Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay? Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Thou hast made me, and shall thy works decay?

Thou hast made me, and shall thy works decay?

And shall thy works decay?

And shall thy works decay?
Re - paire me now, for now, mine end
cay? Re - paire me now,
thy worke de - cay? Re - paire me now, for
cay? de - cay? Re - paire me now, for
now, mine end doth haste, I runne to death, and
for now mine end doth haste, I runne to death,
now mine end doth haste, I runne to death,
mine end doth haste, I runne to death,
death meets me as fast, as
and death meets me as fast,
and death meets me
as fast, as fast,
and death meets me,

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me

as fast, as fast,
and death meets me
as fast, as fast, al my pleasures are like al
my pleasures are like yes - ter - day, yes -
my pleasures are like yes - ter - day, yes -
my pleasures are like yes - ter - day, yes -

I dare not move my dimme
day. I dare not move my dimme
day. I dare not move my dimme
eyes a-ny way, Des-paire be-hind, and
doth waste By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
Cast such terror, and my flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
which it t'wards hell doth weigh, my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh, On only thou art above, and when t'wards weigh, On only thou art above,
On only thou art above, By thy thee By thy leave I can looke, I rise again;
and By thy leave I rise again; But our old and subtile
- above, I rise again; But our leave I rise a-gaine;
But our old and subtle foe so tempteth me, so tempteth me, our old foe so tempteth me, so tempteth me, That Not one old and subtle foe so tempteth me, so tempteth me, so

But our old and subtle foe so tempteth me, Not one houre my selfe I can sustaine. Not one houre my houre my selfe, that not one houre my selfe I can sustaine, not one houre I tempteth me, That Not one houre my selfe I can sustaine, Not one houre my selfe I that not one houre I can sustaine. that not one houre my selfe I can, I can sustaine. Thy Grace may wing me can sustaine. Thy Grace may wing can sustaine. Thy Grace may selfe I can sustaine. And thou like
Holy Sonnet I

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And al my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t’wards hell doth weigh;

Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art.
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

—John Donne