

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 93

So shall I live, supposing¹ thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new²;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place³:

5 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks⁴, the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange.
But heaven in thy creation⁵ did decree⁶

10 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings⁷ be,
Thy looks should nothing thence⁸, but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not⁹ thy show¹⁰!
(114 words)

¹**supposing** imagining, falsely – ²**altered new** loving someone else – ³**in other place** with another lover – ⁴**many's looks** many people's faces – ⁵**in thy creation** when you were born – ⁶**decree** ordain, command – ⁷**heart's workings** true feelings – ⁸**thence** on your face – ⁹**answer not** does not match – ¹⁰**show** outward appearance