

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other.  
When that mine eye is famished for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away are present still with me;  
For thou no farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.