



Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den  
 'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be; 5  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.  
 And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear;  
 For love all love of other sights controls, 10  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;  
 Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;  
 Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears, 15  
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
 Where can we find two better hemispheres  
 Without sharp north, without declining west?  
 Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I 20  
 Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

#### Song

Go and catch a falling star,  
 Get with child a mandrake root,  
 Tell me where all past years are,  
 Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing, 5  
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
     And find  
     What wind  
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights, 10  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,  
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 15  
     And swear,  
     No where  
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,  
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet; 20  
 Yet do not, I would not go,  
 Though at next door we might meet,

Though she were true, when you met her,  
 And last, till you write your letter,  
     Yet she  
     Will be  
 False, ere I come, to two, or three. 25

### The Sun Rising

    Busy old fool, unruly Sun,  
     Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
     Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide 5  
     Late school-boys and sour prentices,  
     Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,  
     Call country ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time. 10  
     Thy beams so reverend, and strong  
     Why shouldst thou think?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long. 15  
     If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
     Look, and to-morrow late tell me,  
     Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine  
     Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.  
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday, 20  
 And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

    She's all states, and all princes I;  
     Nothing else is;  
 Princes do but play us ; compared to this,  
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy. 25  
     Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,  
     In that the world's contracted thus;  
     Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
     To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere; 30  
 This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

### The Canonization

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;  
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout;  
 My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout;  
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve;

- Take you a course, get you a place, 5  
 Observe his Honour, or his Grace;  
 Or the king's real, or his stamp'd face  
 Contemplate ; what you will, approve,  
 So you will let me love.
- Alas ! alas ! who's injured by my love? 10  
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?  
 Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?  
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
 When did the heats which my veins fill  
 Add one more to the plaguy bill? 15  
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still  
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,  
 Though she and I do love.
- Call's what you will, we are made such by love; 20  
 Call her one, me another fly,  
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,  
 And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.  
 The phoenix riddle hath more wit  
 By us ; we two being one, are it;  
 So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit. 25  
 We die and rise the same, and prove  
 Mysterious by this love.
- We can die by it, if not live by love,  
 And if unfit for tomb or hearse  
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse; 30  
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,  
 We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;  
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes  
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,  
 And by these hymns, all shall approve 35  
 Us canonized for love;
- And thus invoke us, "You, whom reverend love  
 Made one another's hermitage;  
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;  
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove 40  
 Into the glasses of your eyes;  
 So made such mirrors, and such spies,  
 That they did all to you epitomize—  
 Countries, towns, courts beg from above  
 A pattern of your love." 45

## Song

Sweetest love, I do not go,  
 For weariness of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter love for me;  
 But since that I 5  
 At the last must part, 'tis best,  
 Thus to use myself in jest  
 By feigned deaths to die.  
 Yesternight the sun went hence,  
 And yet is here to-day; 10  
 He hath no desire nor sense,  
 Nor half so short a way;  
 Then fear not me,  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Speedier journeys, since I take 15  
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,  
 That if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot add another hour,  
 Nor a lost hour recall; 20  
 But come bad chance,  
 And we join to it our strength,  
 And we teach it art and length,  
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind, 25  
 But sigh'st my soul away;  
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
 My life's blood doth decay.  
 It cannot be  
 That thou lovest me as thou say'st, 30  
 If in thine my life thou waste,  
 That art the best of me.  
 Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethink me any ill;  
 Destiny may take thy part, 35  
 And may thy fears fulfil.  
 But think that we  
 Are but turn'd aside to sleep.  
 They who one another keep  
 Alive, ne'er parted be. 40

## A Valediction Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,  
 And whisper to their souls to go,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
 "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise, 5  
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;  
 'Twere profanation of our joys  
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant; 10  
 But trepidation of the spheres,  
 Though greater far, is innocent.  
 Dull sublunary lovers' love  
 —Whose soul is sense—cannot admit  
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove 15  
 The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,  
 Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss. 20

Our two souls therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to aery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so 25  
 As stiff twin compasses are two;  
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet, when the other far doth roam, 30  
 It leans, and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;  
 Thy firmness makes my circle just, 40  
 And makes me end where I begun.

## The Ecstasy

Where, like a pillow on a bed,  
 A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest  
 The violet's reclining head,  
 Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cemented 5  
 By a fast balm, which thence did spring;  
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread  
 Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet  
 Was all the means to make us one; 10  
 And pictures in our eyes to get  
 Was all our propagation.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate  
 Suspends uncertain victory,  
 Our souls—which to advance their state, 15  
 Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,  
 We like sepulchral statues lay;  
 All day, the same our postures were,  
 And we said nothing, all the day. 20  
 If any, so by love refined,  
 That he soul's language understood,  
 And by good love were grown all mind,  
 Within convenient distance stood,

He—though he knew not which soul spake, 25  
 Because both meant, both spake the same—  
 Might thence a new concoction take,  
 And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex  
 (We said) and tell us what we love; 30  
 We see by this, it was not sex;  
 We see, we saw not, what did move :

But as all several souls contain  
 Mixture of things they know not what,  
 Love these mix'd souls doth mix again, 35  
 And makes both one, each this, and that.

A single violet transplant,  
 The strength, the colour, and the size—  
 All which before was poor and scant—  
 Redoubles still, and multiplies. 40

When love with one another so  
 Interanimates two souls,  
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,  
 Defects of loneliness controls.  
 We then, who are this new soul, know, 45  
 Of what we are composed, and made,  
 For th' atomies of which we grow  
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, O alas ! so long, so far,  
 Our bodies why do we forbear? 50  
 They are ours, though not we; we are  
 Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus  
 Did us, to us, at first convey,  
 Yielded their senses' force to us, 55  
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,  
 But that it first imprints the air;  
 For soul into the soul may flow,  
 Though it to body first repair. 60

As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like souls as it can;  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtle knot, which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend 65  
 To affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great prince in prison lies.  
 To our bodies turn we then, that so  
 Weak men on love reveal'd may look; 70  
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
 But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,

Let him still mark us, he shall see 75  
 Small change when we're to bodies gone.

### The Relic

When my grave is broke up again  
 Some second guest to entertain,  
 —For graves have learn'd that woman-head,  
 To be to more than one a bed—  
 And he that digs it, spies 5  
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,  
 Will he not let us alone,  
 And think that there a loving couple lies,  
 Who thought that this device might be some way  
 To make their souls at the last busy day 10  
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,  
 Where mass-devotion doth command,  
 Then he that digs us up will bring  
 Us to the bishop or the king, 15  
 To make us relics; then  
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I  
 A something else thereby ;  
 All women shall adore us, and some men.  
 And, since at such time miracles are sought, 20  
 I would have that age by this paper taught  
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.  
 First we loved well and faithfully,  
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;  
 Difference of sex we never knew, 25  
 No more than guardian angels do;  
 Coming and going we  
 Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;  
 Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,  
 Which nature, injured by late law, sets free 30.  
 These miracles we did ; but now alas !  
 All measure, and all language, I should pass,  
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.