

MEDITATION 45 1 PET. 5.4 YE SHALL RECEIVE A CROWN OF GLORY

Edward Taylor

A Crown of Glory! Oh! I'm base, its true.

My Heart's a Swamp, Brake, Thicket vile of Sin.

My Head's a Bog of Filth; Blood bain'd doth spew

Its venom streaks of Poyson o're my Skin.

My Members Dung-Carts that bedung at pleasure,

My Life, the Pasture where Hells Hurdlooms leasure.

Becrown'd with Filth! Oh! what vile thing am I?

What Cost, and Charge to make mee Meddow ground?

To drain my Bogs? to lay my Frog-pits dry?

To stub up all my brush that doth abound?

That I may be thy Pasture fat and frim,

Where thy choice Flowers, and Hearbs of Grace shine trim?

Vast change thus to subdue me: Wonders play

Hereat like Gamesters; 'bellisht Thoughts dresst fine,

In brave attire, cannot a finger lay

Upon it that doth not besmut the Shine.

Yet upon all this cost and more thou'rt at with me.

And still I'm sad, a Seing Eye may see.

Yet more than this: my Hands that Crown'd thy Head

With sharpest thorns, thou washest in thy Grace.

My Feet that upon thy Choice Blood tread

Thou makest beautifull thy Way to trace.

My Head that knockt against thy head, thou hugg'st

Within thy bosom: boxest not, nor lugg'st.

Nay more as yet: thou borrow'st of each Grace

That stud the Hearts of Saints, and Angells bright

Its brightest beams, the beams too of the place

Where Glory dwells: and all the Beames of Light

Thy, and thy Fathers Glorious Face out spread,

To make this Crown of Glory for my head.

If it was possible the thoughts that are
Imbellisht with the riches of this tender
Could torment such as do this bright Crown Ware,
Their Love to thee Lord's lac'de so streight, and slender.
These beams would draw up Griefe to cloude this Glory,
But not so then; though now Grace acts this Story.

My Pen enravisht with these Rayes out strains
A sorry Verse: and when my gold dwells in
A Purse guilt with the glory bright that flames
Out from this Crown, I'll tune a higher pin.
Then make me Lord heir of this Crown. Ile sing
And make thy Praise on my Heroicks ring.