

## A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

by John Donne

LET me pour forth

My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,  
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,  
And by this mintage they are something worth.

For thus they be  
Pregnant of thee ;

Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more ;  
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore ;  
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball

A workman, that hath copies by, can lay  
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,  
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all.

So doth each tear,  
Which thee doth wear,

A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,  
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow  
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolvèd so.

O ! more than moon,

Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere ;  
Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear  
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon ;

Let not the wind  
Example find

To do me more harm than it purposeth :  
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,  
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

## THE SUN RISING.

by John Donne

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,  
Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains, call on us ?  
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

Late school-boys and sour prentices,

Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices ;

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou think ?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long.

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and to-morrow late tell me,

Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

## THE RELIC.

by John Donne

WHEN my grave is broke up again  
Some second guest to entertain,  
—For graves have learn'd that woman-head,  
To be to more than one a bed—

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,  
Will he not let us alone,

And think that there a loving couple lies,  
Who thought that this device might be some way  
To make their souls at the last busy day  
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where mass-devotion doth command,

Then he that digs us up will bring

Us to the bishop or the king,

To make us relics ; then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby ;

All women shall adore us, and some men.

And, since at such time miracles are sought,

I would have that age by this paper taught

What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,

Yet knew not what we loved, nor why ;

Difference of sex we never knew,

No more than guardian angels do ;

Coming and going we

Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals ;

Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,

Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.

These miracles we did ; but now alas !

All measure, and all language, I should pass,

Should I tell what a miracle she was.

She's all states, and all princes, I,

Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us ; compared to this,

All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus.

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere ;

This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.

“On a Drop of Dew”  
by Andrew Marvell

See how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
Yet careless of its mansion new,  
For the clear region where 'twas born  
Round in itself incloses:  
And in its little globe's extent,  
Frames as it can its native element.  
How it the purple flow'r does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies,  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light,  
Like its own tear,  
Because so long divided from the sphere.  
Restless it rolls and unsecure,  
Trembling lest it grow impure,  
Till the warm sun pity its pain,  
And to the skies exhale it back again.  
So the soul, that drop, that ray  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
Could it within the human flow'r be seen,  
Remembering still its former height,  
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,  
And recollecting its own light,  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
The greater heaven in an heaven less.  
In how coy a figure wound,  
Every way it turns away:  
So the world excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the day,  
Dark beneath, but bright above,  
Here disdainful, there in love.  
How loose and easy hence to go,  
How girt and ready to ascend,  
Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upwards bend.  
Such did the manna's sacred dew distill,  
White and entire, though congealed and chill,  
Congealed on earth : but does, dissolving, run  
Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

### On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide,  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton

### On his Deceased Wife by John Milton

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint  
Purification in the Old Law did save,  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.  
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear as in no face with more delight.  
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.