



# *Sonnet 138*

W I L L I A M S H A K E S P E A R E



1 When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
2 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
3 That she might think me some untutored youth,  
4 Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.  
5 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
6 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
7 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
8 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.  
9 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
10 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
11 Oh, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
12 And age in love loves not to have years told.  
13       Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
14       And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

