Anne Bradstreet Poetry Expert Groups

Prologue

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,  
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,  
For my mean Pen are too superior things;  
Or how they all, or each their dates have run,  
Let Poets and Historians set these forth.  
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.   
  
But when my wond'ring eyes and envious heart  
Great Bartas' sugar'd lines do but read o'er,  
Fool, I do grudge the Muses did not part  
'Twixt him and me that over-fluent store.  
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will  
But simple I according to my skill.   
  
From School-boy's tongue no Rhet'ric we expect,  
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,  
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect.  
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings,  
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.   
  
Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongued Greek  
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain.  
By Art he gladly found what he did seek,  
A full requital of his striving pain.  
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:  
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.   
  
I am obnoxious to each carping tongue  
Who says my hand a needle better fits.  
A Poet's Pen all scorn I should thus wrong,  
For such despite they cast on female wits.  
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,  
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.   
  
But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,  
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine  
And poesy made Calliope's own child?  
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts divine,  
But this weak knot they will full soon untie.  
The Greeks did nought but play the fools and lie.   
  
Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are.  
Men have precedency and still excel;  
It is but vain unjustly to wage war.  
Men can do best, and Women know it well.  
Preeminence in all and each is yours;

Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.   
  
And oh ye high flown quills that soar the skies,  
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,  
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,  
Give thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no Bays.  
This mean and unrefined ore of mine  
Will make your glist'ring gold but more to shine.

Before the Birth of One of Her Children

All things within this fading world hath end,  
Adversity doth still our joys attend;  
No ties so strong, no friends so dear and sweet,  
But with death's parting blow are sure to meet.  
The sentence past is most irrevocable,  
A common thing, yet oh, inevitable.  
How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,  
How soon't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,  
We both are ignorant, yet love bids me  
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,  
That when the knot's untied that made us one,  
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.  
And if I see not half my days that's due,  
What nature would, God grant to yours and you;  
The many faults that well you know I have  
Let be interred in my oblivious grave;  
If any worth or virtue were in me,  
Let that live freshly in thy memory  
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harmes,  
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms,  
And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains  
Look to my little babes, my dear remains.  
And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me,  
These O protect from stepdame's injury.  
And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,  
With some sad sighs honor my absent hearse;  
And kiss this paper for thy dear love's sake,   
Who with salt tears this last farewell did take.

Verses Upon the Burning of Our House

In silent night when rest I took,  
For sorrow near I did not look,  
I waken'd was with thund'ring noise  
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.  
That fearful sound of "fire" and "fire,"  
Let no man know is my Desire.  
I starting up, the light did spy,  
And to my God my heart did cry  
To straighten me in my Distress  
And not to leave me succourless.  
Then coming out, behold a space  
The flame consume my dwelling place.  
And when I could no longer look,  
I blest his grace that gave and took,  
That laid my goods now in the dust.  
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.  
It was his own; it was not mine.  
Far be it that I should repine,  
He might of all justly bereft  
But yet sufficient for us left.  
When by the Ruins oft I past  
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast  
And here and there the places spy  
Where oft I sate and long did lie.  
Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest,  
There lay that store I counted best,  
My pleasant things in ashes lie  
And them behold no more shall I.  
Under the roof no guest shall sit,  
Nor at thy Table eat a bit.  
No pleasant talk shall 'ere be told  
Nor things recounted done of old.  
No Candle 'ere shall shine in Thee,  
Nor bridegroom's voice ere heard shall bee.  
In silence ever shalt thou lie.  
Adieu, Adieu, All's Vanity.  
Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide:  
And did thy wealth on earth abide,  
Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust,  
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?  
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky  
That dunghill mists away may fly.  
Thou hast a house on high erect  
Fram'd by that mighty Architect,  
With glory richly furnished  
Stands permanent, though this be fled.  
It's purchased and paid for too  
By him who hath enough to do.  
A price so vast as is unknown,  
Yet by his gift is made thine own.  
There's wealth enough; I need no more.  
Farewell, my pelf; farewell, my store.  
The world no longer let me love;  
My hope and Treasure lies above.

The Vanity of All Worldly Things

As he said vanity, so vain say I,   
Oh! Vanity, O vain all under sky;   
Where is the man can say, "Lo, I have found   
On brittle earth a consolation sound"?   
What isn't in honor to be set on high?   
No, they like beasts and sons of men shall die,   
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate;   
He's now a captive that was king of late.   
What isn't in wealth great treasures to obtain?   
No, that's but labor, anxious care, and pain.   
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,   
It's his today, but who's his heir tomorrow?   
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find?   
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.   
The sensual senses for a time they pleasure,   
Meanwhile the conscience rage, who shall appease?   
What isn't in beauty? No that's but a snare,   
They're foul enough today, that once were fair.   
What is't in flow'ring youth, or manly age?   
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.   
Where is it then, in wisdom, learning, arts?   
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;   
Yet these the wisest man of men did find   
But vanity, vexation of the mind.   
And he that know the most doth still bemoan   
He knows not all that here is to be known.   
What is it then? To do as stoics tell,   
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well?   
Such stoics are but stocks, such teaching vain,   
While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.   
If not in honor, beauty, age, nor treasure,   
Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth, nor pleasure,   
Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search, or find   
That summum bonum which may stay my mind?   
There is a path no vulture's eye hath seen,   
Where lion fierce, nor lion's whelps have been,   
Which leads unto that living crystal fount,   
Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.   
The depth and sea have said " 'tis not in me,"   
With pearl and gold it shall not valued be.   
For sapphire, onyx, topaz who would change;   
It's hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.   
Death and destruction the fame hath heard,   
But where and what it is, from heaven's declared;   
It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay,   
It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.   
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,   
And truly beautifies without deceit.   
Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,   
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.   
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,   
Who is possessed of shall reign a king.   
Nor change of state nor cares shall ever see,   
But wear his crown unto eternity.   
This satiates the soul, this stays the mind,   
And all the rest, but vanity we find.