##  JOHN DONNE (1572-1631)

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|  The BaitCome live with me, and be my love,And we will some new pleasures proveOf golden sands, and crystal brooks,With silken lines and silver hooks.There will the river whisp'ring runWarm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun ;And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,Begging themselves they may betray.When thou wilt swim in that live bath,Each fish, which every channel hath,Will amorously to thee swim,Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,And if myself have leave to see,I need not their light, having thee.Let others freeze with angling reeds,And cut their legs with shells and weeds,Or treacherously poor fish beset,With strangling snare, or windowy net.Let coarse bold hands from slimy nestThe bedded fish in banks out-wrest ;Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,For thou thyself art thine own bait :That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,Alas ! is wiser far than I. A FeverO ! DO not die, for I shall hate    All women so, when thou art gone,That thee I shall not celebrate,    When I remember thou wast one. But yet thou canst not die, I know ;    To leave this world behind, is death ;But when thou from this world wilt go,    The whole world vapours with thy breath.Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,    It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then ;The fairest woman, but thy ghost,    But corrupt worms, the worthiest men. /…/ | **A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning**As virtuous men pass mildly away,      And whisper to their souls to go,  Whilst some of their sad friends do say,     "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."                     So let us melt, and make no noise,                          No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move ; 'Twere profanation of our joys      To tell the laity our love.  Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears ;     Men reckon what it did, and meant;                             But trepidation of the spheres,      Though greater far, is innocent.  Dull sublunary lovers' love      —Whose soul is sense—cannot admit  Of absence, 'cause it doth remove                                   The thing which elemented it.  But we by a love so much refined,     That ourselves know not what it is,  Inter-assurèd of the mind,      Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss. Our two souls therefore, which are one,      Though I must go, endure not yet  A breach, but an expansion,      Like gold to aery thinness beat.  If they be two, they are two so                         As stiff twin compasses are two ;  Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show      To move, but doth, if th' other do.  And though it in the centre sit,      Yet, when the other far doth roamIt leans, and hearkens after it,      And grows erect, as that comes home.  Such wilt thou be to me, who must,     Like th' other foot, obliquely run ; Thy firmness makes my circle just     And makes me end where I begun.   |

 **John Milton (1608-1674)**

**Paradise Lost (1674, 2nd edition)**

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|  **Book I, 105-124**What though the field be lost? All is not lost; the unconquerable Will, And study of revenge, immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield: And what is else not to be overcome? That Glory never shall his wrath or might Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace With suppliant knee, and deifie his power Who from the terrour of this Arm so late Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed, That were an ignominy and shame beneath This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods And this Empyreal substance cannot fail, Since through experience of this great event In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't, We may with more successful hope resolve To wage by force or guile eternal Warr Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe, Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.**Book IV, 634-656**To whom thus EVE with perfet beauty adorned. My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains, God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more Is woman’s happiest knowledge and her praise. With thee conversing I forget all time, All seasons and thir change, all please alike. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet, With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun When first on this delightful Land he spreads His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth After soft showers; and sweet the coming on Of grateful Evening milde, then silent Night With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon, And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train: But neither breath of Morn when she ascends With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower, Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers, Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon, Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet.  | **Book IV, 32-78**O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd, Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call, But with no friendly voice, and add thy name O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams That bring to my remembrance from what state I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare; Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King: Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return From me, whom he created what I was In that bright eminence, and with his good Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. What could be less then to afford him praise, The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks, How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me, And wrought but malice; lifted up so high I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher Would set me highest, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endless gratitude, So burthensome, still paying, still to ow; Forgetful what from him I still receivd, And understood not that a grateful mind By owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and dischargd; what burden then? O had his powerful Destiny ordaind Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand? Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse, But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all? Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate, To me alike, it deals eternal woe. Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will Chose freely what it now so justly rues. Me miserable! which way shall I flie Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire? Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell; And in the lowest deep a lower deep Still threatning to devour me opens wide, To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n. |