

Some of the Poems in this Volume,
by Donne and Corbet, which, I believe,
were never before printed, have been
inserted by me in a Miscellany published
by S. and E. Harding, Pallmall.

F. G. Waldron.

— *Hic ille est cuius de gurgite sacro
Comhibet arcana nos magnum omnis Parla furres.*

▲
FIVE STYRES

de Letany, the Storme, and Calms.

By John Donne

Doctor in Divinitate.

*Juvenal: Satyra prima, versus 14^{us}.
Expectes eadem à summo minimaq; Poeta?*

*Joannes Nedham e Collegio Lincolnensi.
Martij 31 Die. Anno. 1625.*

THE CALM

Our storm is past and that storm's tyrannous rage
 A staid calm succeeds, w^{ch} nought doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and fare more
 A blocke afflicts now than a storme before.
 5 Storms chase and scowle away our pleasures as if
 In Calms we laugh to see us languish thus.
 As stiddy as I can wish my thoughts were
 Smooth as the m^{ns} glass, or white shines there
 10 The sea is now. yet as those fits which we
 Seeke when we can receive our ships rotd be,
 As waters did in stormes, now pitch runs out
 As lead when a fird church becomes one spout.
 And all our traine and our trim descages
 Like courts remouing, or like em^{ps} layers.
 15 The fightinge place the sea mens rage supply
 And all the tacklings is a tripping.
 No use of lanterns; and in our place lay
 Feathers, and dust to day and yesterday.
 Earths hollownes, which the worlds changes are
 20 Have no more sound then the upper vault of ayre.
 We can not lost lands nor sought for reuolt
 But Victor-like (save that we moue) we haue.
 Only the Calature to gather draught
 Deare brands which meet dead in great fishes iawes.
 25 And on the hatches as on altars lies
 Each one his owne priest, and owne sacrifice.
 Who see that miracles do multiply
 Where walkers in hott oares do not die?
 30 I! in despite of this were swimme, that bath
 No more refreshing then our brimston-bath,
 But from the sea into the sea we turne
 Like parboild wretches on the coales to burne.
 Like Balazet in cage the sheppards scoffe
 Or like slacks-sawed Sampson his layre of
 35 Languish our shippes. now as a myriade
 Of Ants durst the Emperours boat snake invade
 The crawling Gallies, sea-snakes, finny Chippes
 Might braue our Venices, now bedrid shippes
 40 Whether a rotten state and hope of gaine
 Or to disesse me from the garathe paine
 Of beinge beloud' and lowing, or the thirst
 Of honor or fayre death out push'd me first

I loose my end, for here as well as I
A desperate man may live a Coward Day.
45 Stagger, dodge or each which from or towards flies
As pray'd with life or stay, or danger dies
Take goodgeth of all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, gainst which we all stoop to pray
He that at sea prays for more winds will
50 Under the Pole may bea cold heate in hall.
What are we then? how little more (alasse)
Is man now, than before he was, he was?
Nothinge for us, we are for nothinge fitt
Chance or our selues still disproportion it:
60 We have not will, nor power, nor sense, I say
I should not then thus see this miserie.

At end of the Calme

Job: Donne.

Epigrams and Epigrammes

By Doctour

John Donne compos'd.

Satyra prima Persij, versu centesimo vigesimo 2^o.

Hoc videre meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo

Æliade. vv. vv.