

From "Contemplations"

**O Time the fatal wrack
of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's
curtains over kings;
Their sumptuous moments
men know them not,
Their names without a record
are forgot
Their parts, their ports, their pomps
all laid in th' dust
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings
escape time's rust;
But he whose name is graved
in the white stone
Shall last and shine
when all these are gone.**

"Time" is referred to as a person. This is an example of _____.

"oblivion" means _____.

"sumptuous" means _____.

"pomps" means _____.

The white stone is an _____, which is a reference to another literary work. In this case she is referring to the Bible.

Revelations 2:17

He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To him who overcomes, I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give him a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to him who receives it."

Why would this be important to Anne Bradstreet?

Here is a poem she wrote about her husband

*"If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife were happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if ye can."*

Her tombstone has the following written on it:

*"Mirror of Her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose
Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine,
chose its native home, and was taken to its
Rest."*

Some quotes:

"If we had no Winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; If we did not sometimes taste the adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome."

"If what I do prove well, it won't advance / They'll say it's stolen, or else by chance."

"Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are."

**Verses upon the Burning of our House, July
10th, 1666**

*Here Follows Some Verses Upon the Burning
of Our house, July 10th. 1666. Copied Out of
a Loose Paper.*

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,"
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.
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.
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.
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,
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.
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,
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?
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,
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;
There's wealth enough, I need no more,
Farewell, my self, farewell, my store.
The world no longer let me love,
My hope and treasure lies above.