



HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Week 22 John Donne

Institute for the Study of Western Civilization



The Armada Portrait, 1588, Woburn Abbey

The Great Transition (1300-1600)

1. The emergence of the modern state. (justice / army / taxes)
2. The emergence of modern diplomacy.
3. The creation of the modern standing army. (vs feudal levy)
4. The creation of modern taxation. (vs feudal)
5. The creation of vernacular literary culture. (vs internat. Latin)
6. The creation of a secular culture.(vs church) Petrarch.Humanists.
7. The creation of idea of secular virtue. (vs Christ.) Petrarch.
8. The creation of modern vision-perspective.(Brunelleschi / Mas)
9. The creation of modern religion. (national / Protestant / democratic)
- 10.The creation of modern democratic ideas of republican government in Europe and the theoretical literature that accompanies the experiments. Italy & England (Machiavelli / Guicciardini).

"modern" (Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Bacon,)



1600





The idea something huge was coming and something terrible was ahead. Something big was coming and in order to talk everybody had decided they had to make up a new word, a new word to tell everybody. It popped into frequent use in 1596, 1597, and certainly by 1600 to 1603. It was so important by 1700 this was as the measure of all human time. In 1590 nobody had thought of this idea and they used it now during all of human experience. Pay attention because people didn't make up brand new words very much. Nobody needed to describe it before. The word is "modern."





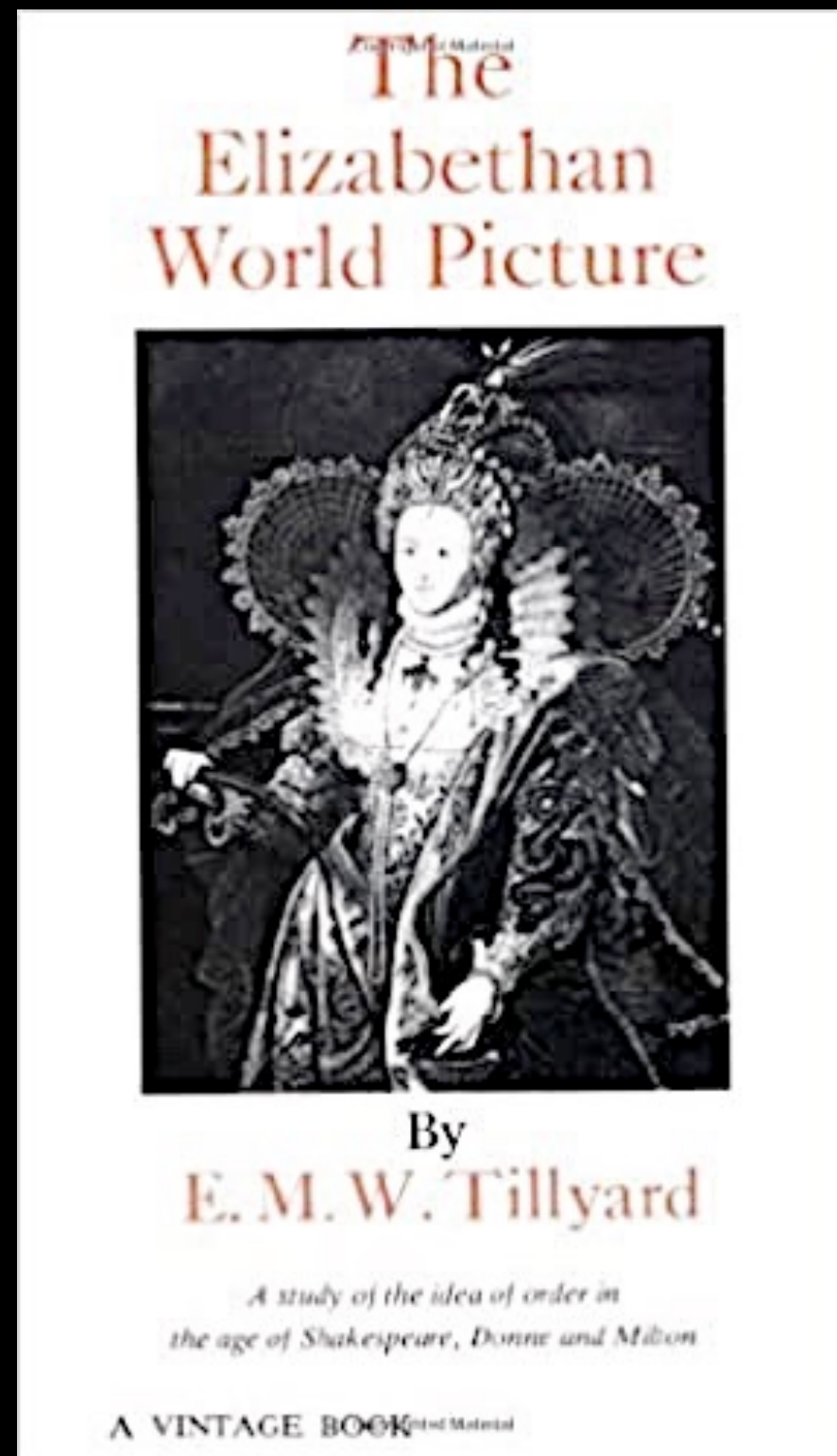
1600



In 1601, 1602, 1603 everything would change, and not just change intellectually. In the middle of the century there was a little ice age with a huge decline in temperature. Crops failed for five years. There was famine in the midcentury. People vied for new food. Plague killed people. There were wars. There was a huge population decline for each country. Thirty million people died in the mid-17th C. Add the political crisis in the midcentury with the cutting off the head of a king in 1649.

The sense in 1601, 1602, and 1603 that you are in some huge transition was right. They predicted what was coming. John Donne was writing about this.

THE ELIZABETHAN WORLD PICTURE 1942

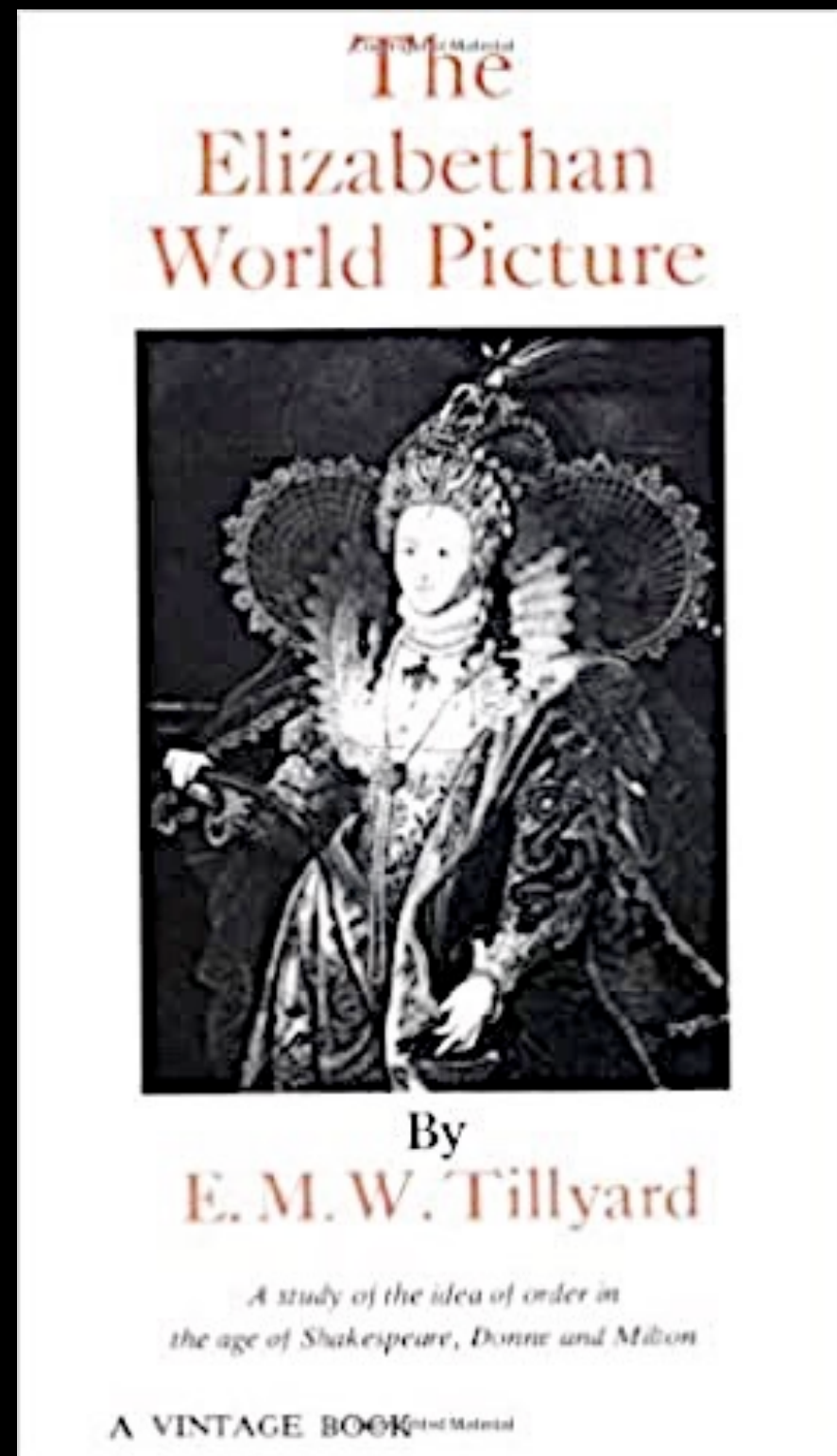


The world picture which the Middle Ages inherited was that of an ordered universe arranged in a fixed system of hierarchies but modified by man's sin and the hope of his redemption. The same

