

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

21. Might I redeeme myne errours with mine eyes

1

Might I redeeme myne errours with mine eyes
And shed but for each seuerall sinne a teare,
The summe to such a great account should rise,
That I should neuer make mine Audit cleare,
 The totall is too bigge to paye the score,
 I am so rich in sinne, in teares so poore.

2

O wretched wealth that doth procure such want,
Vnhappy soule to bee so rich in sin,
The store whereof doth make all graces scant,
And stops thy teares, ere they doe scarce begin,
 What once a famous Poet sung before,
 I finde too true my plenty makes me poore.

3

O might I prooue in this a prodigall,
And bate my meanes by less'ning of my stocke,
I should in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,
If I could euery day from forth the shocke
 But pull one eare, O ten-times happy want,
 When teares increase and sinnes doe grow more scant.

4

O that my God with such sweete strokes would strike,
And by his grace so bank-rout mine estate,
That growing poore in sinne I Lazar like,
Might dayly beg for mercy at his gate,
 And craue (though not admittance to his feast)
 Some crums of grace to feede my soule at least.