**Anne Bradstreet 101**

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| **Upon a Fit of Sickness, Anno. 1632**O Bubble blast, how long can'st last?That always art a breaking,No sooner blown, but dead and gone,Ev'n as a word that's speaking.O whil'st I live, this grace me give,I doing good may be,Then death's arrest I shall count best,because it's thy decree.**Contemplations**Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'dWhose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'dAnd softly said, what glory's like to thee?Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,No wonder, some made thee a Deity:Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I**Dialogue between Old England and New** O pity me in this sad perturbation,My plundered Towers, my houses devastation,My weeping Virgins and my young men slain;My wealthy trading fall'n, my dearth of grain |  **A Letter to her Husband, absent upon Publick employment** My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,  My joy, my Magazine of earthly store, I if two be one, as surely thou and I,  How stayest thou there, whilst I at *Ipswich* lye? So many steps, head from the heart to sever  If but a neck, soon should we be together: I like the earth this season, mourn in black,  My Sun is gone so far in’s Zodiack,  Whom whilst I ’joy’d, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,  His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.  My chilled limbs now nummed lye forlorn;  Return, return sweet *Sol* from *Capricorn*; I in this dead time, alas, what can I more T when view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?  Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,  True living Pictures of their Fathers face.  O strange effect! now thou art *Southward* gone, I weary grow, the tedious day so long; B but when thou *Northward* to me shalt return, I wish my Sun may never set, but burn  Within the Cancer of my glowing breast, T the welcome house of him my dearest guest.  Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,  Till natures sad decree shall call thee hence; F lesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone, I here, thou there, yet both but one.  |

**William Bradford 101** – ***Of Plymouth Plantation (1630-1650)***

**But here I cannot but stay and make a pause**, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies; no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor7. It is recorded in Scripture as a mercy to the Apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they know that the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men--and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and company? But that with speed they should look out a place (with their shallop8) where they would be, at some near distance; for the season was such that he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them, where they would be, and he might go without danger; and that victuals9 consumed space but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves and their return. Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it also be considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them, that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under; and they could not but be very small. It is true, indeed, the affections and love of their brethren at Leyden was cordial and entire towards them, but they had little power to help them or themselves; and how the case stood between them and the merchants at their coming away hath already been declared.

**What could now sustain them but the Spirit of God and His grace**? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: "Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice and looked on their adversity10," etc. "Let them therefore praise the Lord, because He is good: and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, show how He hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them." "Let them confess before the Lord His loving kindness and His wonderful works before the sons of men."