

Sonnets

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Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were, 5
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so±±
As testy sick men when their deaths be near
No news but health from their physicians know.
For if I should despair I should grow mad, 10
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad
Mad slanderers by mad ears believeÁd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
wide.