

Love (III)

George Herbert, 1593 - 1633

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.