lett vs att these M[i]mick Antique Iests
Whose deepest projectes and egredious gestes
Are but dull Moralls of a game at chests
But now t’is incongruitie to smile
Therefore I end and bidd farewell a while
Att Court though from Courte were the better stile
\[ffinis\]
II, 20v. Sir John Roe, Song. "Deare Love, continue nice and chaste"

Deere loue continue nice and chaste
for if you yeeld you doe me wronge
Lett duller wittes to loues end hast
I have enough to woe the longe

All paine and ioy is in theire way
the thinges we see feare brings—bring lese away
Then feare and hope bringes greater ioy
But in themselves they cannot stay

Smale fauoures will my prayers increase
grantinge my suite you give me all
And then my prayers must needs surcease
for I have made yo[r] godhead fall./

Beastes cannot Witt nor beautie see
those mans affectyons onely moue
Beastes other sportes of loue doe proue
With better feelinge fart then wee

Then loue prolonge my suite for thus
by loosing sporte I sporte doe winne
And that byrie[may] vertue proue in vs
With ever yett hath been a sin

My cominge neere may spy some ill
and now the world is given to scoffe
To keepe my loue then keepe me of
And so[e] I shall admire thee still

Say I had—haue made a pfec choyce
societie our loue may kill
Then give but me thy face and voyce
Myne eie and eare thou canst not fill

To make me rich (O) be not poore
give me not all yett yett somethinge lend
Soe I shall still my fate comend
And you att will doe lese or more

ffinis
II, 21. Anonymous, Wonder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sense

Wonder of Beautie Goddesse of my sence
You that have taught my soule to loue a right
You in whose linbes are natures chief expence
fit instrument to serve yo' matchles spight→spiright
If ever you have felt the Misery
Of beeinge banisht from your best desire
By absence tyme or fortunes tiranie
Stervinge for cold and yeit denied the feir
Deare Mistris pittie then the like effectes
The wch in me your absence makes to flowe
And hast their ebbe by your diuine aspect
Im→In wch the pleasure of my life doeth growe
Stay not too Longe for though it seeme a wonder
you keepe my bodie and my soule asunder

ffinis

Anonymous, Faire eies do not think scorne to read of Love

ffaire Eies doe not thinke scorne to read of loue
That to your Eies durst never yett presume
Since absence those spect→spect wonders doe remoove
That nourish thoughtes yett sence and wordes consume
This makes my pen more hardie then my tonge
free from my feare yet feelinge my desire
To utter that I have consealed so longe
By doeinge whatt you did yor selfe require
Beleeve not him whome loue hath left soe wise
as to have power his owne taile for to tell
for childrens greifes doe yeild the lowdest cryes
and cold desire may be expressed well

In well tould loue most often falshood lies
But pittie him that onely sighes and dies

ffinis
Tymes have their seasons and do comprehend
Mens several actions and produce there end
One day another tells and everie yeere
To th' mazed world strange things doe still appere

Vers. 1
The world turnes round as whether Cock in wind
Man turnes as oft, yet care and thought dothe find
Still doe wee hope a new yeeris bringis us h rest
And yet poore soules wee find our Cares encrease

Gymill
Is truethe and worth of things now whollie gone
Must all [bee] caried by opinione
Can nothing pleise but y° at wche schee esteemes
And nothing good but yat wche onlie seemes

Chorus
Flie soule on wyngis of faithe to heaven aboue
Bidd worldlie joyes adewe there fixe they love
Heire Pilgrime lyk thou liuest in wretched Case
Earthe but thy Inne, heaven is thy mansione place

Vers. 2
Tyme wears out all thingis withe his Chariott wheele
The flint the adamant, the treysse heat stile

The statlie stagge; the Eagle, and the Oake
All bend and bow vnder tymes heavie yoake
All freindlie guests and favores of the yeere
Are cleane forgott as thoughe they nevir were
There is nothing yeare. but godis grace lastethe sure
And this in spight of tyme shall still endure
II, 22. Francis Bacon, *The world is a bubble, and the life of man*

The world is a bubble, and the life of man
In his conception wretched from the womb
Not from the cradle, and brought up to years
With tears and fears
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns the water or but wreats in dust
Yet whilst with sorrow heere we live oppressed
What life is best
Courts are but only superficial schools
to dandle fools
The rurall pairts are turned into a den
of savage men
And whereas that city from foule vice so free
But may be termed the worse of all the three
Domestic cares afflicts the husbands bed
or pains his head
They that liue single tak it for a curse
or doe thingis worse
What is it then to have or gave them none
or wish them gone
What then remains, but that wee still
Not to be borne or being borne to die

finis
II, 22v. John Donne, The Legacie

Elegie

When I died last and deare I die
As often as from the I goe
And lovers houres bee full Eternitie
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestowe
Though I be dead wch sent mee I should bee
Mine owne executor and legacie

I heard me say tell her anone
That my self (thats yow not I)
Did kill mee and when I felt me die
I bidd mee send my heart when I wes gone
But I alace cwold there find none
When I hade ript and searchd where harts should bee
It killd mee againe that I who still wes true
In lyfe in my last will should coozen yow

Yett I found something lyke a hart
Butt cullours itt and corners hade
It wes not good, itt wes not badd
It wes entire to none and few hade part
As good as could be made by Art
It seemd and therefore for our losses sadd
I thought to send that heart in stead of myne
But oh no man could hold it for, t'wes thyne

finis
II, 23. John Donne, The broken heart

Elegie

Hee is stark madd who ever says
That hee hath beene in love one houre
Yett not that love so soone decays
Butt that it can ten in less space devour.
Who will beleive mee iff I sweare
That I have hade the plague a yeare.

Who wold not laugh att mee if I should say
I saw a flashe of powder burne a day.
Ah whatt a trifle is a hart
If once into loves hands it come.
All other greifes allow a part
To other greifes, and ask themselfes but home some
They come to vs, but vs loves drawes
Hee swallowes ws and nevir Chawes
By him as by chaind shott wholle rankis doe die
Hee is the Tyran Pike our hartes the frie.

If t'were not so what could become
Of my hart when I first saw thee
I brought a hart into the Roome
And from the Roome I caryed none with mee
Ifitt hade gone to thyne I knowe
Myne wold have taught thy heart to shew
More Pittie vnto me, but love alace
Att one first blow dothe shiver it like glasse.

Yett nothing can to nothing fall
Nor anie place be emptie quite
Therefor I think my breast hath all
Those peeces all still thoughte they be not vnite
And now as broken glasses shewe
A Thousand lesser faces soo
My raggis of heart can lyk wishe and adore
But after one suche love can love no more.

finis
II, 23v. John Donne, The good-morrow

I wonder by my trothe what thou and I
Did till wee loved, were we not weaned till then
But suck our childish pleasures seelelie
Or slumberd we in the seaven sleepers den
T'wes so but as all pleasures fancie bee
If ever any beautie I did see
Wch I desyrd and gott t'wes but a dreame of the
And now good morrow to our waking soules
Wch watche not one another out of feare
But love, all othe love of other sights controllus
And makes a littill roome an everie where
Lett sea discoverers to new worlds have gone
Lett mapps to other worlds one worlds have shone
Lett ws posses our world each hathe one and is one
My face in thyne eye, thyne in myne appears
And plaine true hartes doe in the faces rest
Where can we find two fitter hemisphers
Without sharp North without declyning west
What ever dyes is not mixd aequallie
If both our loves be one or thow and I
Love just alyk in all none of these loves can dye
finis

John Donne, Breake of day

T'is true t'is day what though it bee
Wilt thou therefore rise from mee
Why should wee ryse becaus t'is light
Did wee lye downe becaus t'wes night
Loue that in despyt of darknes brought ws hither
Should in despight of light hold vs together
Light hath no tounge but is all eye
If it could speak as well as spy
This is the worst that it could say
That being well I faine wold stay
And that I love my heart and louer so
That I wold not from him wch hath them goe
Must busines thee from hence remoue
Oh thats the worst disease in of loue
The poore the foole the false loue can
Admit but not the busied man
Hee that hath busines and makes loue doth doe
Suche wrong as if a maried man should woe
finis
II, 24. John Donne, The triple Foole

I am two fooles I know
for loving and for saying soe
In whyneing poetrie
But wherees that wyse man that wold not be
if shee wold not deny
Then as the earths inward crooked lanes
Doe purge sea waters fretfull salt away
I thought if I could draw my pains
Through saules vexatioune I should then alay
Greefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce
for hee teames itt that letters it in verse
But when I have done soe
some man his art and voyce to show
Did sitt and sing my paine
And by delighting many frees againe
Greefe wch worder did restraine
To loue and greefe tribute of verse belongs
But not of such as pleases when t'is redd
Both are encreased by such songs
For both there Triumphs soe are published
And I wch two foolles doe so growe three
Whoe are a littill wyse the best foolles bee

finis

John Donne, Loves diet

To whatt a cumbersome vnwildnes
And burthenous corpulence my loue hade growne
But that I did to mak it lesse
And keep itt in proportionne
Gieue it a dyett made it feed vponne
That wch loue woorst endures, discretione
Aboue one sigh a day I allowed him not
Of wch my fortune and my faults hade part
And iff sometymes by stealth he gott
A shee sighe from my mistres hart
And thoughe to feast on that I lett him see
T'wes not verie sound nor meant to me
If hee wrong from me a teare I brined too
With scorne or shame that him itt nourisht not
If hee suckd hers I lett him knowe
T'wes not a teare wche hee hade gott
His drink wes counterfeit as wes his meat
for eyes wch roule towards all weepe not but sweat
Whatsoever hee wold detaste I write that
And burnt my Ires when shee wrot to me
And that that favour made him fatt
I said iff any title bee
Convoyed by this (ah) what dothe it availl
To bee the foreteethe name in an entayle
Thus I reclaimed my buzzard loue to flie
Att when and how and where I choose
Now negligent of sport I lie
And now as other falconers vse
I spring a mistris sweare writte sigh and weepe
And the game kild or lost goe talk and sleepe

