

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Thomas Montague Traherne**

**- poems -**

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## **A Life of Sabbaths Here Beneath**

1

A life of Sabbaths here beneath!  
Continual jubilees and joys!  
The days of Heaven, while we breathe  
On Earth! where Sin all Bliss destroys:  
This is a triumph of delights  
That doth exceed all appetites:  
No joy can be compared to this,  
It is a life of perfect Bliss.

2

Of perfect Bliss! How can it be?  
To conquer Satan, and to reign  
In such a vale of misery,  
Where vipers, stings, and tears remain,  
Is to be crowned with victory.  
To be content, divine, and free,  
Even here beneath is great delight  
And next the Beatific Sight.

3

But inward lusts do oft assail,  
Temptations work us much annoy  
We'll therefore weep, and to prevail  
Shall be a more celestial joy.  
To have no other enemy  
But one; and to that one to die:  
To fight with that and conquer it,  
Is better than in peace to sit.

4

'Tis better for a little time;  
For he that all his lusts doth quell,  
Shall find this life to be his prime  
And vanquish Sin, and conquer Hell.  
The next shall be his double joy;  
And that which here seemed to destroy  
Shall in the other life appear  
A root of bliss; a pearl each tear.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation of the Mercies of God

For all the mysteries, engines, instruments, wherewith the world is filled, which we are able to frame and use to thy glory. For all the trades, variety of operations, cities, temples, streets, bridges, mariner's compass, admirable picture, sculpture, writing, printing, songs and music; wherewith the world is beautified and adorned.

Much more for the regent life,  
And power of perception,  
Which rules within.

That secret depth of fathomless consideration  
That receives the information  
Of all our senses,

That makes our centre equal to the heavens,  
And comprehendeth in itself the magnitude of the world;  
The involv'd mysteries  
Of our common sense;  
The inaccessible secret  
Of perceptive fancy;  
The repository and treasury  
Of things that are past;  
The presentation of things to come;  
Thy name be glorified  
For evermore.....

O miracle  
Of divine goodness!

O fire! O flame of zeal, and love, and joy!  
Ev'n for our earthly bodies, hast thou created all things.

{ visible  
All things { material  
{ sensible

Animals,  
Vegetables,  
Minerals,  
Bodies celestial,  
Bodies terrestrial,  
The four elements,  
Volatile spirits,  
Trees, herbs, and flowers,  
The influences of heaven,  
Clouds, vapors, wind,  
Dew, rain, hail and snow,  
Light and darkness, night and day,  
The seasons of the year.  
Springs, rivers, fountains, oceans,  
Gold, silver, and precious stones.  
Corn, wine, and oil,  
The sun, moon, and stars,  
Cities, nations, kingdoms.  
And the bodies of men, the greatest treasures of all,  
For each other.  
What then, O Lord, hast thou intended for our  
Souls, who givest to our bodies such glorious things!

Thomas Montague Traherne

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Thomas Montague Traherne

## **An Hymn upon St. Bartholomew's Day**

What powerful Spirit lives within!  
What active Angel doth inhabit here!  
What heavenly light inspires my skin,  
Which doth so like a Deity appear!  
A living Temple of all ages, I  
Within me see  
A Temple of Eternity!  
All Kingdoms I descry  
In me.

An inward Omnipresence here  
Mysteriously like His within me stands,  
Whose knowledge is a Sacred Sphere  
That in itself at once includes all lands.  
There is some Angel that within me can  
Both talk and move,  
And walk and fly and see and love,  
A man on earth, a man  
Above.

Dull walls of clay my Spirit leaves,  
And in a foreign Kingdom doth appear,  
This great Apostle it receives,  
Admires His works and sees them, standing here,  
Within myself from East to West I move  
As if I were  
At once a Cherubim and Sphere,  
Or was at once above  
And here.

The Soul's a messenger whereby  
Within our inward Temple we may be  
Even like the very Deity  
In all the parts of His Eternity.  
O live within and leave unwieldy dross!  
Flesh is but clay!  
O fly my Soul and haste away  
To Jesus' Throne or Cross!  
Obey!

