***from* Affliction**

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction’s looks,

 (Making us pry into ourselves so near),

Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,

 Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,

 And many a golden lesson hath me taught;

Hath made my senses quick and reason clear;

 Reform’d my will, and rectify’d my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:

 So working leas settle and purge the wine:

So lopp’d and pruned trees do flourish fair:

 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Sir John Davies