GEORGE HERBERT

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
   Though foolishly he lost the same,
   Decaying more and more
   Till he became
   Most poor:
   With thee
   O let me rise
   As larks, harmoniously,
   And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

   My tender age in sorrow did begin:
   And still with sicknesses and shame
   Thou didst so punish sin,
   That I became
   Most thin.
   With thee
   Let me combine,
   And feel this day thy victory;
   For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.