

## Shape poems

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,  
Made of a heart and cemented with tears;  
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;  
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.  
A HEART alone  
Is such a stone,  
As nothing but  
Thy pow'r doth cut.  
Wherefore each part  
Of my hard heart  
Meets in this frame  
To praise thy name.  
That if I chance to hold my peace,  
These stones to praise thee may not cease.  
Oh, let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,  
And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine.  
(George Herbert, 'The Altar')

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 thy victorie:  
For, if I imp my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.  
(George Herbert, 'Easter Wings')

This cross-tree here  
Doth Jesus bear,  
Who sweet'ned first,  
The death accurs'd.

HERE all things ready are, make haste, make haste away ;  
For long this work will be, and very short this day.  
Why then, go on to act : here's wonders to be done  
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth hour be run ;  
Or ere dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-day's sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
Blood will be spilt ;  
Pure balm, that shall  
Bring health to all.  
Why then, begin  
To pour first in  
Some drops of wine,  
Instead of brine,  
To search the wound  
So long unsound :  
And, when that's done,  
Let oil next run  
To cure the sore  
Sin made before.  
And O ! dear Christ,  
E'en as Thou di'st,  
Look down, and see  
Us weep for Thee.  
And tho', love knows,  
Thy dreadful woes  
We cannot ease,  
Yet do Thou please,  
Who mercy art,  
T' accept each heart  
That gladly would  
Help if it could.  
Meanwhile let me,  
Beneath this tree,  
This honour have,  
To make my grave.

(Robert Herrick, 'This Cross-Tree Here')