

# Sonnets

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## 117

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate,  
    Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
    The constancy and virtue of your love.

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