

# *Matins*

**George Herbert**

(1593-1633)

I cannot ope mine eyes,  
But Thou art ready there to catch  
My morning-soul and sacrifice:  
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?  
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,  
Or star, or rainbow, or a part  
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,  
That Thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,  
Pouring upon it all Thy art,  
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate  
Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee:  
He did not heaven and earth create,  
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;  
That this new light, which now I see,  
May both the work and workman show:  
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.