

John Donne

Satyr: 1:

The Humourist

115

Away, thou changling molly Humourist!
Leave mee: and in this standinge woods shred
With these few booke comforted lett mee be
In prison, and here be confide, and dye
Here are Gods Conduites, grace dainties, and here
Is nature's Secretary the Philosopher
And Jolly states-men in the track how to be
The Symmes of a Kingdome mystick bodie
Then gatheringe Chronicles, and by them stand
Giddy flanta stickie posts of rich land
Shall I leave all this constant Companie
And follow headlonge wilde merrymen the
First swear by thy best love in earnest
Let thou with Court all, love and best
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street
Though some more sower companion thou dost meet
Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way,
Bright parcell gilt with forbeare dead mens pray
Not though a briske young get Courtesie
Caigne with a nodd thy Curtesie to an forrie
Nor come a velvet-furrier with a longer
Great brayne of Her coat 12 or 14 stronge
Shall thou once grime or fawne on him: prepare
A speech to court his brautious forme and here
For bitter or for worse take or leave me
To take and leave me bothe adulterie
O monstrous Suppitious Puritan
Of refined manners yet Ceremoniall man

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That when thou meet'st our 10th inquiring Eye
 Dost search and like a widdes broking prize
 The felle and Gould he so rare, and to y^e rate
 For high and lowe dost raise thy formall rate
 That with comfort to none till thou hayst knowne
 What Land he hath of hope or of his owne
 As though all thy Companions should make there
 Joynture, or many thy deare compaine
 Why should'st thou that not only dost approve
 But in ranker with thy lust, desire and love
 The nakednes and barrennes to many
 Of thy glumpe muddy whore or prostitute boy
 Hate vertue though she naked be and bare
 At birth and death our bodies naked are
 And till our soules be unapparelled
 Of bodies they from blisse are banished
 Mans first best state was naked when by sinne
 He lost it, he was clothed in a beastes skin
 And in this coverd abysse with now we are
 With god, and with the muses I confesse
 But since thou live a contrite penitent
 Charitably warme of thy sinnes, dost repent
 Thy vanities and giddinesses! For
 I shut my chamber dore and come lttle goe
 But sooner may a cheape whore who hath bin
 Worne by as many furrall men in sin
 As are blacke feathers and muste colored Ruffs hose
 Name her childes right true father amongst all those

Sooner may one gulf for who shall have away
 The Garganta of London borne here to an fadieu
 And sooner may a gullinger weather spy
 By drawing forth his aunes till certainly
 What fashion'd habit or ruffe, or suites next yeare
 Our supple-headed antipe you that will wear
 Then thou when thou departest hence canst shew
 Whether, why, when, or with whom thou would'st goe
 But how shall I be pardon'd myne offence
 That thus have stood against my confinner
 Now we are in the streets he first of all
 (Imprudently provide) creeps next the wall
 And for imprisonment and bonds in by me
 Sells for a little state his libertie
 Yet though he cannot now step forth to greet
 Curvy, his filken painted foole we meet
 He then to him with amorous lookes allures
 And grimmes, smacks, shruggs, and such an itch induces
 His prindises and schoolboies who doe knowe
 Of some play, sport abroad yet dare not goe
 And as hiddees stoppe lowest at highest sounds
 Soe to the most deare stoopes he nighest grounde
 But to a grave man he doth moue no more
 Then the wise politique horse would
 Or then an Elephant or Apr would doe
 When any names the Kinge of Spaine to you
 Now leape he upright waggon, crye d'you see
 Yonder well favoured youth why sits hee

That dauncerth for diuinely: oh said I
 stand still must you daunc here for compaine
 Hee drapt vs went till our self did excell
 That did Indians in drinke his Tobacco well
 Mett as: they talke I whisperd let us goe
 May be you smile him not, bruely I doe
 Hee heare not me but on the other side
 A many colored Dracocks hauncing spide
 Leaueth him and me, I for my lost sheepe stay
 Hee followes ouerta ke, goe on the way
 Sayinge, him whome I hadt left all repub
 For his diuise in hand - soming a shute
 To iudge of face lace, pines, gaine, cutt, print, or please
 of all the Court to haue the best conceipt
 Our dull Comedians want him: lett him goe
 But oh God strengthen the whye chooped thou soe
 Whye he hath brauelled longe no but to mee
 who vnderstand none, hee doth seeme to be
 Perfect french or Italy; I replyde
 For is the pox, hee answerd not but spide
 More men of fort, of yett of qualibies
 At last his loue hee in a window spide
 And hee light dew exhaild, hee flung from me
 Violentlye raiacht to his secharge
 Many were there, hee could command no more
 Hee quarrellt, fought, blidd, and turnd out of doore
 Directly came to me hanging the head
 And constantly a while must be the bed.