

## Module 3: The Influence of Faith in Colonial American Literature

### Topic 5 Content: Anne Bradstreet "Another"

#### Another

Phoebus make haste, the day's too long, be gone,  
The silent night's the fittest time for moan;  
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,  
And tell my griefs in either hemisphere.  
(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd)  
The woeful accents of my doleful sound,  
If in thy swift carrier thou canst make stay,  
I crave this boon, this errand by the way,  
Commend me to the man more loved than life,  
Show him the sorrows of his widowed wife;  
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brakish tears  
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,  
And if he love, how can he there abide?  
My interest's more than all the world beside.  
He that can tell the stars or ocean sand,  
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,  
The leaves in th' woods, the hail, or drops of rain,  
Or in a corn-field number every grain,  
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,  
May count my sighs, and number all my drops.  
Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace,  
That once a day thy spouse thou may'st embrace;  
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,  
Thy rays afar salute her from the south.  
But for one month I see no day (poor soul)  
Like those far situate under the pole,  
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,  
O how they joy when thou dost light the skies.  
O Phoebus, hadst thou but thus long from thine  
Restrained the beams of thy beloved shine,  
At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst,  
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.  
Tell him here's worse than a confused matter,  
His little world's a fathom under water.  
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams  
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.  
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,  
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.  
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,  
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.