

# Sonnets

---

## 76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same, 5  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?  
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument; 10  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent;  
    For as the sun is daily new and old,  
    So is my love, still telling what is told.