finis

John Donne, A Valediction forbidding mourning

Elegie

As vertuous men pas mildlie away
And whisper, to their soules to goe
And some of there sadd freinds doe say
The breath goes now and some sayes noe
So let vs melt and make no noyse
No teare floudes nor sigh tempestes mooue
T'were prophanatione of our joyes
To tell the laittie of our loue
Mooving of the earthe brings harms and feares
Men reckon what it did and meant
But tripidationne of the spehars
Though greater far is Innocent
Dull sublunarie lovers loue
(Whose soule is sence) cannot admitt
Absence, becaus it doth remoue
those things wch elemented ed itte
But wee by a loue so much refind
that our selues know not what it is
I'hter~I'[clht[,ler assured of the mynd
Careles eyes and lippes and hands to misse
Our two soules wch are therefore one
though I must goe endure not yett
A breache but ane expansionne
Lyk gold to ather thinnes beat
If they be two they are two soe
As stiff twine compasses ar two
Thy soule the fixed foott maketh noe shoue
to move, but doth if thother doe
And though he in the center sitt
Yett when the other far dothe come
IT leans and hearkens after itt
And growes direct as it comes home
Such wilt thou to me who must
Lyk thother foote obliquilly runne
Oh let me not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honour smoakis at once flatter and sterue
Poorelie enriched with grythe mens words and lookes
As those Idolatrous flatterers wch still
Their princes stylles with many realmes full fill
Whence they no tribute haue and where noe sway
Such offices services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names! O then let mee
favoritte in Ordinarie or not favorite bee
When my soule wes in myne owne bodie sheath’d
Not yet by oathes betrothed nor kisses breath’d
Into my purgatorie & faithlesse thee
Thy heart seemes waxe and steele thy constancie
Soo careles flowers strow’d in the waters face
The curled whirlepoolles suck smak and embrace
Yett droune them, So the Tapers beamie eye
Amorouslie twinkling, beckons the giddie flie
Yett burnes his winges, And such the devill is
Scarse visiting him who are entirlie his
When I beheld a streame wch from the spring
Dothe with doubtfull melodius murmuring
Or in a speechles slumber calmelie ryd
Her welled channells bosome and there chyd
And bend her browes and swell if any bough
Doe but stoope downe to kisse hir vpmost browe
Yett if her often gnawing kisses win
The Traiterous bank to gape and let her in
Shee rusheth violentlie and doth divorce
Her from her natiuie and her long kept course
And roares and braues it in a gallant skorne
In flattering Eddies promising returne
Shee floottes her channell who thencefurth is drie
Then say I that is shee, and this am I
Yett let me not this deep bitternes forget[begett]
Careles dispaire in mee for that will whett
II, 25v
My mynd to scorne and oh love duld wth paine
Wes ne’re so wise nor so well arriu’d as disdaine
Then wth new eyes I shall survey thee and spie
Death in thy cheekis and darknes in thyne eye
Though hope breed fayth and love thus taught I shall
(As nations doe from Rome) from thy loue fall
Mine heat shall outgrowe thyne and vterlie
I will renunce thy dalliance and when I
Am the the recusant in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommunicate/

finis

John Donne, The Will

Loues Legacie

Before I sigh the last gaspe let me breath
(grytt loue) some legacies, heere I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, e if my eyes can see
If they be blind, then loue I giue them thee
My tong to fame, To Ambassadors myne earres
To women or the sea my teares
Thou loue hast taught mee heeretofore
That I should giue to none, but suche as hade too much before
My Constancie I to the planetts giue
My trueth to them who att the Court doe liue
Myne Ingenuitie and oppennesse
To Iesuits, To Buffones my Pensiuenes
My silence to any who abroad hath beene
My money to a Capushin
Thou loue taught mee by appoynting mee
To love there where no loue received could bee
Onlie to giue such incapacitie
I giue my reputatione to those
Wch were my freinds myne Industrie to foes
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfultnes
My sicknes to Phisitians or excesse
To Nature all that I in Ryme haue wreath
And to my Companie my witt
Thou loue by making mee adore
II, 26

Her, who begott this loue in mee before
Taught mee to make as though I gaue when I did but restore
To him for whome the Passing bell nixt tolles
I gie my Physick bookes, my written Rolles
Of morall counsell I to Bedlam gieue
My Brazen meddalls vnto them wch liue
In want of bread, To them wth passe among
All forrainners, myne English townge
Though loue by making me loue one
Who thinkes her freundship a fit portione
For yonger lovers doest my gifts thus disproportione
Therefore I'le gieue no more, But I'le vn doe
The world by dying, becaus loue dyes too
Then all yo' beauties will be noe more worth
Then gold in Mines where none doe draw itt foorth
And all yo' graces no more vse shall haue
Then a Sun-diall in a graue
Thou loue taughst mee by making mee
Loue her who doth neglect both thee and mee
To Invent and practise this one way to adnihilate all three
finis

Francis Beaumont, To the Countesse of Rutland

To the Countesse of Rutland

Madame
So may my verses pleasing bee
So may yow laugh at them and not at mee
T'is something to yow I wold gladlie say
But how to doe it, cannot find the way
I would avoyd the Commone troden wayes
To ladies vsd wch be or loue or praise
As for the first the littill witt I have
Is not yett growne so neere ynto the grave
But that I can by that drouncked [dimite] fading light
Perceiue of what and vnto whome I wright
Lett such as in a hopeles wittles rage
Can sighe a quier and reade it to a page
Such as can mak tenn sonnetts ere they rest
When each is but a great blott at the best
Suche as can backs of bookes and windowes fill
With there two furious diamond and quill
Suche as are mortified that they can lie
Laughe at by all the world and yet forgie)
Writte loue to yow I wold not W willinglie
Be poynted at in everie Companie
As wes the littill Talyour who till death
Wes hott in loue wth Queene Elizabeth
And for the last in all my Idle dayes
I nevir did yet living woman praise
In verse or prose and when I doe begin
Ile pyke some woman out as full of sinne
As yow are full of vertue with a soule
As blak as yours is whyt, with a face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for itt shalbe
Out of the rules of Phisiognomy
So farr that I doe feare I must displace
The art a littill, to lett in the face
IT shall at least four places→faces be below
The diuelles, and her parched corps, shall show
In her loose skin as iff some spirit shee were
Kept in a bagg by some grytt Conjurere
Her breath shalbe as horrible and vyld
As euerie word yow speak is sweet and mild
IT shalbe such a one as will not be
Covered with any art or Policie
But let her tak all waters fumes and drink
Shee shall mak nothing but a dearer stink
Shee shall have such a foot and such a nose
As will not stand in any thing but prose
If I bestow my prayses vponne such
Tis charitie and I shall merit much
My prays will come to her Iyk a foult-full bowie
Bestow'd at most need on a thirstie soule
Where if I sing yo' praises in my ryme
I loose my Inke my paper and my cyme
Adde nothing to yo' overflowing store
And tell yow naught but what yow knew before
Nor doe the vertuous myndet (wth I sweare)
Madam I* think yow are) indure to heare
Theere→The[i]re owne perfections into questione
brought
But stoppe there eares at them for if I thought
Yow took a pride to have yo' vertues known
(Pardone me Madame) I should think them none
But if your braue thoughtes (wch I must respect
Aboue yo' glorious titles) shall accept
These harsh disordored Iynes I shall ere long
Dresse vpp yo' vertues new in a new song
yet
II, 27

Yett far from all base praise or flatterie
Although I know what ere my verses bee
They will lyk the most seruile flatterie show
If I write trueth and mak my subject yow

finis

John Donne, Elegie: The Expostulation

Elegie

To make the doubt more cleare that no woman's true
Wes it my faute to prove it strong in yow
Thought I but one hade breathed purest ayre
And must shee needs be false becaus shees i faire
Is it your beauties mark or of your youth
Or of your perfectione not to studie truth
Or think yow heaven is deaf or hath noe eyes
Or those shee hath smile at your perjuries
Are vowes so cheap wch women of the mater
Whereof they are made, that they are write in water,
And blowne away with wind? or doth they breath
(both hott and Cold) at once mak life and death
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
formd into words so many sighes should meet
As from our hearts so many sighes and tears
sprinkled among all sweeter by yor feares
And the divine Impressione of stolne kisses
That seald the rest, should now prove emptie blissis
Did yow draw bonds to forfeyt, signe to break
Or must wee read yow quit from what yow speak

And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
The first desyre yow false would wish yow just
O I prophane, Though most women bee
This kynd of beast, My thought shall accept the
My dearest loue, froward Iealousie
With circumstance might vrg thy Inconstancie
Sooner Ile think the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teeming earth and that forget to beare
Sooner that riuers will rune bak or Thames
With Ribbes of yce in luine would bind his streames
Or nature by whose strenthe the world endures
Would change her course, before yow alter yours
But O that treacherous breast to whom weak yow
Did trust our counselles and wee both may rue
Having his falsehood found too late Twes hee
That made yow cast your guiltie and yow mee
Whilst hee blak wretch betrayed each simple woorde
Wee spake vsnte the cuining of a third
Curst may hee bee that so our loue hath slane
And wander on the earth wretched as Cayne
Wretche as hee and not deserue least pittie
In plaguing him let miserie bee wittie
Lett all eyes shone him and hee shun each eye
Till hee be noysume as his Infamie
May hee without remorse deny god thrice
And not be trusted more on his soules price
And after all self torment when hee dies
May volues teare out his heart, vulturs hes eyes
Swayne eat his bowelles and his falser tounge
That vterred all, be to some Raven flunge
And let his Carione Coarse bee a longer feast
To the kings dogs then any other beast
Now I have curst let vs our loue reviue
In mee the flame wes nevir more aliue
I could begin againe to court and prayse
And in that pleasure lenghten the short dayes
Of my lyues lace, lyk Painters that doe tak
Delight, not in the made work, but whilst they make
I could renewe these tymes when first I saw
Loue in yor eyes that gaue my tounge the law
To lyk what yow lik'd and at masques and playes
Commend the selfe same actours the same wayes
Ask how yow did, and often with Intent
Off being officious being Impertinent
All wch were such soft pastimes as in these
Loue wes as subtile catcht as a disease
But being gott it is a treasure sweet
With to defend is hard or-[-e]r then to gett
And ought not be prophan'd or on eyther part
ffor thought is gott be chance, t'is kept by art
II, 28. John Donne, Song: “Goe, and catche a falling starre”