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Eden

A learned and a happy ignorance  
Divided me  
From all the vanity,  
From all the sloth, care, pain, and sorrow that advance  
The madness and the misery  
Of men. No error, no distraction I  
Saw soil the earth, or overcloud the sky.

I knew not that there was a serpent's sting,  
Whose poison shed  
On men, did overspread  
The world; nor did I dream of such a thing  
As sin, in which mankind lay dead.  
They all were brisk and living wights to me,  
Yea, pure and full of immortality.

Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,  
Sleep, day, life, light,  
Peace, melody, my sight,  
My ears and heart did fill and freely move.  
All that I saw did me delight.  
The Universe was then a world of treasure,  
To me an universal world of pleasure.

Unwelcome penitence was then unknown,  
Vain costly toys,  
Swearing and roaring boys,  
Shops, markets, taverns, coaches, were unshown;  
So all things were that drown'd my joys:  
No thorns chok'd up my path, nor hid the face  
Of bliss and beauty, nor eclips'd the place.

Only what Adam in his first estate,  
Did I behold;  
Hard silver and dry gold  
As yet lay under ground; my blessed fate  
Was more acquainted with the old  
And innocent delights which he did see  
In his original simplicity.

Those things which first his Eden did adorn,  
My infancy  
Did crown. Simplicity  
Was my protection when I first was born.  
Mine eyes those treasures first did see  
Which God first made. The first effects of love  
My first enjoyments upon earth did prove;

And were so great, and so divine, so pure;  
So fair and sweet,  
So true; when I did meet  
Them here at first, they did my soul allure,

And drew away my infant feet  
Quite from the works of men; that I might see  
The glorious wonders of the Deity.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## **His Power Bounded, Greater Is His Might**

His Power bounded, greater is in might,  
Than if let loose, 'twere wholly infinite.  
He could have made an endless sea by this,  
But then it had not been a sea of bliss.  
Did waters from the centre to the skies  
Ascend, 'twould drown whatever else we prize.  
The ocean bounded in a finite shore,  
Is better far because it is no more.  
No use nor glory would in that be seen,  
His power made it endless in esteem.  
Had not the Sun been bounded in its sphere,  
Did all the world in one fair flame appear,  
And were that flame a real Infinite  
'Twould yield no profit, splendor, nor delight.  
Its corps confined, and beams extended be  
Effects of Wisdom in the Deity.  
One star made infinite would all exclude,  
An earth made infinite could ne'er be viewed:  
But one being fashioned for the other's sake,  
He, bounding all, did all most useful make  
And which is best, in profit and delight  
Tho' not in bulk, they all are infinite.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## **In Making Bodies Love Could Not Express**

In making bodies Love could not express  
Itself, or art, unless it made them less.  
O what a monster had in man been seen,  
Had every thumb or toe a mountain been!  
What worlds must he devour when he did eat?  
What oceans drink! yet could not all his meat,  
Or stature, make him like an angel shine ;  
Or make his Soul in Glory more Divine.  
A Soul it is that makes us truly great,  
Whose little bodies make us more complete.  
An understanding that is infinite,  
An endless, wide, and everlasting sight,  
That can enjoy all things and nought exclude,  
Is the most sacred greatness may be viewed.  
'Twas inconvenient that his bulk should be  
An endless hill ; he nothing then could see:  
No figure have, no motion, beauty, place,  
No colour, feature, member, light, or grace.  
A body like a mountain is but cumber.  
An endless body is but idle lumber:  
It spoils converse, and time itself devours,  
While meat in vain, in feeding idle powers;  
Excessive bulk being most injurious found,  
To those conveniences which men have crowned:  
His wisdom did His power here repress,  
God made man greater while He made him less.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## **In Salem Dwelt a Glorious King**

1

In Salem dwelt a glorious King,  
Raised from a shepherd's lowly state;  
That did His praises like an angel sing  
Who did the World create.  
By many great and bloody wars  
He was advanced unto Thrones  
But more delighted in the stars  
Than in the splendour of his precious stones;  
Nor gold nor silver did his eye regard  
The Works of God were his sublime reward,

2

A warlike champion he had been,  
And many feats of chivalry  
Had done: in kingly courts his eye had seen  
A vast variety  
Of earthly joys: Yet he despis'd  
Those fading honours, and false pleasures  
Which are by mortals so much prized;  
And placed his happiness in other treasures  
No state of life which in this world we find  
Could yield contentment to his greater mind.

