

SONNET IX

WELL, seeing I have no hope, then let us part;  
Having long taught my flesh to master fear,  
I should have learned by now to rule my heart,  
Although, Heaven knows, 'tis not so easy near.  
Oh, you were made to make men miserable  
And torture those who would have joy in you,  
But I, who could have loved you, dear, so well,  
Take pride in being a good loser too;  
And it has not been wholly unsuccess,  
For I have rescued from forgetfulness  
Some moments of this precious time that flies,  
Adding to my past wealth of memory  
The pretty way you once looked up at me,  
Your low, sweet voice, your smile, and your dear eyes.