A Song

Goe and catch a falling starr
gett with chyld a mandrak roote
Tell mee where all past yeers are
Or who cleft the diuelles foot
Teach mee to heere Marmaides singing
Or to keep of envyes stinging
And find
What wind
Serues to advance ane honest mind
If thou beest borne to strange sights
things Invisible see
Ride ten thousand dayes and nights
Till age snow whyt haires on the
Then when thou returnst willt tell me
All strange wonders that befell the
And swere
No where
Liues a woman true and faire
If thou findst one let me know
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet
Yett doe not, I would not goe
Though at nixt doore wee might meet
Though shee were true when yow met her
And last till yow writte your letter
Yet shee
Will be
False ere I come, to two or three

finis
II, 28v. John Donne, Loves Deitie

Loues dietie

I long to talk with some old louers ghost
Who died before the God of loue wes borne
I cannot think that hee who loued most
sunck so low: as to loue one who did skorne
But since this god produc'd a destinie
And that vice-nature Custome lets it bee
I must loue her that loues not mee
Sure they who made him God meant not so much
Nor hee in his young godhead practis'd itt
But when ane ever flame two harts did touche
his office wes Indulgentie to fitt
Actiuces to passives correspondencie
Onlie s his subject wes it cannot be
Loue till I loue her that loues mee
But everie Moderne God will now extend
his vast prerogatiue as farr as loue
To rage to lust to write to to commend
All is the peurlue of the God of loue
Oh were wee weakned by this Tyranny
To ungod this child againe it wold not bee
That I should loue, who loues not me
Rebell and Atheist too why murmure I
As though I felt the worst that loue can doe
Loue might mak mee leaue louing, or might trie
A deeper plague to mak mee loue mee too
Whch since shee loues before I am loath to sie
falshood is worse then hate, and that must bee
If shee whome I loue should loue mee

finis
Mark but this flea and mark in this
How littill that wch thou deniest mee is
Mee it suckd first and now suckes thee
And in this flea our two bloodes mingled be
Confesse itt this cannot be said
A sinne or shame or losse of Maydenhead
Yett this enjoyes before itt woe
and pampered swelles with one blood made of two
and this alasse is more then wee easlie shoulde doe

Oh, stay three liues in one flea spare
Where wee almost nay more then maried are
This flea is yow and I and this
Our mariage bed and maried temple is
Though parents grudge and yow wee are mett
And cloystered in these living walls of lett
Thoughg vse mak the apt to kill mee
Lett not to thy self Murther added bee
and Sacriledge, thrie sinnes in killing three

Cruell and suddaine hast thou since
Purpled thy naile in blood of Innocence
In what could this flea guiltie bee
Except in that drop wch shee suckt from thee
Yett thou triumphst and sayst that thou
Findst not thy self nor mee the weaker now
Tis true then learne how fals feares bee
lust so much honour when thou yeeldest to mee
Will wast as this fleas death tooke lyk from thee

finis

John Donne, Communitie

Good wee must loue and must hate ill
for ill is ill, and good, good still
But there are things Indifferent
Wche wee may nayer hate nor loue
But one and then another proue
as wee shall find or fancie bent

If then at first wyse nature hadd
Made women ather good or badd
Then some wee might hate and some wee might choose
But since shee did them so create
That wee may nather loue nor hate
Onlie this rests, all all may vse
If they were good it wold be seen
   Good is as visible as green
   And to all eyes it self betrayes
If they were badd they could not last
   Badd doth it self and others wast
   Soe they deserve nor blame nor praise
But they are ours as fruits are oures
   hee that but tastes hee that devoures
   And hee wch leaues all doth aswell
Changd loues are but changd sorts of meat
   And when hee hath the kernell eatt
   Who doth not fling away the shell

finis

John Donne, Womans constancy
Now thow hast lou’d mee one whole day
To morrow when thow leaust what wilt thow say
Wilt thow antidate some new made vow
   Or say that now
   Wee are not just those persones wch wee were
Or that Oathes made in reverential feare
Of love and his wrath any may for sweare
   Or as true deaths true mariages vntie
   Soe lover’s contracts Images of those
   Bind but till sleep? deathis Image thee vnloose
   Or your owne end to justifie
   For having purpos change and falshood yow
Can have noe way but falshood to be true
Vaine lunatik, Against those scapes I could
   Dispute and conquer if I would
   Wh absteine to doe
   For by too morrow I may think so too

finis
II, 30. Sir Walter Ralegh, The Lie

Goe soule the bodies guest
Vpone a thankles errant
ffeare not to touch the best
the trueth shalbe thy warrant
Goe since I needs must die
And give them all the lie

Say to the Court it glowes
and shynes lyk rotten wood
Say to the churche it shoes
What's good but doth noe good
If Court and church reply
Give Court and church the lie

Tell men of hie Conditione
that rules affaires of state
There purpose is ambitione
there practise onlie hate
And if they doe reply
Feare not to giue the lie

Tell Potentates they liue
acting but others actions
Not lou'd vnles they giue
not strong but by there factions
If Potentates reply
Give Potentates the lie

Tell those that braggs it most
They begge for more by spending
And in there grytest cost
seek nothing but commending

Tell witt how much it wrangles
In tikill poyntes of finnesse
Tell wisdome shee Intangles
In poyntes of overnycenes

Tell zeale it wants devotione
Tell loue it is but lust
Tell tyme it is but motione
Tell flesh it is but dust

Tell age it daylie wasteth
Tell hono' how it alters
Tell beautie that shee blasteth
Tell favo' that shee faulters
II, 30v
Tell Physick of her boldnes
Tell skill it is preventione
Tell Charitie of coldnes
Tell loue it is contentione

Tell fortune of her blindnes
Tell nature of decay
Tell freindship of vnkyndnes
Tell justice of delay

Tell Artes they haue noe scandalles
But varie by esteeming
Tell schoo lies they want profoundnes
And stand too much on seeming

Tell faith its fled the Citie
Tell how the Cuntrie erreth
Tell Man hee shakes of Pittie
Say vertue least preferreth

Soc when thou hast as I
Commanded thee done babling
Although to giue the lie
Deserues noe lesse then stabbing
Stabb at thy soule who will
Noe stabb thy soule can kill

finis

Josuah Sylvester, The Fruites of a cleere Conscience

The fruites of a good Conscience

To shyne in silk and glister all in gold
To shew in wealth; and feed on daintie fare
To build vs houses statelie to behold
The Princes fauour and the peoples care
Although these gifts be gryt and verie rare
The groaning Gout the Collik and the stone
Will marre there mirth and turne it all to moane
But be it that the bodie subject bee
To no such siknes or the lyk annoy
Yett if the Conscience be not firme and free
Riches is Trash and honor but a Toy
The peace of Conscience is that perfect joy
Werethwith gods children in this lyf be blest
To want the wch, better want the rest
The want of this made Adam hide his head
The want of this made Cain vaile and weep
The want of this macks manie goe to bedd
When they god wott haue littill lust to sleep

struic
Striue Striue therefor to entertaine and keep
Soe rich a Jewell and so rare a guest
With being hade a Rash for all the rest

finis

John Donne, Elegie: The Anagram

Marie and love thy fluia for shee
Hath all things whereby others bewties bee
for though her eyes be small, her mouth is great
Though they be jovorie, yett her teeth be lett
Though they bee dimme, yett shee is light
And though her harsh hare faile, her skinne is rough
What thought her cheeks be yeallow, her haire is read
Give her thyne and shee hath then a maidenhead
These things are beauties eliments, where these
Meet in one that one must as perfyt pleis
If read and whytt and each good qualitie
Bee in the wench neere ask where it doth lye
In buying things perfumd, wee ask if there
Bee musk and Amber in it, but not where
Though all her pairtes bee not in the vsual place
Shee hath the—an Anagram of a good face
If wee might pairt the letters but one way
In that leane dearth of woords what could wee say
When by the Gam-vt, some musicians make
A Perfeyt song, others will undertak
By the same Gam-vt changed to aequall it
Things simplie good can nevir be vnfit
Shee is fare as any if all be lyk her
And if none be, then is shee singular
All loue is wonder if wee justlie doe
Account her wonderfull why not louelie too
Louve built one beautie soone as beautie dyes
Chose this face charged with no deformities
Women are lyk angells, then faire bee
Lyk those wch fell to worse, but such as shee
Lyk to good angelles nothing can Impare
T'is lesser greif to bee foule, then to have beene faire
ffor one night Revelles silk and gold wee chuse
But in long Iorneyes cloth and leather vse
Beautie is barren oft, best husbands say
Ther is best land, where is the foulest way
Oh what soveraigne plaster will shee bee
If thy past sinnes have taught the lealousie
Here needs noe spies, nor Eunuches her committ
Safe to thy foes yee to a marmasset
When Belgias Cities, the round Centries dround
That dirtie foulnes guards and arms the toune
Soe doth her face guard her, and soe for thee
Wch forced by busines oft must absent bee
Shee whose face lyk cloudes turns day to night
Who mightier then the Sea maks mores seeme whyt
Whom though sevin yeeres shee in the stewes hade layed
A Nunnerye durst receave and think a mayde
And though in chyldbirth shee did lye
Midwyues wold sweare T'wes but a Tympanie
Whom if shee accuse I credit lesse
Then witches wch Impossibles confes
Whome dildoes beduestaes and her velvet glas
Wold be as loth to such as Joseph wes
One lyk none, and lyk't, of none fittest were
Things in fashione, everie man will weare

Jonathan Richards, a songe: "I die when as I doe not see"
I die when as I doe not sie
her who is lyf and all to mee
and when I sie her yet I die
In seeing of her crueltie
So that to me lyk miserie is wrought
Both when I sie and whe I sie her not
Or shall I speak or silent greive
But how can silence then releive
And iff I speak I may offend
And speaking not my hart will rend
Soe that to me its all one
Speak I or speak I not I am vndone

finis
II. 32. Anonymous, Once and no more soe sayd my loue

Once and no more soe sayd my loue
When in myne armes Inchand
Shee vnto me her lips did move
And so my hart shee gayned

Adew shee sayd begone I must
For feare of being missed
Your heart putts over, but in trust
and so againe shee kissed
II, 32v. William Herbert, *When my Carliles Chamber was on fire*

Hade shee a glase and feard the fyre
That tells hir that hir eyes
Can mak all hearts burnt offerings off desyre
And not become themselues a sacrifice
fyre burns not fyre
Naught can there force Impaire
But what is bred by there owne crueltie dispaire

Anonymous, *My dead and buried loue is resin againe*

[My de]

My dead and buried loue is resin againe
A true type of our other day
And now doth in my thought remaine
Refin’d, as then shalbe our fleshie clay

