The Pulley

By George Herbert

When God at first made man,

    Having a glass of blessings standing by,

    “Let us,” said he, “pour on him all we can.

    Let the world’s riches, which dispersèd lie,

    Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way;

    Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.

When almost all was out, God made a stay,

    Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,

    Rest in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said he,

    “Bestow this jewel also on my creature,

    He would adore my gifts instead of me,

    And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;

    So both should losers be.

“Yet let him keep the rest,

    But keep them with repining restlessness;

    Let him be rich and weary, that at least,

    If goodness lead him not, yet weariness

    May toss him to my breast.”