1 min video eliz world order

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fu8iBLkkcA>

THE ELIZABETHAN WORLD PICTURE 1942

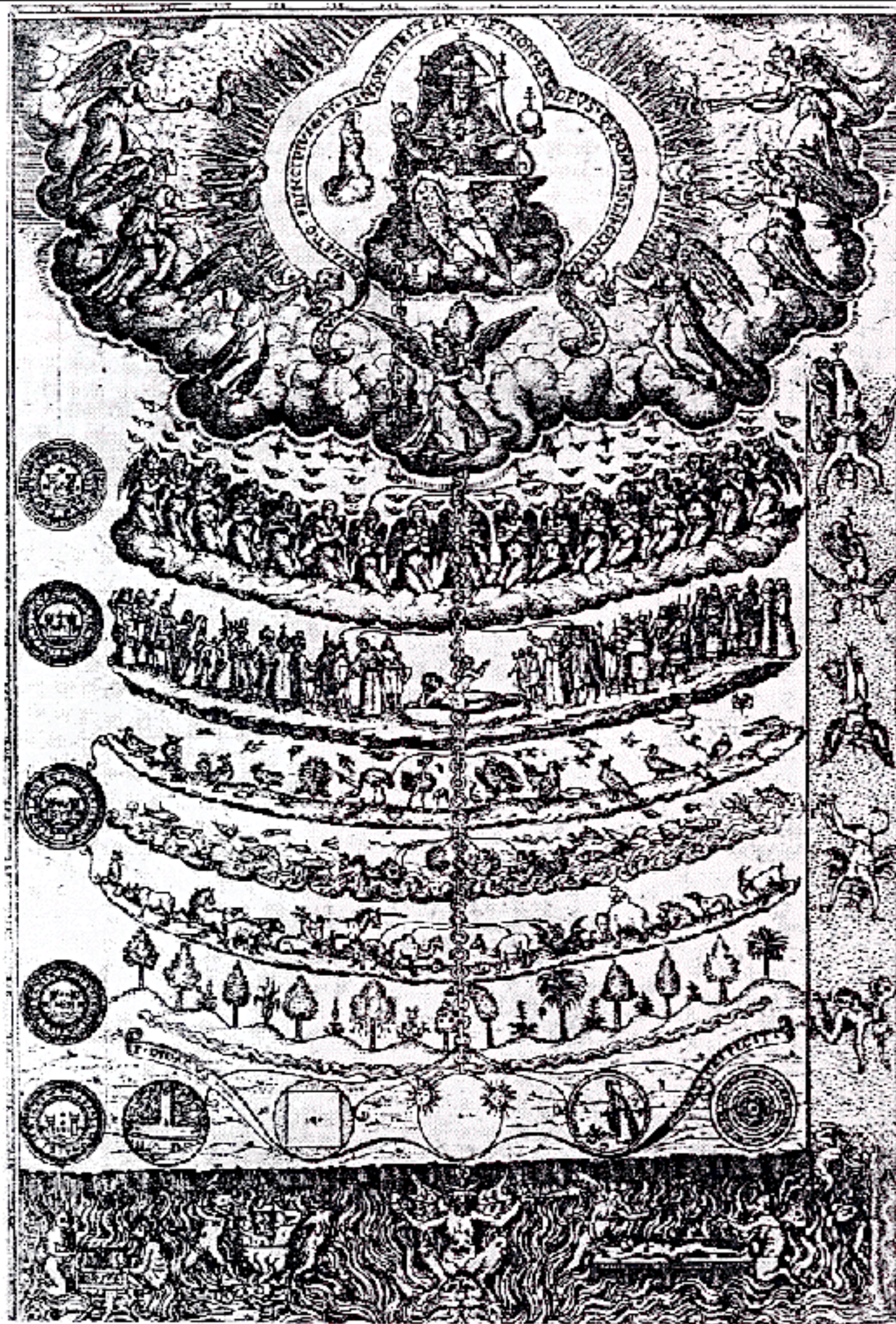


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The
Chain
of
Being

or

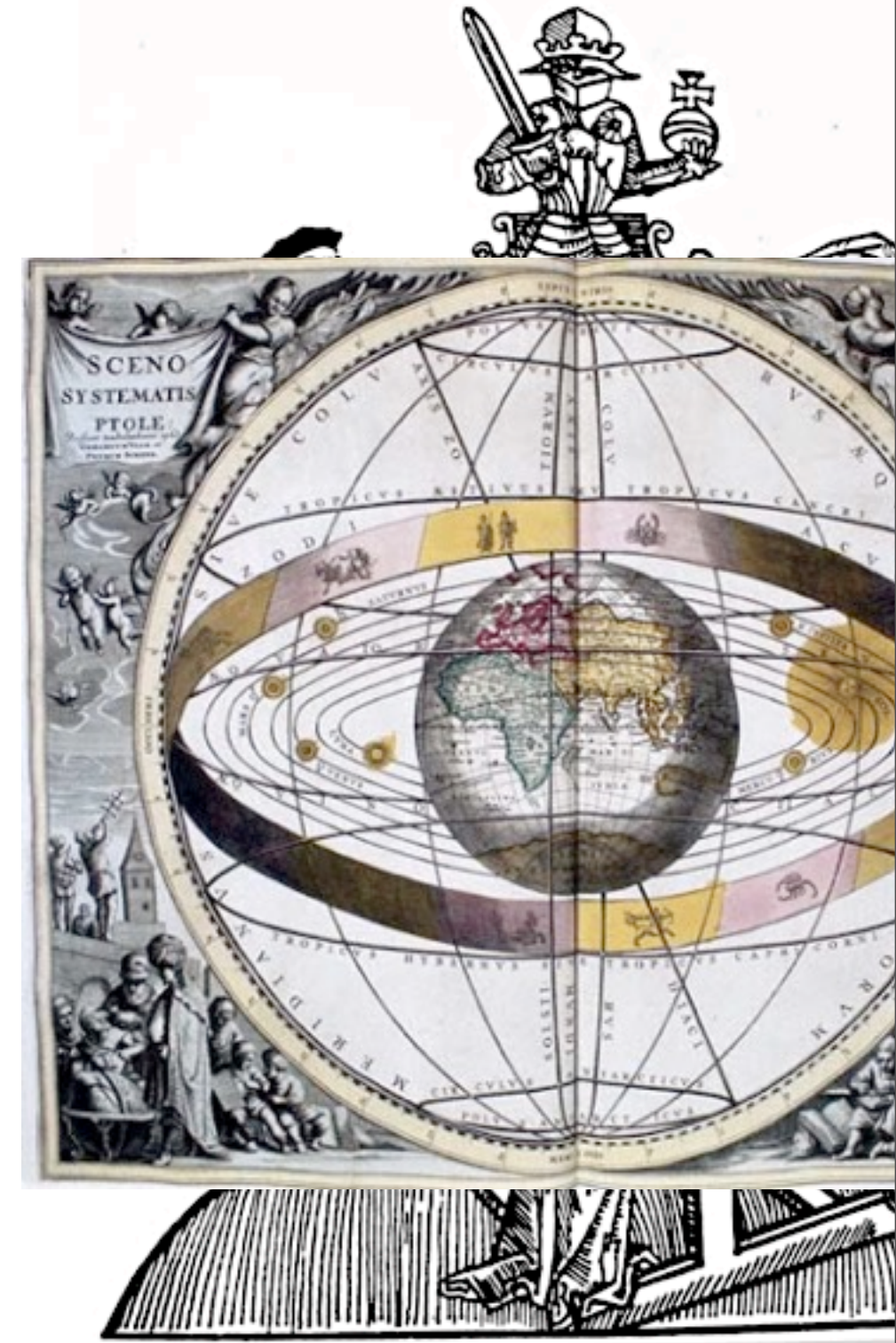
The
Ladder
of
Universe



The Zodiac and the Wheel of Fortune

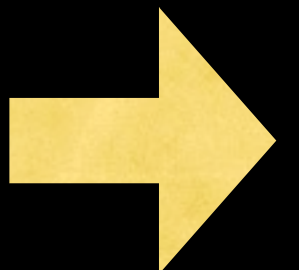
The Elizabethans were fervent believers in astrology and in fate, and they believed that the planets and stars of the zodiac and fate were the controlling forces in life. A person could experience changes in his life, but those would be an expression of his fate, as determined by the stars, or the result of a turning of the wheel of fortune – not a result of his own attempts or ambition (which would invariably lead to a disturbance in the order of things and should therefore be avoided!).

The horoscopes that we can find in magazines and papers today would seem familiar to an Elizabethan, and he would believe every word of it. When Romeo and Juliet are described as 'star-crossed lovers' it means that they are trying to defy fate – everybody in the audience would know that they were bound to fail.



Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida. 1602

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree priority and place
Insisture course proportion season form
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights changes horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure. Oh, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,



The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns sceptres laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows.
Each thing meets In mere oppugnancy.
The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe.
Strength should be lord to imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.



Thomas Elyot (1490-1546)

