

Sonnets

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O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye 5
As the perfume'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maske'd buds discloses;
But for their virtue only is their show
They live unwooed and unrespected fade, 10
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.