

## Sonnets xvii

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love; if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:  
For nothing this wide Universe I call,  
Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

## About the Author

**William Shakespeare** (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, a small country town. Stratford was famous for its malting. The black plague killed in 1564 one out of seven of the town's 1,500 inhabitants. Shakespeare was the eldest son of Mary Arden, the daughter of a local landowner, and her husband, John Shakespeare (c. 1530-1601), a glover and wood dealer. John Aubrey (1626-1697) tells in Brief Lives that Shakespeare's father was a butcher and the young William exercised his father's trade...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>