

# Sonnets

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## 56

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 5  
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 10  
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.