

Primary Source - Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672) Poems

Source: Available at http://www.annebradstreet.com/anne_bradstreet_poems.htm

An Epitaph On my dear and ever honored Mother Mrs. Dorothy Dudley Who deceased Decem. 27. 1643 as of her age 61.

Here lyes
A worthy Matron of unspotted life,
A loving Mother and obedient wife,
A friendly Neighbor pitiful to poor,
Whom oft she fed and clothed with her store,
To Servants wisely aweful but yet kind,
And as they did so they reward did find;
A true Instructor of her Family,
The which she ordered with dexterity.
The publick meetings ever did frequent,
And in her Closet constant hours she spent;
Religious in all her words and wayes
Preparing still for death till end of dayes;
Of all her Children, Children lived to see,
Then dying, left a blessed memory.

To My Dear and Loving Husband

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 recompetence.
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.

From The Prologue

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits.
A Poet's Pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits.
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are.
Men have precedency and still excel;
It is but vain unjustly to wage war.
Men can do best, and Women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.