T’will bee a glorious garment of our soule
No burden then no whitt a bate
The soules powers w’th without controule
Shall work more freelie then iff separat
So my loue now hath infinit desyre
As much delight, not built vpone
Sensuall touches no, no in spight
off those my sight is now fruitione

[my]

[of those my siges]

Anonymous, *Why doe yee giue mee leaue to sip*

Why doe yee giue mee leaue to sip
And pull the Cupp from my soe thirstie lip
Before I drink
Desyre hath left my heart to think
And is dispersd in everie outward part
As hands, lips, eyes,
That all restraint despise
While it wes in my hart
IT did your will in chains off slavish feares
But these haue all noe eares
Tymes haue there seasones and doe comprehend
Mens severall actions, and produce there end.
One day another telles, and everie yeare
To’th mazed world strange things doe still appeare
The world turnes round, as whether Cock in wind
Man turnes as oft yett care and thought doth find
Still doe we hope, an new yeare[s] brings vs rest
And yet poore soules wee find our cares encreast

Is trueth and worth of thinges now wholie gone
Must all bee caried by opinionne,
Can nothing pleis, but that w[ch shee esteemes
And nothing good but that wh w[ch onlie seemes
Flee——Fl[e] soule on winges of faith to heaven aboue
Bidd wordlie loyes adew, there fixe thy lord-love
Heere Pilgrim lyk thou liuest in wretched Case
Earth’s but thy Inne, heaven is thy dwelling place

Tyme weares out all thinges with his Chariot wheele
The flint the Adamant, the twise heat steile
The statelie stagge, the Eagle and the Oake,
All bend and bow, vnder tymes heavie yoak
All frendlie giftes and favoures of the yeare
Are cleane forgot, as tho they nevir were
There is no thing heere, but gods grace lasteth sure
And this in spyte——spyght of tyme shall still endure
[II, 33v blank] II, 34. George Morley, On the Death of King James

All that hath eyes, now wake and weep
Hee whose waking was our sleepe
Is fallen asleepe himselfe, and nevir
Shall wake neuer more, till wak'de for ever.
Deathes Iron hand hath closd those eyes
That were at once three kingdoms spies—spies
Both to forsee and to prevent
Dangers, assoone as they were ment
That head, whose working braine alone
Wroght all mens quiet, but its owne
Now lyeth at rest, o let him haue
The peace hee lent him vs to his graue
If noe Naboth all hisaigne
Was for his fruitfull vineyard slaine
If noe Vriah lost his life
Because hee hadd soe faire a wife
Then let not Shimeis curses wound
His honour or prophanse this ground
Lett noe blak mouth'd rank breathed Curre
Pacefull Iames, his ashes sturre
Princes are go des; O doe not then
Rake in there graues to proue them men.

For two an twentie yea res long care
For prouiding such ane heire
That to the peace wee hade before
May adde thrice two an twentie more
For his day travel and night watches
For his crasd sleepe stolne by snatches
For two fierce kingdoms Ioynd in one
For all hee did or meant to haue done
Doe this for him wreat on his dust
Iames the peacefull and the lust
II. 34V. Anonymous, An Epitaph upon the Duke of Buckinghame

An Epitaph upon the
Duke of Buckinghame

Dearling off Kings, Patron of armes,
Muses protector, who from harms
Did sheild professores off them twaine,
Lyes heere by a base Soldier Slaine
And by poetasteres cankred breath
Dyes everie day a lingering death:
Be silent malice from henceforth,
And know detracione from his worth
(off Kings of Mars, off Muses lou'd)
Is onely from such spirits mou'd,
As loue not Kings and would advance
Base Cowardise and Ignorance
The Explanatory Notes define all unusual words or usages at their first occurrence. Definitions of English words are from the Oxford English Dictionary unless otherwise stated. Persons, places, and allusions are identified at their first appearance or cross-referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification. Problematical readings in the texts are noted, and the traditional readings given. Unique manuscript abbreviations in the texts are given here in italics regardless of the type referenced to a later, more appropriate identification.

I, 1. Archbishop George Abbot, trial testimony

George Abbot (1562-1633), archbishop of Canterbury from 1611, presided over the commission of five bishops and six civil lawyers that adjudicated Lady Frances Howard's 16 May 1613 suit for divorce from Robert Devereux (1591-1664), Third Earl of Essex. Abbot opposed the suit; King James I favored it. On 25 September 1613 the suit succeeded, and on 26 December 1613 the divorced couple married Robert Carr (1587-1645), First Earl of Somerset.


64-66. Doubtled . . elapsi. Polanus and Hemmingsen allow separation (not divorce) after three years for men gelled subsequent to marriage.

I, 2. King James I, trial testimony

34-36. ratio . . copula. James is arguing that without consummation there is no "joining" in marriage. The phrasing in 1 Cor. 6:16, "duo in carne una," is the same used to describe marriage in Matt. 19:6 and Mark 10:9, however, Paul is lecturing against fornication.


I, 5. Anonymous, Prayer

This prayer resembles various Roman missals; however, I have found no specific source.

7. muliere Canane. John 8:3-11.


I, 10. Anonymous, "mi: Lamb: Cookes Epi: to his Bro: Hen:"


I, 10v. Sir John Davies, "Unto that sparkling whit, that spirit of fire"

3. audactie. Audacity.

10. tongs of angels. 1 Cor. 13:11.

16. one. On.


21. retoured. Returned to a place.


40. marmasett. Morbid swelling or tumor.

I, 19. Anonymous, "a songe: 'When my hart seems most ingaged'"

9. cour. Court.


17. Mutinious Dutch. The English had aided Dutch rebels against Spanish rule since 1568.


24. fires of Spaine. Burning of heretics during the Spanish Inquisition.

24. line. Equator.


91. Blanche=charters. Document given to agents of the crown in Richard II's reign, with the power to fill it out as they pleased.

96. Philipp. Philip II of Spain (1527-1558).


97. Martin. Martin Luther (1483-1546).
Mercourius Gallobelgicus: sive, Rervm in Gal-

lia & Belgo potissimvm (Cologne, 1588–

1605).

113. Spaniards . . . Amyens. Seized by the

Spaniards from the French in 1597, Amyens

was recaptured in September of 1598.

116. Macron. Macaronic: burlesque verse

form mixing two or more languages.

125. Dunkerker. Privateers belonging to

Dunkirk in French Flanders.

156–157. traunce . . . Hem, Probably Dante

Alighieri (1265–1321), author of The Divine

Comedy.

174. Meues. The royal stables at Charing

Cross.

175. Balloune. Game played with large

inflated ball; also ball of pasteboard stufed

with combustibles that bursts into sparks

when shot into the air.

175. Diett. Court session.

175. steues. Brothels.

185. Cheapside. Merchant district of

London.

188. Catchanell. Coineal: scarlet dye

dried from dried bodies of the insect Coccus cacti.

191. scarlett goues. Ceremonial dress for

judges and cardinals.

196. Macrine. Invented name suggesting

"macaronic," a confused heap or huddle of

many things; d. line r66.

"macaronic," a confused heap or huddle of

197. Hate. Hat.

197. sue. Most texts read "shue."

198. Att. Most texts read "As if."


203. Dares. Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528),

German artist and author of Treatise on

Proportions (Nuremberg, 1528).

215. Pursuant. A warrant officer em-

ployed to discover Roman Catholics; also a

suitor for a lady's hand.

218. Glories. Invented, suggestive name.

232. Ascapartes. Askapart; giant allegedly

defeated by Sir Bevis of Southampton (circa

1320).

233. Charingcrosse . . . Barr. The last of

twelve crosses erected by Edward I in memo-

ry of Eleanor (d. 1290). Bar: thick rod of

ceremonial dress for

the patron saint of England and of the Or-

der of the Garter.

3. Ficus and Ceresu. Red and white fa-

cial coloring.


34. Cardian. From Candida, former capitol

of Crete.

35. Cisett. A yellowish or brownish uncu-

tuous substance having a strong musky

smell, obtained from the sacs or glands in the

anal pouch of the African civet cat.

36. Corduan. Cordwain: Spanish leather of

tanned goat-skins.

35. purles. Embroiders with gold or silver

thread (covers with makeup).

85. Pigmalions painted statue. Ovid's

Metamorphoses (10.2.43).

I. 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, "A Very

Woman"

1. douchakd. Deficient, especially in intellect.

10. voader. A receptacle for removing dirty

14. Mariageable and foureene. Paylor sees

this "character" as an attack on Lady

Frances Howard and notes that she married

at fourteen (p. 53).

20. knight of the Sunne. Hero of a Span-

ish romance, The Marrow of Princely deedes

and Knighthood, translated by Margaret

Tyler in 1578.

20–22. She . . . toyes. Toy: a close cap or

headdress with flaps coming down to the

shoulders.

45. Salamons cruell creature. Perhaps

Pharaoh's daughter (I Kings 11) or the

wicked woman in Pro. 5:1–6.

I. 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, "Her Next

Part".

32. fusitan. Coarse cloth made of cotton and

flax.

I. 30. John Donne, "Elegie: The

Comparison."

10. Samserras starred men. The Catholics

besieged the Protestants at Sancerre for five

months in 1569 and for nine in 1573.


10. seaventeene headed Belgia. Until

1609, "Belgia" (now Belgium and the

Netherlands) consisted of seventeen indepen-

dent provinces.


56. groat. English coin equal to four

pence.


77–78. their dignities / Passee vertues

powers and Principalities. Vertues: "a high

order of angels placed usually 2nd or 3rd in

the 2nd triad of the choirs in the Diony-

sian scheme"; Powers: "Dionysius placed the

powers 3rd in the 2nd triad of the celestial

hierarchy"; Principalities: ranked "1st in the

3rd triad" by Dionysius (Davidson, pp. 307, 227, 228).

101. Interdicted. Debarred from eccle-

siastical use.

114. Cordiall. Medicine to invigorate the

heart.


Face."

10. St Georges day. 23 April: St. George is

the patron saint of England and of the Or-

der of the Garter.

13. Ficus and Ceresu. Red and white fa-

cial coloring.


34. Cardian. From Candida, former capitol

of Crete.

35. Cisett. A yellowish or brownish uncu-

tuous substance having a strong musky

smell, obtained from the sacs or glands in the

anal pouch of the African civet cat.

36. Corduan. Cordwain: Spanish leather of

tanned goat-skins.

55. purles. Embroiders with gold or silver

thread (covers with makeup).

