

Sonnets

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If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love, 5
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.

In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckoned none.

Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be; 10
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me a something, sweet, to thee.

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me for my name is Will.