Classic Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Du Bartas, His Divine Weeks and Works (excerpt)

... --2--

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber --2--

Th' old heathen schools about the heavens' number. --2--

One holds but one; making the world's eyes shine --2--

Through the thin-thickness of that chrystal line, --2--

(As through the ocean's clear and liquid flood --2--

The slippery fishes up and down do scud). --2--

Another, judging certain by his eye, --2--

And, seeing sev'n bright lamps mov'd diversely,

Turn this and that way: and, on th' other side, --2--

That all the rest of the heav'ns' twinkling pride --2--

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Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies --2--
  The heav'ns' rich building into eight round stories.
Others, amid the starriest orb, perceiving --2--
A triple cadence, and withal conceiving --2--
That but one natural course one body goes, --2--
Count nine, some ten; not numb'ring yet (with those) --2--
Th' empyreal palace, where th' eternal treasures --2--
Of nectar flow, where everlasting pleasures --2--
Are heaped-up, where an immortal May --2--
In blissful beauties flourisheth for ay, --2--
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Where life still lives, where God his sises holds --2--

Environ'd round with seraphins and souls --2--

Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious flight --2--

Erst mounted earth above the heavens bright. --2--

Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume --2--

So high a song and subject to assume.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK (excerpts) Rep. Poetry: 2RP.1.253.

They say that shadows of deceased ghosts

They say that shadows of deceased ghosts Do haunt the houses and the graves about, Of such whose life's lamp went untimely out, Delighting still in their forsaken hosts: So, in the place where cruel Love doth shoot The fatal shaft that slew my love's delight, I stalk, and walk, and wander day and night, Even like a ghost with unperceived foot. But those light ghosts are happier far than I, For, at their pleasure, they can come and go Unto the place that hides their treasure so, And see the name with their fantastic eye: Where I, alas, dare not approach the cruel Proud moment that doth enclose my jewel.

To His Coy Love

I pray thee, leave, love me no more, Call home the heart you gave me! I but in vain that saint adore Tat can but will not save me. These poor half-kisses kill me quite Was ever man thus served? Amidst an ocean of delight For pleasure to be starved? Show me no more those snowy breasts With azure riveters branched, Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts, Yet is my thirst not stanched; O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell! By me thou art prevented: 'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell, But thus in Heaven tormented. Clip me no more in those dear arms, Nor thy life's comfort call me, O these are but too powerful charms, And do but more enthral me! But see how patient I am grown In all this coil about thee: Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone, I cannot live without thee!

Ubique

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the Sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am,--below, or else above you-Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.