



from "The Flower," By George Herbert

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are Thy returns! even as the flowers in Spring,  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring;  
Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriveled heart  
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
Quite underground; as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,  
Where they together  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

And now in age I bud again,  
After so many deaths I live and write;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing: O, my only Light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.