

# Sonnets

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Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is that I have looked on truth 5  
Askance and strangely. But, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;  
Mine appetite I never more will grind 10  
On newer proof to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.