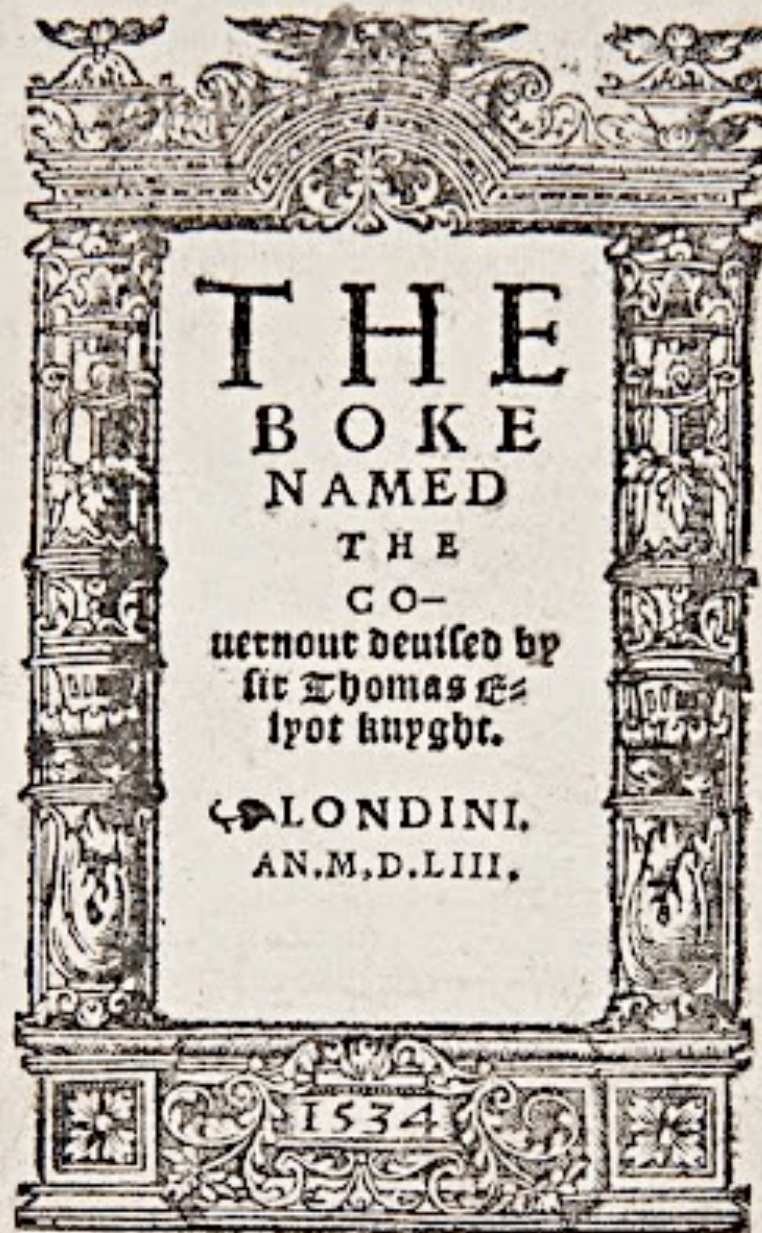
The Book of the Governor 1531

In 1531, he was made ambassador to the Emperor, Charles V. In 1538 he published the first Latin-English dictionary. As a writer, he is clear, precise, measured, and practically monotonous. His major works include:^[3]

- *The Boke named the Governour* (1531)
- *Of the Knowledge which maketh a Wise Man* (1533)
- *The Education of Children, translated out of Plutarch* (1535)
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Take away order from all things, what should then remain? Certes nothing finally, except some man would imagine eftsoons chaos. Also where there is any lack of order needs must be perpetual conflict. And in things subject to nature nothing of himself only may be nourished; but, when he hath destroyed that wherewith he doth participate by the order of his creation, he himself of necessity must then perish; whereof ensueth universal dissolution. but, when he hath destroyed that wherewith he doth participate by the order of his creation, he himself of necessity must then perish; whereof ensueth universal dissolution. Hath not God set degrees and estates in all his glorious works? First in his heavenly ministers, whom he hath constituted in divers degrees called hierarchies. Behold the four elements, whereof the body of man is compact, how they be set in their places called spheres, higher or lower according to the sovereignty of their natures. Behold also the order that God hath put generally in all his creatures, beginning at the most inferior or base and ascending upward. He made not only herbs to garnish the earth but also trees of a more eminent stature than herbs. Semblably in birds beasts and fishes some be good for the sustenance of man, some bear things profitable to sundry uses, other be apt to occupation and labour. Every kind of trees herbs birds beasts and fishes have a peculiar disposition appropiered unto them by God their creator; so that in everything is order, and without order may be nothing stable or permanent. And it may not be called order except it do contain in it degrees, high and base, according to the merit or estimation of the thing that is ordered.

Thomas Elyot, The Book of the Governor, 1531 written for Henry VIII

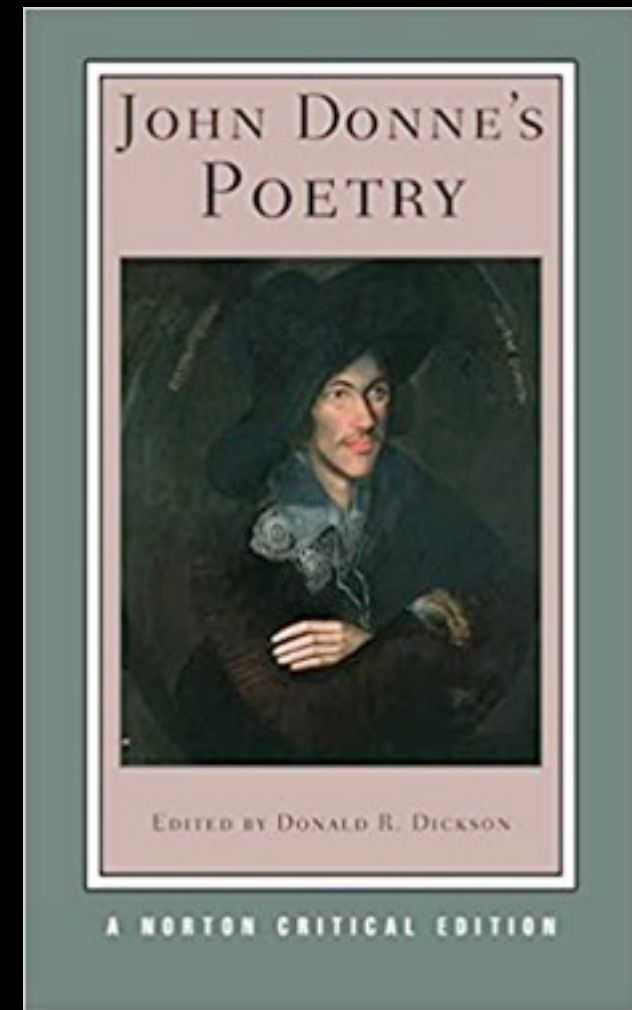


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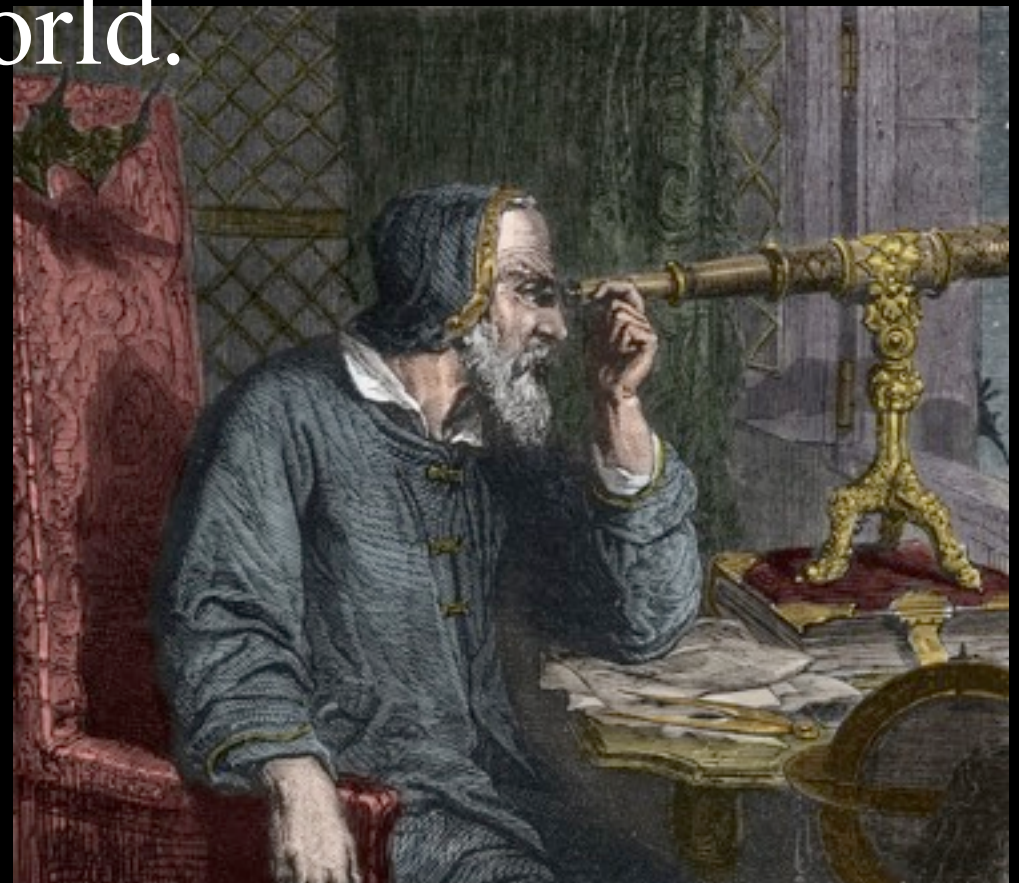
The sense in 1601, 1602, and 1603 that they were in some huge transition was right. They predicted what was coming. John Donne was writing about this.

“The Anatomy of the World” on page 120 of “John Donne's Poetry,” Donald Dickson, Norton (2007) was written for Sir Robert Drury in remembrance of his daughter Elizabeth. This was written in 1610 exactly when Galileo's “Starry Messenger” was written but we don't know if Donne read the “Starry Messenger.” He was a great poet getting a sense of the moment.

