The Bait

Come live with me, for my love,
And we will some new pleasaunce prise
Of golden sands, of crystal brooks,
With silken lijnely silver hooks.

There will the war-wintering eare
Wash’d by thine eyes, more than the line,
And thin the enamoured fish will play,
Begging themselves they may believe.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath
Back, shepheards, which every channel hath,
Willamorously to the swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If how to use corn and Coase
Mydien a moon, thou darkest both;
But if my self have leave to see,
I see not their light, having thee.

Let others fish with angling cords,
And will their legs with helms meet,
Or treacherously, few fish, to make
With strangling ganoon, or winding nets.

Let others dance, bold hands from them next,
The bedded fish in banks, and rocks to
Previous baits, mean, silk flies,
Be witch, few fishes wandering eyes,
The Will

Before I die my last task, to sorrow
Great God, some capacity There be well
Above the reach of mine extent
If they be blind, they see, why should they be poor?
To James.Cegan, our mine,

To women or the sea, my heart:

How love taught me by a point of time?

To love, where no love receivest

Only to give to such, as have no good capacity

My faith, give to Roman Catholic;

All your good works, unto the Epitome of Amsterdam, my best city
And country to another site

My love taught me by making me love her, that holds my fate, destiny

The Apparition

When by my side, on every mist, I am dead,
And then sweat, think they fear
Of all solicitation from me,

Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,

And he whose soul was in woman's head,

Then thy sick tape will begin to sink,

And he, whose heart is being bid before,

Will, if thou sin, or wish to wake him, think

For, there calls for more,

And in a false sleep, soon from him sink,

And then, poor desponding, neglected thou

Will dzoocold quicksilver sweat will be

Every ghost thou see,

What will they say, I will say to them all the news

That preserve thee, and mine own

And rather than shouldst painfully delight

Than by my preaching, and still innocent

Donne