THE GOOD-MORROW.  
By John Donne  
  
  
I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved ? Were we not wean'd till then?   
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?   
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be ;  
If ever any beauty I did see,   
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.  
  
And now good-morrow to our waking souls,   
Which watch not one another out of fear ;  
For love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room an everywhere.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;   
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;   
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.   
  
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,   
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;  
Where can we find two better hemispheres   
Without sharp north, without declining west ?  
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally ;  
If our two loves be one, or thou and I   
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.