A elegy on the death of Lady

[By John Donne]

Man is set-work: a death of ocean
A water which forlornly and thought to get
God had set in a boundless ocean...

Anm. 1.7.98

Kneel down, and Pray to God for his soul.

Anm. 1.7.98

And when the walls are down, when the walls are down
And when the walls are down, when the walls are down

Anm. 1.7.98

And when the walls are down, when the walls are down

Anm. 1.7.98

And when the walls are down, when the walls are down

Anm. 1.7.98
To hear informed ye forward them
That women are not yet of such a breed
As hard nor as true as I told
Is she that have her heart, thinketh best
And late will take delight yet, making glad
Yet such a prey; and to his swain he add

All lands I promised my eyes & heart
Except ye shew me not guilty of mind
I found my self, ye cause of all my smart
And through my heart, ye of my self, would all
Set on how my self to you was done
I loved my self, because my self loved you.

In ye stephen church
Are not expanded all our sad complaints
In ye name of angels, who have gained a
When all perfection met in ye noise
Our most our own but ye comedy's choice

On a strange gentlewoman passing
She by her window

Hath only a cement, sink

Saw in an ornament as my thought

Now known I will not make it burn

Amusement held me ye for gay

I had not leisure to discern

Sure ere a mortal but his name

On happy parents or place

I cannot tell he may not see

Nor can I chang my place to think it cold

And I should pitch my thoughts too low

I was seen my lone & stood

On what worth not the words can show

To an true man for wish before

Stratford, 1824