

# Sonnet 56

By

William Shakespeare

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,  
To-morrow sharpened in his former might.  
So love be thou, although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love, with a perpetual dulness:  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,  
Come daily to the banks, that when they see:  
Return of love, more blest may be the view.  
Or call it winter, which being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.