

"Holy Sonnet: Death be not proud"

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.

6 (X), [numbering](#)

1 Death be not proud, though some have called thee
2 Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not soe,
3 For those whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
4 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee;
5 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
6 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
7 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
8 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie
9 Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
10 And doth with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell.
11 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
12 And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
13 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
14 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

Footnotes

numbering. The first number comes from Helen Gardner's renumbering of the Sonnets in her 1952 edition of *The Divine Poems* , and the Roman numeral in parentheses retains the sequence given in editions printed from 1635 to 1669.

- [RR]