The Elixir

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see,  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for thee:  

Not rudely as a beast,  
To run into an action;  
But still to make thee prepossest,  
And give it his perfection.  

A man that looks on glass,  
On it may stay his eye;  
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the heav'n espy.  

All may of thee partake:  
Nothing can be so mean.  
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.  

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.  

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold:  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.  

3. The philosopher's stone, with which alchemists would transmute metals into gold; also, "essence with property of indefinitely prolonging life" (Oxford English Dictionary). See Textual Notes for other version. 
4. Always to give you a prior claim. 
5. Its. 
6. In alchemy, "principle or . . . substance where character may be infused into material things" (Oxford English Dictionary). Here, "for thy sake" is the true alchemical principle, the tincture which can purify any action.
7. Elixir or philosopher's stone. 
8. "Test the fineness of gold . . . upon a touchstone" (Oxford English Dictionary) and also "mark metal . . . with an official stamp after it has been tested". (Oxford English Dictionary).
9. The poem makes a wreath by weaving its phrases and words.
Love

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit downe, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

(The Temple, 1633)
When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can;
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

Prayer

Prayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav’n and earth;
Engine against th’ Almighty, sinners towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies world transposing in an houre,
A kind of tune, which all things heare and fear;
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,
The land of spices; something understood.

"Love"
"The Pulley" and
"Prayer"