Appendix A

The Anniversary
By John Donne

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun it self, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide time and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! As well as other princes, we
Who prince enough in one another be
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
All or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

Source:
Wilbur, Richard, (1962). (Ed.). The Laurel Poetry Series: *John Donne*. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

To His Coy Mistress
By Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To talk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster then empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But my back always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place.
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew.
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires.
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey.
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and ball;

And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run. 45

Source:
Wilbur, Richard, (1962). (Ed.). The Laurel Poetry Series: *Andrew Marvell*. New York:
Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

Song: To Celia I
Come, my Celia, let us prove
By Ben Jonson

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light.
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few porr household spies?
Or his easier eras beguile,
So removed by our wile?
"tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Source:
Wilbur, Richard, (1962). (Ed.). The Laurel Poetry Series: *Ben Jonson*. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

To the Virgins to Make Much of Time
By Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime;
You may forever tarry.

Source:
Wilbur, Richard, (1962). (Ed.). The Laurel Poetry Series: *Robert Herrick*. New York:
Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

Corinna's Going A-Maying
By Robert Herrick

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fair-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! Not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green;
And sweet as flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, on hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinne, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll aboard; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;

But my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone go to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back,a nd with white-thorn laden, home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

Source:
Wilbur, Richard, (1962). (Ed.). The Laurel Poetry Series: *Robert Herrick*. New York:

Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

Appendix B

Biography

1. Biography of John Donne

John Donne was born in Bread Street, London in 1572 to a prosperous Roman Catholic family, a precarious thing at a time when anti-Catholic sentiment was rife in England. His father, John Donne, was a well-to-do ironmonger and citizen of London. Donne's father died suddenly in 1576, and left the three children to be raised by their mother, Elizabeth, the daughter of John Heywood, epigrammatist, and a relative of Sir Thomas More. He studied there for three years at the University of Cambridge. He was admitted to study law as a member of Thavies Inn (1591) and Lincoln's Inn (1592), and it seemed natural that Donne should embark upon a legal or diplomatic career. In 1593, Donne's brother Henry died of a fever in prison after being arrested for giving sanctuary to a proscribed Catholic priest. This made Donne begin to question his faith. His first book of poems, *Satires*, written during this period of residence in London, is considered one of Donne's most important literary efforts. He married Anne More, daughter of Sir George More and niece of Sir Thomas' second wife. To make matters worse, Anne was underage, so her irate father promptly had John arrested for marrying a minor without the consent of her guardians. Having inherited a considerable fortune, young "Jack Donne" spent his money on womanizing, on books, at the theatre, and on travels. Donne's style, full of elaborate metaphors and religious symbolism, his flair for drama, his wide learning and his quick wit soon established him as one of the greatest preachers of the era. Fully 160 of his sermons survive. Just as Donne's fortunes seemed to be improving, Anne Donne died, on 15 August 1617 after giving birth to their twelfth child, a stillborn. Struck by grief, Donne wrote the seventeenth Holy Sonnet, *Since she whom I lov'd hath paid her last debt*. It also brought Donne's long-time obsession with death to the surface, and it showed in his sermons as well as his poems. It becomes the reason why I choose John Donne and his

poems because his view on God and death in some of his love poems is related with the idea of Carpe Diem. His struggle in life to face the death makes him become stronger and survive in the future. In his mind to live would mean that he had to face death. He was described as a very charming and companionable person, even if he was raised Catholic. He also frittered away some of his time messing about with some poetry. Donne was a man very much torn between the worldly and the spiritual, and this really shows in his poems.
(2000, http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/donne/donnebio.htm)

2. Biography of Andrew Marvell

Andrew Marvell was born at Winestead in Holderness, Yorkshire on March 31, 1621. When Marvell was about three years of age his family moved to Hull. Marvell had learned a good deal about life in the busy shipping town of Hull and in the local grammar school before he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of twelve. At that university he became proficient in half a dozen ancient languages. He learned a good deal about poetry, and his verses on the birth of the princess Anne were published with similar tributes by other undergraduates before he left. While at Cambridge he became for a short period a Roman Catholic, but returned to his father's faith soon afterwards. Two poems by Marvell, one in Greek, one in Latin, were printed in the *Musa Cantabrigiensi*s in 1637. In 1638 Marvell was admitted a Scholar of Trinity College, and took his B.A. degree in the same year. A few days later after receiving his scholarship, his mother died. He remained a few more years in residence, leaving Cambridge only after his father's death, by drowning in 1640.

In 1641, after his graduation, his father died, and he began to make his own living as clerk in a business house in Hull. A period of four years was spent on the Continent, where he may have been a tutor, and where he acquired the principal modern languages. In 1651, in his thirtieth year, happily for him and for English poetry, he was made tutor to the twelve-year-old daughter of Cromwell's Lord General Fairfax at his beautiful

estate, Nun Appleton, in Yorkshire. His poem, *Upon Appleton House*, is a poem crucial to his development both as man and as poet. Here he examines the competing claims of public service and the search for personal insight. To the same period probably belong Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress* and *The Definition of Love.*

In 1653 he removed to Eton to become the tutor of William Dutton, a ward of Cromwell's in the home of the Rev. John Oxenbridge. The latter had served as a minister in the Bermudas, and Marvell got the inspiration for his poem on Bermuda. Four years later Marvell entered public life as assistant to Milton, who was Cromwell's Latin Secretary. It is interesting to think of two Puritan poets on the century, both of them having laid aside their singing robes, working together over state papers. As a statesman he was a far more flexible and more practical man than Milton. Unlike Milton, Marvell could distinguish between the system and those who served the system.

