

75 There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.<sup>o</sup>  
 That found King James when, hunting late this way  
 With his brave son, the Prince,<sup>2</sup> they saw thy fires  
 Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires  
 Of thy Penates<sup>o</sup> had been set on flame  
 80 To entertain them; or the country came  
 With all their zeal to warm their welcome here.  
 What (great I will not say, but) sudden cheer  
 Didst thou then make 'em! And what praise was heaped  
 On thy good lady then, who therein reaped  
 85 The just reward of her high housewifery;  
 To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,  
 When she was far; and not a room but dressed  
 As if it had expected such a guest!  
 These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.  
 90 Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.  
 His children thy great lord may call his own,  
 A fortune in this age but rarely known.  
 They are, and have been, taught religion; thence  
 Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.  
 95 Each morn and even they are taught to pray,  
 With the whole household, and may, every day,  
 Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts<sup>o</sup>  
 The mysteries of manners,<sup>o</sup> arms, and arts.  
 Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion<sup>o</sup> thee  
 100 With other edifices, when they see  
 Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,  
 May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

want

Roman household gods

attributes  
moral behavior  
compare

1616

Song: To Celia<sup>1</sup>

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 5 The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine:  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.  
 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 10 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;

2. Prince Henry, the heir apparent, who died in November 1612.

1. These famous lines translate a patchwork of five separate prose passages by Philostratus, a

Greek sophist (3rd century C.E.). The music that has made it a barroom favorite is by an anonymous 18th-century composer.

15 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

1616

## To Heaven

Good and great God, can I not think of thee  
But it must straight<sup>o</sup> my melancholy be?  
Is it interpreted in me disease *immediately*  
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?  
5 Oh, be thou witness, that the reins<sup>1</sup> dost know  
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,  
And judge me after, if I dare pretend  
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.  
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,  
10 First, midst, and last, converted<sup>o</sup> one and three, *interchanging*  
My faith, my hope, my love; and in this state,  
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.  
Where have I been this while exiled from thee,  
And whither rapt,<sup>o</sup> now thou but stoop'st to me?  
15 Dwell, dwell here still:<sup>o</sup> Oh, being everywhere, *carried off*  
How can I doubt to find thee ever here? *always*  
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,  
Conceived in sin and unto labor born,  
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,  
20 And destined unto judgment after all.  
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground  
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.  
Yet dare I not complain or wish for death  
With holy Paul,<sup>2</sup> lest it be thought the breath  
25 Of discontent; or that these prayers be  
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

1616

FROM UNDERWOOD<sup>1</sup>From A Celebration of Charis in Ten Lyric Pieces<sup>2</sup>4. Her Triumph<sup>3</sup>

See the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my lady rideth!

1. Literally, kidneys, but also the seat of the affections, with a glance at Psalm 7.9: "the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins."

2. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Romans 7.24).

3. Preparing a second edition of his *Works* (published posthumously in 1640–41), Jonson added a third section of poems, "Underwood," "out of the analogy they hold to *The Forest* in my former

book."

2. The Greek word *charis*, from which Jonson's lady takes her name, means "grace" or "loveliness."

3. Following Petrarch, many Renaissance poets used the figure of the triumphal procession to celebrate a person or concept—time, chastity, fame, etc. Metrically, this poem is highly complex.