

## AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD

Wherein, By occasion of the untimely death of  
Mistris ELIZABETH DRURY, the frailty and the decay of this  
whole World is represented.

### THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

#### *To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomie*

Well dy'd the World, that we might live to see  
This world of wit, in his Anatomie  
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires  
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,  
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain, 5  
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine.  
Yet how can I consent the world is dead  
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead  
Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,  
In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10  
And thou the subject of this welborne thought,  
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought  
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,  
Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate  
Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, 15  
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:  
Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace  
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:  
A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much  
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch; 20  
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,  
And say, that but enough those prayes bee,  
Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head  
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:  
Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone, 25  
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne  
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay  
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,  
But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee  
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee. 30

Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,  
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:  
 Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,  
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.  
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin 35  
 Serve but to sound thy Makers praise, in thine,  
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him  
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,  
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;  
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree: 40  
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,  
 Thy early love, thy vertues, did presage  
 What an high part thou bear'st in those best songs,  
 Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.  
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossfull gaine 45  
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;  
 Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot,  
 Till wee shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

## AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

### *The First Anniversary*

*The entrie  
 into the  
 worke.*

When that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,  
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,  
 (For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse  
 It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,  
 And by Deedes praise it? hee who doth not this, 5  
 May lodge an In-mate soule, but 'tis not his.)  
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,  
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,  
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,  
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10  
 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, 15  
 (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; 20  
 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 than, and than 25  
 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. 30  
 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, 35  
 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 determind) 40  
 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, 45  
 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, 50  
 Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead,  
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered  
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more  
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.  
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55  
 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 Anatomy. 60  
 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 65  
 Alive to study this dissection;
- What life  
 the world  
 hath stil.* 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, 70  
 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, 75  
 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, 80  
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,  
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,  
 Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,  
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)  
 Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, 85  
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,  
 This new world may be safer, being told  
 The dangers and diseases of the old:
- The  
 sicknesses  
 of the  
 World.  
 Impossibility  
 of  
 health.* For with due temper men doe then forgoe,  
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know. 90  
 There is no health; Physitians say that wee,  
 At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.  
 And can there bee worse sicknesse, then to know  
 That we are never well, nor can be so?  
 Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry, 95  
 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 100  
 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: 105  
 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. 110  
 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; *Shortnesse*  
 When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree, *of life.*  
 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 yeares to see't againe,  
 And then make up his observation plaine; 120  
 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, 125  
 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. 130  
 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 *Smalnesse*  
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne; *of stature.*  
 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 140  
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,  
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe  
 As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,  
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:  
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne 145  
 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. 150  
 But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't;  
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt:  
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,  
 In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.  
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe; 155  
 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. 160  
 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 165  
 Them to Civility, and to mans use:  
 This man, whom God did wooe, 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! 170  
 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, 175  
 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 poysounous tincture, and the staine of Eve, 180  
 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'st thus much by our Anatomie, 185  
 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 then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant. 190  
 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 195  
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,  
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.  
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than  
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.  
 So did the world from the first houre decay, *Decay of*  
 That evening was beginning of the day, *nature in*  
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see, *other parts.*  
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.  
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, 205  
 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 210  
 They seeke so many new; they 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, 215  
 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

This is the worlds condition now, and now  
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220  
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,  
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;  
 She whom wise nature had invented then  
 When she observ'd that every sort of men  
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, 225  
 And needed a new compasse for their way;  
 She that was best, and first originall  
 Of all faire copies, and the generall  
 Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and brest  
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East; 230  
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow  
 Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so,  
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,  
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:  
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer, 235  
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,  
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie 240  
 In any humour, or one certaine part;  
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,  
 Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold  
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,  
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit 245  
 The worlds infection, to be none of it.  
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts  
 Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.  
 For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,  
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. 250  
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,  
 Their round proportion embracing all.  
 But yet their various and perplexed course,  
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce  
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts, 255  
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,  
 As disproportion that pure forme: It teares  
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,