85. Pigmalions painted statue. Ovid's

Metamorphoses (10.2.43).

I. 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, "A Very

Woman"

1. douchakd. Deficient, especially in intellect.

10. voader. A receptacle for removing dirty

14. Mariageable and foureene. Paylor sees

this "character" as an attack on Lady

Frances Howard and notes that she married

at fourteen (p. 53).

20. knight of the Sunne. Hero of a Span-

ish romance, The Marrow of Princely deedes

and Knighthood, translated by Margaret

Tyler in 1578.

20–22. She . . . toyes. Toy: a close cap or

headdress with flaps coming down to the

shoulders.

45. Salamons cruell creature. Perhaps

Pharaoh's daughter (I Kings 11) or the

wicked woman in Pro. 5:1–6.

I. 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, "Her Next

Part".

32. fusitan. Coarse cloth made of cotton and

flax.

I. 30. John Donne, "Elegie: The

Comparison."

10. Samserras starred men. The Catholics

besieged the Protestants at Sancerre for five

months in 1569 and for nine in 1573.


10. seaventeene headed Belgia. Until

1609, "Belgia" (now Belgium and the

Netherlands) consisted of seventeen indepen-

dent provinces.


56. groat. English coin equal to four

pence.


77–78. their dignities / Passee vertues

powers and Principalities. Vertues: "a high

order of angels placed usually 2nd or 3rd in

the 2nd triad of the choirs in the Diony-

sian scheme"; Powers: "Dionysius placed the

powers 3rd in the 2nd triad of the celestial

hierarchy"; Principalities: ranked "1st in the

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headdress with flaps coming down to the

shoulders.

45. Salamons cruell creature. Perhaps

Pharaoh's daughter (I Kings 11) or the

wicked woman in Pro. 5:1–6.
31. sum. . . gate. Persons hanged, drawn, and quartered.

32. Cocatricet. Mythical serpent able to kill with a glance; also, a prostitute.

I, 32. John Donne, "Elegie: Change"
34. Danson. "Danbury" or the Danube.

I, 32V. John Donne, "Elegie: Loves Warre"
6. prese. Oppress.

I, 33. John Donne, "Elegie: Going to Bed"
20. Carter
caste three golden apples in the path of another.

II9. Ellyot, a fellow "victualler of the Navy"
Bash" as "Edward Bashe, or Baesh (d. Manuscript of Tudor Poetry, (2:300)."

34. Sampson. Judges 16:19·

I, 37. Sir John Davies, "The Calme"
1. 37. Sir John Davies, "An Elegie to Mrs Boulded: 1602"

I, 38. John Donne, "The Storme"
1. Thou. Many manuscript headings of "The Storme" indicate that the poem is ad-

tressed to Christopher Brooke (d. 1628) on the occasion of Donne's participation in the
1597 expedition to the Azores headed by the Second Earl of Essex, Lord Thomas
Howard, and by Sir Walter Raleigh.

4. Hilliard. Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619), English painter of portrait
miniatures.

14. ayers... roome. Region of air be-

tween the clouds and the air near the ground.

33-34. Ionas... then. Jonah 1:4-6.
59. Ordinance. Military equipment, par-
ticularly cannon.

72. Fiat. "Fiat lux" (Gen. 1:3).

I, 39. John Donne, "The Calme"
3-4. fable... before. In the version of Aesop's fable of "The Frogs and Jupiter"
in The Fables of Esopo in English (London, 1570), the frogs ask Jupiter for a king, re-
ceive a block of wood, ask for a new king, receive a heron, and are eaten (sig. F3).


23. Calenture. Disease incident to sailors in the tropics.

33. Bayazet... scoffe. In Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine The Great, Part the First (1590), Bajazeth, Emperor of the
Turks, is imprisoned by Tamburlaine, a Scythian shepherd (4:1).


37. Galleyes. Low, flat, seagoing vessels rowed by condemned criminals or slaves.
37. finny. Having fins; also, moldy.
37. chippes. Anything dried out or parched.

38. Venices. Any thing made in Venice, a city famed for finely equipped ships; or, like Venice, rising from the sea.

46. pray. Prey.

I, 39. John Donne, "To Mr. Rowland Woodward: 'Like one who'in her third widdowhood'"
26. soul of simples. Pure organic
substances.

32-33. stock... day. Matt. 6:19-21 and Romans 2:5-6.

I, 40. John Donne, "To Sr. Henry Wootton: 'Here's no more newes'"
2. Calls or St Michaeilis. Expeditions to Cadiz (1596) and the Azores (1597).

I, 40V. John Roe, "Song. 'Dear Love, continue nice and chaste'"
4. wo. Woo.

I, 41V. John Roe, "To Ben. Johnson, 6 lan. 1603"
26. Pophans... Cookes tongue. Sir John Popham (1551-1607) and Sir Edward Coke (1552-1614) earned their reputations for
harsh sentences and vicious prosecution at the trials of the Second Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh.
21. Serjeant. One charged with the arrest of offenders.

I, 42. Sir John Roe, "An Elegie to Mrs Easdown

Cecilia, daughter of Edward Bulstrode, baptized 12 February 1584, died 4 August 1609.

I, 42V. Sir John Roe, "To Sr. Tho. Roe 1603"
3. Sir Thomas Roe (1581-1644), English dip-
loemat and author.

15. neeue. Usually, "renue."

I, 43. Sir John Roe, "An Elegie. "True Love finds us, but he whose with doth move."
13. And... lott. In Grierson, the line, conjectured by a later copyist in the present
text, reads "Whom daunsing measures tempted, not the Scott (1:141)

I, 43V. Sir John Roe, "An Elegie. Reflecting

on his passion for his mistresse"
27. Dises. The rich man in Luke 16:19-
24.

52-54. Queene... Aetason. Aetason, having accidentally seen Diana bathing, was
changed into a stag and killed by his hounds (Ovid, Metamorphoses 3:188-252).

I, 45. John Donne, "Twickenham garden

Twickenham Park, twelve miles west-
southwest of St. Paul's Cathedral, was the
residence of Donne's patroness Lucy, Countess of Bedford, from 1608 to 1618.
17. Mandrake. Mandragora plant with
fancied human resemblance, fabled to give a fatal shriek when plucked up from the ground.  
L. 45v. John Donne, "The good-morrow" 4. sequam sleepers des. During the persecution of Christians under emperor Decius (201–251), seven Christian youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a cavern, fell into a slumber, and awakened in the reign of Theodosius II (401–450).  
19. mixt equalitie. Composed of a balanced mixture of the four elements.  
I. 46. John Donne, "Loves Alchymie" 7. Elcix. The fifth element or "quintessence" for turning lead into gold.  
8. pregnant pott. Limbeck.  
I. 48. John Donne, "A Valediction forbidding mourning" 11. tripidation of the spheres. Libration of the eighth (or ninth) sphere, added to the Ptolemaic system to account for certain astro-nomical phenomena.  
Lady Bridget Markham, first cousin to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, died at her home at Twickenham on 4 May 1609.  
22. purslane. Porcelain.  
I. 49v. John Donne, "Elegie to the Lady Bedford"  
Lucy Harington Russell married Edward, Third Earl of Bedford, in 1594 and died 26 May 1627.  
I. 50. John Donne, "Elegie on Mrs. Boulstred."  
See note for I, 42.  
20. tenth . . . Hierarchie. St. Ambrose, Gregory the Great, Pseudo-Dionysius, Isidore of Seville, John of Damascus, and Dante all allot nine orders to the celestial hierarchy, with the Angels as the ninth rank.  
24. fouer Monarchies. Dan. 2:36–45. 29. belleows were. Lungs wear.  
66. had. Most texts read "told" or "said."  
30. the. Most texts read "she."  
51–52. Angells . . . fell. The Seraphim are the highest order of angels and included Satan before he fell.  
58. Lennia. Lennia spharis, "Lemnian seal," the medicinal earth of the Greek island of Lemnos.  
38. arnud. Most texts read "armed."  
45. recassant. Roman Catholic who refused to attend services of the Church of England.  
I. 52. John Donne, "The Will"  
This version lacks the third stanza as usually printed.  
I. 52v. Francis Beaumont, "To the Countesse of Rutland"  
Elizabeth (1585–1613), daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, married Roger Manners (1576–1612), First Earl of Rutland, in 1598.  
55. question. Discussion.  
15. Quelque choses. Kickshaw: dainty or elegant, yet unsubstantial food.  
I. 56v. Sir John Harington, "Of the comfitures." Preserved fruit; also, drugs.  
57. Sir John Harington, "Of a Precise Translation."  
Paris seduced Helen, Oenone, his previous amour, refused to cure a wound he had received, and Paris died.  
85. Phillis. In one version of the story of Phyllis, princess of Thrace, her ninth visit to an appointed spot for a sign of Demophoon’s return from Troy prompted Athena, overcome with Phyllis’s grief, to turn her into an almond tree.  
150. musick . . . mollifie. When Orpheus, the supreme minstrel of Greek mythology, played, the whole of nature listened entranced.  
I. 64. Richard Corbett, “An Elegie on the late Lord William Haward Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December. 1615"  
27. russet. Coarse homespun woolen cloth usually worn by peasants.  
78–83. And . . . Admirall. Howard’s father, Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral, did not die until 14 December 1624.  
Lodovic Stewart (29 September 1574–16 February 1623/4) died suddenly in bed on the day fixed for the opening of Parliament, which was delayed.

6. Minerva. She issued directly from the head of Jupiter; her name has its roots in "mens," "mind."

21–22. Theseus...Proserpines. Theseus was trapped (along with Pirithous) in the Chairs of Forgetfulness in Hades until released by Hercules. Theseus then helped Pirithous abduct Proserpine.
27. Neptune...maine. Stewart was appointed Lord High Admiral of Scotland on 4 August 1591 by then King James VI of Scotland.
32. Castors...reuiues. As Castor, a mortal, was dying, his twin, Pollux, pleaded successfully for his brother to share his immortality.
72. Indigate. Point out.

138–44. Affaires...negotiation. "Up to the end of 1619, [Buckingham] appears as James's mouthpiece in advocating an understanding with Spain for the settlement of the Bohemian troubles" (DNB 38:329). On 17 February 1623, Prince Charles and Buckingham went to Spain to arrange a marriage with the Infanta of Spain; negotiations did not break off until 23 March 1624.

