

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Sonnet 154*

The little love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand

The fairest votary took up that fire,  
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed.

This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,

Came there for cure, and this by that I prove:  
Love's fire heats water; water cools not love.