THE CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love:
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune both;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honor, or his Grace,
Or the king's real, or his stamped face
Contemplator; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colt a forward spring remove?
When did the heat which my veins fill
Add one more to the plague bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Lingering men, which quarrel move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.
We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest sales, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love,

And thus invite us, "You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage:
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the world's soul contract, and 
drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize)
Countries, towns, towns; beg from above
A pattern of your love!"

1 On coin.
2 The list, published weekly, of the victims of the plague.