

## Sonnet 138: When My Love Swears That He Is Made Of Truth

Ane Brun

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

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

But wherefore says is not he 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

The for a lie with me  
In our faults by lies we flattered be...