

# Sonnets

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I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue, 5  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of these time-bettering days.  
And do so, love; yet when they have devised  
What straineÁd touches rhetoric can lend, 10  
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathized  
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;  
And their gross painting might be better used  
Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abused.