Whoso List² to Hunt
Sir Thomas Wyatt

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,²
But as for me, alas, I may no more:
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore.
I am of them that farthest cometh behind;
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore,
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I, may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about,
"Noli me tangere,"² for Caesar's I am,³
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.⁴

3. Noli me tangere: "Don't touch me"; words spoken by the resurrected Jesus in John 20:17.  
4. Caesar's I am: At the time in which the poem was written, it was believed that Caesar attached collars inscribed with the words "Do not touch me, for I am Caesar's" to his deer to protect them from hunters.

Sonnet 31
Sir Philip Sidney

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer² his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descrites.²
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me
Is constant love deemed there but want of will?³
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

1. busy archer: Cupid, the Roman god of love.  
2. descrites: Reveals.  
3. witt; intelligence.

ALSO READ:
p. 729  Donne, "A Valediction..."  
p. 730  Marvell, "To His Coy Mistress"  
p. 766  Donne, "Batter my heart..."  
p. 814  Donne, "The Flea"  
p. 843  Herbert, "Virtue"  
p. 1001 Shakespeare, Sonnet 116  
p. 656 Shakespeare, Sonnet 18
Sonnet 39
Sir Philip Sidney

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place\(^1\) of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof\(^2\) shield me from out the prease\(^3\)
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
A rose garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Liveller then elsewhere, Stella's image see.

---
1. baiting place: A place for refreshment.
2. proof: Proven strength.
3. prease: Crowd.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love
Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove\(^1\)
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle\(^4\)
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;

And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd
Sir Walter Raleigh

This poem was written by Raleigh as a response to the invitation presented in Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philemon becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

---

To His Son
Sir Walter Raleigh

Three things there be that prosper up apace
And flourish, whilst they grow asunder far,
But on a day, they meet all in one place,
And when they meet, they one another mar;
And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag.

The wood is that which makes the gallow tree;
The weed is that which strings the hangman's bag;
The wag, my pretty knave, betokeneth thee.
Mark well, dear boy, whilst these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild,
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot;
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.
Then bless thee, and beware, and let us pray
We part not with thee at this meeting day.

1. wag n.: A mischievous young boy.
Sonnet 1
Edmund Spenser

Happy ye leaves when as those lily hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing1 might.
Shall handle you and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
Those lamping2 eyes will deigne sometimes to look
And read the sorrows of my dying spright.3
Written with tears in heart's close4 bleeding book.
And happy rhymes bathed in the sacred brook
Of Helicon5 whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look.
My soul's long lacked food, my heaven's bliss.
Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

1. doing: Killing.
2. lamping: Flashing.
3. spright: Spirit.
4. close: Secret.
5. sacred ... Helicon: From Greek mythology, the Hippocrene, the fountain from which the waters of poetic inspiration flowed, located on Mt. Helicon, the sacred home of the Muses.

Sonnet 26
Edmund Spenser

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brier;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine,1 but pricketh near;
Sweet is the fir bloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;2
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,3
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain.

1. eglantine: A European rose with hooked spines.
2. pill: Core.
3. still: Always.
Sonnet 75
Edmund Spenser

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,¹
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eek² my name be wiped out likewise."
"Not so," quod³ I, "let baser things devise.
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
Wherein whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."
PSALM 150: LAUDATE DOMINUM

O laud ye the Lord, the God of hosts commend,
Exalt his power, advance his holiness:
With all your might lift his almighty
Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.
Make trumpet's noise in shrillest notes ascend:
Make lute and lyre his loved fame express:
Him let the pipe, him let the tabret bless,
Him organ's breath, that winds or waters lend.
Let ringing timbrels so his honour sound,
Let sounding cymbals so his glory ring,
That in their tunes such melody be found,
As fits the pomp of most triumphant king.
Conclude: by all that air, or life ensayd,
Let high Jehovah highly be extolled.

by Mary, Countess of Pembroke

WHAT IS OUR LIFE?