II, 1. Anonymous [Patrick Maule?], Notations

II, 1v. Andrew Ramsay, Prayer
I find no record of an Andrew Ramsay; however, Peter Beal has suggested to me that Andrew may have died in childhood, and the brief prayer does allude to illness.

Il. John Donne, "Elegie: Loves Progress"
52. Canarie. A light, sweet wine from the Canary Islands.
58. Remora. Marine fish noted for attaching itself to other fish and to boats.

60–63. Straight...sea. Leander supposedly swam across the Hellespont (the Dardanelles, a narrow strait in northwest Turkey, linking the Aegean Sea with the Sea of Marmara) from the town of Abydos in Turkey to the town of Abydos in Asia Minor to meet his lover Hero.
II, 21v. Anonymous, "Carold for new yeeres day 1624"
9m. Gymill. Duet.
II, 32v. Anonymous, "My dead and buried loue is resin againe"
2. Type. A person, object, or event of Old Testament history, prefiguring some person or thing revealed in the new dispensation.
II, 34. George Morley, "On the Death of King James"
James I (19 June 1566–5 March 1625).
15. Vrsah. 2 Sam. 11:1–27.
II, 34v. Anonymous, "An Epitaph vpon the Duke off Buckinghame"
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT LOCATIONS AND SIGLA

[AF] United States Air Force Academy, Colorado
1. John Donne, Poems (1633), emended by H. Mapleton

[AU] Aberdeen University Library
1. Aberdeen MS. 29

[B] British Library
1. Additional MS. 3832
2. Additional MS. 3956
3. Additional MS. 3950
4. Additional MS. 3939
5. Additional MS. 3977
6. Additional MS. 11811
7. Additional MS. 12049
8. Additional MS. 13118
9. Additional MS. 15225
10. Additional MS. 15226
11. Additional MS. 15327
12. Additional MS. 17792
13. Additional MS. 17796
14. Additional MS. 18044
15. Additional MS. 18647
16. Additional MS. 19268
17. Additional MS. 21433
18. Additional MS. 22118
19. Additional MS. 22603
20. Additional MS. 23229
21. Additional MS. 24665
22. Additional MS. 25303
23. Additional MS. 25707
24. Additional MS. 27407
25. Additional MS. 27408
26. Additional MS. 27879
27. Additional MS. 28000
28. Additional MS. 29408
29. Additional MS. 29481
30. Additional MS. 29764
31. Additional MS. 29921
32. Additional MS. 30982
33. Additional MS. 32463
34. Additional MS. 34064
35. Additional MS. 34324
36. Additional MS. 34744
37. Additional MS. 36484
38. Additional MS. 44963
39. Additional MS. 52585
40. Additional MS. 53723
41. Cotton Caligula MS. B. v
42. Cotton Cleopatra MS. D. viii
43. Cotton Vitellius MS. E. X
44. Egerton MS. 923
45. Egerton MS. 1160
46. Egerton MS. 2009
47. Egerton MS. 2011
48. Egerton MS. 2012
49. Egerton MS. 2013
50. Egerton MS. 2026
51. Egerton MS. 2230
52. Egerton MS. 2421
53. Egerton MS. 2725
54. Harley MS. 793
55. Harley MS. 1221
56. Harley MS. 1376
57. Harley MS. 1836
58. Harley MS. 2127
59. Harley MS. 2296
60. Harley MS. 2311
61. Harley MS. 3511
62. Harley MS. 3889
63. Harley MS. 3910
64. Harley MS. 3991
65. Harley MS. 4064
66. Harley MS. 4888
67. Harley MS. 4955
68. Harley MS. 5110
69. Harley MS. 6038
70. Harley MS. 6057
71. Harley MS. 6183
72. Harley MS. 6910
73. Harley MS. 6917
74. Harley MS. 6931
75. Harley MS. 7392
76. Lansdowne MS. 98
77. Lansdowne MS. 696
78. Lansdowne MS. 740
79. Lansdowne MS. 777
80. Sloane MS. 542
81. Sloane MS. 1446
82. Sloane MS. 1489
83. Sloane MS. 1772
84. Sloane MS. 2497
85. Sloane MS. 3769
86. Stowe MS. 961
87. Stowe MS. 962
88. Stowe MS. 972
89. MS. 1019 (on permanent loan from St. Michaels College Library, Tenbury Wells)
90. William Byrd, Psalms, Sonets, & Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, shelfmark D.101.d

[BA] Bradford District Archives
1. Hopkinson's MSS, vol. 17
2. Hopkinson's MSS, vol. 27
3. Hopkinson's MSS, vol. 37

[BN] Bibliothèque Nationale
1. Conservatoire MS. Res. 2489
2. MS. fonds anglais no 149

[BR] Bedfordshire Record Office
1. MS. J1183, St. John MS

[C] Cambridge University Library
1. Additional MS. 29, Edward Smyth MS
2. Additional MS. 4138
3. Additional MS. 5778(c)
4. Additional MS. 7196G
6. Edward Hyde MS
7. MS. Ee.4.14
8. MS. Ee.5.33
9. John Donne, Poems (1639), emended by Giles Oldsworth
10. John Harington, Orlando Furioso (London, 1591)
11. Leconfield MS. Keynes, 1860
12. Narcissus Luttrell MS. Keynes, 1861

[CE] Cambridge University, Emmanuel College Library
1. MS. 1.1.16

[CJ] Cambridge University, St. John's College Library
1. MS. S.32
2. MS. U.26

[CM] Cambridge University, Magdalen College, Pepys Library
1. MS. 2803

[CT] Cambridge University, Trinity College Library
1. MS. R.3.12

[DR] Derbyshire Record Office
1. MS. 258/31/16
2. MS. 258/60/26a

[DT] Trinity College Library, Dublin
1. MS. 408
2. MS. 412
3. MS. 690
4. MS. 877
5. MS. 877, second collection
6. MS. 1375

[EU] Edinburgh University Library
1. MS. D.c.1.69
2. MS. Laing III.436
3. MS. Laing III.493
4. MS. 401, Halliwell-Phillips Collection

[F] Folger Shakespeare Library
1. MS. D.147
2. MS. V.a.96
3. MS. V.a.97
4. MS. V.a.103
5. MS. V.a.124
6. MS. V.a.125
7. MS. V.a.162
8. MS. V.a.170
9. MS. V.a.245
10. MS. V.a.262
11. MS. V.a.319
12. MS. V.a.322
13. MS. V.a.339
14. MS. V.a.345
15. MS. V.a.399
16. MS. V.b.43
17. MS. V.b.110
18. MS. V.b.198
19. MS. V.b.296
20. MS. W.a.118

[H] Harvard University Library
1. Eng. MS. 626
2. Eng. MS. 686
3. Eng. MS. 703
4. Eng. MS. 966.1, Norton MS. 4503, Carnaby MS

197
2. MS. PR 177 S 4, Dalhousie II
3. John Donne, Poems (1633), emended by John Brodick

[TU] University of Texas at Austin Library
1. MS. File/(Herrick, R)/Works B

[U] Unlocated
1. Alice Law MS. Beal, vol. 1, pt. 1, p. 29

[VA] Victoria and Albert Museum, Dyce Collection
1. Cat. no. 17, MS. 25 F.16
2. Cat. no. 18, MS. 25 F.17
3. Cat. no. 21, MS. 25 F.19
4. Cat. no. 44, MS. 25 F.39

[WA] Westminster Abbey Library
1. MS. 41

1. MS. S 4975 M 1

[WN] National Library of Wales
1. Dolau Cothi MS. 6748
2. Peniarth MS. 500B
3. Sotheby MS. B2
4. MS. 5308 E
5. MS. 5390 D
6. MS. 12443 A, part ii
7. MS. 16852 D

[Y] Yale University Library, James Osborn Collection
1. MS. b 62
2. MS. b 114
3. MS. b 148
4. MS. b 197
5. MS. b 200
6. MS. b 205
7. MS. f 66
8. MS. f 88
I, 9v. Edward de Vere, "My Mind to Me and a Kingdom Is"

I, 10r-v. Sir John Davies, "Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire"


I, 11v. First published: "Overbury, Wife, 4th (sig. F2)."


I, 17. John Donne, "The Curse"

First published: *Donne (1633)*, pp. 231-32.

Modern editions: Gardner (pp. 40-41); Grierson (1:41-42); Shawcross (pp. 128-29).

I, 18. Anonymous, "Onste and no more, so sayd my love"


I, 18v. Anonymous, "for a louinge constand Interpreter"


I, 19. Anonymous, "a song: When my heart seems most impaige".

II, 1. Anonymous, “Some who the sparkling spake of my first loue did splice”.


II, 29. Sir Thomas Overbury, “Her Next Part”
I, 40. Sir John Roe, "Song. 'Deare Love, continue nice and chaste'."


I, 43. Sir John Roe, "An Elegie. 'True Love finds wit, but he whose wit doth move'."


I, 44. John Donne, "The Legacie"


MSS: Crum (T1873). B4 (f. 65v); B78 (f. 101v); B86 (f. 113v); B87 (f. 124v-25); C12 (f. 16v); C12 (f. 13v); CT1 (pp. 29-30); DT4 (f. 46v-47); F7 (f. 66v); H4 (f. 36v-37); H5 (f. 25v); H6 (f. 209v); HHI (f. 58v); H7 (f. 128); H8 (f. 160v). O24 (f. 68v).

I, 45. John Hoskyns, "A Poem upon Absence"


Modern edition: Osborn (pp. 192-93).


I, 45-v. John Donne, "Twicknam garden"

First published: Donne (1663), pp. 218-19.


I, 45-v. John Donne, "The good-morrow"

First published: Donne (1663), p. 165 (105).

Modern editions: Gardiner (pp. 70-71). Grierson (1:78-79). Shawcross (pp. 86-87).


I, 46. John Donne, "Loves Alchymie"


Modern editions: Gardiner (p. 81). Grierson (1:139-40). Shawcross (pp. 162-76).


I, 46. John Donne, "Breake of day"

First editions: Gardner (pp. 94–96); Grierson (1108–10); Shawcross (pp. 71–72).

Modern editions: Gardner (pp. 100–101). Grierson: (1108–1117); Crum (pp. 45–46); OJ1 (pp. 296–298); SA1 (pp. 46–47); SN5 (pp. 919–920); Y2 (pp. 140–144); Y3 (pp. 77–78).


