# 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.

**Upon Some Distemper of Body**

In anguish of my heart replete with woes,   
And wasting pains, which best my body knows,   
In tossing slumbers on my wakeful bed,   
Bedrenched with tears that flowed from mournful head,   
Till nature had exhausted all her store,   
Then eyes lay dry, disabled to weep more;   
And looking up unto his throne on high,   
Who sendeth help to those in misery;   
He chased away those clouds and let me see   
My anchor cast i' th' vale with safety.   
He eased my soul of woe, my flesh of pain,   
and brought me to the shore from troubled main.

**By Night When Others Soundly Slept**

By night when others soundly slept  
And hath at once both ease and rest,   
My waking eyes were open kept  
And so to lie I found it best.   
  
I sought him whom my soul did love,  
With tears I sought him earnestly.   
He bow'd his ear down from above.  
In vain I did not seek or cry.   
  
My hungry soul he fill'd with good;  
He in his bottle put my tears,   
My smarting wounds washt in his blood,   
And banisht thence my doubts and fears.   
  
What to my saviour shall I give   
Who freely hath done this for me?  
I'll serve him here whilst I shall live  
And love him to eternity.