

The Description of a storme by Doctor Donne.

Thou whiche art (It is nothing to be so)
 thou ^{ch} art still thy self by these shalt know
 part of our passage; and a hand or ey
 by Hilliard drawn is worth an history,
 by a worse painter made; & without pride
 (when by thy iudgement they ar dignifyd)
 my lines ar sueke, 'tis the preheminance
 of friendship only to impute excellence.
 England, to whom we owe what we bee & have,
 said that her sonns did seeke a foreyna graue
 (for fates ^{or} fortunes drifts none can south say
 honor and misery have one face and way.)
 From our hor pregnant intrayls right a wynd
 w^{ch} at the ayres middle marfle roome did fynd
 sueke strong resistance that it self ~~did~~ ^{threw} it threw
 downward agayn, and so when it did view
 how in the port our ships dear time did lose ^{lose}
 withering like prisoners, whiche but by but for fees
 mydly it kirt our sailes, and freshe and sweete,
 as to a stomack starv'd (whose inn-ides mee'te)
 meate cumy, it came, & swell'd our sailes, when we
 so ioy, as Sara her swelling ioy to see:
 but 't was but so kynd, as our cuntrymen,
 w^{ch} bring friends one days way, & leave them then

34 then like two mighty kings, ⁱⁿ dwelling far
arunder meeke against a third to warre,
y south & west wynds ioyne, & as they blew,
waues like a rowling trenche before them threw,
sooner then you reade this line, did y gale
like chott, not feard till felt, our sailes assaile:
and what at first was calld a gale, the same
hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name,
Jonas I pitty thee, and curse those men,
who when y storme rage most, did wake thee then,
sleep is paines easiest salve, & doth fullfill
all offices of death, except to kill:
but when I wake, I saw that I saw not,
I saw the sunn w^{ch} shouldd teache, had forgott
east, west, day, night, & I could but say
if y world had lasted now, it had been day:
thousand our noises were, yet we amongst all
I could none by his right name but thunder call,
lightning was all our light, and it raynd more,
then if the sunn had drunk the sea before.
Some cabbin'd in their coffins equally
griev'd y they were not dead, & yet must dy:
and as sinn: burden'd soules from graues will creepe
at y last day, sum forth their cabbins peepe,
and trembling aske what news, and do hear so

35. as isalous husbands what they would not know:
sum sitting on the hatches would see me there
with hideous gazing to feare away feare,
there note they the ships sicknes, the mast
shak't with his age, and the hould and wast
with a salt droppe clogg'd, and all our tacklings
knapping like too high stretch't trebble strings,
and from our tattered sailes, raggs drop'd down so
as from one hand in chaines a year ago;
eun our ordinance plac't for our defense
strive to break loose, and gett away from thence,
jumping hath ty'd our men, v' what's y' gain'd
seas into seas thrown we suckt in againe,
hearing hath deaf't our sailors, and if they
knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say:
compar'd to this storm, death is but a calme
hell somewhat lightsome, and Bermudo calme:
Darknes lights Eder brother, his birth-right
claimes ore this world, v' to heaun hath cha't light,
all things ar one, and that one none can be
since all formes uniforme deformity
doth eouer so, that we (except God say
another fiat) shall have no more day:
so violent, yet long these furies be,
that though thine absence starue me, I wishe not thee.