



SUNDAY.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bry ;
 The week were dark but for thy light—
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one Man, whose face *thou* art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow.
 The worky days are the back part,
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had, straight forward, gone
 To endless death. But thou dost pull,
 And turn us round, to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still ;
 Since there is no place so alone
 The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace arched lies :
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful bed and borders
 In God's rich garden : that is here
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string ;
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—
 More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And, where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher as thy birth.
 Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven :
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !