

Islands

135 = Sentence on Essex & Smith
+ 2 wks = 14 sonnets
147 - 152 = 6 sonnet Essex = 152
(6 days bet. sentence & exec.)

(2 wks speaking -

SONNET 147. 1 still always. 2 nurseth nourishes, keeps alive. 3 ill illness. 4 Th' uncertain . . . to please to cater to the fickle, unhealthy appetite (of the patient). 6 prescriptions orders, instructions. kept followed. 7 I desperate I who now am desperate. 7-8 approve . . . did except now realize by experience that desire, which refused the help of reason's medicine, is fatal. 9 Past cure . . . past care I can no longer be cured, now that reason has left me. 10 evermore constant, eternal. 12 At random . . . express'd at variance from the truth and senselessly expressed. "Randon" is an old spelling of "random."

E sent for Essex

Essex longed for death "I'me Boil -"

J. N. Phycation = John Harvey (bro. of Gabriel) wrote learned book on 1588 dangers

next line this phrase belongs to Ral.

SONNET 148. 2 Which have . . . true sight which see nothing as true sight would see it. 4 censures judges, interprets. aright rightly. 5 false distorting. 7 denote indicate. 8 eye There is a probable pun on "aye." 10 vex'd afflicted. watching lying awake at night. 11 mistake my view misjudge what I see. 13 Love (a) Cupid, the god of love (b) the beloved lady. 14 foul faults (a) physical ugliness (b) moral defects. find discover.

Bacon forgives

Harrington letter (wr. by Rob. Marbham) spies

cf. 111-119 allusion in Part A

147 Regret at writing series?
148 Recog. of impossibility of knowing truth?

147 cf. phrase 152 #1 #73

both #59 1600 4 1597?

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My Reason, the Physician to my Love,
Angry that 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 express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Love is illness
Love is to be unsure of truth
consumed that
perhaps this is Essex spbg. + Essex ill #152 is E. spbg. -
see also #140
now he thinks he has committed

1598 = unfair bit

148 * 5 Eyes

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Death of Alencon? fever?
could be Eling to 5 many
Truth difficult
#61
Cupid

Search for balance

Poet uncertain as to what is so - (emotion & time - blurred)