Accept, thou Shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of Dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet floweres to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev’d friend, whom thou might’st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind. For thee (lov’d clay)
I languish out not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes;
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, onely this
My exercise and bus’ness is;
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showres.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me, thy set
This Eve of blackness did beget,
Who was’t my day, (though overcast
Before thou had’st thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce had’st seen so many years
As Day tells hours. By thy clear Sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my Hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled Star is fall’n and gone,
And ’twixt me and my soules dear wish
An earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne’er was read in Almanake.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad Clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shrowd,
At length disperse this sorrows cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes; never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce Feaver must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My Little World!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls bliss; then we shall rise
And view our selves with clearer eyes
In that calm Region, where no night
Can hide us from each others sight.

Mean time, thou hast her, earth; much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With Heavens’s will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv’d right and interest
In her, whom living I lov’d best;
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy Casket shrin’d doth ly;
See that thou make thy reck’ning streight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each graine and atome of this dust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee my dear Monument.

So close the ground, and ’bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my Bride is laid.

Sleep on my Love in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed.
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev’ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath’d his drowsie gale. 100

Thus from the Sun my Bottom stears,
And my dayes Compass downward bears;
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to Thee I swiftly glide.

’Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the Vann first took’st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave. 110
But heark! My Pulse like a soft Drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort, Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part. 120

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