

A Year with George Herbert



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A Guide to Fifty-Two of His Best Loved Poems

JIM SCOTT ORRICK

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A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT
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For Carol



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Preface

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, THE great eighteenth-century preacher, once said, “I love George Herbert from my very soul.”¹ In his copy of *The Poetical Works of George Herbert* Spurgeon wrote, “Much valued by C. H. Spurgeon.”² After Spurgeon’s death, his wife recounted how they sometimes spent Sunday evenings when they were first married:

It is the Sabbath, and the day’s work is done. The dear preacher has had a light repast, and now rests in his easy chair by a bright fire, while, on a low cushion at his feet, sits his wife, eager to minister in some way to her beloved’s comfort. “Shall I read to you to-night, dear?” she says; for the excitement and labour of the Sabbath services sorely try him, and his mind needs some calm and soothing influence to set it at rest. “Will you have a page or two of good George Herbert?” “Yes, that will be very refreshing, wifey; I shall like that.” So the book is procured, and he chooses a portion which I read slowly and with many pauses, that he may interpret to me the sweet mysteries hidden within the gracious words. Perhaps his enjoyment of the book is all the greater that he has thus to explain and open out to me the precious truths enwrapped in Herbert’s quaint verse; —anyhow, the time is delightfully spent. I read on and on for an hour or more, till the peace of Heaven flows into our souls, and the tired servant of the King of kings loses his sense of fatigue, and rejoices after his toil.³

In this book I have attempted to play the part of C. H. Spurgeon on his quiet Sabbath evenings and interpret for the reader “the sweet mysteries hidden within the gracious words.” I have written this book for the benefit of all would-be readers of Herbert, but I have not tried to hide the fact that I joyfully sympathize with Herbert’s religious perspectives. Herbert has benefited my soul, and I have endeavored to explain

1. Spurgeon, *Metropolitan*, 12:6.
2. Spurgeon, *Autobiography*, 4:304.
3. Spurgeon, *Autobiography*, 2:186.

his poetry so that he might be of spiritual benefit to others as well. This aim is consistent with Herbert's dying wish.

In 1633, when Herbert lay dying at the age of thirty-nine, he gave a copy of his poetic writings to his friend Nicholas Ferrar and asked him to publish it if he thought "it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul." Later that year, *The Temple* was published, and many *poor dejected souls* have testified that it has indeed been to their advantage, among them Richard Baxter and C. S. Lewis. Baxter, best remembered for his books *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* and *The Reformed Pastor* wrote in 1689, "I must confess, after all, that next the Scripture poems, there are none so savoury to me, as Mr. George Herbert's . . . Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in the world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."⁴ C. S. Lewis, in his book *Surprised by Joy*, writes that during his pre-Christian days he was often more deeply moved by the literary works authored by Christians than he was by those authored by non-Christians. This fact was somewhat vexing to Lewis because he did not yet believe Christianity to be true. After mentioning several Christian writers who had won his reluctant admiration, Lewis admits, "But the most alarming of all was George Herbert. Here was a man who seemed to me to excel all the authors I had ever read in conveying the very quality of life as we actually live it from moment to moment; but the wretched fellow, instead of doing it all directly, insisted on mediating it through what I would still have called 'the Christian mythology.'"⁵

I heartily add my testimony to that of Spurgeon, Baxter, and Lewis. As a young man, I first discovered Herbert when I purchased an old, leather-bound volume that contained several pastoral treatises, including Herbert's *The Country Parson*. I did not immediately read *The Country Parson*; I only perused it, but in the course of my reading during the months that followed, I occasionally encountered bits of poetry that were attributed to a George Herbert, and I was delighted to discover that the parson and the poet were the same person. I soon acquired a copy of *The English Poems of George Herbert* and began reading the poems carefully. Herbert became my favorite poet, and years later, Herbert's poetry was the subject of my doctoral dissertation at Ohio University. I can say with Spurgeon that I love George Herbert from my very soul.

4. Baxter, *Poetical Fragments*, from "To the Reader," no page number.

5. Lewis, *Surprised*, 214.

Unfortunately, while there are now many persons who would gain advantage from Herbert's poetry, they do not do so either because they do not know of Herbert or because they cannot understand what he has written. I have taught Herbert's poetry for many years to classes of very bright students at Boyce College. Most of my students have not heard of Herbert prior to enrolling in my class, and I have observed the frustration of my students as they struggle to understand Herbert. Coming into my classes, most of my students have had little exposure to any poetry at all, and, consequently, even intelligent, hard-working students sometimes find it challenging to understand Herbert. But once they begin to understand Herbert's poetry, they love it. A few graduates have informed me that they continue to enjoy Herbert, and for some, Herbert's poetry created in them a lifelong delight in poetry. I have often written with my own students in mind, but the book should prove useful to a wider audience both as an introduction to Herbert and as a basic primer for approaching all poetry.