“The Anatomy of the World”

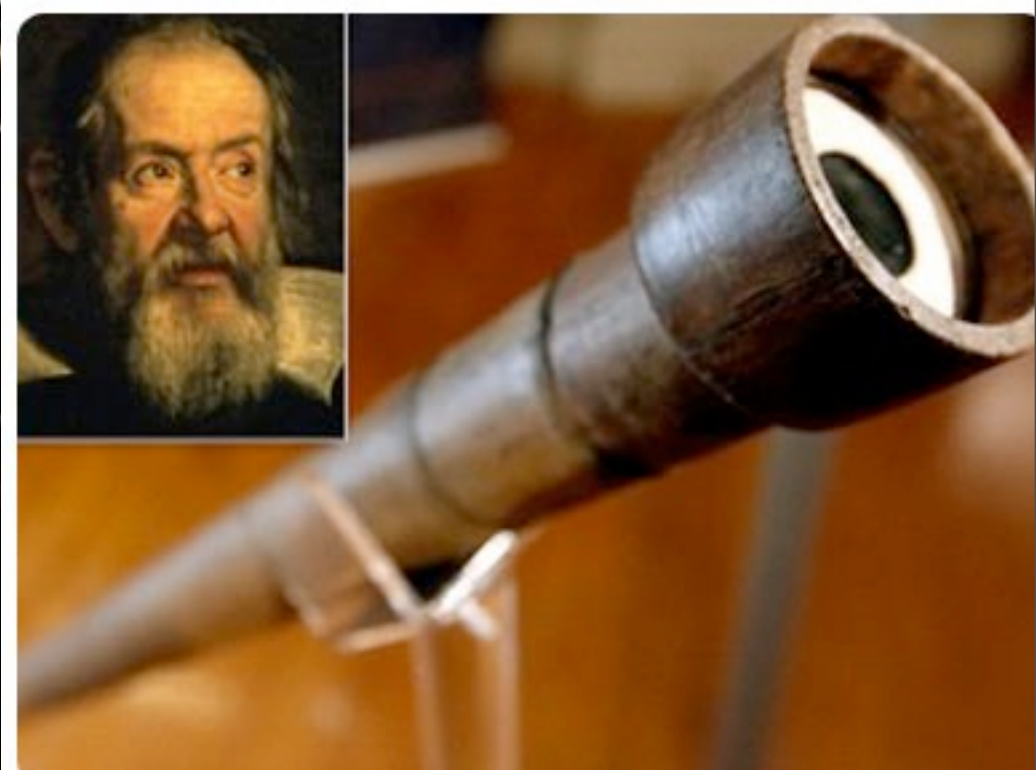
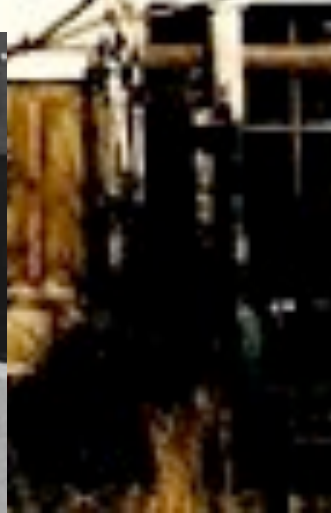


They bring us out of the ancient **closed** worlds
into the new fluid, creative, frightening, **open** new
Modern World.

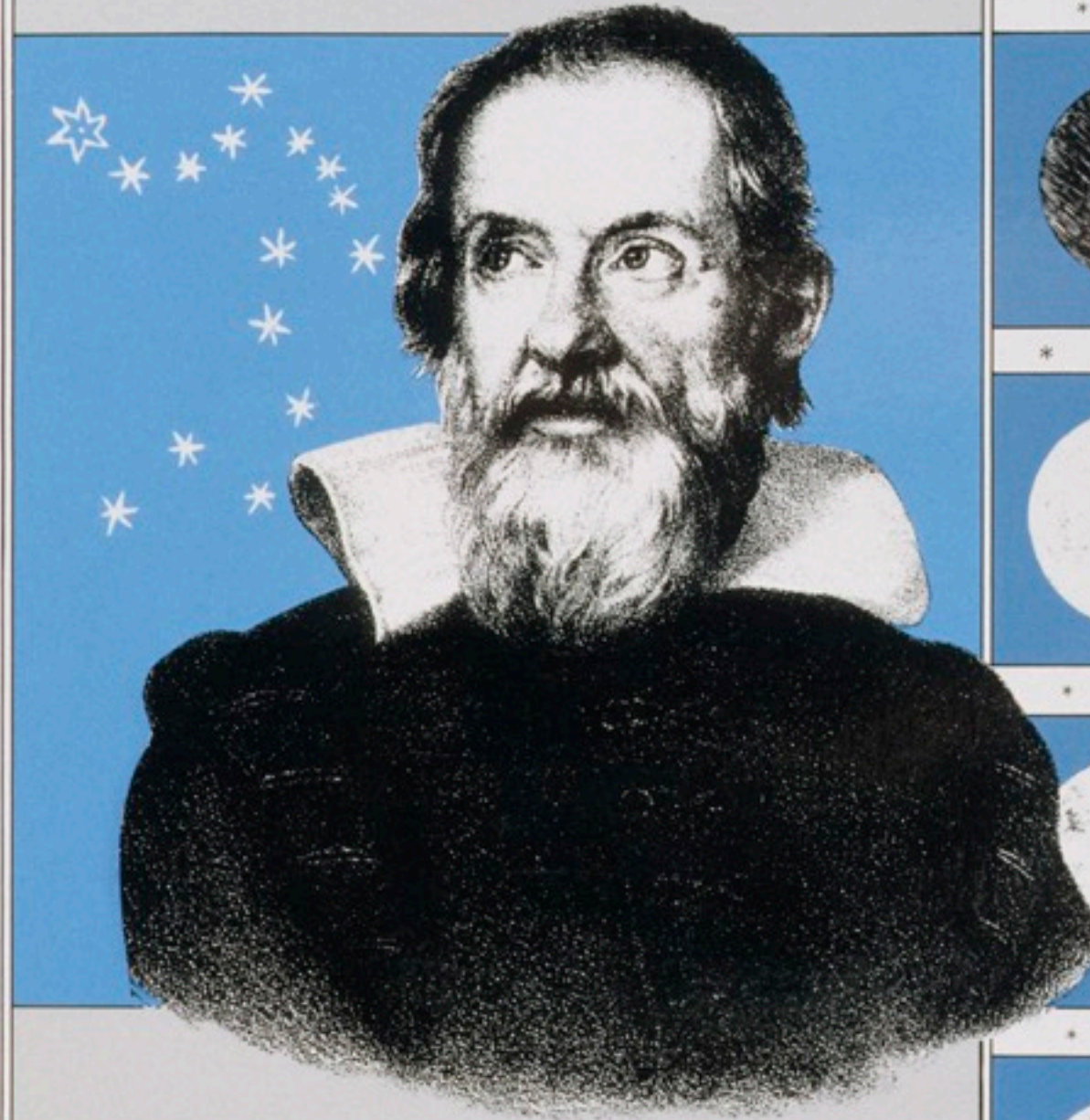




Galileo Galilei, 1564-1642



SIDEREUS NUNCIUS
or
THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER
GALILEO GALILEI



Translated with
introduction, conclusion, and notes by

ALBERT VAN HELDEN



1610 (March)

published in Venice,
The Starry Messenger

finds moon not smooth / finds satellites around Jupiter

VIOLENT REACTION

both positive and negative because of implications for whole Aristotelian phil /
if one piece fell it all fell.

fan letters pour in to Padua.

WHAT HAD HE FOUND:

- 1)moon / craters / mountains (not perfect as per Aristotle)
- 2)satellites around Jupiter (Aristotle didn't know)
- 3)the Milky Way...infinite

"All the disputes which have tormented philosophers through so many ages are exploded at once by the irrefutable evidence of our eyes, and we are freed from wordy disputes upon this subject, for the Galaxy is nothing else but a mass of innumerable stars planted together in clusters. Upon whatever part of it you direct the telescope straightaway a vast crowd of stars presents itself to view..."

SIDEREAL MESSENGER

unfolding great and very wonderful sights
and displaying to the gaze of everyone,
but especially philosophers and astronomers,
the things that were observed by

GALILEO GALILEI,

Florentine patrician¹

and public mathematician of the University of Padua,
with the help of a spyglass² lately devised³ by him,
about the face of the Moon, countless fixed stars,
the Milky Way, nebulous stars,
but especially about
four planets

flying around the star of Jupiter at unequal intervals
and periods with wonderful swiftness;
which, unknown by anyone until this day,
the first author detected recently
and decided to name

MEDICEAN STARS⁴

1. Galileo came from a Florentine family that can be traced back to the thirteenth century. His ancestors included several members of the governing council of the Florentine Republic and a celebrated physician. His family tree can be found in *Opere*, 19:17. See also Stillman Drake, *Galileo at Work*, 448.

2. The Latin word used here is *perspicillum*. Galileo used the Italian word *occhiale* to describe the instrument. I have translated these terms as *spyglass* throughout. The word *telescope* was unveiled only in 1611. See p. 112, below.

3. Galileo used the Latin word *reperiti*, from the verb *reperio*. This word can mean both *invented* and *discovered*. Although Galileo was often accused of claiming he actually invented (in our sense) the telescope, this is clearly a calumny, as demonstrated by the passage on pp. 36–37, below. See Edward Rosen, "Did Galileo Claim He Invented the Telescope?" *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* 98 (1954): 304–12.

4. Galileo referred to Jupiter's satellites as both "planets" and "stars." In the old terminology, based on Aristotelian cosmology, both terms were correct. See also note 31, p. 15.

S I D E R E V S N V N C I V S

MAGNA, LONGEQVE ADMIRABILIA

Spectacula pandens, suspiciendaque proponens
vnicuique, præsertim verò

PHILOSOPHIS, atq; ASTRONOMIS, quæ à

GALILEO GALILEO
PATRITIO FLORENTINO

Patauini Gymnasij Publico Mathematico

PERSPICILLI

Nuper à se reperti beneficio sunt observata in LVNÆ FACIE, FIXIS IN-
NUMERIS, LACTEO CIRCVLO, STELLIS NEBVLOSIS,

Apprime verò in

QVATVOR PLANETIS

Circa IOVIS Stellam disparibus intervallis, atque periodis, celeri-
tate mirabili circumvolutis; quos, nemini in hanc vsque
diem cognitos, nouissimè Author depræ-
hendit primus; atque

