

# Sonnets

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## 36

Let me confess that we two must be twain  
Although our undivided loves are one;  
So shall those blots that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect, 5  
Though in our lives a separable spite  
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee  
Lest my bewaileÁd guilt should do thee shame, 10  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.  
But do not so. I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.