

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
But I don't act on such tramps

Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Inspiring through cheap makeup some poets

Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
Which heaven decorates itself with

And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
And every salesman practices to sell stuff

Making a couplement of proud compare
Asserting these parallels brashly

With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
To the sun and moon, to the world and oceans wonders

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare,
And the first flowers of spring, and every good thing

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
That navarra's air in the world surrounds

O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
Humor me, I am in love, but I keep it real,

And then believe me, my love is as fair
And for sure, my sweetheart is hot

As any mother's child, though not so bright
As any person, but not as wondrous

As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
As the stars that shine in the night

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
Sure, others can speak lies,

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.
I'm not flattering to sell her to you.