

LOVE (III)

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 answer’d, “worthy to be here.”
 Love said, “You shall be he.”
“I, the unkind, the 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.

George Herbert (1593–1633)