

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Sonnet 57*

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world without end hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once adieu.

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.