**HOLY SONNET #9 by John Donne**

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,

Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,

If lecherous goats, if serpents envious

Cannot be damn'd, alas ! why should I be ?

Why should intent or reason, born in me,

Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous ?

And, mercy being easy, and glorious

To God, in His stern wrath why threatens He ?

But who am I, that dare dispute with Thee ?

O God, O ! of Thine only worthy blood,

And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,

And drown in it my sin's black memory.

That Thou remember them, some claim as debt ;

I think it mercy if Thou wilt forget.