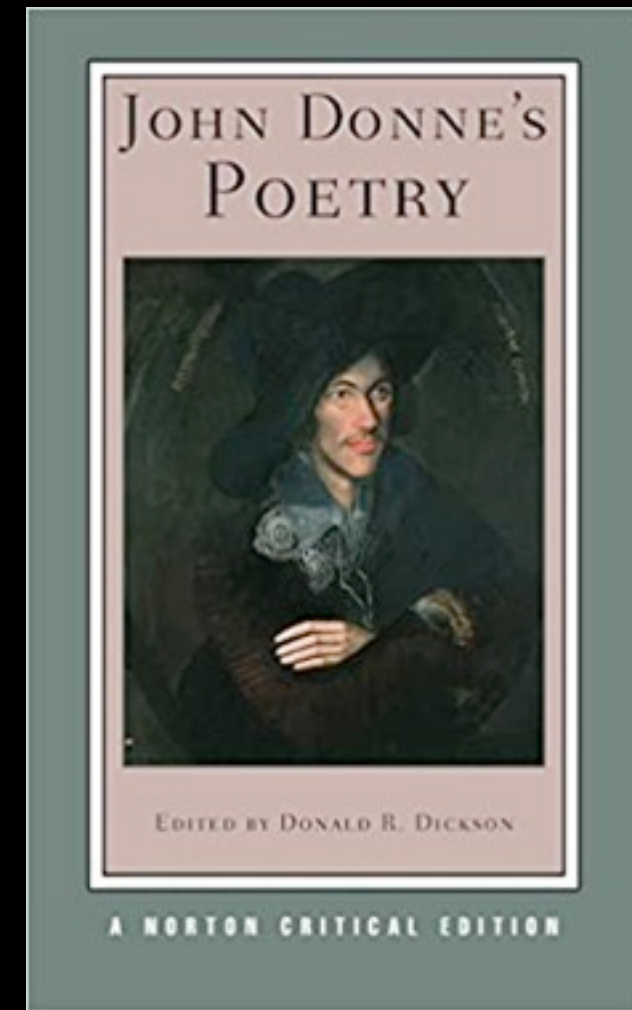
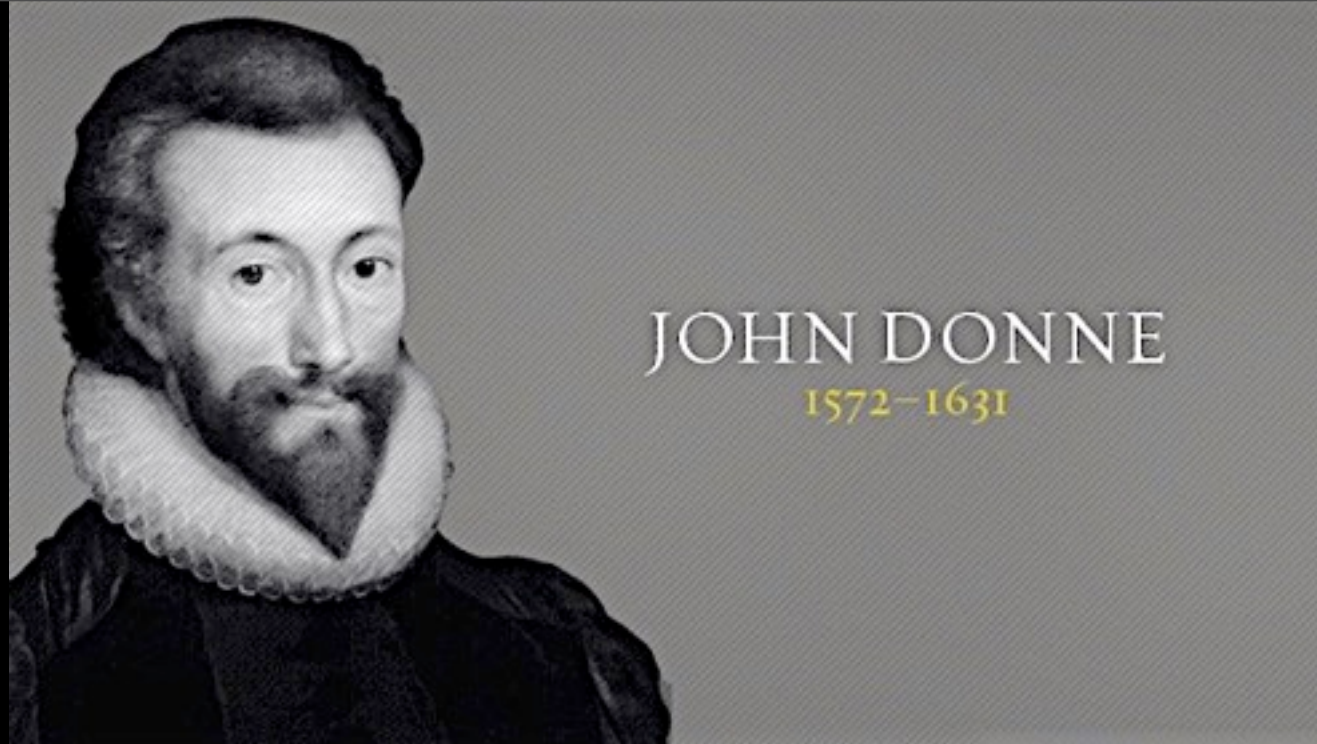
MEDICEA SIDERA
NVNCVPANDOS DECREVIT.



VENETIIS, Apud Thomam Baglionum. M D C X.

Superiorum Permissu, & Privilegio.





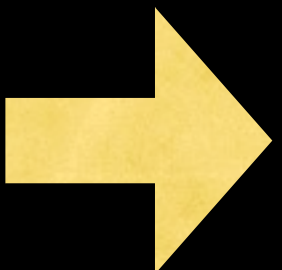
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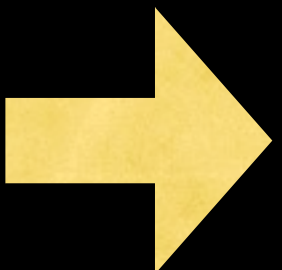
“The Anatomy of the World”

John Donne,
from "An Anatomie of the World"

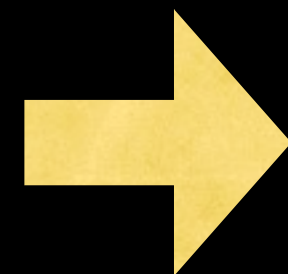
Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame;
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entered, and deprav'd the best:
It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maim,
Wrongs each joynt of th'universall frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first houre decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit



The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament
 They seeke so many new; then see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone;
 All just supply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
 This is the world's condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all Magnitique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,
 And needed a new compasse for their way;
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate: she whose rich eyes, and breast



Of all faire copies, and the generall
Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and breast
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East;
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so,
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as single money, coyn'd from her;
She to whom this world must it selfe refer,
As suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie
In nay humour, or one certaine part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts
Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts,
For worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion



For worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
Their round proportion embracing all.
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
The firmament in eight and forty sheires,
And in these Constellations then arise
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
As though heavn'd suffered earthquakes, peace or war.

John Donne,
from "An Anatomie of the World"
1610

THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.

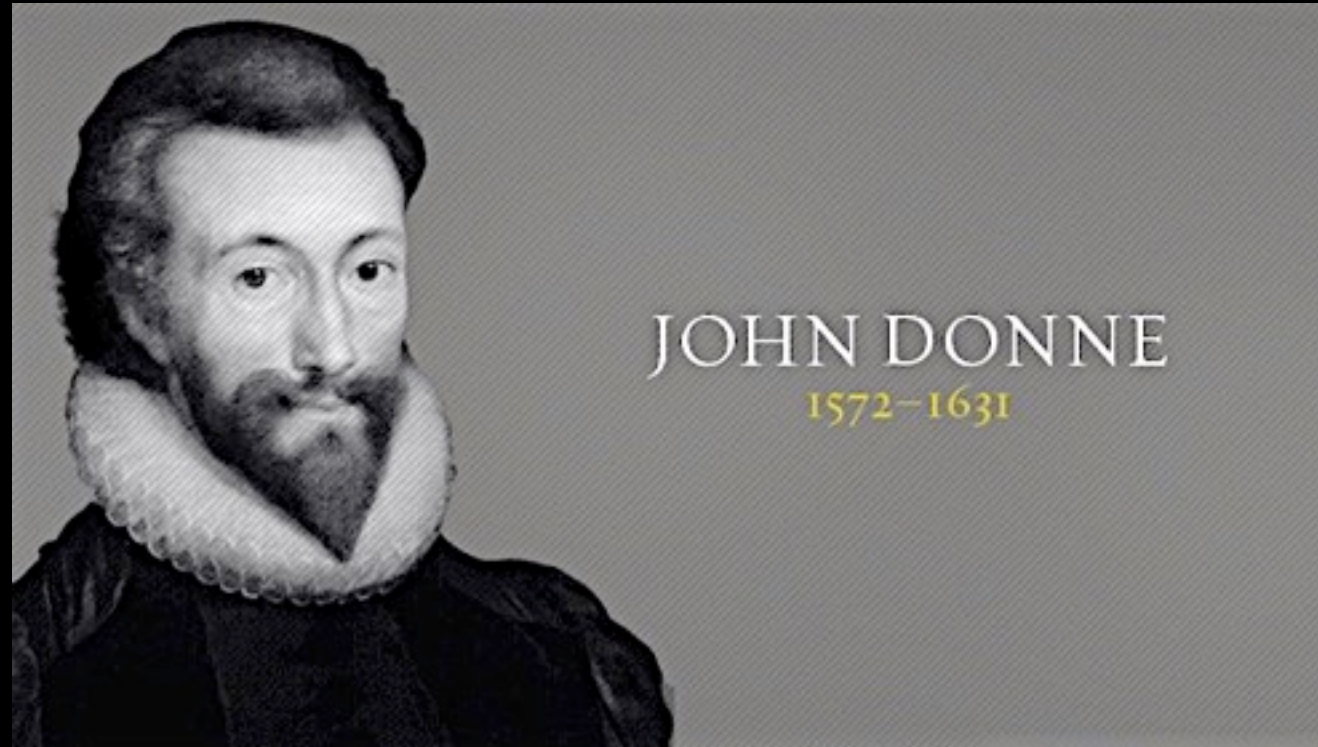


Lafayette - Photo - London.

SARAH-BERNHARDT (HAMLET.)

HAMLET (1600) Act II, Sc 2 with Rosencrantz

“I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery,
and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.
I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth,
forgone all custom of exercises,
and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition
that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory;
this most excellent canopy, the air—
look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,
this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it
appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.
What a piece of work is a man! (irony)
How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty!
In form and moving how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!
The beauty of the world.
The paragon of animals.
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
Man delights not me.
No, nor woman neither. . . .



John Donne bestrides three different fields.

It was unusual to be a professional and accepted in three fields.

