

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Phineas Fletcher**

**- poems -**

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## **A Litany**

DROP, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beautiful feet  
Which brought from Heaven  
The news and Prince of Peace:  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercy to entreat;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease.  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let His eye  
See sin, but through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher

## The Divine Lover

I

Me Lord? can'st thou mispend  
One word, misplace one look on me?  
Call'st me thy Love, thy Friend?  
Can this poor soul the object be  
Of these love-glances, those life-kindling eyes?  
What? I the Centre of thy arms embraces?  
Of all thy labour I the prize?  
Love never mocks, Truth never lies.  
Oh how I quake: Hope fear, fear hope displaces:  
I would, but cannot hope: such wondrous love amazes.

II

See, I am black as night,  
See I am darkness: dark as hell.  
Lord thou more fair than light;  
Heav'ns Sun thy Shadow; can Sunns dwell  
With Shades? 'twixt light, and darkness what commerce?  
True: thou art darkness, I thy Light: my ray  
Thy mists, and hellish foggs shall pierce.  
With me, black soul, with me converse.  
I make the foul December flowry May,  
Turn thou thy night to me: I'll turn thy night to day.

III

See Lord, see I am dead:  
Tomb'd in my self: my self my grave  
A drudge: so born, so bred:  
My self even to my self a slave.  
Thou Freedom, Life: can Life, and Liberty  
Love bondage, death? Thy Freedom I: I tyed  
To loose thy bonds: be bound to me:  
My Yoke shall ease, my bonds shall free.  
Dead soul, thy Spring of life, my dying side:  
There dye with me to live: to live in thee I dyed.

Phineas Fletcher