

Love bade me
welcome, yet my soul drew
back, Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing
me grow slack, From my first
entrance in, Drew nearer
to me, sweetly ques-
tioning If I lack'd
anything.



'A guest',
I answer'd, 'worthy to be
here'; Love said, 'You shall be
he'. 'I, the unkind, the ungrate-
ful? 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 marr'd 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.



— GEORGE HERBERT.