Modern editions: Gardner (pp. 94–96); Grierson (1108–1117); Shawcross (pp. 71–72).


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Modern editions: Gardner (pp. 94–96); Grierson (1108–1117); Shawcross (pp. 71–72).

First published: Donne (1663), p. 222.

Modern editions: Gardiner (p. 33); Grierson (1:32-33); Shawcross (pp. 119-20).

MSS: Beal (DnJ 1340-82); Crum (M620 and M621). B25 (f. 120v); B51 (f. 22-23); B67 (f. 124v); B68 (f. 157v); B87 (f. 110v-11); C1 (f. 41-vv); C3 (f. 65v); C11 (f. 75v); C12 (f. 111v); C11 (f. 50); DT5 (f. 30v-v); F4 (f. 58v); F8 (pp. 214-15); H3 (f. 199v); H5 (f. 37v-38); H6 (f. 137v); H8 (f. 156v-177); H32 (f. 139v); H33 (f. 21-vv); H34 (f. 30v-31); NY2 (pp. 114-15); O24 (pp. 212-22); O26 (pp. 220-21); O42 (f. 171v); O46 (f. 218-17v); T2 (f. 29v); WNI (pp. 57-58); Y2 (f. 254-57); Y3 (pp. 55-57); Y4 (item 38); Y7 (f. 289v); B58 (f. 16v); BA3 (pp. 9-11); BA3 (f. 162r-v); IB19 (f. 16v); OC6 (f. 43, 61).
II, 7–8. Anonymous, "If kinges did here­­fore there loues indite" Unique


II, 10. Sir John Davies, "Unto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire." See I, 10–11.


II, 11v. John Donne, "The Message"
Modern editions: Gardner (pp. 30–31); Grierson (1:43); Shawcross (p. 80).

MSS: Beal (DnJ 2374–312); Crum (S295).


MSS: Beal (BCF 1–53); Crum (T1591).


II, 13v. Jonathan Richards, "a songe: 'I die when as I do not see.'" See I, 18 and II, 31v.


The apparatus below lists substantive variants among the texts of the John Donne poems in the two Dalhousie manuscripts; the seven seventeenth-century editions/issues of Donne's collected Poems; and selected, modern critical editions. The following sigla represent these artifacts:

TT1 Texas Tech University MS. PR 1171 D14.
Formerly, MS. Dalhouse I (Scottish Record Office GD 45/16/05/1)

TT2 Texas Tech University MS. PR 1171 S4.
Formerly, MS. Dalhouse II (Scottish Record Office GD 45/16/05/2)


D39 —. Poems. London: M.F. for John Marriot, 1639 [Texas Tech University Library copy]

D49 —. Poems. London: M.F. for John Marriot, 1649 [microfilm of Yale University Library copy]

D50 —. Poems. London: John Marriot, 1650 [microfilm of Yale University Library copy]

D54 —. Poems. London: J. Flesher, 1654 [microfilm of Yale University Library copy]


The headnote for each poem gives the title, the sigla for the artifacts in which the poem occurs, and the location(s) in the Dalhousie manuscripts. For brevity, sequences of more than three artifacts appear as "initial siglum-last siglum," with the hyphen representing all sigla in the chronological sequence between the initial and last sigla. For example, the listing for "The Storme" reads "The Storme." Texts: TT1 (38r-v), TT2 (18r-v), D33-Ga65, M67, S67 to indicate that "The Storme" occurs on folio 38r-v in TT1, on folio 18r-v in TT2, in D33, D35, D39, D40, D50, D69, Gr12, M67, and S67, but not in Ga65 or M78.

For each entry recording a substantive variant, the line numbers are those of the complete poems in modern critical editions; the reading left of the bracket is that of TT1 (if the poem does not occur in TT1) and all subsequent artifacts with the same reading; readings in parentheses immediately to the right of the bracket are additional substantive variations among readings of the artifacts that agree in a general way with the reading left of the bracket; readings not in parentheses immediately right of the bracket are in chronological order followed by the appropriate sigla and separated by semicolons; readings in parentheses following the sigla for readings right of the bracket are additional substantive variants within readings that agree in a general way with the listed variant reading. These entries record only the substantive difference(s) among the readings and not differing accidentals, with the actual entry being the reading of the earliest artifact in the sequence; thus, the entry for line 49 of "Elegie: Loves Progress" (TT2, 5–6) reads "49 Hemi sphere" a rosie Hemisphere D69–S67" even though D69, Gr12, and S67 literally read "a rosie Hemisphere," and Ga65 reads "a rosy hemisphare." When multiple substantive differences occur in a single entry and writing them out individually would involve substantial repetition, these substantive variants are recorded in parentheses in the entry: for example, the entry for line 70 of "Satyre II" (TT1, 25v–26v) reads "70 Like a Kinges fauorite yea like a kinge (or like D35, D69, kinge. D35–D69; kinge. D35–S67); D33 because D35 through S67 generally agree with TT1, even though D35 and D69 have substantive verbal variants and D35–D69 as well as Gr12–S67 have substantive punctuation variants. When the variant(s) involve punctuation only, a """ indicates that the reading to the left of the bracket in the remainder of the entry, and a """" indicates omitted punctuation. Omitted words are represented by "om." For brevity, sequences of three or more sigla with the same reading appear as "initial siglum-last siglum," with the hyphen representing only the artifacts containing the poem; for example, the entry for line 60 of "The Storme" reads "60 thence [. ] D33-D39, Gr12–S67" because D35 through S67 generally agree with TT1, even though D35 and D69 have substantive verbal variants and D35–D69 as well as Gr12–S67 have substantive punctuation variants. The bracketed readings are in a hand other than that of the original copyist or are emendations created by Donne's modern editors. "HE" indicates title or heading.


5 done] dimme D33–S67. enowgh [om TT2. 6 fale] faile TT2; foul D69. rowgh [om ] TT2; 11 D33, D69–S67; tough; D35–D54. 7 though [thought TT2.


10 please [. ] TT2.

12 the] thy D33–S67, wench] [. ]; TT2; S67; [. ]; D33–Ga65, ye]. [. ]; TT2.


18 that] [. ]; D33, Gr12–S67, saye [. ]; D33–S67.

19 Gam. vt [. ]; Gam-vt; Gamut D33–D54, Gr12–S67; Gamuth D69.

20 sonne] [. ]; TT2–D54, Gr12–S67; [. ]; D69.

21 gam] [. ]; gam-vt; TT2; gamut; D33–D54, Gr12–S67; gamuth D69. it [. ]; D33–S67.

22 vrift] [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–D69, S67.

23 any [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67. albe [al be TT2–S67. her [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67.

24 bee [. ]; TT2–S67, is she [she is] D33–S67. singular [. ]; TT2.

25 wondrer [. ]; TT2.

26 he [he] TT2–S67, wonderfull [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67. too. [. ]; TT1; [. ]; D33–S67.

27 one] [. ]; D33–S67.


29 like [all like D33–S67, angels,] [. ]; D33–S67. they] [. ]; then TT2; the D33–S67.

30 worse] [. ]; TT1; [. ]; D33–D39, Gr12–S67; [. ]; D49–D69.

31 impare [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67.


33 nights reuelles] nightReuelles TT2.

34 vie [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67.

35 ofth] [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67.

36 the] [. ]; there is] D33–S67. waye [. ]; TT2.


38 leowesyl] [. ]; D33–S67.

39 Eweunches] [. ]; TT2; D49–D54; [. ]; D69.


42 town] [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–D54, Gr12–S67. towns] D69.

43 her] [. ]; D33–S67.


45 day] [. ]; the day D33–S67.

46 then] [. ]; than D33–D69. Sea [. ]; TT2; [. ]; D33–S67. more] [. ]; Moores D33–S67.