In 1659 he was elected to Richard Cromwell's Parliament, and remained in Parliament to respect Hull for the rest of his life. Marvell was elected M.P. for his hometown of Hull, and he continued to represent it until his death. During his last twenty years of life, Marvell was engaged in political activities, taking apart in embassies to Holland and Russia and writing political pamphlets and satires. Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems were printed posthumously in 1681.

What he asked of public government was that it should deal justify and efficiently with the practical side of living, and so leave men free to pursue the life of sensibility and contemplation and culture. His verse after the Restoration consists of political satires, which were published in 1689. Marvell died on 16 August 1678 of tertian ague, and the malpractice of the attending physician. He was buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. It is only in the twentieth century that Marvell has come to be appreciated as the marketable poet he is. It is hardly too much to say that today he is more than any other poet chosen as the best representative of the peculiar qualities of seventeenth-century poetry.

(2000, http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/marvell/marvellbio.htm)

3. Biography of Ben Johnson

Ben Jonson was born in June 11th 1572, the posthumous son of a clergyman. He was educated at Westminster School by the great classical scholar William Camden and worked in his stepfather's trade, bricklaying. He joined the theatrical company of Philip Henslowe in London as an actor and playwright on or before 1579 when he is identified in the papers of Henslowe. Jonson became a celebrity and there was a brief fashion for 'humors' comedy, a kind of topical comedy involving eccentric characters, each of whom represented a temperament, or humor, of humanity. His play, *Every Man Out Of His Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) were satirical comedies by displaying classical learning and his interest in formal experiment. Jonson's keen sense of his own stature is represented by unprecedented publication of his Works in 1616. He was appointed as poet laureate and rewarded a substantial pension in the same year.

The reputation of Jonson has been of the most deadly kind that can be compelled upon the memory of a great poet. To be universally accepted, to be damned by the praise that quenches all desire to read the book, to be afflicted by the imputation of the virtues which excite the least pleasure, and to be read only by historians and antiquaries. This is the most perfect conspiracy of approval. For some generations the reputation of Jonson has been carried rather as a liability than as asset in the balance - sheet of English literature. No critic succeeded in making him appear pleasurable or even interesting.
(2000, http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/jonson/benbio.htm)

4. Biography of Robert Herrick

Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He is an English poet that is considered as the greatest of the Cavalier poets. Although he was born in London he spent most of his childhood in Hampton. His father killed himself shortly after Robert's birth. In 1607 he

was raised by his uncle, the goldsmith Sir William Herrick and remained in London until 1613. There is something of the delicacy of the goldsmith's art and the fineness of lapidary's touch in Herrick's verse, and some of his little poems may indeed have been composed to be inscribed on wedding rings and pieces of jewelry. At a rather late age for that time, twenty-two, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. He transferred to Trinity Hall to study law, and received his B.A. and M.A. degree in 1617-1620. In 1627 he was chaplain in the Duke of Buckingham's disastrous expedition to the Isle of Re. Then at the same year, Herrick entered the priesthood of the Church of England, for what reasons it is not known, and two years later this most accomplished of lyric poets became Vicar of Dean Prior in small boring community, Devonshire. Here he lived for twenty years, preaching to the country people and fulfilling the others duties of his parson are calling.

His first writings appeared in 1635 and he continuous to write until he was ejected by Puritans from his post in 1648 because of royalist sympathies. He vigorously supported the King during England's Civil War. He was not a countryman like Shakespeare, and his religious experience was a very different thing from that of Donne or Herbert or Crashaw or Vaughan that he never married. Whether Julia and Corrina and the other charming creatures of whom he sings ever existed or was, as has been suggested, "the sirens of a lonely heart" can only be conjectured. In 1647, he was ejected from his vicarage by the Roundheads, and returned to London and Westminster. He published his celebrated collection of poems *Hesperides* or the Works both *Human and Devine* of Robert Herrick in one volume in 1684, the least propitious of years for *a book singing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers* and similar pleasant things. It contains the bulk of his work which when it first appeared included his sacred songs called Noble Numbers. Among the best known of his lyrics are *The Night Piece, to Julia,* the song commencing ye *Gather ye rosebuds while may, Corinna's Going a-Maying, To Athena, Cherry-ripe,* and *Upon Julia's clothes.* Among his sacred poems in his fine piece *His Litany to the*

Holy Spirit. Herrick also excelled in the writing of epigrams and epitaphs. His reputation declined after his death, but in 19th century, he was recognized as a great lyricist that his poetry is the true mirror of his life. After a period of twelve years in London, of which again we know nothing, he was restored to Dean prior by Charles II, and remained there until his death.

(2000, http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/herrick/herribio.htm)