

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,

And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,

Authorizing thy trespass with compare,

Myself corrupting salving thy amiss,

Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are.

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense-

Thy adverse party is thy advocate-

And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.

Such civil war is in my love and hate

That I an accessory needs must be

To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.