

Sonnets

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How careful was I when I took my way
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
That to my uſe it might unuſeÁd ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt.
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are, 5
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou beſt of deareſt and mine only care
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not locked up in any cheſt
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art±± 10
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou mayſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize ſo dear.