

# Sonnet 75

By

William Shakespeare

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure,  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look,  
Possessing or pursuing no delight  
Save what is had, or must from you be took.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.