

Mr. Donne his Elegy  
Upon his Mistresse's Chayre.

Not that in colour it was like thy hayre,  
For arm letts of that, thou magst let me weare;  
Nor that thy hand it oft embraced, and kept,  
For so it had that good, which oft I mist;  
Nor for that it thy old Morality,  
That as thine links are, by us, our loves should be;  
Mourni'g; That if thy seain fold Chayre have lost  
Nor for the sack sake; but the bitter cost  
I shall twolve righteous Angells, which as yet,  
No heere of wilde sodes yet admitt;  
Nor yet by any faint saue, or grace, or gon,  
From the first state of thy Creation:  
Angells, which heauen comended to provide  
All things for me, and be my faithfull guides;  
To gaine my friends, & appease great Enmyes,  
My soule to comfort, when I weep or rise:  
Shall be my iudges, & my iudges  
Sentences, dread Iudges, my sinnes great burthen bear  
Shall batty be damned, and in the furnace thrown.  
And punisht for offences not thys owne?  
They saue not mee, they doe not ease my paynes,  
When in that hell they' haue said to be in Chay  
Were thy but garments of France, & cared not,  
If any of them thys naturall country rott,  
I thinke, possibly, they come mee to be  
No seages, & thys so pale, so diuines:  
That heere are thy Chayres most high, & be  
I gye thy names are vncircled most Jewell.  
So were thy Spanish Chambril, with traungling,  
That doe become as catholique, as thys King,  
Thys in light brave ribbles, but by the picture  
Which more than canon tholl sayles, or letts;  
Which negligently left on round, like  
Like many angled figures, in the bake  
Of some great comiter, that would enforce  
Nature, as thys doe Justice, from her course;

Or over it God, such as that which with all  
Almighty Chemicke, from each Mineral,  
Haling by subtle fire a soule out pulld,  
For dustily, and desperately gulld.  
I would not spit, to quench the fire they were in,  
For they are guilty of much heinous Sin.  
But shall my name be longer prayd? shall  
I lose my food, my raps, my goods, my all?  
Much hope which they would nourish, will be dead,  
Much of my alle-youth and fasty head  
Will waste, if you lose, let them alone,  
For then will your me left, where they are gone.  
I be content, that some loud speaking Cryer,  
Well-pleas'd with our leave, have bare words, for byres  
May like a Drivell, roare through every street.  
But shall the fowlers confessions if they meet.  
Or let me creep in some <sup>horrid</sup> covert,  
That with fantastique Scenes fills much papers,  
That hath divided Heaven into Jewments,  
And with Whores, Thieves, and Murderers, stuff his vents  
So full, that though he pass them all in Sin,  
He leaves himself no room to enter in.  
And if with all his fort, and time is spent,  
He say, I will never be fayd, ~~but~~ be content!  
Decree the down from me by judgement,  
Be cause he is the mouth of Deceit.  
But thou art so swayed, <sup>at his down</sup>  
yet with such anguish, tis hid only some  
The Mother in the hungry Crave, both lay,  
unto the fire these Angells I betray.  
God, soules for you give life to every thing;  
God Angells! for you our prayers you bring;  
Durst you might have bene so such a one,  
As would have lov'd, and worshipt you alone;

shew with all  
 the Murtherers,  
 & out-pull'd,  
 guilt.  
 the five they were in  
 by your King.  
 shall  
 & hands, my all?  
 the night, with bed dead,  
 and fairly dead  
 let them alone,  
 & make them gone.  
 and speaking Cryes,  
 & lured bare words, for byres  
 through every street:  
 as if they met.  
 & coverers,  
 and fills much papers  
 in Journals,  
 and Murtherers, stuff his vents  
 for there all in him,  
 will to enter in.  
 & time is spent,  
 and ~~the~~ be content!  
 in ~~the~~ judging by,  
 & of ~~the~~ thing.  
 & all ~~the~~ done.  
 as his only some  
 & grace both lay,  
 with of betray.  
 & to every thing;  
 papers you bring,  
 bear to such a one,  
 worship you above;

that would have suffered hunger, nakedness,  
 & Death, rather than make your number  
 But I am guilty of your sad Decay,  
 May your few fellows, longer with me stay:  
 But, O they were true friends, whom I hate  
 So much, I almost pity thy estate.  
 Now, ring for, red red mettall, amongst us  
 May my most brave legs, upon thee fall!  
 These fellows, murthered, and hang'd in chains  
 First mayd thou be, then chains to pillish  
 or be with foreign gods brib'd, to betray  
 thy Country, and faith both of that, and thy  
 May the next thing, thou drop'st it to reach, contain  
 Payson, whose nimble fume, both thy worst trayn  
 of Shillings, or some interdicted thing,  
 To migrably kept, thy ruin brings:

Last  
 May  
 All in  
 war.  
 The  
 Affe  
 May  
 But  
 Note

This is a lacuna  
 in ms.

& cause his Lordship, would I were at the  
 Jo. Dones