

Soul's Joy, Now I am Gone

by John Donne

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
—Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me— 5
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light; 10
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we move. 15

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words but sense deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hope's joining bliss, 19
Even then our souls shall kiss;
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway, 24
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.
