

It is true to day what thought it he  
wilt thou have more up from me  
why should we see because the light  
Did we see down because it was night  
One which in sight of darkness brought us together  
Should in sight of light hold us together

Sight hath no tongue but is all eye  
If it could speake as well as see  
His is worst if it could say  
That being with I faine would stay  
And that I love my hart & honour for  
That I would not from him if hath y<sup>e</sup> gov<sup>r</sup>

Nature most faire most sweet in y<sup>e</sup> creation  
Mint you should see her onely precious flesh  
But want me stuffe to perfect so gaine pleasure  
Shee made y<sup>e</sup> outward like yet inside cruel

Must beware then from herie remove  
Oh that's the worst disease of love  
The more the foule the false love can  
Admit but not the busie man  
For that both busines & makes love; doth doe  
Such wrong, as if a maimed man should use

I am twofales I know  
For loving & for saying soe

But whereas that wiseman that would not be soe  
If shee would not demer  
Then as the earthes inward narrow crooked lanes  
Doe purge sea waters fretfull salt away  
Through rymes vexation, I should then allay  
Quidlife brought to numbers, cannot be so fine,  
For he takes it that fetters it in verse

But when I have done for  
Some man his art & voice to show  
And by delighting any free againe  
To love & give tribute of verse belongs  
But not of such as please when tis read  
For both their travails so are published  
And I which was twofales, doe for grow three  
Who are a little wife, the best of all he

As easy mans fault & howe in his songe  
Lives onely would be read, and better  
Nor hath, nor good, nor knowne would be  
And lowest songe would be most affected  
The holy Hermit would be reposed  
In summe outgoe of till good read from  
The outstretched Virgins led out on  
In talour full of guilt in appaer  
Nor I my selfe, feat could my selfe know best  
Nor thou (deare me) couldst be seen or  
Howe should be in many tongues profest  
For for the world, I for haught  
I for my selfe and fault above  
I for my selfe, thou from thy selfe  
I for my selfe, thou from thy selfe

The quondam contented ames his love  
Sinfaynes & Goodmens  
A Johanni Bannico

As vertuous men passe mildly away  
And whisper to their soules to goe  
Whilst some of their sad friends doe saye  
Nowe his breath's gone, & some say noe.

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So let us melt, & make no noise  
Nor teare floods, nor sighs tempests move,  
Twere profanation of our ioyes  
To tell the Laytie our Loue.

Movings of the earth cause harme & feare,  
Men reckon what they did, or ment:  
But Trepactions of the Speare  
Though greater farr are innocent.

But we by love so much refined,  
As our sweet soules knowe not what it is,  
Ginterchanged of the mind,  
Carry these hands, cheeks & lips to kisse

Our two soules therefore which are one  
Though I must goe endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion:  
Like gold to ayrie thinnes bett.

If they bee two, they are two soe  
As two <sup>sp. points</sup> stiff compasses are ~~not~~ two,  
The first foule the firste foote makes no shewe  
To moue but doth if th'other doe.  
And though he it is, the Center sit  
Whilst the other farr abroad doth roame  
It Leanes & harkens after it  
And growes erect as it comes home.

Quere, wilt thou be to me who must  
Like th'other foote, obliquely runne  
Thy firmnes makes my Circle iust  
And makes me end where I begun.

John Donne 22 Novembris  
1622.

To the Jew of men's blood  
A warme hand would  
The first Prayers to you is due  
The last to the true  
H. J.