

William Shakespeare
(1564-1616)

Sonnet 146

Michael Wise
(1648-1687)

(1) Poor soul, the cen-tre of my sin - ful earth, why feed'st these re-bel pow'rs that thee ar-ray?

Why dost thou pine with-in, and suf - fer dearth, pain-ting thy out - ward
(2) *Shall worms, in - her - it - ors of this ex - cess, eat up thy charge? is*
(3) Buy terms di - vine in sell-ing hours of dross; with - in be fed, with -

walls so cost - ly gay? Why so large cost, hav - ing so short a lease,
this thy bo - dy's end? Then soul, live thou up - on thy ser-vant's loss,
out be rich no more: So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,

dost thou up - on thy fa - ding man - sion spend?
and let that pine to ag - gra - vate thy store;
and, Death once dead, there's no more dy - ing then.