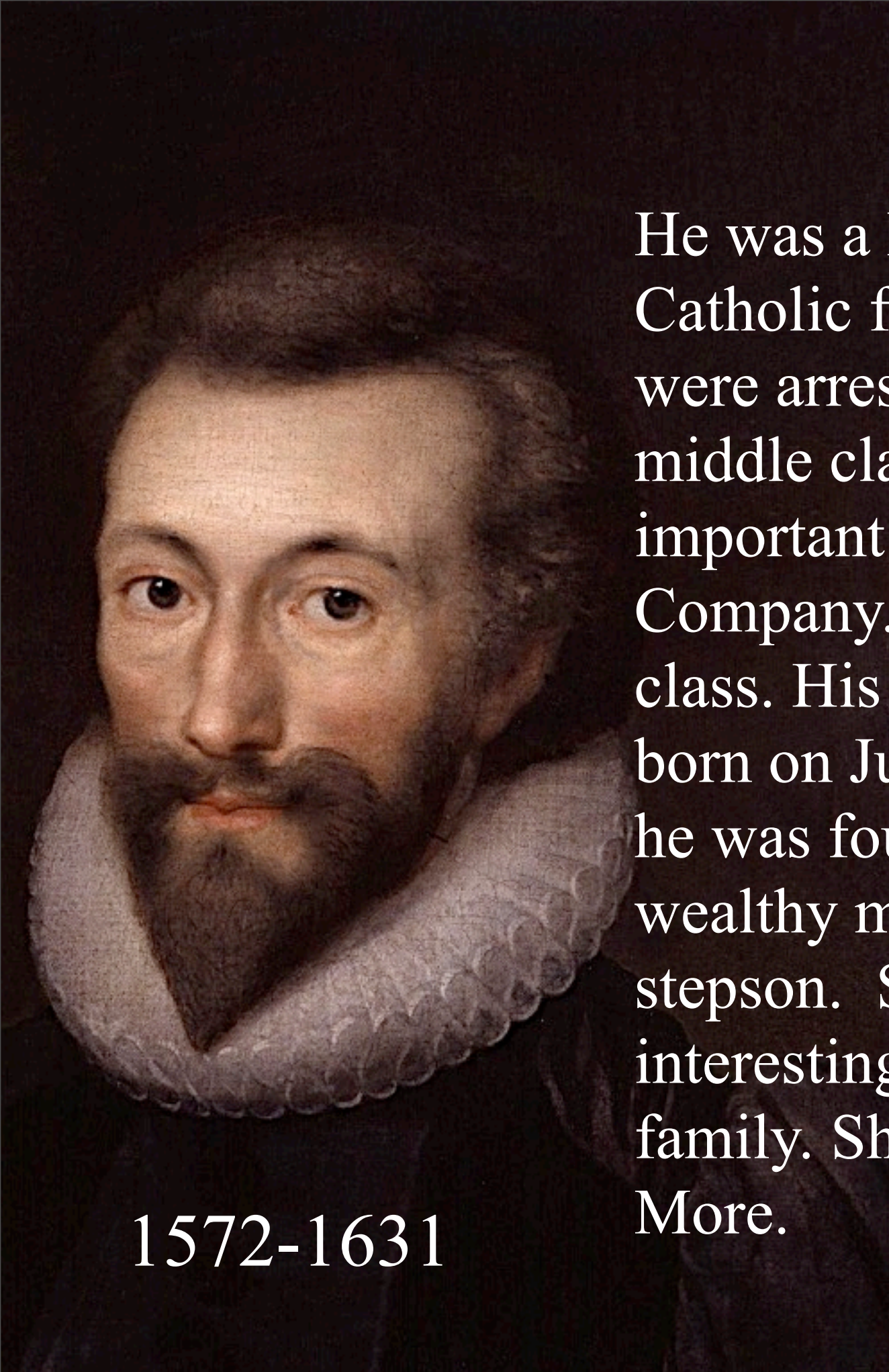
1. Philosopher, thinker, writer

2. Brilliant churchman, Gets into church in the latter part of life.

His sermons at St. Pauls were packed.

3. Lawyer, a great lawyer.

He made his living as a lawyer.



He was a Roman Catholic child in a Roman Catholic family, dangerous in 1590. People were arrested for that. He was born to a middle class family. His father was an important leader in the Iron Monger Company. He was of the prosperous middle class. His father is John Donne also. He was born on June 6, 1572. His father died when he was four. His mother remarried to a wealthy man who did help his brilliant stepson. She was Roman Catholic from an interesting and important Roman Catholic family. She was a great niece of Thomas More.

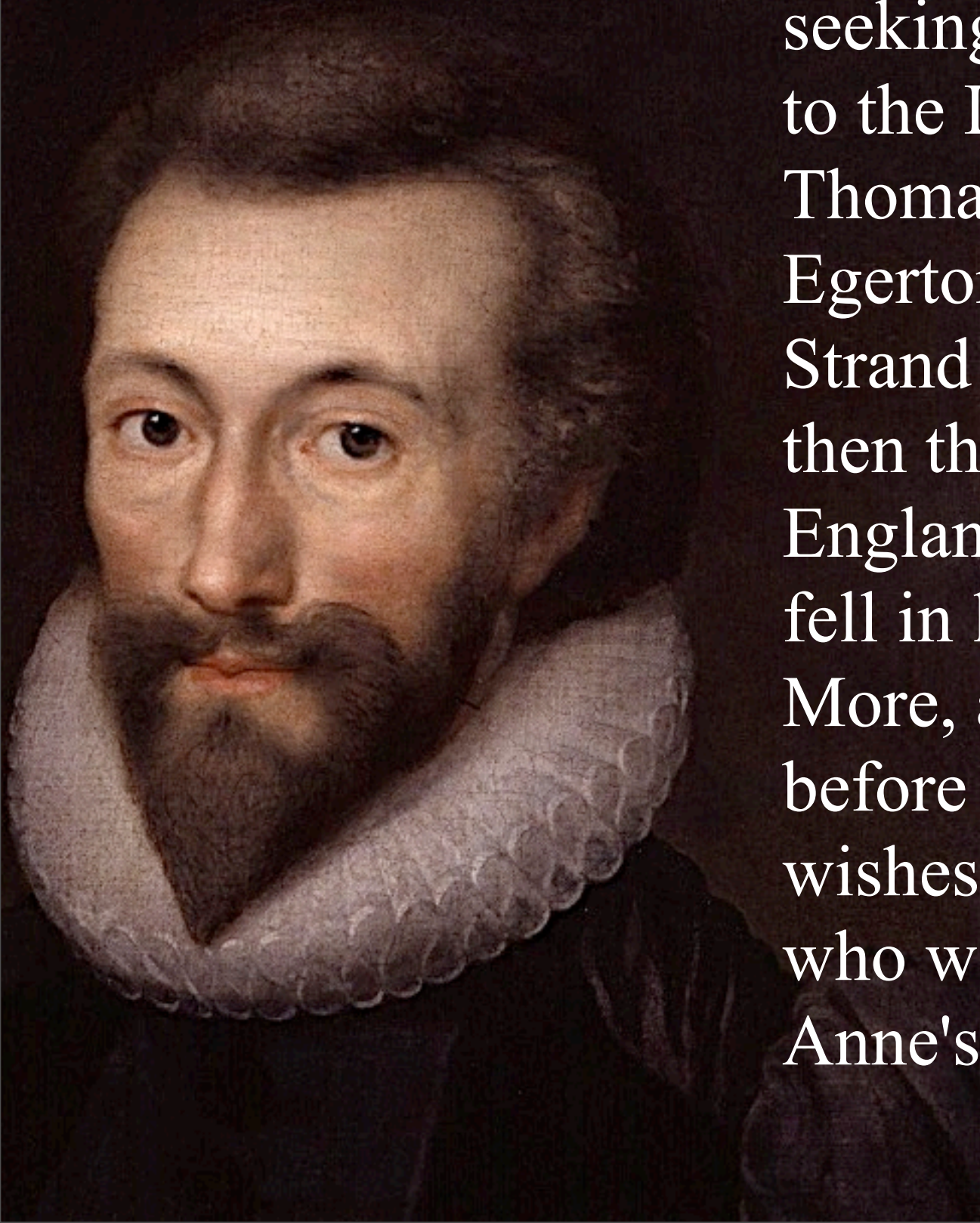
1572-1631



1572-1631

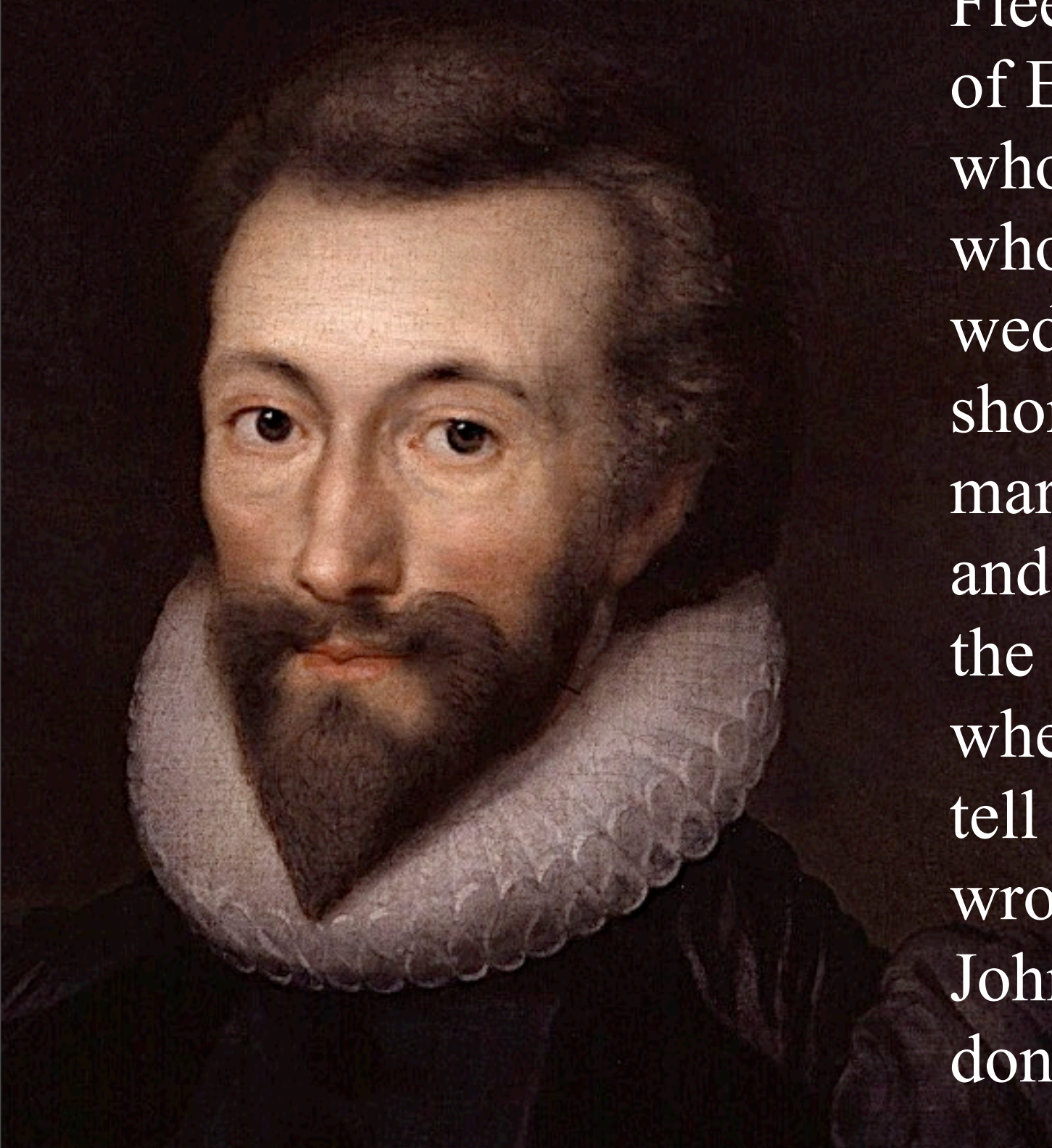
When he was old enough to be admitted to Cambridge as a student he entered, but he couldn't graduate because he couldn't take the oath of supremacy. That was how they told the Protestants for the Catholics. By the 1590's he realized he couldn't take the oath so he went to the Inns at Court in London to study law. In his 20's he was a lawyer. He practiced law. He was a unique person with a huge broad set of experiences. He was very secular and involved in Europe, women, sex, liquor, In his twenties he traveled all over the world and became an expert on international female attractions. He loved women and they loved him. Despite his great education and poetic talents, Donne lived in poverty for several years, relying heavily on wealthy friends.

