

# Sonnets

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## 119

What potions have I drunk of siren tears  
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed 5  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blesseÁd never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted  
In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! Now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better, 10  
And ruined love when it is built anew  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.