3

His fingers touched his trembling lyre,  
And every quavering string did yield  
A sound that filled all the Jewish quire,  
And echoed in the field.  
No pleasure was so great to him  
As in a silent night to see  
The moon and stars: A cherubim  
Above them, even here, he seem'd to be:  
Enflam'd with Love it was his great desire,  
To sing, contemplate, ponder, and admire.

4

He was a prophet, and foresaw  
Things extant in the world to come:  
He was a judge, and ruled by a law  
That than the honeycomb  
Was sweeter far: he was a sage,  
And all his people could advise;  
An oracle, whose every page  
Contained in verse the greatest mysteries;

But most he then enjoyed himself when he  
Did as a poet praise the Deity.

5

A shepherd, soldier, and divine,  
A judge, a courtier, and a king,  
Priest, angel, prophet, oracle, did shine  
At once when he did sing.  
Philosopher and poet too  
Did in his melody appear;  
All these in him did please the view  
Of those that did his heavenly music hear  
And every drop that from his flowing quill  
Came down, did all the world with nectar fill

6

He had a deep and perfect sense  
Of all the glories and the pleasures  
That in God's works are hid: the excellence  
Of such transcendent treasures  
Made him on earth an heavenly king,  
And filled his solitudes with joy ;  
He never did more sweetly sing  
Than when alone, though that doth mirth destroy:\*  
Sense did his soul with heavenly life inspire,  
And made him seem in God's celestial quire.

7

Rich, sacred, deep and precious things  
Did here on earth the man surround:  
With all the Glory of the King of Kings  
He was most strangely crowned.  
His clear soul and open sight  
Among the Sons of God did see  
Things filling Angels with delight:  
His ear did hear their heavenly melody,  
And when he was alone he all became  
That Bliss implied, or did increase his fame.

8

All arts he then did exercise;  
And as his God he did adore  
By secret ravishments above the skies  
He carried was before

He died. His soul did see and feel  
What others know not; and became,  
While he before his God did kneel,  
A constant, heavenly, pure, seraphic flame.  
Oh that I might unto his throne aspire,  
And all his joys above the stars admire!

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Innocence

But that which most I wonder at, which most  
I did esteem my bliss, which most I boast,  
And ever shall enjoy, is that within  
I felt no stain, nor spot of sin.

No darkness then did overshadow,  
But all within was pure and bright,  
No guilt did crush, nor fear invade  
But all my soul was full of light.

A joyful sense and purity  
Is all I can remember;  
The very night to me was bright,  
'Twas summer in December.

A serious meditation did employ  
My soul within, which taken up with joy  
Did seem no outward thing to note, but fly  
All objects that do feed the eye.

While it those very objects did  
Admire, and prize, and praise, and love,  
Which in their glory most are hid,  
Which presence only doth remove.

Their constant daily presence I  
Rejoicing at, did see;  
And that which takes them from the eye  
Of others, offer'd them to me.

No inward inclination did I feel  
To avarice or pride: my soul did kneel  
In admiration all the day. No lust, nor strife,  
Polluted then my infant life.

No fraud nor anger in me mov'd,  
No malice, jealousy, or spite;  
All that I saw I truly lov'd.  
Contentment only and delight

Were in my soul. O Heav'n! what bliss  
Did I enjoy and feel!  
What powerful delight did this  
Inspire! for this I daily kneel.

Whether it be that nature is so pure,  
And custom only vicious; or that sure  
God did by miracle the guilt remove,  
And make my soul to feel his love

So early: or that 'twas one day,  
Wherein this happiness I found;

Whose strength and brightness so do ray,  
That still it seems me to surround;

What ere it is, it is a light  
So endless unto me  
That I a world of true delight  
Did then and to this day do see.

