

Longing

by George Herbert

The sermon 'Longing' expresses the deep longing and desperation of the human heart for God's pity and mercy, and encourages the listener to seek God's help and comfort in their suffering.

Scripture: Psalm 18:6, Psalm 34:17, Psalm 40:1, Psalm 69:33, Psalm 116:1, Isaiah 30:19, James 5:11

Topics: "Divine Mercy", "Prayer"

Description

George Herbert's sermon emphasizes the deep cries, groans, and sighs of a soul in desperate need of God's mercy and compassion, acknowledging the weariness, hoarseness, and giddiness that come from the burdens of life. The plea is for God to hear, to not be indifferent or deaf to the heartfelt cries of His children, and to consider their sorrows and griefs with a compassionate ear. Despite feeling abandoned and in bitter grief, the speaker clings to the hope that God, who made the ear, will indeed hear and respond to their pleas for help and healing.

Transcript

With sick and famisht eyes,

With doubling knees and weary bones,

To thee my cries,

To thee my groans,

To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:

No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;

My heart is wither'd like a ground

Which thou dost curse.

My thoughts turn round,

And make me giddy; Lord, I fall,

Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.

Mothers are kind, because thou art,

And dost dispose

To them a part:

Their infants, them; and they suck thee

More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!

Lord of my soul, love of my mind,

Bow down thine ear!

Let not the wind

Scatter my words, and in the same

Thy name!

Look on my sorrows' round!

Mark well my furnace! O what flames,

What heats abound!

What griefs, what shames!

Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,

And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow

Thy dying head upon the tree:

O be not now

More dead to me!

Lord hear! Shall he that made the ear,

Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir,

It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:

Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?
To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinner's plea
No key?
Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.
Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief yet am I stil'd
Thy child.
Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were

To bear.
But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.
Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
Today.
My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/george-herbert/longing/>

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