

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport.  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;  
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a thronèd queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things deemed.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so. I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.