

TM1



A Collection of  
Original Poetry,  
written about the time of  
Ben: Johnson.  
qui. ob. 1637

Chiefly in the Autograph of  
Mr Donne  
Dean of St Paul's

c 23rd S<sup>r</sup> I abus'd y<sup>r</sup> not I wot to doe  
say ev'rytge lippowd we<sup>r</sup> I learnt from y<sup>r</sup>  
whome/ fore from Cornish seafme & lippowd  
of frauncie and say not Italy's say the lippowd  
Euerget from tige justis all y<sup>r</sup> lab of wote  
and brought some teat fayre w<sup>r</sup> I carryed forte  
I to rouge the land. It will be my self I can noone  
to know my ruler I have and y<sup>r</sup> fault to me

To y<sup>r</sup> C<sup>r</sup> of Bradford. Marcellus

Ridken of our coulde w<sup>r</sup> and fayre her right  
by tige w<sup>r</sup> ware vniuersitie heuties y<sup>r</sup>  
tēn loued w<sup>r</sup> gave y<sup>r</sup> blessing of y<sup>r</sup> first  
gnew fro tige nation, min' from fare fayre grew  
But ws alreage a squat leg caudledeggs  
P' inrations yet we taunott want eat eands  
See would I not b'meare, but to app're  
my fayre, as I behodee for understande  
To confort I stude y<sup>r</sup> first in y<sup>r</sup> scents  
(true friends w<sup>r</sup>out y<sup>r</sup> Elston glorifids)  
Then in y<sup>r</sup> world intell<sup>r</sup> a miftruster  
and what y<sup>r</sup> read and what your self, Henry  
first foode y<sup>r</sup> & deare why y<sup>r</sup> w<sup>r</sup> loued of all  
y<sup>r</sup> know infinito C<sup>r</sup> sat pass w<sup>r</sup> ware  
you beke ay and tomplite fayte of fair  
and at on t<sup>r</sup>eat to a reigalike voyage dare have  
Since y<sup>r</sup> are gods malte peers and have  
the fawtor for our towel and as you doe  
make y<sup>r</sup> rebuke don't gratious & hiltow  
this life on t<sup>r</sup>eat, for maker of our life two  
for (for god Elspemore) I woule not miss y<sup>r</sup> to me  
for all y<sup>r</sup> good t<sup>r</sup>eat y<sup>r</sup> reaver me geard.

U 1-1b

V 33-38

✓ Come live w<sup>r</sup> mee & bee my loue  
I w<sup>r</sup> with some new pleasures proue  
of golden w<sup>r</sup>ds and chincall broodes  
w<sup>r</sup> zile on lins and silver hookes

There will the river wifring run  
L<sup>r</sup> warm'd by him<sup>r</sup> eyes, more then the sun  
and then comanerous fish will stay  
bragging themselves they may betray

Whan thou will swimm in that lurr bath  
each fish w<sup>r</sup> every channell hath  
will curiously unto there swim

✓ glabber to catch ther then then him

If thou to bee sor some brest loth  
by som or Moon then darknest both  
and if my self haue brave to see  
I need not theyr light hauning ther

Let others forse w<sup>r</sup> anything verdes  
and cut their bryges w<sup>r</sup> shills and weedes  
or tracherously proce fish byett  
w<sup>r</sup> straungly snard or winnowy nest

Let cours brouches hauds for slympe nest  
the bredder fish ni banties out wret  
and curious traytors wrauer silke flyes  
to bruite poor woundingfishes eyrs

For ther then needest nor such Except  
for thou thy self art thine own bayte  
that fish that is not caught theroy  
It has i<sup>r</sup> wifre farr then J.

37