Elegy.

Who ever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, is one that goes
To sea for nothing[e] but to make him sick;
And Love is a beare whepe borne, if we ore’llicke
Our Love, and force itt new strange shapes to take

We erre, and of a [ould a mo] a monster make

Where not a calfe a monster that were growne
Fac’d like a man though better than his owne?
Perfection is in vnity: preferred
One woman first, and then one thing in her.,
I when I valew gold may think upon,
The ductillnes, the application
The wholsomnes, the ingenuity
From rust, from soile, from fyre ever free,
But if I love itt, ‘tis because ‘tis made
By our new nature, Use, the soule of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) butt yett love butt one.
Can men more iniure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they are not they?
Makes vertue women? must I coole my bloode
Till I both bee, and finde one wise and goode?
May barren Angells love so, butt if we
Make love to woman, vertue is not shee
As beauty is not, nor wealth: he that st^ayes thus
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Then if he tooke her maid., search every spheare
And firmament, our Cupid is not there,
He is an infernall God, and undergrounde
With Pluto dwell’s where gold and fire abound:
Men to such gods their sacrificinge coales
Did not on altars lay, but pittes, and holes.
Although we see celestiall bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till, and love.
So wee her haires contemplate, wordes, and heart,
And vertues; but we love the centrique part;
Nor is the soule more worthy, or more fitt
For love then this, for infinite as itt.
Butt in attayninge this desired place
How much they erre that sett out att the face?
Her hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles,
The brow becalmes us when [...] tis smooth and plaine,
And when t’is wrinkled shipwracks us againe.
Smooth ti’s a paradice, where we would have
Immortall stay, and wrinkled t’is our grave.
The nose, like to the first meridian, runns
Nott twixt, and east and west butt twixt two sennes

Itt leaves a cheek (a rosy hemisphere
On eyther side, and then directs us where
Upon the Ilands fortunate, we fall
(Not sainte Canary, but Ambrosyall)
Her swellinge lipps (so which when we are come
We anchor cas[|t|e and thinke our selves att home,
For they seeme all;) th’are sirens songs, and there
Wise dephique oracles do fill the eare.

There in a creek where chosen pearles do swell.
The remora her cleavinge tongue doth dwell:
These and ye glorious promontory, her ch[in]ne
Orepast, and ye straite Hellespont betweene
Ye Sestos and Abidus of her breast, 
(Not of two lovers, butt) two of two Loves the nests 
Succeeds a boundless sea, butt that thine eye 
Some Iland Moles may scatteringe there discry 
And saylinge towards her India in that way 
Shall at her sayre Atlantiques navel stay, 
Though thence the current by thy pylott made, 
Yett ere thou be where thou would’st bee embay’d 
Thou shalt upon another forest sett 
Where some do shipwrack and no further gett 
When thou art there, consider what this chace, 
Mispent by thy beginninge at the face; 
Rather sett out below, practice my art 
Some symmetry the foote hath with that part 
Which thou doest seeke, and is thy mappe for that 
Lovely enough to stoppe but not to stay att: 
Least subieck to disguise and change itt is, 
Men say the devil can never change his. 
It is the embleame which hath figured 
Firmnes, t’is the first part that comes to bed; 
Civility wee see refin’d the kisse, 
Which at the face begunne, transplanted is 
Since to the hand, since to the imperiall knee 
Now att the Papal foote delights to be. 
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 
Rise from the foote, lovers may do so too. 
For as free spheres move faster farre than can 
Birds whom the ayer resists; so may that man 
Which goes this empty and aetheriall way 
Then if at beauties elements he stay. 
Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made 
Two purses, and their mouthes aversely layd. 
They then which to the Lower, tribute owe 
That way, which that exchequer looks, must go. 
He which doth his error is as greate 
As who by glyster gave the stomack meate. / 

Sonett 
Shee that will eate her breakefast in her bedd 
And spend the morn in dresinge of her head 
And sitt att dinner like a mayden-bride
And nothing do all day but talke of pride
    God in his mercy may do much to save her
But what a case is he in that must have her./

Notes

1. Textual note: Brackets in the transcription indicate letters that are obliterated or obscured, usually by ink smudges, and remain uncertain. Superscript letters have been silently lowered, and thorns are converted to th; the abbreviation (yth) becomes that. Other abbreviations, such as wch, are expanded, using italics, to which.

2. The corrected word “lumpe” follows other texts of the poem, suggesting that the scribe initially had trouble reading the manuscript being copied. It was thought that bear whelps were initially mere lumps, shaped into bears by maternal licks.

3. glyster; also “clyster” in some MSS: meaning, an enema.
8. 1 Recto image
of Rutgers’
manuscript of
Donne’s “Elegy,”
“Love’s Progress,”
and Matthew
Mainwaring’s
“Sonnet”
8.2 Verso image of Rutgers’ manuscript of Donne’s “Elegy,” “Love’s Progress,” and Matthew Mainwaring’s “Sonnet.”