

The Good-Morrow

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd, were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on countrey plasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven-sleepers den?
T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two fitter hemispheares
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dies, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.