

The Anniversary

All Kings, and all their Favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it self (which makes times, as these passe)
Is elder by a year now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse;
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwels but love;
(All other thoughts, being inmates) then shall prove
This or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.

Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain.
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our raigne.