

*My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange, one for the other given.  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,  
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own:  
I cherish his, because it in me it bides.  
His heart his wound received from my sight:  
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,  
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,  
So still methought in me his hurt did smart:  
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss:  
My true love hath my heart and I have his.*

SONNET • PHILIP SYDNEY