What is our life? A play of passion,
And what our mirth but music of division?
Our mother's womb the tiring-houses be
Where we are dressed for this short comedy
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is
Who sits and marks what here we do amiss.
The graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

by Sir Walter Raleigh

I MUST COMPLAIN,
YET DO ENJOY MY LOVE

I must complain, yet do enjoy my love;
She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts;
Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove
With all her graces and divinest arts
To form her too too beautiful of hue,
She had no leisure left to make her true.
Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair?
That were repugnant to mine own desires:
She is admired, new lovers still repair;
That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,
She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

by Thomas Campion
THEY FLEE FROM ME
THAT SOMETIME DID ME SEEK  
 Sir Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot walking in my chamber:
I have seen them gentle, tame and meek,
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busy seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she caught me in her arms long and small,
Therewith all sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'

It was no dream; I lay broad waking;
But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness;
And she also to use new-fangledness,
But since that I so kindly am served,
I would fain know what she hath deserved.

I HAVE SOUGHT LONG

I have sought long with steadfastness
To have had some ease of my great smart;
But nought availed faithfulness
To grave within your stony heart.

What is our life? A play of passion.
And what our mirth but music of division?
Our mother's wombs the tiring-houses be
Where we are dressed for this short comedy
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is
Who sits and marks what here we do amiss.
The graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we playing to our latter rest,
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

EVEN SUCH IS TIME

Even such is Time, that takes in trust:
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.
SONNET 19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou listest,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.
SONNET 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemused moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

SONNET 55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

SONNET 62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.

SONNET 64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of ourworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SONNET 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look unto your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SONNET 129

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hated; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the take twice:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

SONNET 110

Ales, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blemishes gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.
INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house, and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast,
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which, else, could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect: nor the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Lemons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney
Is not to be despairsed of, for our money;
And, though fowl, now, be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwits, if we can:
Knats, rill, and stuff too. How so e'er, my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this, if ought appear, which I know not of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be:
But that, which must both take my Muse, and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary-wine,
Which is the Mermaid's nectar, but shall be mine: Of which had Heracle, or Ascanius tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooey, or parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
But, at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No simple word,
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
The liberty, that we'll enjoy tonight.

by Ben Jonson

THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demesne,
The late-past fruits of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.
O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone,
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least Crown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of Love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to hide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

by George Herbert
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
Late schoolboys 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.

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.
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow late tell me
Whether both: the Indies of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me;
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
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.
Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ca-e, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

HOLY SONNET 14

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
That I may rise and stand, o'erdrown me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurped towns to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end.
Reason, your vicerey in me, should defend,
But is captivated, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you and would be loved again,
But am betrothed unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

HOLY SONNET 19

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vows, and in devotion.
As humorous is my condition
As my profane love, and as soon forgot;
As riddlingly destempered, cold and hot,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none:
I durst not view heaven yesterday; and today
In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true fear of his rod.
So my devout fits come and go away
Like a fantastic ague: save that here
Those are my best days, when I quake with fear.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I've won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thine self that at my death thy son
Shall shine as he shines now, and hereafter;
And having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.
Holy Sonnet 10
John Donne

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go.
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

1. pictures: images.
2. And . . . delivery: Our best men go with you to rest their bones
   and find freedom for their souls.
3. poppy: Opium.
4. swell'st: Swell with pride.

Easter Wings
George Herbert

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin.
And still with sickness and shame
Thou didst so punish sin.
That I became
Most thin,
With thee
Let me combine
And feel this day thy victory:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

1. store: Abundance.
2. imp: Graft.

Richard Lovelace

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not (sweet) I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee (dear) so much,
Loved I not honour more.
ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
SECTION II
Total time — 2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time — 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following poem by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), the speaker addresses the subject of desire. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how poetic devices help to convey the speaker’s complex attitude toward desire.

Thou Blind Man’s Mark

Thou blind man’s mark,¹ thou fool’s self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy’s scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought;
Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
Within myself to seek my only hire.²
Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

¹ target
² reward

SONNET 129

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy’d no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow’d bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.
The Broken Heart

He is stark mad, who ever says,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flask of powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some;
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us, and never chews:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die,
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room, I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they be not unite;
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

—John Donne