It will quickly become evident to any scholar that I have not attempted a scholarly work. The *magnum opus* of Herbert scholarship, *The English Poems of George Herbert*, edited by Helen Wilcox, was issued by Cambridge Press in 2007. It is a magnificent work, but it is very scholarly, very big, and very expensive. Something simpler and something free from the constraints of strict academia is needed. I pray that this little volume will fill that need.

Why not follow C. H. Spurgeon's example and "have a page or two of good George Herbert" on your Sunday evenings? I hope that some will follow this suggestion, and I have explained one poem for every Sunday of the year. I predict that those who follow this prescription will be deeply enriched for having spent *A Year with George Herbert*.



Acknowledgments

MY WIFE, CAROL, ENCOURAGED me to write this book and to keep it simple enough for devotional use. My mother, Irene Orrick, Marsha Omanson, and Benjamin Elliff proofread the entire manuscript. The administration and trustees of The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary granted me a sabbatical from my teaching duties at Boyce College so that I might write this book. I am grateful.



The Altar

Topic: Sorrow is an indispensable element of worship.

Thesis: To worship God acceptably, our hearts must be broken because of our sin, and we must dedicate our broken hearts to God.

About this poem: Obviously, “The Altar” is composed so as to resemble something. Although some have argued that it is meant to represent the shape of a pillar, I think it far more likely that it is meant to represent a stylized altar.

Poetry Notes: When reading poetry we must consider the context of the poem. Is our poem part of an organic series? Knowing this may help us interpret a whole poem as well as know how each line of a particular poem fits the overall idea of a poem. In this way, coming to understand a poem is like figuring out a crossword puzzle: If you fill in what you do know, it often helps you to figure out what you do not know.

Ponder: Does true repentance include sorrow for sin? Herbert writes this poem not as someone coming to God for the first time, but as someone who has long loved and worshiped God. Ongoing sorrow for sin is an integral element of the spiritual lives of many historic Christians we admire, but it is an element that is conspicuously absent in much modern worship, both private and public. Why?

The Sacrifice

Topic: The suffering of Christ

Thesis: No one ever suffered like Jesus.

About this poem: “The Sacrifice” is a narrative poem that recounts the events of Christ’s passion. While every one of Herbert’s poems contains biblical allusions and/or quotations, “The Sacrifice” is especially saturated with the scriptures since it is largely a paraphrase of the biblical account of Christ’s arrest, trial, and crucifixion. Herbert has collated the accounts of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and he presents the events in chronological order. What makes this paraphrase especially gripping is that Christ himself is the narrator.

“The Sacrifice” is about the sufferings of Christ but not just the physical sufferings. Beginning with the events in the garden of Gethsemane and ending with his death on the cross, Herbert explores various aspects of the Lord’s suffering. In our contemplations of the cross, sometimes we stop short, going no further than considering the Lord’s physical sufferings. Herbert helps us to see that, while Christ’s physical sufferings were great, his non-physical sufferings were even greater. In leading us to think beyond the physical, Herbert is reflecting the emphasis of the Bible, which devotes only a few lines to the description of Christ’s physical sufferings while—it may be stated without exaggeration—virtually the entire New Testament is about the depth and significance of Christ’s non-physical sufferings.

By the way, in literary history Herbert is classified as one of the Metaphysical Poets. *Metaphysical* means *beyond physical*, and the Metaphysical Poets are especially skilled in leading readers to think beyond the obvious. Herbert wrote exclusively on religious themes, but some of the other Metaphysical Poets wrote on both religious and non-religious themes.

Watch for these oft-recurring motifs in “The Sacrifice”: 1. *The abuse of gifts*. This motif explores the idea that Christ has given a good gift, but the very ones who received the good gift are, in inflicting pain on Jesus, abusing the gift both to increase Christ’s torment and to exacerbate their own guilt. See, for example, in lines 5 and following, that Christ has given the Jews bread to sustain their life, but they abuse the life-giving energy to wish him dead. This motif may be summarized in the words of line 109, “spite cankers things.” 2. *Extreme incongruency*. It is extremely incongruent that Judas would value a jar of perfume above Christ (lines 17–20), or that the angry mob would use lanterns in the attempt to find the sun (line 35). 3. *The deity of Christ*. Jesus is represented as the sustainer of life (7), the God of the Exodus (10), equal to God (61–64), creator of the world (67), the one who lives eternally (99), et al. 4. *Inadvertent truth-telling*. Those who were intentionally inflicting pain on Jesus were often unintentionally fulfilling prophecy or proclaiming a truth about Christ and his mission. A notable series of these inadvertent proclamations occurs in lines 157–180. By clothing Jesus in scarlet they are unintentionally saying that his blood is the only way to repair man’s decay. By crowning him with thorns they represent him as bearing the curse of the world’s sin. By giving him a reed as a mock scepter they are proclaiming the frailty of earthly dominions. This motif may be summarized in the words of line 179, “I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds.”

