Cold Read Practice

Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud
BY JOHN DONNE

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

1. What is the main idea behind the poem?
2. Who is the author talking to?
3. The line, “And soonest our best men with thee do go,” analyze what this line means?
   Who do you think it is speaking to, and why?
4. How is it that death itself can die?
5. Using textual evidence to support your argument, when do you think death is most common and according to the author what is the best way to defeat it? Three Sentences.