

## 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

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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 \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> went hence,

And yet is here today;

He hath no desire nor sense,

Nor half so \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup> a way:

Then fear not me,

But believe that I shall make

Speedier journeys, since I take

More \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun - Plural</sup> and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun - Plural</sup> than he.

O how feeble is man's \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>,

That if \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_ fortune fall,

Cannot add another \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_,

Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance,

And we join to'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 \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> 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 \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>

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.