A S U R E | some | s u r r e n d e r | But | D 3 3 | S 6 7 .
50 twere | T'wes | T'I2.
52 then | th a n | 035-069 .
53 Whom dildoes, beadstaves and her veluet
54 harte; | _A TI2-054, Grn-S67 ; whore
55 ffor feare; | forsweare TI2; With feare
56 crampe; | crampe, 033-054, Grn-S67; _ A
57 she | th en | 035-069. 
58 Where) | -? 0B-054, Grn-S67; -: 069. 
59 satisfy ) | satisfy me, 035-069.
60 Selfes) | selfe 033.
61 please) | - : DB, S67; - , 035-054 , M67 ; -)
62 statecloth | state-cloth
63 Religion| - ; DB, M67 , S67; -. 035- Gru .
64 dead) | death? 033-S67 .
65 is) -; 033, S67; -. 035-M67 .
66 Religion| - ; DB, M67 , S67·
67 kind
68 Religion | coarse 035-069 .
69 humours) | -; DB, 039-S67 ; -. 035 ·.
70 rose) -.
71 fially) -.
72 thes) | thes; 033-S67.
73 speare) | speake A TI2 ; spake; 033-S6 7.
74 att) in 0B-069. 
75 As| full, as 0B-S67 .
76 forgetfull| as lustfull
77 that) than 039-069. 
78 Stranger) | strong; 33; strong: D33; strong! Grn-S67.
79 is] !]. D35-M67.
80 truth) Truth D33-S67.
81 must about) about must D33-S67. goe] must goe; D33-D64;
82 soe] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35, D99-; D49-D69.
84 that the D3-24. night) ; " D33, . D35-S67.
85 does] ; D33-D45, S67 ; " D69-M67.
86 paines] ; D33-S67. to to D33-D69. 
87 reach, ] ; D31, Griz-267 ; " D59-D69.
89 found] ; D33-S67.
90 here] owl D33-D69, S67.
92 fate] Fate D33-S67.
94 not) owm D33-D45.
95 day) ? D33-S67. will Or will D35-D69; Oh, will Griz, S67.
97 or) or a D33-S67. thee me d69. this] ? Griz-S67.
99 stronger] strong; 33; strong: D33; strong! Grn-S67.
102 Idolatry] ; D33, S67 ; . D35-Gri-102.
103 is] ; D31, Griz-267.
108 lost] ; D33-S67.
118 Satyre III . | D33-S67 (IV D35-D69, M67).
121 Well] ; D33-S67. die] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35-D69.
121 i] ; D31.
122 yester] ; D33-D69.
125 Surs) s innes 033-S67. and) but 069.
131 to] to; and 067. scant] scarce Grz. this] . D33-S67.
132 sene) : | D33-S67.
134 Court) ; D33-S67. Clare| Glaze D33.
139 a] owm D33-S69.
140 curse] ; D33-D9, Griz-267 ; . D49-
141 scapd .) - , 0B-S67.
143 forget] forgetfull: D33-S67.
144 full, as D33-S67. lustfull} as lustfull
145 D33, Griz-267.
147 and wittlesse] as wittlesse D33-S67.
149 thou] ; D33-S67.
151 name] ; D33, S67 ; : D35:D69; . Griz, M67.
152 use] ; D33-D69.
153 rose] ; D33-D69.
154 breged] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35-D69. then D33-S67.
157 aloewy] ; D33-S67.
158 true] ; D33-S67.
159 father] Father D35-
161 his] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35-D69.
162 is] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35-D69.
163 her] ; D33, Griz-267 ; " D35-D69. 
170 or] to D33-S67. 
their kin can walk: D33-S67.
79 om] Your ears shall be heard, but Kings; your eyes meet D33-S67.
89 ground] ground D33-D69.
94 mee] D33, S67-; D35, 95 then] than D49-D64.
111 mee] on D33-G12, S67; men M67. more]; D31-S67. ndoortoek] had vndorettoke D53-S69.
115 to] on D33-S67.
120 man] D33-S67.
121 paid] D33-S67.
123 that] on D33-D45.
124 day] D33-S67.
129 then] than D35-D69.
131 me thought] methought D69.
134 That as burnt venomed Leachers doe growe sound] (venome D35-D44, Gr12, S67; ven¬omous D69); om D33.
135 By giuing others their sores I might growe om D33.
136 Gulite and he free, therefore I did showe] (free: D35-S67; shewe D35-S67); om D33.
137 loathing] D33-S67.
146 Though] I thought D13.
147 more] more ligge D33-S67. yow]; D33-S67.
152 more] such D69. then] than D35-D44; as D69. bee] D33-S67.
153 them] thence D33-S67. then] than D35-D69.
156 precious] piteous D35-D69.
159 on] or D35-D69. mee], ? D33, Gr12, S67; D35-D69; ? M67, and] om D33-S67.
160 more], D33-D45, Gr12-S67; ? D69.
161 accuser], D33-D45, Gr12-S67; ? D69.
162 none] none D69.
173 are] ours are, D33-S67 (are) D39-M67.
178 are] were D35-D44.
179 mee]?) D13-D9, Gr12-S67; ? D49-D69.
180 the] their D33-S67.
183 sell] D13, Gr12-S67; ? D35-D69.
185 Court] D13-S67, players], D13, Gr12-S67; ? D35-D69, M67.
186 Inventory] D13, S67.
188 come] D13, Gr12-S67; ? D35-D69.
71 they are 035-567. Angels; 035-567.
77 Angels
78 verrues; 035-567. Powers; 035-567.
81 mother; 035-567. for C 035-Grn, 567.
84 bring; 035-Grn, 567.
85 Oestind; 035-Grn, 567. a;
86 alone; 035-Grn, 567.
87 which; 035-Grn.
89 bee; 035-GrI2., 567; -, Ga65. paynes;
90 that; 035-069. thy
c
92 Lust breed; Lust breedes TI2; Lust-bred
96 mischiefes; mischiefe 035-069. which that
97 none; -; 035, 039, Grn, 567; -: 049-069; -;
98 their; there TI2.
100 diuelles; duells--+diu[lls TI2.
104 round about; round-about 035-054.
106 that
t
110 thee; the TI2. present; -. 035, 039, 069-
II4 forgiue; -; 035, 039, Grn, 567; -: 049-
HE
116 that; the 033-Grn, 567.
121 Enforcd; -, 033-054, Grn-567.
124 that; it 033-069. hung; hangs 033-069;
125 World's; Worlds 069.
128 a
130 die; -. 033-567.
132 woodbine; Wood-bine 033-567. handes; -,
136 that
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142 round about; round-about 035-054.
143 that
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148 round about; round-about 035-564. burned
burnt 033-567. away.
150 when; where 033. rent; -? 033-567.
152 Are; A 069. Priests; Priest 069. in
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157 that
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162 And; am
166 that
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167 that
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170 that
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179 durt; part On.
182 that
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183 that
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185 that
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190 Enforcd; -, 033-054, Grn-567.
193 And; am
195 that
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199 And; am
200 that
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201 Enforcd; -, 033-054, Grn-567.
203 And; am
207 And; am
210 And; am
212 And; am
213 And; am
215 And; am
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227 And; am
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263 And; am
267 And; am
271 And; am
275 And; am
279 And; am
283 And; am
287 And; am
291 And; am
295 And; am

HE Elegia 4: Elegie III. D33, D69; Eleg. III.

Change D33-D4, Gr12; Change G65; Elegie Change S67.

1 woorke[s] word D69.

2 vndoe] D33-D4, Gr12-S67; - D69.


4 Confiirme] Confiirme D33-D4, Gr12-S67.

5 loue] D33, D4, D69, S67; D3, D69.

12 men] D33-D4, Gr12-S67; - D69.

24 too.

23 Loue] D33-D4, Gr12-S67; - D69.

26 charge] charge D69, S67. then] than D69.

34 om] D69, Gr12, G65.

30 Roguery] anyone (one: Gr12, S67).

567. die] - D69.

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1. summer] summers D33-D69, beautie
4. counsellors]ณ D33-D69. sea
5. it were] were D33-D19, Gr12, 567. [were] D49-D69, Ga65.
7. were] were D31-D69. golden] Golden D33-D69. age] D33-D69. age (D69). true] D3-D14, Gr12, 567.
8. shees] they are D33, but new] and euer
11. then] than D3-D69.
13. those] these D33-D69. graues;] D3-D69.
15. he] on TT2.
18. but] yet D3-D69.
20. name] D3-D69.
21. thee] the TT2. then] D33, Gr12-D69.
22. D35-D69.
25. name] D33-D69.
26. thee] the TT2. then] D33, Gr12-D69.
27. D35-D69.
31. name] D33-D69.
32. thee] the TT2. then] D33, Gr12-D69.
33. D35-D69.
34. saw] D3-D69.
35. saw] D3-D69.
36. D3-D69.
37. sunne] Sunne D33-D69.
39. but] only D33-D69.
40. now] yet D3-D69.
41. weere] were D33-D69.
42. his] this D69.
43. Then] Than D35-D69.
44. Then] Than D35-D69.
45. D3-D69.
46. D3-D69.
47. sinat] D3-D69.
49. newes] news D33-D69.
50. As D35-D69.
51. second] D33-D69.
52. There] Then D33-D69.
54. to] to D33-D69.
55. stringes] D3-D69.
57. a goe] a goe TT2.
58. agoe] a goe TT2.
60. Strue] Strue D35-D69.
61. D33-D69.
62. D33-D69.
63. D35-D69.
64. knowe] knows D33-D69.
67. elder] eldest D35-D69.
69. are one] D49-D69.
70. couer] D33, Gr12-D69.
71. D35-D69.
72. D33-D69.
73. furjes] farse TT2.
74. thee] D33-D69.
75. to] to TT2.
76. ending] ending D69.
77. fights] fighthinge TT2.
78. but] but D69.
79. No] Now D69.
80. Lanthornes] D33, Gr12-D69.
81. today] day TT2.
82. D33-D69.
83. hollowewes] hollowews TT2.
84. then] than D35, D39.
85. thayre] th'ayre TT2.
86. aire] D31, Gr12-D69.
87. homeward] homeward D33, Gr12-D69.
88. agoe] agoe TT2.
To Mr. Rowland Woodward. Like one who 'er third widowhood.' Texts: TII (39v-40), TII (19v), 033-Grn, M67, 567.

The Broken Heart. Texts: TII (44v), TII (22v), D33-G65, 567.

The Legacie. Texts: TII (44), TII (22v), D33-G65, 567.

To Mr. Roundland Woodward. D33-567.

The Legacie. D33-Gr12, 567; The Legacie G65.

To Mr. Roundland Woodward. King's; D33-567.

The Legacie. D33-Gr12, 567; The Legacie G65.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward. King's; D33-567.

The good-morrow. Texts: TII (45v), TII (23v), D33-G65, 567.

The broken heart. Texts: TII (44v), TII (23), D33-G65, 565, 567.

The good-morrow. D33-Gr12, 567; The good-morrow G65.

To St. Henry Wootton. 'Here's no more news.' Texts: TII (40), TII (20), D33-Gr12, M67, 567.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward. 'Like one who 'er third widowhood.' Texts: TII (39v-40), TII (19v), 033-Grn, M67, 567.

The King's good-morrow. Texts: TII (45v), TII (23v), D33-G65, 567.

The Legacie. D33-Gr12, 567; The Legacie G65.

To St. Henry Wootton. 'Here's no more news.' Texts: TII (40), TII (20), D33-Gr12, M67, 567.

The broken heart. Texts: TII (44v), TII (23), D33-G65, 565, 567.


Elegie to the Lady Bedford. Texts: TT1 (49v-49), D33-GrI2, M67, 567.

Elegie to the Lady Bedford. Texts: TT1 (49v), D33-GrI2, M67, 567.
Elegie: Death.


Elegie: Death.

He another Elegie upon the death of Mr: Bouldreff. (Mistress M78). Elegie. D33-G65.

Elegie: Death. TT2.

Elegie: Death. TT2.

Another Elegie vpon the death of Mr. James Burgh.

The tree more, that then d35-M78, lest d35-M78.

My modesty I give to soldiery bare; D33-M78 (bare: D49-D54; bare: D69).

Thou Love taught mee, by making mee D33-S67.

Love her that holds my love disparity, D33-S67.

Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity, D33-S67.

frendes: D33-D9, G65-S67; D49-D69. bee; D33-D9, G65-S67; D49-D69.

Doublfulness: D33-D9, G65-S67; D49-D69.

Excease: D33-D9, G65-S67; D49-D69.

nature: Nature TT2-S67, writ: D33-D9, G65-S67; D49-D69.

Comfort: D33-D9; D49-D69; G65-S67.

Rewards: TT2-D9; D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

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Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

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Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

Desire: D33-M78; D49-D69.

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About the Editor

Ernest W. Sullivan, II, is Professor of English at Texas Tech University. He is the editor of "Biathanatos" by John Donne (University of Delaware Press, 1984) and is a co-editor of the forthcoming Variorum Edition of the Poetry of John Donne (University of Missouri Press).

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