

# William Shakespeare's "Sonnet 138"

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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,  
Unskillful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus, vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I, simply, credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love, with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
O, love's best habit's in a soothing tongue,  
And age in love loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love, with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smothered be.