6 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

¹*Oh all ye*, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find:²
Was ever grief like mine?

³The Princes of my people make a head 5
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave. 10
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,⁴
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there: 15
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,⁵
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine? 20

1. Utilizing the words of Jeremiah in Lam 1:12 Herbert represents the Lord summoning all readers to focus their eyes on his sufferings and consider the question, "Was ever grief like mine?" Lam 1:12 reads, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the LORD hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."

2. His *taking eyes* refers to his incarnation. Before becoming human, the Son did not have physical eyes.

3. This stanza refers to the plot of the Jewish leaders to kill Jesus. Note how the thought of the first line is carried over into the second line.

4. This refers to Judas, who "kept the bag." That is, he was the treasurer of the group of apostles.

5 Judas betrayed Jesus for only thirty pieces of silver. Only a few days earlier Judas had criticized a woman who had anointed Jesus' feet with a container of very expensive ointment. Judas had valued the ointment to be worth three hundred denarii. Thus, he had valued the ointment above Jesus.

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure
Drops blood⁶ (the only beads)⁷my words to measure:
O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears, 25
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres:
Curing all wounds but mine; all, but my fears:⁸
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain 30
Comforts not me,⁹ and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come.¹⁰ Look how they run.
Alas! What haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sun! 35
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the way the truth, the true relief;
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief like mine? 40

6. While he was praying in the garden, Jesus' sweat became as great drops of blood (Luke 22:44).

7. This is an obvious criticism of the Roman Catholic practice of using beads as an aid to remembering the sufferings of our Lord.

8. "Take these drops of bloody sweat, mix them with a sinner's tears, and you have a medicine to cure all the pain in the universe. All, that is, except mine." Herbert was an expert herbalist, and reference to the mixing of medicines is one of his most common metaphors.

9. Peter, James, and John were sleeping, not only because of fatigue, but because of sorrow. They were comforted in sleeping, but Christ had asked them to stay awake and watch with him. By sleeping, the disciples failed to comfort Christ, and, (next phrase), they also stain, or dishonor, Christ's doctrine that urged them to watchfulness.

10. This is the angry mob, led by Judas Iscariot, coming to arrest Jesus.

8 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

- Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? And miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief like mine?*
- See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands 45
Of faith, but fury: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?
- All my Disciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star 50
That brought the wise men of the East from far.
Was ever grief like mine?
- Then from one ruler to another bound¹¹
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound. 55
Was ever grief like mine?
- The Priest and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week:¹²
Was ever grief like mine? 60
- Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:¹³
Was ever grief like mine?

11. During his trial, Jesus was first taken to the house of Annas, the father-in-law to Caiphas the high priest, then he was taken to the court of Caiphas, then to Pilate, then to King Herod, then he was sent back to Pilate where he was sentenced to be crucified. Herbert recounts all these stations beginning with this stanza.

12. Jesus was crucified during the week of Passover. The lamb that was sacrificed during Passover was called the Paschal lamb.

13. Herbert has in mind Philippians 2: 5–6, which states that Jesus “thought it not robbery to be equal with God,” (because the Son was fully God). In the next stanza Herbert identifies Christ as the builder of the world.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor 65
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death. 70
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth:¹⁴
Was ever grief like mine?

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmity: 75
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hosts and might:
Was ever grief like mine? 80

Herod in judgment sits while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulness; 85
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love. 90
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?¹⁵
Was ever grief like mine?.

14. "And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Gen 2:7). *Adam* is a transliteration of the Hebrew word that may be the proper name of the first man, but it may also be translated *mankind* or *humans*. Christ is saying, "This is the way humans use the breath I gave them at creation."

15. Trying to melt their hearts with gentle love seems as unlikely of success as would the attempt to subdue an eagle with a dove.

10 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

My silence rather doth augment their cry:
My dove doth back into my bosom fly;
Because the raging waters still are high;¹⁶ 95
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucify*:
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live less than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine? 100

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, away*
With noises confused frightening the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears, 105
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore wish *my blood on them and theirs*:
Was ever grief like mine?.

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole world's light.¹⁷ 110
But honey is their gall, brightness their night
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesy:
For it was their own cause who killed me: 115
Was ever grief like mine?

