

Sonnets

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Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine 5
May make seem bare in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it,
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect, 10
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst
prove me.