

Sweet love, renew thy force. Be it not said

Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,

Which but today by feeding is allayed,

Tomorrow sharpened in his former might.

So, love, be thou. Although today thou fill

Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,

Tomorrow see again, and do not kill

The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.

Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be

Which parts the shore where two contracted new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they see

Return of love, more blessed may be the view.

Or call it winter, which being full of care

Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.