

Sonnets

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won; 5
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed?
Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth 10
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold troth:
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.