

DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

John Donne

a poem

first published in Songs and Sonnets, 1633

published in Poems by John Donne, Volume 1, page 326
by Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1912

THE
PROUD READER™

theproudreader.com

©2022 Keygen Ltd LLC

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.



This document is released under the
Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International license.

The written work contained in this document is in the public domain.
You are free to copy its text and reuse it without permission.

You are free to share this document in its entirety—be it in print or digitally—
but you are not authorized to modify it, sell it, or use it in any way commercially.

For more written works and free audiobooks, visit our website,
and follow us at the social media sites below.

Official Website

theproudreader.com

Listen to The Proud Reader

YouTube: youtube.com/channel/UCHnUg4W9wkn2ISDoCxucd_A

Bitchute: bitchute.com/theProudReader

Rumble: rumble.com/c/TheProudReader

Odysee: odysee.com/@TheProudReader:c

Follow The Proud Reader

Minds: minds.com/theProudReader

Gab: gab.com/theProudReader

Parler: parler.com/TheProudReader

Twitter: twitter.com/TheProudReader

Subscribe & Donate

Patreon: patreon.com/theProudReader

SubscribeStar: subscribestar.com/theProudReader

PayPal: paypal.com/biz/fund?id=5GFSVWEHUPK66