

# Discipline By George Herbert

Throw away thy rod,  
Throw away thy wrath:  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire  
Unto thine is bent:  
I aspire  
To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
I affect to own,  
But by book,  
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:  
Though I halt in pace,  
Yet I creep  
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;  
Love will do the deed:  
For with love  
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;  
Love's a man of war,  
And can shoot,  
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?  
That which wrought on thee,  
Brought thee low,  
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;  
Though man frailties hath,  
Thou art God:  
Throw away thy wrath.