

# VIRTUE

*George Herbert*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep they \_\_\_\_\_ tonight,  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue \_\_\_\_\_ and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My music shows ye have your closes;  
And \_\_\_\_\_ must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul  
Like \_\_\_\_\_, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.