

## A wreathed garland



A wreathed garland of deserved praise,  
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,  
I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,  
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,  
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,  
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,  
To thee, who art more far above deceit,  
Than deceit seems above simplicity.  
Give me simplicity, that I may live,  
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,  
Know them and practise them: then shall I give  
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

George Herbert (1593-1633)