16. After the Flood, when Noah wanted to see if it was safe to exit the ark, he sent out a dove. Twice the dove returned to him because the earth was not yet dry. Christ's dove-like silence returns to him without having found safety.

17. That is, when persons reverently and humbly wish Christ's blood to be on them and theirs as a sacrifice for sin, then these words bring light, but spite has cankered these words, and they bring night upon those who said them.

And a seditious murderer he was:¹⁸
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than heav'n doth glass:
Was ever grief like mine 120

Why, Caesar is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try:
Was grief ever, &c.

¹⁹Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderness 125
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness.
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist, 130
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies: 135
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moses'* face was veiled, so is mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:²⁰
Was ever grief like mine? 140

18. Not only was Barabbas a murderer, he was a murderer who had taken part in a political uprising (Luke 23:19).

19. This stanza is a good example of how Herbert leads us to look beyond the physical. Christ's tenderness doubled the pain of the scourging, and the bitterness of those responsible increased the grief to "a mysteriousness." This metaphysical concept ought to be kept in mind when considering the question of how Christ could suffer as a substitute for so many in such a short time. His character increased his capacity to suffer.

20. Their souls are *double-dark* because they understood neither Moses nor Christ. The faces of both were veiled to the Jews.

12 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:²¹
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death, 145
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well nigh suffereth:²²
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both²³ have wept
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept: 150
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call: 155
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;
Which shows my blood to be the only way
And cordial left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like mine? 160

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and wated there:
Was ever grief like mine?

21. In refusing to pity me they are excluding themselves from the lone means God has appointed for showing pity to them.

22. That is, each one exerts himself so vehemently in his cries for Christ's death as to suffer himself through expenditure of breath.

23. That is, for both myself and for you.

So sits the earth's great curse in *Adam's* fall
Upon my head:²⁴ so I remove it all 165
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store 170
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*:
What ever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling: 175
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;²⁵
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine? 180

The soldiers also spit upon that face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout, 185
Who *Crucify him*, cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man and man cries out:
Was ever grief like mine?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again. 190
Whom devils fly, thus is he toss'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

24. Because of man's sin, God cursed the world with thorns. In wearing the crown of thorns Christ was symbolically bearing the curse of sin.

25. Weeds—clothing.

14 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
 All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
 They carry me to my most bitter cross: 195
 Was ever grief like mine?

My cross I bear my self, until I faint:
 Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortal Saint:
 Was ever grief like mine? 200

O all ye who pass by, behold and see;
 Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;
 The tree of life to all, but only me:²⁶
 Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin, 205
 The greater world o'th' two; for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win²⁷:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel, 210
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
 Was ever grief like mine?

But, *O my God, my God!* Why leav'st thou me,
 The son in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God -----²⁸ 215
 Never was grief like mine.²⁹

26. The cross is a tree of life for all but Jesus.

27. The world of sin has proven more costly than the physical world. Creating the physical world required only my words; redeeming the world of sin requires my sorrow.

28. This is a powerful use of a poetic convention known as *aposiopesis*. When utilizing *aposiopesis*, a writer or speaker deliberately leaves out something that the reader or listener is expected to supply for himself. Any casual reader of the Bible will know what Herbert expects us to supply here: "Why hast thou forsaken *me*?" The *aposiopesis* makes us, the readers, pause and ask, "Why did Herbert leave this phrase out?" Herbert wants us to realize that of all the horrors of the cross, the one most horrific—even to the point of being unspeakable—was the horror of Jesus' enduring the wrath of the Father against him when he became the substitute for sinners.

29. To further the effect of this stanza, it ends, not with the usual question, "Was

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;³⁰
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief like mine? 220

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my crown
And father's smile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist 225
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist:
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth. 230
Alas! what have I stolen from you? death:
Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile company: 235
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice:³¹ yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine? 240

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like mine?

ever grief like mine?" but with the positive declaration, "Never was grief like mine."
None but this and the final stanza end with this solemn declaration.

30. The shame that tears my soul is sharper than the nails that tear my body.

31. Gall is bitter, but their malice, the primary additive to the vinegar, is more bitter.

16 A YEAR WITH GEORGE HERBERT

Nay, after death their spite shall further go; 245
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow:³²
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my head. 250
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

Poetry notes: A *narrative* poem is a poem that tells a story.

Ponder: Why do you think the Bible records so few details about Christ's physical suffering? What are the dangers of movies, plays, books, and even denominations that emphasize the physical sufferings of Christ?

32. According to the Bible, woman was formed from the side of man. It was then the woman who was deceived and became the first human sinner. As the agent for the entrance of sin came from the side of Adam, so the agent for the forgiveness and cleansing of sin flows from the spear-pierced side of our Lord.