



To Hermann Brock
With Best Wishes
Arthur Lapau

THE COMPLETE POETRY AND
SELECTED PROSE OF

John Donne

&

THE COMPLETE POETRY OF

William Blake



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

Robert Silliman Hillyer



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INTRODUCTION by *Robert Silliman Hillyer*

THE COMPLETE POETRY AND
SELECTED PROSE OF JOHN DONNE

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This World, in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
 (Because since now no other way there is,
 But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,)
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
 So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie.
 Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determined)
 But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
 When sicknesse without remedie empaires
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law,
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd,
 Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead,

Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Than tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee,
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomie.
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmitie, since there is none
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light,
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented, arme
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme,
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
 Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
 This new world may be safer, being told
 The dangers and diseases of the old:
 For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
 There is no health; Physitians say that wee,
 At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
 And can there be worse sicknesse, than to know

That we are never well, nor can be so?
 Wee are borne ruinous: poor mothers cry,
 That children come not right, nor orderly;
 Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruine how importunate
 Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate
 Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
 For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principall in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funerall:
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
 And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
 We doe delightfully our selves allow
 To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
 Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde,
 And yet we do not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
 When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
 (Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;
 When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred years to see't againe,
 And then make up his observation plaine;
 When, as the age was long, the sise was great;
 Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
 And when the very stature, thus erect,
 Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct.
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.
 Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.

And as in lasting, so in length is man
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;
 For had a man at first in Forrests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assaile
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible; mankinde decays so soone,
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
 Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was.
 But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre.
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to Civility, and to mans use:
 This man, whom God did woe, and loth t'attend
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
 Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart.
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *shee*;

Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of *Eve*,
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchymie;
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie,
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou'rt lesse than an Ant.
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
 It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maim,
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament
 They seeke so many new; then see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
 All just supply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.

That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment are bent awry.
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
 Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
 That soules were but Resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies goe,
 As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.
 Shee, after whom, what forme soe'r we see,
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie;
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee:
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts,
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us: but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
 They're lothsome to, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent.
 And had the world his just proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,

As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury,
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
 To mingle, and vary colours every day:
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decai'd: summers robe growes
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,
 Is inward sunke, and only our soules are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead:
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is:
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, than pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
 Than that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is.
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
 In the due birth, downe the balmy showre;
 Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes;
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;

Th' Ayre shoves such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
 Th' Egyptian *Mages* to have made more such.
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
 Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish then.
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto us; shee working more than it.
 But shee, in whom to such maturity
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
 Shee, from whose influence all Impressions came,
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet guilded every state,
 So that some Princes have some temperance;
 Some Counsellors some purpose to advance
 The common profit; and some people have
 Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some graines of chastitie.
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
 But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.

And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but then
 When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example, and her vertue, if you
 In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse;
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
 A last, and lasting'st peece, a song. He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
 But keepe the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Mee, from thus trying to imprison her,