

# Sonnet 39

By

William Shakespeare

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring:  
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?  
Even for this, let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give:  
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:  
O absence what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave,  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive.  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here who doth hence remain.