

SONNET 109 – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Oh never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quality,
As easy might I from my self depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie,
That is my home of live: If I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain,
Never believe though in my nature reigned,
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave nothing for all thy sum of good,
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all