

George Herbert (1593-1632)

Love

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
from my first entrance in,
drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
if I lacked anything.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:

Love said, You shall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame

Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?

My dear, then I will serve.

You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:

So I did sit and eat.