

AN EDITION OF THE RUTGERS MANUSCRIPT OF
DONNE'S ELEGY, "LOVE'S PROGRESS," AND
MATTHEW MAINWARING'S "SONNET"

PREPARED BY STEPHANIE HUNT¹

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'licke
Our Love, and force itt new strange shapes to take

a ~~limped~~
We erre, and of a ~~hou~~d-a-mo a monster make
lumpe²

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



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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
 Whith 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 haire 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 y^e 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 paradise, where we would have
 Immortall stay, and wrinkled t'is our grave.
 The nose, like to *the* first meridian, runns

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Nott twixt, and east and west butt twixt two s^{on}nes

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.

[verso]

There in a creek where chosen pearles do swell.
 The remora her cleavinge tongue doth dwell:
 These and y^e glorious promontory, her ch[in]ne
 Orepast, and y^e straite Hellespont betweene

Y^e Sestos and Abidus of her breast,
 (Not of two lovers, butt) ~~two~~ of two Loves *the* nests
 Succedes 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 fayre 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 fforrest 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 symetry *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.
 ffor 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 glyster³ gave *the* stomack meate. /

Sonett

Shee that will eate her breakefast in her bedd
 And spend *the* morne 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 (y^t) becomes *that*. Other abbreviations, such as w^{ch}, 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.

Thou in a dark some reason should do well
 for man's sake, though tongue and heart
 fight and glorious promission is to come
 O'ertop, and so speak the report of time
 of Sisyphus and others of the world
 Not of two loves, but I have of two loves of man's
 One is a love of the flesh, with that kind eye
 And the other is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 And the first is a love of the flesh, with that kind eye
 Shall all the day of Athens, and the day
 Though the first is a love of the flesh, with that kind eye
 It is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 Thou shalt see how he who is by the first made
 Thou shalt see how he who is by the first made
 where some do shipwreck and no further get
 when thou art there, consider what this chance
 mispent by thy beginning at the first;
 Rather get out below, practice my art
 Some journey of foot, with a part
 which thou dost seek, and is the snare for thee
 surely enough to stopp, but not to do all
 least subject to dispute and change it is
 Now say if death can more range his
 It is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 If it is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 Civilly we are refined, and the
 which all the day begins, transplanted is
 since to the hand, since to the imperiall tree
 Now all the day of Athens, and the day
 of Kings, which is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 If it is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 for as the first is a love of the flesh, with that kind eye
 Birds whom I have refined, so may that man
 which goes this empty and artificial way
 There if all the day of Athens, and the day
 Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made
 Two parts, and the first is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 That man who is by the first made
 That way, which is a love of the spirit, with that kind eye
 He who is by the first made
 As who by the first made

Sonnet

Shee that will eat her breakfast in her bed
 And spend the morning in dressing of her head
 And sit all day long in a maddening bed
 And nothing do all day but tell of bed
 God in his mercy made much to spare her
 But what a case is he in that must have her

8.2 Verso image
 of Rutgers'
 manuscript
 of Donne's
 "Elegy," "Love's
 Progress,"
 and Matthew
 Mainwaring's
 "Sonnet."