

H. Manlyhoff
P O E M S.

By J. DONNE

WITH
E L E G I E S
ON THE AUTHORS
D E A T H.

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Poets be silent, let your numbers loose,
 For he is gone that did all phanſie keepe,
 Time hath no ſtate, but his exalted verſe,
 Which with amazements, we may now reherſe.

By Henry Warton

This is a description of the
 Of Doves departing from us to the pleasure
 And the thump of wings with silence leaves to tell
 The changes of this life, when it is well
 Expects a call to make all joy to cease
 A new order of things more to cease

PINIS

To be late Paræſe, Ombelion now thy deare
 Vithenous hand, at once I have you deare
 And he with his venere thep beare
 To have me thep and I will beare
 By chace I was deare beare

the hard lawes of death
 thep beare
 thep beare
 thep beare

In the Holy Sonnets to be inserted, pag: 32.

I

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay:
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haide,
 I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday:
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
 Despair behind, and Death before, doth cast
 Such Terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it beards, will doth weigh,
 Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour I can my self sustain:
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And Thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

III. page 33

O might those sighs and tears return again,
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain:
 In my Idolatry what shows of rain
 Mine eyes did waste: what grief mine heart did rent:
 That sufferance was my sin I now repent,
 Cause I did suffer I must suffer pain.
 Th' hydroppick drunkard, and night scowling thief,
 The choyl Archer and self tickling pride
 Have the remembrance of past joys, for the relief
 Of coming ills, to poor me is allow'd
 No care for long, yst vehement grief hath been
 Th' effect and cause, the punish. ment, and sin.

V. ibid.

I am a little world made cunningly
 Of elements, and an Angelick spright,
 But blacke sin hath betray'd to endless night