That prospect was the gate of Heav'n, that day  
The ancient light of Eden did convey  
Into my soul: I was an Adam there  
A little Adam in a sphere

Of joys! O there my ravish'd sense  
Was entertain'd in Paradise,  
And had a sight of innocence  
Which was beyond all bound and price.

An antepast of Heaven sure!  
I on the earth did reign;  
Within, without me, all was pure;  
I must become a child again.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## News

News from a foreign country came,  
As if my treasures and my joys lay there;  
So much it did my heart inflame,  
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear;  
Which thither went to meet  
Th' approaching sweet,  
And on the threshold stood  
To entertain the secret good;  
It hover'd there  
As if 'twould leave mine ear,  
And was so eager to embrace  
Th' expected tidings as they came,  
That it could change its dwelling place  
To meet the voice of fame.

As if new tidings were the things  
Which did comprise my wished unknown treasure,  
Or else did bear them on their wings,  
With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure,  
My soul stood at the gate  
To recreate  
Itself with bliss, and woo  
Its speedier approach; a fuller view  
It fain would take,  
Yet journeys back would make  
Unto my heart, as if 'twould fain  
Go out to meet, yet stay within,  
Fitting a place to entertain  
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire  
My soul in childhood with an hope so strong?  
What secret force mov'd my desire  
T' expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?  
Felicity I knew  
Was out of view;  
And being left alone,  
I thought all happiness was gone  
From earth; for this  
I long'd for absent bliss,  
Deeming that sure beyond the seas,  
Or else in something near at hand  
Which I knew not, since nought did please  
I knew, my bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream  
That all the treasures of the world were by,  
And that himself was so the cream  
And crown of all which round about did lie.  
Yet thus it was! The gem,  
The diadem,  
The ring enclosing all

That stood upon this earthen ball;  
The heav'nly eye,  
Much wider than the sky,  
Wherein they all included were;  
The love, the soul, that was the king  
Made to possess them, did appear  
A very little thing.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Poverty

As in the house I sate,  
Alone and desolate,  
No creature but the fire and I,  
The chimney and the stool, I lift mine eye  
Up to the wall,  
And in the silent hall,  
Saw nothing mine  
But some few cups and dishes shine,  
The table and the wooden stools  
Where people used to dine;  
A painted cloth there was,  
Wherein some ancient story wrought  
A little entertained my thought,  
Which light discovered through the glass.

I wondered much to see  
That all my wealth should be  
Confined in such a little room,  
Yet hope for more I scarcely durst presume.  
It grieved me sore  
That such a scanty store  
Should be my all;  
For I forgot my ease and health,  
Nor did I think of hands or eyes,  
Nor soul nor body prize;  
I neither thought the sun,  
Nor moon, nor stars, nor people mine,  
Though they did round about me shine;  
And therefore was I quite undone.

Some greater things, I thought,  
Must needs for me be wrought,  
Which till my craving mind could see  
I ever should lament my poverty;  
I fain would have  
Whatever bounty gave,  
Nor could there be  
Without or love or deity;  
For should not he be infinite  
Whose hand created me?  
Ten thousand absent things  
Did vex my poor and wanting mind,  
Which, till I be no longer blind,  
Let me not see the King of kings.

His love must surely be  
Rich, infinite, and free;  
Nor can he be thought a God  
Of grace and power, that fills not his abode,  
His holy court,  
In kind and liberal sort;  
Joys and pleasures,

Plenty of jewels, goods, and treasures,  
To enrich the poor, cheer the forlorn,  
His palace must adorn,  
And given all to me;  
For till his works my wealth became,  
No love or peace did me inflame:  
But now I have a Deity.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Sin

1

Sin!  
O only fatal woe,  
That mak'st me sad and mourning go!  
That all my joys dost spoil,  
His Kingdom and my Soul defile!  
I never can agree  
With thee!

2

Thou!  
Only thou! O thou alone,  
And my obdurate heart of stone,  
The poison and the foes  
Of my enjoyments and repose,  
The only bitter ill,  
Dost kill !

