Whan that Aprill, with his shoures soote

The droghte of March hath perced to the roote

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,

Of which vertu engendred is the flour;

Now therefore thus saith the Lord,

Thou shall not come down

from that bed on which thou

art gone up, but shall surely die

Thy natural magic and dire property

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe…

came on shore on this dismal,

unfortunate island, which I called

‘The Island of Despair’.