

## Song by John Donne

1. Verb
2. Noun
3. Noun
4. Noun
5. Adjective
6. Noun - Plural
7. Noun - Plural
8. Noun
9. Adjective
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Noun
13. Noun

# Song by John Donne

Sweetest love, I do not \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,

For weariness of thee,

Nor in hope the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ can show

A fitter \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ for me;

But since that I

Must die at last, 'tis best

To use myself in jest

Thus by feign'd deaths to die.

Yesternight

the Noun went hence,

And yet is here today;

He hath no desire nor sense,

Nor half so Adjective a way:

Then fear not me,

But believe that I shall make

Speedier journeys, since I take

More Noun - Plural and Noun - Plural than he.

O how feeble is man's Noun,

That if Adjective fortune fall,

Cannot add another Noun,

Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance,

And we join to't it our strength,

And we teach it art and length,

Itself o'er us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not Noun,

But sigh'st my soul away;

When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,

My life's \_\_\_\_\_ doth decay.

It cannot be

That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,

If in thine my life thou waste,

That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining \_\_\_\_\_

Forethink me any ill;

Destiny may take thy part,

And may thy fears fulfil;

But think that we

Are but turn'd aside to sleep;

They who one another keep

Alive, ne'er parted be.