

Lecture Nine: (Inter)mediality Appendix



George Herbert (1593-1633)

*Easter-wings**

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne
With thee
Let me combine
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp** my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

*The lines were printed vertically in the early editions, to represent the shape of wings on the page. Hence the label "shape-poem," attached to this kind of work.

***imp*: to engraft feathers on a damaged wing.