

# Sonnet 82

By

William Shakespeare

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,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew,  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so love, yet when they have devised,  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathized,  
    In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.  
    And their gross painting might be better used,