

# Love (III). By George Herbert

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 any thing.

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.