Love.

By Herbert, George .

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 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.