



A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly
away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends
do say
The breath goes now, and some
say, No:
So let us melt, and make no
noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests
move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.
Moving of th' earth brings harms
and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and
meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.
Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot
admit
Absence, because it doth
remove
Those things which elemented it.
But we by a love so much
refined,
That our selves know not what it
is,

Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands
to miss.
Our two souls therefore, which
are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes
no show
To move, but doth, if the other
do.
And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth
roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes
home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who
must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle
just,
And makes me end where I
began.



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