

# "The Canonization"

By John Donne

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and  
markup by Students and Staff of the University of Virginia*

- [TP] -

POEMS,  
*By* J. D[onne].  
WITH  
ELEGIES  
ON THE AUTHOR'S  
Death.

LONDON.

Printed by *M. F.* for [J]OHN MARRIOT,  
and are to be sold at his shop in *St Dunstons*  
Church-yard in *Fleet-street.* 1633.

## The Canonization.

1 FOr Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,  
2 Or chide my palsie, or my gout,  
3 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,  
4 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve  
5 Take you a course, get you a place,  
6 Observe his honour, or his grace,  
7 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face  
8 Contemplate, what you will, approve,  
9 So you will let me love.

10 Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?  
11 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?  
12 Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?  
13 When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
14 When did the heats which my veines fill  
15 Adde one more, to the plaguie Bill?  
16 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still  
17 Litigious men, which quarrels move,  
18 Though she and I do love.

19 Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;  
20 Call her one, mee another flye,  
21 We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,  
22 And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the dove,  
23 The Phoenix ridle hath more wit  
24 By us, we two being one, are it.  
25 So, to one neutrall thing both sexes fit.  
26 Wee dye and rise the same, and prove  
27 Mysterious by this love.

28 Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,  
29 And if unfit for tombes and hearse  
30 Our legends bee, it will be fit for verse;  
31 And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,  
32 We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;  
33 As well a well wrought urne becomes  
34 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,  
35 And by these hymnes, all shall approve  
36 Us Canoniz'd for Love.

37 And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love  
38 Made one anothers hermitage;

39 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage,  
40 Who did the whole worlds soule contract, & drove  
41 Into the glasses of your eyes  
42 So made such mirrors, and such spies,  
43 That they did all to you epitomize,  
44 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above  
45 A patterne of our love.