

Polemical Poetry

My God to thee I dedicate¹ (1658)

[277]	My God to <i>thee</i> I dedicate	
	This <i>simple</i> work of mine,	
	And also with it heart and soul;	
	To be forever <i>thine</i> .	
	No other motive will I have,	5
	Than by it <i>thee</i> to praise	
	And stir up my poor frozen soul	
	By <i>love</i> itself to raise.	
	O I desire neither tongue, nor pen ²	
	But to extol ³ <i>God's</i> praise,	10
	In which excess I'll melt away	
	Ten thousand, thousand ways.	
	And as one that is sick with <i>love</i> ⁴	
	Engraves on every Tree	
	The Name and Praise of him she loves,	15
	So shall it be with me.	

¹ This poem is a fragment of "Amor Ordinem Nescit," lines 1-8, 73-80.

² No tongue to speak or pen to write.

³ Praise enthusiastically.

⁴ "I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love" (Canticles 5:8, Douay-Rheims Bible).