# Upon the Burning of

# Our House

# July 10, 1666

Anne Bradstreet

In silent night when rest I took,

For sorrow near I did not look,

I wakened was with thund’ring noise

And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.

That fearful sound of “fire” and “fire,” (5)

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. (10)

Then, coming out, behold a space

The flame consume my dwelling place.

And when I could no longer look,

I blest His name that gave and took,

That laid my goods now in the dust. (15)

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. (20)

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,(25)

There lay that store I counted best.

My pleasant things in ashes lie

And them behold no more shall I.

Under thy roof no guest shall sit,

Nor at thy Table eat a bit. (30)

No pleasant talk shall ‘ere be told

Nor things recounted done of old.

No Candle e'er shall shine in Thee,

Nor bridegroom‘s voice e'er heard shall be.

In silence ever shalt thou lie, (35)

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 mould'ring dust?

The arm of flesh didst make thy trust? (40)

Raise up thy thoughts above the sky

That dunghill mists away may fly.

Thou hast a house on high erect

Framed by that mighty Architect,

With glory richly furnished, (45)

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; (50)

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.

# To My Dear and Loving Husband

# Anne Bradstreet

If ever two were one, then surely we.

If ever man were lov’d 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 persevere,

That when we live no more, we may live ever.

**The Author to Her Book**

 Thou ill-form’d offspring of my feeble brain,

 Who after birth did’st by my side remain,

 Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true

 Who thee abroad, expos’d to publick view;

 Made thee in rags, halting to th’ press to trudge,  (5)

 Where errors were not lessened (all may judge)

 At thy return my blushing was not small,

 My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,

 I cast thee by as one unfit for light,

 Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;  (10)

 Yet being mine own, at length affection would

 Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:

 I wash’d thy face, but more defects I saw,

 And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.

 I stretcht thy joints to make thee even feet, (15)

 Yet still thou run’st more hobbling than is meet;

 In better dress to trim thee was my mind,

 But nought save home-spun cloth, i’ th’ house I find.

 In this array, ‘mongst vulgars mayst thou roam

 In critics hands, beware thou dost not come;  (20)

 And take thy way where yet thou art not known,

 If for thy father askt, say, thou hadst none:

 And for thy mother, she alas is poor,

 Which caus’d her thus to send thee out of door.