S. lost his perspective in V. 4Ad What potions have Kdrunk of Siren tears SONNET 119. I Siren tears tears of a temptress. The reference may be to the "dark lady" or to various women with whom the poet has associated. Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within, 2 limbecks alembics, stills. 3 Applying i.e. as medicine is applied. Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears, Still losing . . . to win always losing what I expected to gain. 6 so Still losing when I saw myself to win! blessed never ever so blessed. 7-8 How have . . . madding fever how my eyes have started out of their sockets in the delirium of my maddening What wretched errors hath my heart committed fever. 10 That better . . . made better that superior things are always Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never! bent tel muster Neth pimproved after they have been brought into contact with evil. 13 to How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted my content to my true friend, my source of contentment. 14 spent In the distraction of this madding feyer! fur O benefit of ill! Now I find true That better is by evil still made better; Grows fairer than at first more strong, far greater. away & build aid to Henry Manne returning duces So I return rebuk'd to my content, w HA? apple as mas I of Ord And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent Ills = feigning illness (Leie & Cook de Lung J. 87 In leb V - de Lung. 86 That you were once unkind befriends me now, SONNET 120. 2-3 for that . . . transgression bow because of the sorrow I felt when you were unkind to me, I am now overwhelmed by my sense of And for that sorrow which I then did feel the wrong I have done to you. 4 nerves sinews. 8 weigh consider. in Needs must I under my transgression bow, your crime because of your offence against me. 9 rememb'red reminded. Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel. 11 tend'red offered. 13-14 that your trespass . . . ransom me that offence of yours has become the payment which I can offer you in expiation For if you were by my unkindness shaken, for my own offence against you. Oct 79 - sea story 'As I by yours, y'have pass'd a hell of time, wild refer to big storm, auth And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken, To weigh how once I suffered in your crime. O that our night of woe might have rememb'red. (My deepest sense how) hard true sorrow hits, And soon to you, as you to me then, tend'red The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits! has But that your trespass now becomes a fee; Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.