

## APPENDIX.

24.—SONNET, XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine                   5  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect                 10  
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

*—Shakespeare.*

25.—SONNET, XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow, 5  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite, 10  
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

—*Shakespeare.*