

I ENVY NOT

Philip Higson

(after Gaspara Stampa)

I envy, saintly angels, not one whit
The glories and the blessings that you hoard,
Your taste for what will cloyless bliss afford,
Your ease as in God's lofty court you sit;

For my joys are so great and exquisite
They daunt all earthly hearts, when I'm adored
By those most tranquil eyes with bounty stored
For which I oft seek songs and verses fit.

And just as you are wont in heaven to draw
Fresh vigour from His face, so likewise here
I thrive on bounteous beauty without flaw.

In this alone do you eclipse my cheer:
That your proud state is timeless and secure
Whereas my own must swift extinction fear.

"I Envy Not" © 2007 by Philip Higson

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 1 2007