Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, Love, in love’s philosophy.
    These three hours that we have spent
    Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
But, now the sun is just above our head,
    We do those shadows tread
    And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So, whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did and shadows flow
From us and our care; but now, ’tis not so.

That love hath not attained the high’st degree
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
    As the first were made to blind
    Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint and westwardly decline,
    To me thou falsely thine
    And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But, oh, love’s day is short if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his first minute after noon is night.