

# The agonie

by [George Herbert](#)

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Philosophers have measur'd mountains,  
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,  
Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behove:  
Yet few there are that sound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair  
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see  
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,  
His skinne, his garments bloudie be.  
Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain  
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay  
And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike  
Did set again abroach; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
Love in that liquour sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as bloud; but I, as wine.