

❧ *Aaron* ❧

Holineffe on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaft,
Harmonious bells below, raifing the dead
To leade them unto life and reft.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneneffe in my head,
Defects and darkneffe in my breaft,
A noife of paffions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reft.
Poore prieft thus am I drest.

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breaft,
Another mufick, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no reft:
In him I am well drest.

Chrift is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breaft,
My onely mufick, ftriking me ev'n dead;
That to the old felf I may reft,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breaft,
My doctrine tun'd by **Chrift**, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reft)
Come people Aaron's drest.

— GEORGE HERBERT, MDCXXXIII.