3

Oh!  
I cannot meet with thee,  
Nor once approach thy memory,  
But all my joys are dead,  
And all my sacred Treasures fled  
As if I now did dwell  
In Hell.

4

Lord  
O hear how short I breathe!  
See how I tremble here beneath  
A Sin! Its ugly face  
More terror, than its dwelling place  
Contains (O dreadful Sin!)  
Within!

5

### THE RECOVERY

Sin! wilt thou vanquish me?  
And shall I yield the victory ?  
Shall all my joys be spoil'd,  
And pleasures soil'd

By thee?  
Shall I remain  
As one that's slain  
And never more lift up the head?  
Is not my Saviour dead?  
His blood, thy bane, my balsam, bliss, joy, wine,  
Shall thee destroy; heal, feed, make me divine.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## **That Childish Thoughts Such Joys Inspire**

1

That childish thoughts such joys inspire,  
Doth make my wonder, and His glory higher,  
His bounty, and my wealth .more great  
It chews His Kingdom, and His work complete.  
In which there is not anything,  
Not meet to be the joy of Cherubim.

2

He in our childhood with us walks,  
And with our thoughts mysteriously He talks;  
He often visiteth our minds,  
But cold acceptance in us ever finds:  
We send Him often grieved away,  
Who else would show us all His Kingdom's joy.

3

O Lord, I wonder at Thy Love,  
Which did my infancy so early move:  
But more at that which did forbear  
And move so long, though slighted many a year:  
But most of all, at last that Thou  
Thyself shouldst me convert, I scarce know how.

4

Thy gracious motions oft in vain  
Assaulted me: my heart did hard remain  
Longtime! I sent my God away  
Grieved much, that He could not give me His joy.  
I careless was, nor did regard  
The End for which He all those thoughts prepared.

5

But now, with new and open eyes,  
I see beneath, as if above the skies,  
And as I backward look again  
See all His thoughts and mine most clear arid plain.  
He did approach, He me did woo;  
I wonder that my God this thing would do,

6

From nothing taken first ,I was;  
What wondrous things His glory brought to pass!  
Now in the World I Him behold,  
And me, enveloped in precious gold;  
In deep abysses of delights,  
In present hidden glorious benefits.

7

These thoughts His goodness long before  
Prepared as precious and celestial store  
With curious art in me inlaid,  
That childhood might itself alone be said  
My Tutor, Teacher, Guide to be,  
Instructed then even by the Deitie.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## The Apostasy

One star  
Is better far  
Than many precious stones;  
One sun, which is by its own luster seen,  
Is worth ten thousand golden thrones;  
A juicy herb, or spire of grass,  
In useful virtue, native green,  
An em'rald doth surpass,  
Hath in 't more value, though less seen.

No wars,  
Nor mortal jars,  
Nor bloody feuds, nor coin,  
Nor griefs which those occasions, saw I then;  
Nor wicked thieves which this purloin;  
I had not thoughts that were impure;  
Esteeming both women and men  
God's work, I was secure,  
And reckoned peace my choicest gem.

As Eve,  
I did believe  
Myself in Eden set,  
Affecting neither gold nor ermined crowns,  
Nor aught else that I need foget;  
No mud did foul my limpid streams,  
Nor mist eclipsed my sun with frowns;  
Set off with heav'nly beams,  
My joys were meadows, fields, and towns.

Those things  
Which cherubins  
Did not at first behold  
Among God's works, which Adam did not see --  
As robes, and stones enchased in gold,  
Rich cabinets, and such-like fine  
Inventions -- could not ravish me;  
I thought not bowls of wine  
Needful for my felicity.

All bliss  
Consists in this,  
To do as Adam did,  
And not to know those superficial joys  
Which were from him in Eden hid,  
Those little new-invented things,  
Fine lace and silks, such childish toys  
As ribands are and rings,  
Or worldly pelf that us destroys.

For God,  
Both great and good,

The seeds of melancholy  
Created not, but only foolish men,  
Grown mad with customary folly  
Which doth increase their wants, so dote  
As when they elder grow they then  
Such baubles chiefly note;  
More fools at twenty years than ten.

