

Sonnet 147

Paul Kelly

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill
The uncertain sickly appetite to please

My reason, the physician to my love
Angry his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except

Past cure I am, now reason is past care
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are
At random from the truth vainly expressed

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night

Past cure I am, now reason is past care
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest
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For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night
Yes, I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night