

## **Week 2 - The Collar**

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;  
I will abroad!  
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?  
My lines and life are free, free as the road,  
Loose as the wind, as large as store.  
Shall I be still in suit?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me blood, and not restore  
What I have lost with cordial fruit?  
Sure there was wine  
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn  
Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the year only lost to me?  
Have I no bays to crown it,  
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?  
All wasted?  
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,  
And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,  
Thy rope of sands,  
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
Away! take heed;  
I will abroad.  
Call in thy death's-head there; tie up thy fears;  
He that forbears  
To suit and serve his need  
Deserves his load."  
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild  
At every word,  
Methought I heard one calling, *Child!*  
And I replied *My Lord.*

## **Week 3 - Prayer (I)**

Prayer the church's banquet, angel's age,  
God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth  
Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tow'r,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-days world transposing in an hour,  
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;  
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,  
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,  
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,  
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,  
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,  
The land of spices; something understood.

## **Week 4 - The Elixir**

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything  
To do it as for Thee.  
Not rudely, as a beast,  
To run into an action;  
But still to make Thee prepossess,  
And give it his perfection.  
A man that looks on glass,  
On it may stay his eye;  
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the heav'n espy.  
All may of Thee partake:  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with his tincture—"for Thy sake"—  
Will not grow bright and clean.  
A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.  
This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

## **Week 5 - The Call**

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:  
Such a Way, as gives us breath:  
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:  
Such a Life, as killeth death.  
Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:  
Such a Light, as shows a feast:  
Such a Feast, as mends in length:  
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.  
Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
Such a Joy, as none can move:  
Such a Love, as none can part:  
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

## Week 6 - The Agony

Philosophers have measur'd the mountains,  
Fathom'd the depths of the seas, of states, and kings,  
Walk'd with a staff to heav'n, and traced fountains:

But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behave:  
Yet few there are that sound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair  
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see  
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,  
His skin, his garments bloody be.  
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain  
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,  
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike  
Did set again abroad; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
Love in that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

## Easter Day - 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 thy victory:  
For, if I imp my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.



**'Quick-eyed love'**  
Journeying Through Lent 2024  
with George Herbert

Join us  
as we travel  
through Lent with the poet  
George Herbert, guided by  
the Rev. Richard Cooke.

1. Weds 21 Feb ~ 'Love Bade Me Welcome' - Love (III)
2. Weds 28 Feb ~ 'No more' - The Collar
3. Weds 6 Mar ~ 'The soul's blood' - Prayer (I)
4. Weds 13 Mar ~ 'The famous stone' - The Elixir
5. Weds 20 Mar ~ 'Come' - The Call & 'Sin and love' - The Agony
6. Sun 31 Mar (5pm) 'As larks, harmoniously' - Easter Wings

*Copies of the poems for each week will be available.*

*Some of George Herbert's poems will accompany us through Lent. There is a poem for each week, beginning with the first full week of Lent from 18 February.*

*You may like to read each poem several times during the relevant week. Don't worry too much about what it means at first, just get familiar with it.*

*At the Wednesday evening sessions we'll look in more detail at each session and be able to share some of what we have encountered if we wish.*

*Please note that there is no session on 27 March (Holy Week).*

## Week 1 - Love (III)

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,  
Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
If I lack'd anything.  
'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'  
Love said, 'You shall be he.'  
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on Thee.'  
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,  
'Who made the eyes but I?'  
'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve.'  
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'  
'My dear, then I will serve.'  
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'  
So I did sit and eat.