

The Thanksgiving

George Herbert(1593-1632)

William Squires, 1895.

O King of Grief!(how strange and true

The name, to Jesus only due!)

How, Savior, shall I grieve for Thee?

Who in all griefs preventest me.

Then let me vie with Thee in love,

And try who there shall conqueror prove,

Giv'st Thou me wealth? I will restore

All back unto Thee by the poor.

Giv'st Thou me honor? All shall see

The honor doth belong to Thee:

A bosom-friend? If false he prove

To Thee, I will tear thence his love.

Thee shall my music find: each string

Shall have his attribute to sing;

And every note accord in Thee,

To prove one God, one harmony.

Giv'st Thou me knowledge? It shall still

Search out Thy ways, Thy works, Thy will:

Yea, I will search Thy Book, nor move

Till I have found therein Thy love.

Thy love I will turn back on Thee:

O my dear Savior, victory!

Then for Thy passion, I for that

Will do alas, I know not what!