

Comparison: Male and Female Poets

In Memory of My Dear Grandchild Anne Bradstreet Who Deceased June 20, 1669, Being Three Years and Seven Months Old

With troubled heart and trembling hand I write,
The heavens have changed to sorrow my delight.
How oft with disappointment have I met,
When I on fading things my hopes have set.
Experience might 'fore this have made me wise,
To value things according to their price.
Was ever stable joy yet found below?
Or perfect bliss without mixture of woe?
I knew she was but as a withering flower,
That's here today, perhaps gone in an hour;
Like as a bubble, or the brittle glass,
Or like a shadow turning as it was.
More fool then I to look on that was lent
As if mine own, when thus impermanent.
Farewell dear child, thou ne'er shall come to me,
But yet a little while, and I shall go to thee;
Mean time my throbbing heart's cheered up with this:
Thou with thy Saviour art in endless bliss.

Upon Wedlock, and Death of Children

But oh! a glorious hand from glory came
Guarded with Angells, soon did Crop this
flowere
Which almost tore the root up of the same
At that unlookt for, Dolesome, darksome houre.
In Pray're to Christ perfum'de it did ascend,
And Angells bright did it to heaven tend.

But pausing on't, this sweet perfum'd my
thought,
Christ would in Glory have a Flowre, Choice,
Prime,
And having Choice, chose this my branch forth
brought.
Lord, take't. I thanke thee, thou takst ought of
mine,
It is my pledg in glory, part of mee
Is now in it, Lord, glorifi'de with thee.

But praying ore my branch, my branch did
sprout
And bore another manly flower, and gay
And after that another, sweet brake out,
The which the former hand soon got away.
But oh! the tortures, Vomit, screechings, groans,
And six weeks fever would pierce hearts like
stones.

Griefe o're doth flow: and nature fault would
finde
Were not thy Will, my Spell, Charm, Joy, and
Gem:
That as I said, I say, take, Lord, they're thine.
I piecemeale pass to Glory bright in them.
In joy, may I sweet Flowers for Glory breed,
Whether thou getst them green, or lets them
seed.