POEMS,

By J. Donne

WITH

ELEGIES

ON THE AUTHOR'S

DEATH.

LONDON.

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Church-yard in Fleet-street, 1633.
In the Holy Scriptures to be inserted. p. 52.

'How hath made me, and shall all my work decay?'
Reap me now for my name and work's sake.

'Praise Death, and Death meets me as I fall.'
And all my pleasure was like yesterday.

'Dear now have I given my soul any more.'
Before the face of the Lord there is no life.

'Such forever and of my soul with each month.'
By sin is it, which is fought with all its might.

'Blessed is the man that is at peace above.'
And when together.

'This place, for I can say, I would again.'
But for my soul's sake, I would forget thee.

'These grace may move me to heav'n by art.'
And then shall the man and woman inherit

'Verily there was I was born again.'
'To be my great help, which I have brought

'God's grace, and thou, which I have sown'