## Love (III)

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack From my first entrance in,  Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning, If I lack'd any thing.  A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:	Lov	e bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back, Guiltie of dust and sinne.
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  If I lack'd any thing.	But	quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
If I lack'd any thing.		From my first entrance in,
, ,	Dre	w nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:		If I lack'd any thing.
	A g	uest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, you shall be he.		Love said, you shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,	I the	e unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.	)	I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,	Lov	e took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?		Who made the eyes but I?
Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame	Trut	th Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.		Go where it doth deserve.
15 And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blan	5 And	I know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.		My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my mea	You	must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:

Taken from George Herbert: 100 Poems edited by Helen Wilcox (Cambridge University Press, 2016)

So I did sit and eat.