

Metaphysical poetry:  
(b)i Argument (Donne's *Death*)

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Death, be not \_\_\_\_\_, though some have called thee  
Mighty and \_\_\_\_\_, for thou art not so;  
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost \_\_\_\_\_,  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou \_\_\_\_\_ me.  
From rest and \_\_\_\_\_, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must \_\_\_\_\_,  
And soonest our \_\_\_\_\_ men with thee do go,  
Rest of their \_\_\_\_\_, and soul's delivery.  
Thou'rt slave to \_\_\_\_\_, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and \_\_\_\_\_ dwell,  
And poppy, or \_\_\_\_\_ can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short \_\_\_\_\_ past, we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt \_\_\_\_\_.