## **Polemical Poetry**

I fled from thee by many sins<sup>1</sup> (Baker's *Life*, Ampleforth)

[402] I fled from thee by many sins
And thou didst follow me,
As if my ruin would have caused
some detriment<sup>2</sup> to thee.

How can this choose but wound my heart
when I remember it,

And ever serve to humble me
while at thy feet I sit?<sup>3</sup>

From whence my Lord, my God and all permit me not to rise,

Till I do love thee as thou wouldst, the which doth all comprise.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This poem is a fragment of "Amor Ordinem Nescit," lines 277-288.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Loss.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> "And she had a sister called Mary, who sitting also at the Lord's feet, heard his word" (Luke 10:39, Douay-Rheims Bible).