

# Sonnets

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99

The forward violet thus did I chide:  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

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The lily I condemneÁd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robb'ry had annexed thy breath;  
But for his theft in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.

10

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.