

## George Herbert

### "Love"

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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, 5  
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. 10  
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, sayes Love, who bore the blame? 15  
My deare, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:  
So I did sit and eat.

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