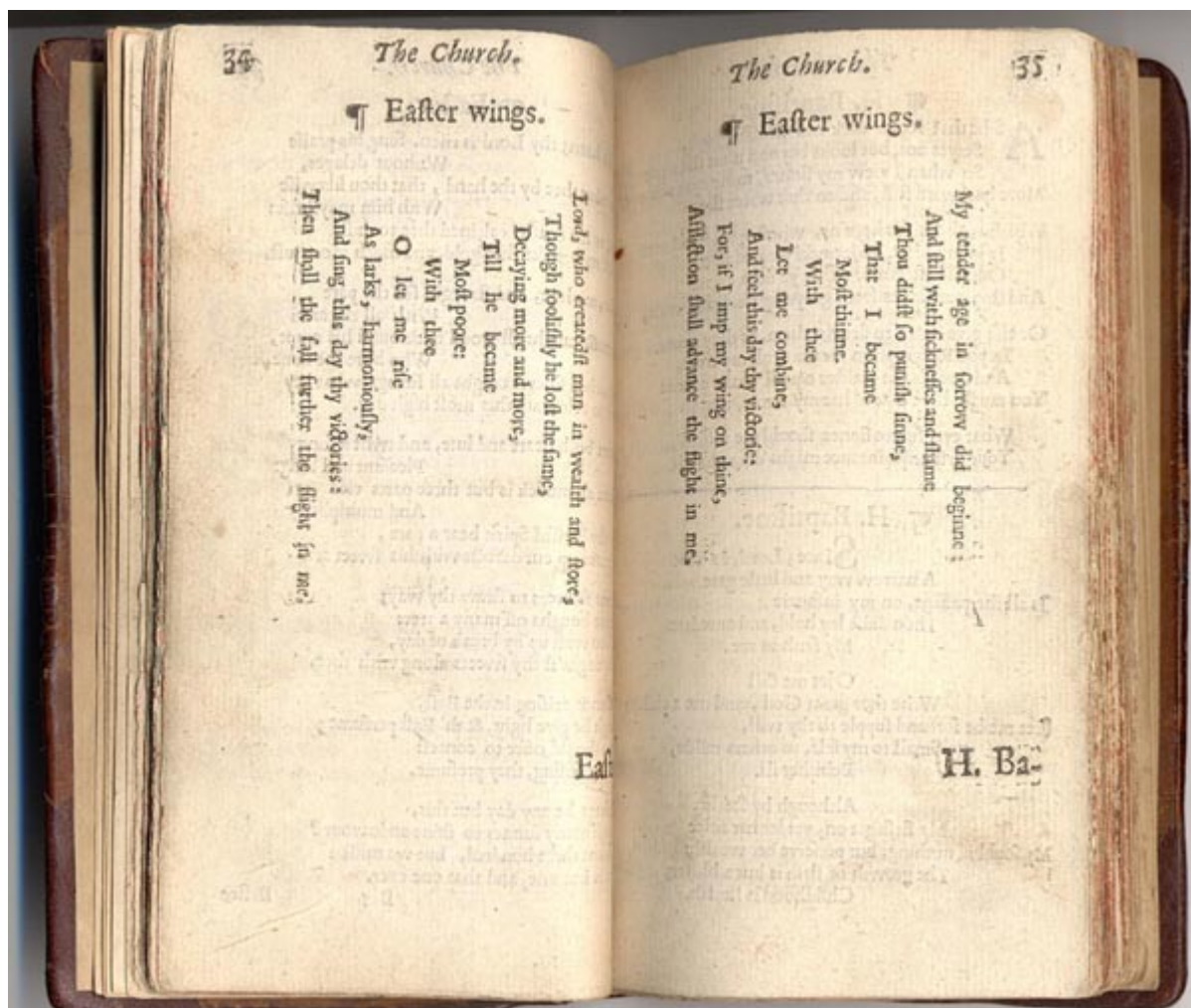


## Easter Wings, from *The Temple* (1633) by George Herbert



Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,  
Though foolishly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
Most poore:

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 beginne;  
And still with sicknesses and shame  
Thou didst so punish sinne,  
That I became  
Most thinne.

With Thee  
Let me combine,  
And feel this day Thy victorie;  
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me...