

# Sonnets

---

## 62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine, 5  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for myself mine own worth do define  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chapped with tanned antiquity, 10  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
    'Tis thee, my self, that for myself I praise,  
    Painting my age with beauty of thy days.