

# Sonnets

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## 153

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep.  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground,  
Which borrowed from this holy fire of love 5  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast. 10  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distempered guest,  
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire: my mistress' eyes.