

## The Bait

Come live with me, & be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, & crystal brooks,  
With silken lines & silver hooks.

There will the river wispering, e'er  
Harm'd by thine eyes, more than the dew,  
And there the enamour'd fish will play,  
Begging themselves they may betray,  
When thou wilt swim in that love bath,  
Each fish, which every channel hath,  
Will amorously to thee swim,  
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so sure art loath  
My sun or moon, thou art most both;  
And if myself have leave to see,  
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others pecke with angling reeds,  
And cut their legs with shells of reeds,  
Or treacherously poor fish best,  
With strangling snare, or winding net.

Let others coarse bold hands from slimy nets,  
The bedded fish in banks out rest,  
Ouvrious traitors, leave silk flies,  
Bewitch poor fishes wandering eyes,

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
 For thou thyself art thine own bait;  
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,  
 Was, is niser far than I. Donne

## The Apparition

When by thy death, O murderer, I am dead,  
 And thou shalt think thee free  
 Of all solicitation from me,  
 Then shall my Ghost come to thy bed,  
 And thee feign'd vital in worse arms shal see;  
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
 And he, whose thou art, being liv'd before,  
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
 Thou callest for more,  
 And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.  
 And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou  
 But to die a cold quicksilver sweat will lie  
 A wryer Ghost than I;  
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
 Lest that pursue thee; and since <sup>thy</sup> my love  
 I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,  
 Than by my presence great still innocent.  
Donne

## The Will

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me beath,  
 Great love, some legacies; I here bequeath  
 Mine eyes to Argus; if mine eye be gone;  
 If they be blind, then, Lord, I give them thee;  
 My tongue to Juno; if mine eye be gone;  
 My tongue to Juno; if mine eye be gone;  
 To Women, or the sea, my tears;  
 Thou, Love, hast taught me, how to give  
 My blissing me love her who had twenty more  
 That I should give to none, but such as  
 My constancy & to the planets give;  
 My bush to them, who at the Court do live;  
 Mine ingenuity and openness  
 To Jesuits; to Buffoons my pensiveness;  
 My silence to any who a d. have been;  
 My money to a Capuchin.  
 Thou Love taught'st me by appointing me  
 To love there, where no love receiv' can be.  
 Only to give to such, as have no good capacity  
 My faith to give to Roman Catholics;  
 All my good works unto the Schismatics  
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility  
 And courtship to an University.  
 My modesty I give to Soldiers base.  
 My patience let gamesters have.  
 Thou Love taught'st me, by making me  
 Love her, that holds my Love disparity.