

Batter My Heart

Sonnet XIV by John Donne

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,'and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to 'another due,
Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly 'I love you,' and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemye:
Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that know againe,
Take mee to you, imprison me, for I
Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

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