

Sonnets

112

Your love and pity doth th'impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive 5
To know my shames and praises from your tongue±±
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices that my adder's sense 10
To critic and to flatterer stoppeÁd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world besides, methinks, they're dead.