

Sonnets

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O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart.
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight, 5
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy
 might
Is more than my o'erpressed defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: `Ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies, 10
And therefore from my face she turns my foes
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.'
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.