Marriage to Anne More 1601



By the age of 25 he was well prepared for the diplomatic career he appeared to be seeking. He was appointed chief secretary to the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Sir Thomas Egerton, and was established at Egerton's London home, York House, Strand close to the Palace of Whitehall, then the most influential social centre in England. During the next four years Donne fell in love with Egerton's niece Anne More, and they were secretly married just before Christmas in 1601, against the wishes of both Egerton and George More, who was Lieutenant of the Tower and Anne's father.

Marriage to Anne More



Upon discovery this wedding ruined Donne's political career, getting him dismissed and put in Fleet Prison, along with the Church of England priest Samuel Brooke, who married them and the man who acted as a witness to the wedding. Donne was released shortly thereafter when the marriage was proved to be valid, and he soon secured the release of the other two. Walton tells us that when Donne wrote to his wife to tell her about losing his post, he wrote after his name: John Donne, Anne Donne, Undone.

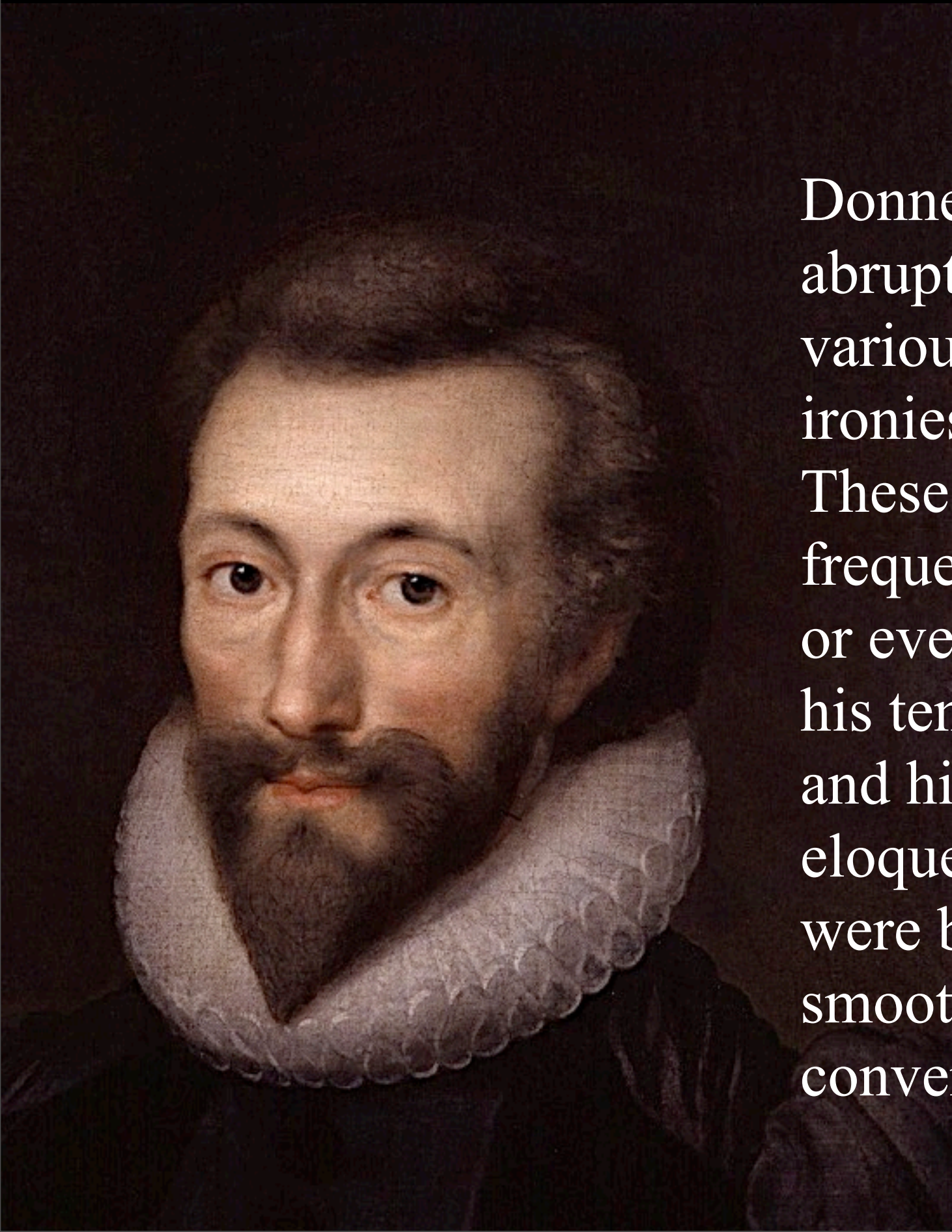
Marriage to Anne More



17 years of loyal marriage
12 children
death of Anne, 1617
the rest of his life alone
and in the church
Anglican church
Dean of St Pauls

THE POET

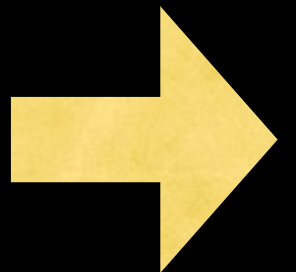
Donne's style is characterized by abrupt openings and various paradoxes, ironies and dislocations. These features, along with his frequent dramatic or everyday speech rhythms, his tense syntax and his tough eloquence, were both a reaction against the smoothness of conventional Elizabethan poetry



The Anniversary John Donne - 1571-1631

All kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The sun it self, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corpse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
—Who prince enough in one another be—
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
—All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
This or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.



When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

Break of Day BY JOHN DONNE

'Tis true, 'tis day, what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

A
lady
speaks

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

The Bait

BY JOHN DONNE

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun;
And there the 'enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,

THE GOOD-MORROW. by John Donne
I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved ? were we not wean'd till then ?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly ?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?
'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be ;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.
And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear ;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone ;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown ;
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west ?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally ;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

by John Donne

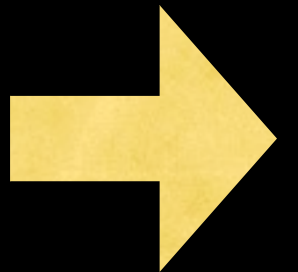
M ARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead ;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two ;
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.
O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.
Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?

The Canonization BY JOHN DONNE

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honor, or his grace,
Or the king's real, or his stampèd face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love:

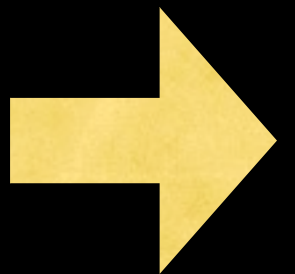


Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for Love.

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage."



And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize)
 Countries, towns, courts: beg from above
 A pattern of your love!"

The Sun Rising. BY JOHN DONNE

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school boys and sour prentices,
Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices,
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long;
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes, I,
Nothing else is.

She's all states, and all princes, I,
Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us; compared to this,
All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.

Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

The Meditations: XVII

“And when she buries a man, that action concerns me;
all mankind is of one author,
and is one volume;
when one man dies,
one chapter is not torn out of the book,
but translated into a better language;.....
so this bell that rings for the sermon calls us all:
but how much more me,
who am brought so near the door by this sickness. ...
No man is an island, entire of itself;
every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;
any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in all
mankind, and therefore never send me to know for whom the bell
tolls; it tolls for thee.

ELEGY XIX

To His Mistress Going to Bed

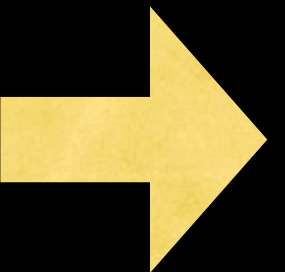
BY JOHN DONNE

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.

The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glistering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.

Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime,
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads th'hill's shadow steals.

