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A Sonnet By D^r Donne pub: 1635

For Godsake hold your Tongue, & let me love,
Or chide my pulse, or my Gout,
My true grey Hairs, or ruind fortune flout,
With Wealth your state, your Mind with Arts improve
Take you a Course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
Or if things real, or his stamped Face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, Alas, whos injurd by my Love?
What Merchants Ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my Tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward Spring remove?
When did ye Leaks which my Veins fill
Add one more to the plague Bill?
Soldiers find Wars, & Lawyers find out still
Ligious Men, which quarrels move,
Though she v^ddo love.

N^o: Paraphrasd from D^r Donne - by Mr Foster Webb 1741

Forbear thy grave Advice, and let me love,
Or lay on Nature, not on me, the Blame:
Can Words the venerable Snow remove
From Ages head, or quench a Fevers flame?
As soon the winged Hours at thy Request
May cease to fly, as Love forsake my Breast:
Let others labour to be rich and great:
I envy not the Happiness that springs

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And all the joys which from that Being flow.
Scarce Eighteen Sunis had form'd the rolling Year,
And run their destin'd courses round this Sphere,
Since thou my undistinguished Frame survey'd
Among the lifeless heaps of Matter laid.
Thy Skill my elemental Clay refine,
The stragling Parts in beauteous Order joind,
With perfect Symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp't thy sacred Image on my Soul;
A Soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose Frame nor Force, nor Time, can ever destroy,
But shall subsist when Nature claims my Breath,
And bid Defiance to the power of Death,
To realms of Bliss with active Freedom soar,
And live when Earth & Skies shall be no more.
Indulgent God! in vain my Tongue essays,
For this immortal Gift to speak thy Praise... 20
How shall my Heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the Energy of Words must fail?
Oh! may its Influence in my Life appear
And ev'ry Action prove my Thanks sincere!
Grant me, great God, a Heart to thee inclin'd; 25
Increase my Faith & rectify my Mind.
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred Ways,
And to thy Service consecrate my Days.
Still as through Lifes uncertain Maze I stray
Be thou the guiding Star to mark my Way. 30
Conduct the Steps of my unguarded Youth;
And point thier Motions to the Paths of Truth.
Protect me by thy Providential Care,
And teach my Soul to avoid the Tempters Snare.
Through all the varied Scenes of human Life; 35
In Calms of Ease, or blustering Storms of Grief;
Through ev'ry turn of this Inconstant State,