But I,  
I know not why,  
Did learn among them too,  
At length; and when I once with blemished eyes  
Began their pence and toys to view,  
Drowned in their customs, I became  
A stranger to the shining skies,  
Lost as a dying flame,  
And hobby-horses brought to prize.

The sun  
And moon forgone  
As if unmade, appear  
No more to me; to God and heaven dead  
I was, as though they never were;  
Upon some useless gaudy book,  
When what I knew of God was fled,  
The child being taught to look,  
His soul was quickly murder'd.

O fine!  
O most divine!  
O brave! they cried; and showed  
Some tinsel thing whose glittering did amaze,  
And to their cries its beauty owed;  
Thus I on riches, by degrees,  
Of a new stamp did learn to gaze,  
While all the world for these  
I lost, my joy turned to a blaze.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Walking

To walk abroad is, not with eyes,  
But thoughts, the fields to see and prize;  
    Else may the silent feet,  
    Like logs of wood,  
Move up and down, and see no good  
    Nor joy nor glory meet.

Ev'n carts and wheels their place do change,  
But cannot see, though very strange  
    The glory that is by;  
    Dead puppets may  
Move in the bright and glorious day,  
    Yet not behold the sky.

And are not men than they more blind,  
Who having eyes yet never find  
    The bliss in which they move;  
    Like statues dead  
They up and down are carried  
    Yet never see nor love.

To walk is by a thought to go;  
To move in spirit to and fro;  
    To mind the good we see;  
    To taste the sweet;  
Observing all the things we meet  
    How choice and rich they be.

To note the beauty of the day,  
And golden fields of corn survey;  
    Admire each pretty flow'r  
    With its sweet smell;  
To praise their Maker, and to tell  
    The marks of his great pow'r.

To fly abroad like active bees,  
Among the hedges and the trees,  
    To cull the dew that lies  
    On ev'ry blade,  
From ev'ry blossom; till we lade  
    Our minds, as they their thighs.

Observe those rich and glorious things,  
The rivers, meadows, woods, and springs,  
    The fructifying sun;  
    To note from far  
The rising of each twinkling star  
    For us his race to run.

A little child these well perceives,  
Who, tumbling in green grass and leaves,  
    May rich as kings be thought,

But there's a sight  
Which perfect manhood may delight,  
To which we shall be brought.

While in those pleasant paths we talk,  
'Tis that tow'rds which at last we walk;  
For we may by degrees  
Wisely proceed  
Pleasures of love and praise to heed,  
From viewing herbs and trees.

Thomas Montague Traherne

## Wonder

How like an angel came I down!  
How bright are all things here!  
When first among his works I did appear  
O how their glory me did crown!  
The world resembled his eternity,  
In which my soul did walk;  
And ev'ry thing that I did see  
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,  
The lively, lovely air;  
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!  
The stars did entertain my sense,  
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,  
So rich and great did seem,  
As if they ever must endure  
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence  
Within my bones did grow,  
And while my God did all his glories show,  
I felt a vigour in my sense  
That was all spirit. I within did flow  
With seas of life, like wine;  
I nothing in the world did know  
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were conceal'd,  
Oppressions tears and cries,  
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes  
Were hid, and only things reveal'd  
Which heav'nly spirits, and the angels prize.  
The state of innocence  
And bliss, not trades and poverties,  
Did fill my sense.

The streets were pav'd with golden stones,  
The boys and girls were mine,  
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!  
The sons of men were holy ones,  
In joy and beauty they appear'd to me,  
And every thing which here I found,  
While like an angel I did see,  
Adorn'd the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold  
In ev'ry place was seen;  
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,  
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.  
Great wonders cloth'd with glory did appear,  
Amazement was my bliss,  
That and my wealth was ev'ry where:

No joy to this!

Curs'd and devis'd proprieties,  
With envy, avarice  
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,  
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes,  
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,  
I dream'd not aught of those,  
But wander'd over all men's grounds,  
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,  
And hedges ornaments;  
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents  
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.  
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteem'd  
My joys by others worn:  
For me they all to wear them seem'd  
When I was born.

Thomas Montague Traherne