

Polemical Poetry

O I desire no tongue or pen¹ (Baker's *Life*, Ampleforth)

[359]	O I desire no tongue nor pen ² but to extol ³ his praise; In which excess I'll melt away ten thousand ways.	
[360]	If we would die unto ourselves and all things else but thee, It would be natural to our souls for to ascend and be	5
	United to our center dear to which our souls would hie, ⁴ Being as proper then to us, as fire to upward fly.	10
	O let us therefore love my God; for loves pertains to him, And let our souls seek nothing else but in this love to swim;	15
	Till we absorbed by his sweet love return from whom we came; Where we shall melt into that love, which joyeth me to name.	20

¹ This poem is a fragment of "Amor Ordinem Nescit," lines 73-76, 151-164.

² No tongue to speak or pen to write.

³ Praise enthusiastically.

⁴ Hasten.