

Extra Credit: Sonnet #141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in the a thousand errors note,  
But tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone;  
But my five wits nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain  
That she that makes me sin awards my pain.

Modern English Interpretation:

Truthfully, I do not love your appearance  
For I see a thousand flaws  
But in my heart I love all of those flaws  
In despite of them I adore you  
I do not like your manner of speech  
Nothing about you encourages tender feelings  
Neither your taste or smell encourage me  
To love you or make love to you  
But despite what my mind tells me  
I cannot stop myself from loving you  
You've turned me from a man  
Into your heart's slave and servant  
This bothers me, but it is to my advantage  
Because you reward my pain with your love.