

# Sonnet 26

By

William Shakespeare

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;  
To thee I send this written embassy  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought (all naked) will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect,  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.