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.