

# Sonnets

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## 114

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,  
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
To make of monsters and things indigest                   5  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O, 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up.                   10  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.  
    If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin  
    That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.