

Sonnets

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So oft have I invoked thee for my muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse. 5
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile, 10
Whose influence is thine and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graceÁd be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.