

Polemical Poetry

My God to thee I dedicate¹ (1658)

[277]	My God to <i>thee</i> I dedicate	
	This <i>simple</i> work of mine,	
	And also with it hart and soul;	
	To be for ever <i>thine</i> .	
	No other motiue wil I haue,	5
	Then by it <i>thee</i> to praise.	
	And stir vp my poor frozen soul	
	By <i>loue</i> it-self to raise.	
	O I desir neither tongue, nor pen	
	But to extol <i>Gods</i> praise,	10
	In which exces le melt away	
	Ten thousand thousand ways,	
	And as one that is sick with <i>loue</i> ²	
	Engraues on euery Tree	
	The Name and Praise of him she loues	15
	So shal it be with me.	

¹ This poem is a fragment of “Amor Ordinem Nescit,” lines 1-8, 73-80.

² “I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love” (Canticles 5:8, Douay-Rheims Bible).