

The Dawning  
Texts by George Herbert

***The Agony*** (excerpt)

Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine.

***The Dawning***

Awake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;  
    Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;  
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns:  
    Thy Savior comes, and with him mirth:  
        Awake, awake:  
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.  
    But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;  
    And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart, if thou dost not withstand,  
    Christ's resurrection thine may be:  
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,  
    Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:  
        Arise, arise;  
And with his burial-linen dry thine eyes:  
    Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief  
    Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

***Trinity Sunday***

Lord, who hast formed me out of mud,  
    And hast redeemed me through thy blood,  
    And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:  
    For I confess my heavy score,  
    And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,  
    With faith, with hope, with charity;  
    That I may run, rise, rest with thee.