

**Holy Sonnet X**

John Donne

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

**Holy Sonnet XIV**

John Donne

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurp'd town to'another due,  
Labor to'admit you, but oh, to no end;  
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly'I love you, and would be lov'd fain,  
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;  
Divorce me,'untie or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you'enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

**For Whom the Bells Toll**

John Donne

No man is an island,  
Entire of itself.  
Each is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.  
As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manner of thine own  
Or of thine friend's were.  
Each man's death diminishes me,  
For I am involved in mankind.  
Therefore, send not to know  
For whom the bell tolls,  
It tolls for thee.

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells-  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III  
Hear the loud alarum bells-  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now--now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of Despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!

WORDS  
BY HEART

Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone-  
They are neither brute nor human-  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paean of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paean of the bells-  
Of the bells:  
Keeping time, time, time,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
To the throbbing of the bells-  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the sobbing of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells-  
Keeping time, time, time,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells-  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells-  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
And the danger ebbs and flows:  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells-  
Of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells!  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV  
Hear the tolling of the bells-  
From Bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright!  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
They that people--ah, the people-  
And the people--well up in the steeples,  
All Alone  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,