

Year 10-13

Since There's No Help

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done: you get no more of me, And
I am glad, yea glad with all my heart That
thus so clearly I myself can free. Shake hands
forever, cancel all our vows, And when we meet
at any time again, Be it not seen in either of
our brows That we one jot of former love
retain. Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies, When
faith is kneeling by his bed of death, And
innocence is closing up his eyes, Now if thou
wouldst, when all have given him over, From
death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

By Michael Drayton

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