*Disformity  
 of parts.*



And in these Constellations then arise  
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes: 260  
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,  
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are.  
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake  
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake  
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule, 265  
 And fright him backe, who else to either Pole  
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:  
 For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne  
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way  
 One inch direct; but where he rose to-day 270  
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,  
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:  
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,  
 He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.  
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne 275  
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.  
 All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels.  
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,  
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne  
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne. 280  
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus  
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.  
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race  
 They're diversly content t'obey our pace.  
 But keepest the earth her round proportion still? 285  
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill  
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke  
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?  
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,  
 Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way 290  
 Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die.  
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,  
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise  
 At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:  
 If under all, a Vault infernall bee, 295  
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we  
 Invent another torment, that there must  
 Millions into a strait hot roome be thrust)

*Disorder  
in the  
world.*

Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.  
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300  
 Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this  
 The worlds proportion disfigured is;  
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,  
 Reward and punishment are bent awry.  
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305  
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,  
 Since even grieffe it selfe, which now alone  
 Is left us, is without proportion.  
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee  
 Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree, 310  
 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, 315  
 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 320  
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace  
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.  
 Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,  
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie;  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this 325  
 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, 330  
 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) 335  
 They're lothsome too, 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. 340  
 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, 345  
 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: 350  
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,  
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.  
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,  
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,  
 And colour is decai'd: summers robe growes 355  
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.  
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spred,  
 Is inward sunke, and only our soules are red.  
 Perchance the world might have recovered,  
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead: 360  
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew  
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,  
 As in an unvest Paradise; from whom  
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,  
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365  
 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 knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is: 370  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,  
 That it should more affright, then 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,  
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,

*Weaknesse in  
 the want of  
 correspondence  
 of heaven  
 and earth.*

Or that the Elements doe not feele this,  
 The father, or the mother barren is. 380  
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,  
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy showre;  
 Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,  
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;  
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes; 385  
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;  
 Th' Ayre showes 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. 390  
 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? 395  
 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, 400  
 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 405  
 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 than.  
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,  
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410  
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
 That unto us; shee working more then it.  
 But shee, in whom to such maturity  
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;  
 She, from whose influence all Impressions came, 415  
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,  
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate

All states to gold, yet gilded every state,  
 So that some Princes have some temperance;  
 Some Counsellers some purpose to advance 420  
 The common profit; and some people have  
 Some stay, no more then 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, 425  
 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't thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430  
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing  
 Is worth our travaile, grieffe, 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, *Conclusion.*  
 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; 440  
 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, 445  
 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, 450  
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man  
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than  
 When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,  
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.  
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, 455  
 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; 460  
 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, 465  
 But keepe the song still in their memory:  
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made  
 Me this great Office boldly to invade:  
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
 Mee, from thus trying to emprison her, 470  
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,  
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.  
 Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules,  
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

### *A Funerall Elegie*

'Tis lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,  
 Or to confine her in a marble chest.  
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,  
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,  
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? 5  
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;  
 And so is all to her materials,  
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,  
 Yet she's demolish'd: can wee keepe her then  
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give  
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?  
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee  
 Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee.  
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15  
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be  
 In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie  
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?  
 But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow

Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20  
 For her death wounded it. The world contains  
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,  
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore;  
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25  
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet.  
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set  
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget  
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee  
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee; 30  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.  
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,  
 Death cannot give her such another blow, 35  
 Because shee cannot such another show.  
 But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said  
 That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,  
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand  
 Repollish'd, without errour then to stand, 40  
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes  
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,  
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore 45  
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?  
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee  
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?  
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene  
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50  
 Wee lose by't: and as aged men are glad  
 Being tastlesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,  
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon  
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55  
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one.  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,

Because it need disguise no thought within. 60  
 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule;  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.  
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:  
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;  
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65  
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.  
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,  
 Those new starres every Artist exercise,  
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out: 70  
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
 Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee:  
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,  
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75  
 For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.  
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon  
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;  
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,  
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*; 80  
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,  
 She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:  
 Hee which not knowing her said History,  
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,  
 How faire, and chast, humble, and high she'ad been, 85  
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,  
 And measuring future things, by things before,  
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,  
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,  
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke. 90  
 But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her  
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre  
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty  
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.  
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95  
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,  
 She did no more but die; if after her  
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,  
 Every such person is her deligate,



*A guilty mind is always suspicious*

JOHN DONNE

187

T'accomplish that which should have been her Fate. 100  
They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks  
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.  
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,  
Which from the gift of her example rise;  
And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, 105  
To see how well the good play her, on earth.