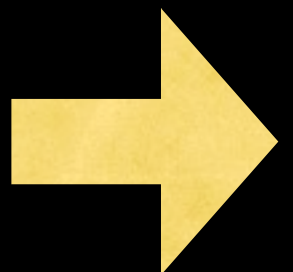
Off with that wiry Coronet and shew
The hairy Diadem which on you doth grow:
Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes, heaven's Angels used to be
Received by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee



Received by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's Paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdom, safeliest when with one man mann'd,
My Mine of precious stones, My Empirie,
How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

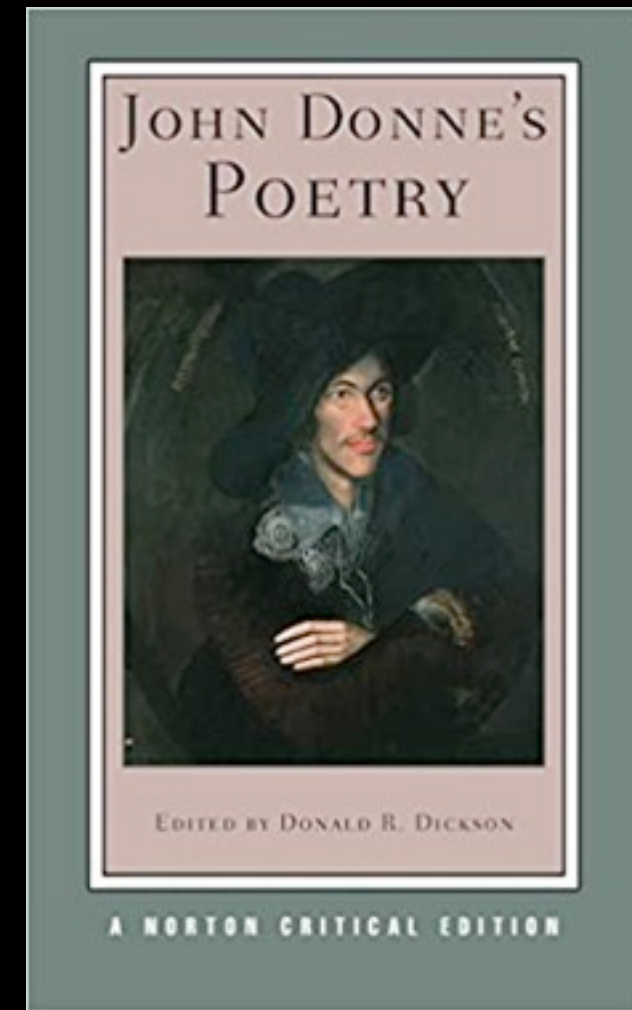
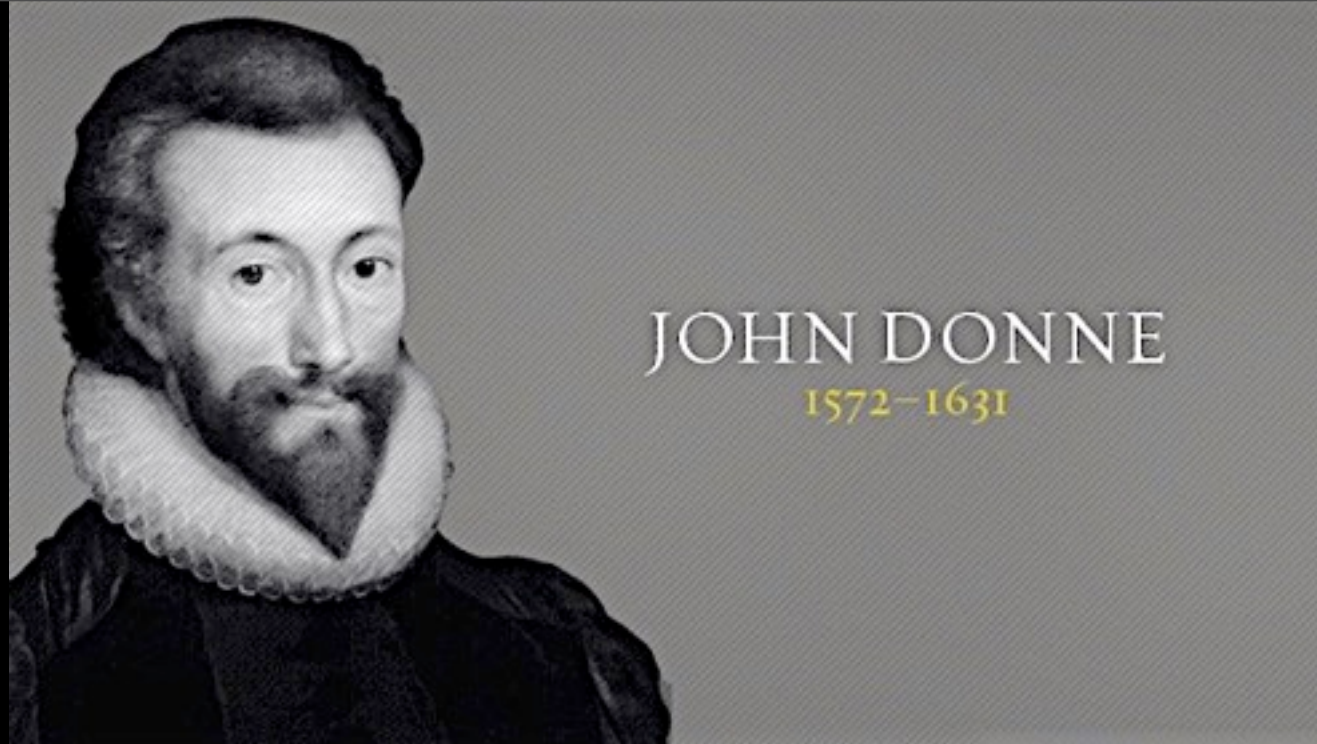
Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;
Themselves are mystic books, which only we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know:



For lay-men, are all women thus array'd,
Themselves are mystic books, which only we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linen hence,
There is no penance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why then
What needst thou have more covering than a man.

Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true ; then learn how false fears be ;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.



The sense in 1601, 1602, and 1603 that they were in some huge transition was right. They predicted what was coming. John Donne was writing about this.

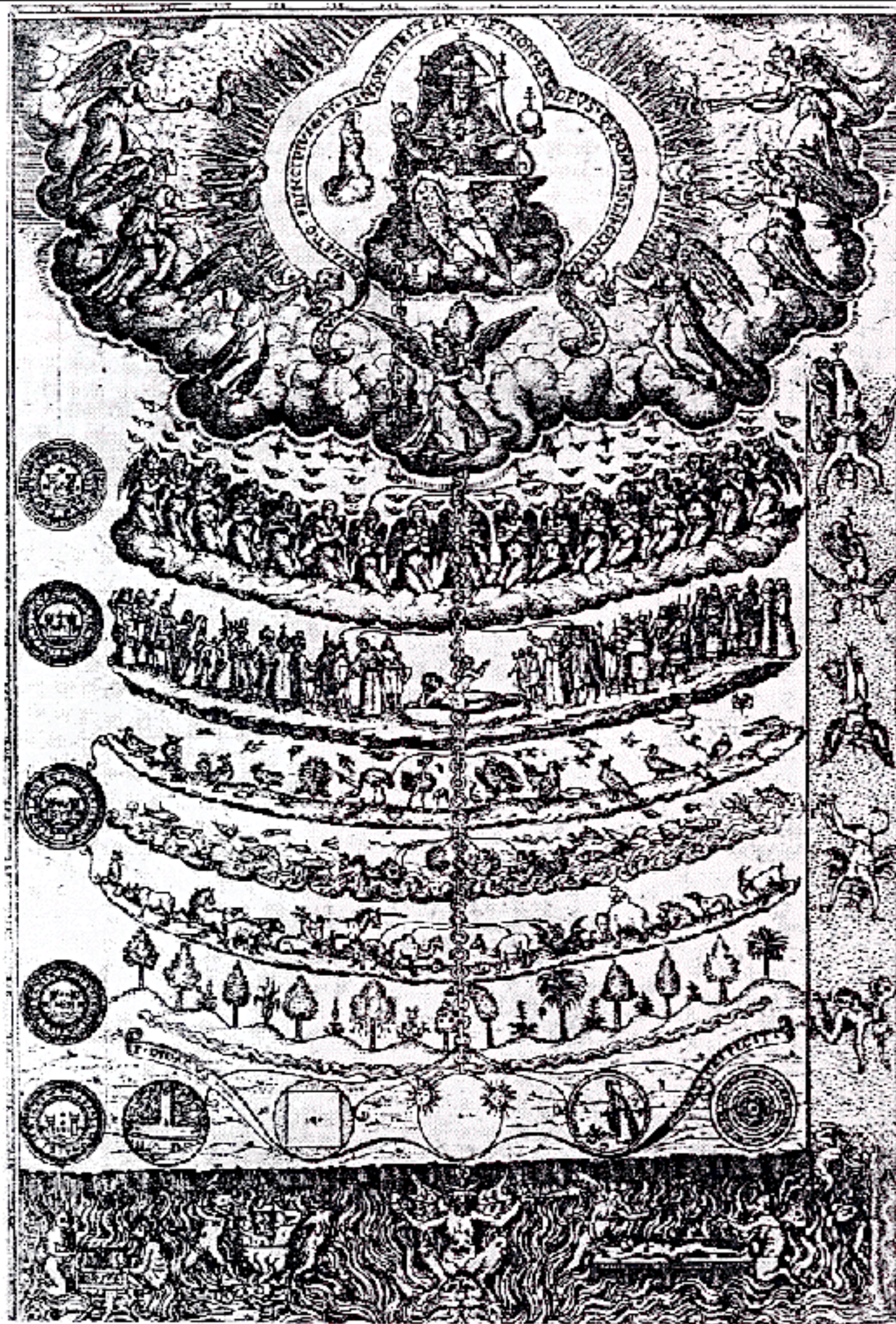
“The Anatomy of the World” on page 120 of “John Donne's Poetry,” Donald Dickson, Norton (2007) was written for Sir Robert Drury in remembrance of his daughter Elizabeth. This was written in 1610 exactly when Galileo's “Starry Messenger” was written but we don't know if Donne read the “Starry Messenger.” He was a great poet getting a sense of the moment.

“The Anatomy of the World”

The
Chain
of
Being

or

The
Ladder
of
Universe



hamlet



HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Week 22 John Donne

Institute for the Study of Western Civilization



