

Sonnets

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How can my muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O, give thyself the thanks if aught in me

5

Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;

For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,

When thou thyself dost give invention light?

Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invoke,

10

And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

 If my slight muse do please these curious days,

 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.