

Sonnet 138

Paul Kelly

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.

O, I lie with her, and she lies with me,
In our faults by lies we flattered be.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not t' have years told.

I lie with her, and she lies with me,
In our faults by lies we flattered be.