

# Sonnets

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O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway,  
To make me give the lie to my true sight  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.  
    If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
    More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

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