To My Dear and Loving Husband

*Anne Bradstreet, 1612 - 1672*

If ever two were one, then surely we.

If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;

If ever wife was happy in a man,

Compare with me ye women if you can.

I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,

Or all the riches that the East doth hold.

My love is such that rivers cannot quench,

Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.

Thy love is such I can no way repay;

The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.

Then while we live, in love let’s so persever,

That when we live no more we may live ever.

Verses upon the Burning of our House

*Anne Bradstreet, 1612 – 1672*

In silent night when rest I took,

For sorrow near I did not look,

I waken’d was with thund’ring noise

And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.

That fearful sound of “fire” and “fire,"

Let no man know is my Desire.

I starting up, the light did spy,

And to my God my heart did cry

To straighten me in my Distress

And not to leave me succourless.

Then coming out, behold a space

The flame consume my dwelling place.

And when I could no longer look,

I blest his grace that gave and took,

That laid my goods now in the dust.

Yea, so it was, and so ‘twas just.

It was his own; it was not mine.

Far be it that I should repine,

He might of all justly bereft

But yet sufficient for us left.

When by the Ruins oft I past

My sorrowing eyes aside did cast

And here and there the places spy

Where oft I sate and long did lie.

Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest,

There lay that store I counted best,

My pleasant things in ashes lie

And them behold no more shall I.

Under the roof no guest shall sit,

Nor at thy Table eat a bit.

No pleasant talk shall ‘ere be told

Nor things recounted done of old.

No Candle ‘ere shall shine in Thee,

Nor bridegroom’s voice ere heard shall be.

In silence ever shalt thou lie.

Adieu, Adieu, All’s Vanity.

Then straight I ‘gin my heart to chide:

And did thy wealth on earth abide,

Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust,

The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?

Raise up thy thoughts above the sky

That dunghill mists away may fly.

Thou hast a house on high erect

Fram’d by that mighty Architect,

With glory richly furnished

Stands permanent, though this be fled.

It’s purchased and paid for too

By him who hath enough to do.

A price so vast as is unknown,

Yet by his gift is made thine own.

There’s wealth enough; I need no more.

Farewell, my pelf; farewell, my store.

The world no longer let me love;

My hope and Treasure lies above.

Huswifery

BY [EDWARD TAYLOR](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/edward-taylor)

Make me, O Lord, thy Spinning Wheel complete.

       Thy Holy Word my Distaff make for me.

Make mine Affections thy Swift Flyers neat

       And make my Soule thy holy Spool to bee.

       My Conversation make to be thy Reel

       And reel the yarn thereon spun of thy Wheel.

Make me thy Loom then, knit therein this Twine:

       And make thy Holy Spirit, Lord, wind quills:

Then weave the Web thyself. The yarn is fine.

       Thine Ordinances make my Fulling Mills.

       Then dye the same in Heavenly Colors Choice,

       All pinked with Varnished Flowers of Paradise.

Then clothe therewith mine Understanding, Will,

       Affections, Judgment, Conscience, Memory

My Words, and Actions, that their shine may fill

       My ways with glory and thee glorify.

       Then mine apparel shall display before Ye

       That I am Clothed in Holy robes for glory.