

### 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 cleanly 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

Sehs  
Adcote School  
Year 10