

"The Relique"

By John Donne

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

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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 Relique.

1 When my grave is broke up againe
2 Some second guest to entertaine,
3 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
4 To be to more then one a Bed)
5 And he that digs it, spies
6 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
7 Will he not let'us alone,
8 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
9 Who thought that this device might be some way
10 To make their soules, at the last busie day,
11 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

12 If this fall in a time, or land,
13 Where mis-devotion doth command,
14 Then, he that digges us up, will bring
15 Us, to the Bishop, and the King,
16 To make us Reliques; then
17 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
18 A something else thereby;
19 All women shall adore us, and some men;
20 And since at such time, miracles are sought,
22 I would have that age by this paper taught
23 What miracles wee harmeslesse lovers wrought.

24 First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
25 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
26 Difference of sex no more wee new,
27 Then our Guardian Angells doe,
28 Comming and going, wee,
29 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales
30 Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
31 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free,
32 These miracles wee did; but now alas,
33 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
34 Should I tell what a miracle shee was.