

The Complete Poems of S. John Donne  
Edited by S. Grock. . 1872

I attach very great weight to a  
manuscript now in the possession  
of F. W. Cozens. It has the book  
plate of Thomas Stephens of the  
Arms Temple, Espino and is  
dated 19 July 1620. It is a sing-

-ularly rich collection. The mass  
paradoxes (showing interesting variation  
from the first portion and exclusiveness  
of Donne) which are nearly complete  
and with additions there are poems  
by Lewis, Daniel, King and others.  
The utmost pains had evidently been  
taken by the writer of this precious 4<sup>to</sup>  
M.S. - at times he leaves a

# Legia Tercia.

Sorrow, who to this house first knew y<sup>e</sup> way  
 Is oh! Heir of it: but all is his prey  
 His strange thame claimed strang<sup>e</sup> words  
 Blotting out so strange as to weep & sob,  
 His voice his voice loud speaking words  
 And give cause too, to roud tongues, not  
 It will go left doors from A Eyes before  
 That to fill his deep all y<sup>e</sup> younger hair  
 Whif A sweet Grace, A ymber by A Tree  
 As to A Paradise that Transplanted  
 Be felt, and burnt for holy sacrifice  
 As that must witness with by its sacrifice;  
 Do we for him dead though no family  
 Ever y<sup>e</sup> A Dowle for Heaven's Distant  
 Wh<sup>o</sup> whom Adventure of more boldly dare  
 Venture here stay with him in joy to share  
 We want, what all friends wish him, he gave none  
 But life by death, with worst Foes would allow  
 If he had have Foes, in whose practice  
 He

Or.



All virtues whose names subtle Scholims know  
 What ease can hope that we should see him begot  
 When we must dye first, and cannot dye yett.  
 His Children are his Pictures oh! They be  
 Pictures of him dead, senseless, void as you.  
 His name in Marble Tombe surmounts the ground  
 His, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.  
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Elegia quarta.

Car. no. 70  
 (ca. 114)

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Syne  
 As that which from chas'd Mistrats pores doth trill  
 As that mighty Balm of the Orient East:  
 Such are the great drops on my Mistrats Bright  
 And on your Black eye they shine like Lustre stars  
 They seem no great drops, but sharp Carcanets  
 Rank sweat is froth to y<sup>e</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> brow & fly  
 Like spermatick Juice of ripe menstrous Byes  
 Or like that skum, which by needs can be, said  
 Inford's Lancer as starved Men did draw  
 From Parlyd shoes, & boots, & all y<sup>e</sup> best  
 With none with any Sovereign fatne begot.

Br.