THE SONNETS by William Shakespeare

Sonnet I From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory: But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel, Making a famine where abundance lies, Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel: Thou art now the world's fresh ornament, And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding: Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee. Sonnet II When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field, Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now, Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held: Then being asked, where all thy beauty lies, Where all the treasure of thy lusty days; To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes, Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise. How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use, If thou could answer' This fair child of mine Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,' Proving his beauty by succession thine! This were to be new made when thou ar't old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold. Sonnet III Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest Now is the time that face should form another; Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother. For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb, Of his self-love to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime: So thou through windows of thine age shalt see, Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time. But if thou live, remember'd not to be, Die single and thine image dies with thee. Sonnet IV Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend, And being frank she lends to those are free: Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse The bounteous largesses given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thy self alone, Thou'st not increase, What acceptable audit canst thou leave? Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee, Which, used, lives th executor to be. Sonnet V Those hours, that with gentle work did frame The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell, Will play the tyrants to the very same And that unfair which fairly doth excel: For never-resting time leads summer on To hideous winter, and confounds him there; Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone, Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness every where: Then were not summer's distillation left, A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft, Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was: But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet, Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet. Sonnet VI Then let not winter's ragged hand deface, In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd: Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd. That use is not forbidden usury, Which happies those that pay the willing loan; That's for thy self to breed another thee, Or ten times happier, be it ten for one; Ten times thy self were happier than thou art, If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee: Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart, Leaving thine living in posterity? Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir. Sonnet VII Lo! in the orient when the gracious light Lifts up his burning head, each under eye Doth homage to his new-appearing sight, Serving with looks his sacred majesty; And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill, Resembling strong youth in his middle age, yet mortal looks adore his beauty still, Attending on his golden pilgrimage: But when from highmost pitch, with weary car, Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day, The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are From his low tract, and look another way: So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon: Unlook'd, on diest unless thou get a son. Sonnet VIII Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy: Why long'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly, Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, By unions married, do offend thine ear, They but sweetly chide thee, who confounds In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear. Mark how one string, sweet husband to another, Strikes each in each by mutual ordering; Resembling sire and child and happy mother, Who, all in one, pleasing note do sing: Whose speechless song being many, seeming one, Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.' Sonnet IX Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye, That thou consum'st thy self in single life? Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die, The world will wail like a maieless wife; The world will be thy widow and still weep That thou no form of thee hast left behind, When every private widow well may keep By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind: Look! what an unthrift in the world doth spend Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it; But beauty's waste hath in the world an end, And kept unused the user so destroys it. No love toward others in that bosom sits That on himself such murd'rous shame commits. Sonnet X For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any, Who for thy self art so unprovident. Grant, if thou will, thou art beloved of many, But that none none lov'st is most evident: For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate, That 'gainst thy self thou stick'st not to conspire, Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate Which to repair should be thy chief desire. O change thy thought, that I may change my mind: Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love? Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind, Or to thyself at le last kind-hearted prove: Make thee another self for love of me, That beauty still may live in thine or thee. Sonnet XI As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st, In one of thine, from that which thou departest; And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st, Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest. Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase, Without this folly, age, and cold decay: If all were minded so, the times should cease And threescore year would make the world away. Let those whom nature hath not made for store, Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish: Look, whom the best endow'd, she gave thee more; Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish: She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby, Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die. Sonnet XII When I do count the clock that tells the time, And see the brave day sunk in hideous night; When I behold the violet past prime, And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white; When lofty trees I see barren of leaves, Which erst from heat did canopy the herd, And summer's green all girded up in sheaves, Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard, Then of thy beauty do I question make, That thou among the wastes of time must go, Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake And die as fast as they see others grow; And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence. Sonnet XIII O! that you were your self; but, love you are No longer yours, than you your self here live: Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other give: So should that beauty which you hold in lease Find no determination; then you were Yourself again, after yourself's decease, When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear. Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, Which husbandry in honour might uphold, Against the stormy gusts of winter's day And barren rage of death's eternal cold? O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know, You had a father: let your son say so. Sonnet XIV Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck; And yet methinks I have astronomy, But not to tell of good or evil luck, Of plagues, of deaths, or seasons' quality; Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind, Or say with princes if it shall go well By oft predict that I in heaven find: But from this eyes my knowledge I derive, And constant stars in them I read such art As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive, If from thyself, to store thou wouldst convert'; Or else of thee this I prognosticate: 'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.' Sonnet XV When I consider every thing that grows Holds in perfection but a little moment, That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows Whereon the stars in secret influence comment; When I perceive that men as plants increase, Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky, Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease, And wear their brave state out of memory; Then the conceit of this inconstant stay Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, Where wasteful Time debateth with decay To change your day of youth to sullied night, And all in war with Time for love of you, As he takes from you, I engraft you new. Sonnet XVI But wherefore do not you a mightier way Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time? And fortify your self in your decay With means more blessed than my barren rhyme? Now stand you on the top of happy hours, And many maiden gardens, yet unset, With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers, Much liker than your painted counterfeit: So should the lines of life that life repair, Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen, Neither in inward worth nor outward fair, Can make you live your self in eyes of men. To give away yourself, keeps yourself still, And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill. Sonnet XVII Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were filled with your most high deeds? Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts. If I could write the beauty of your eyes, And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.' So should my papers, yellow'd with their age, Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue, And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage And stretched metre of an antique song: But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme. Sonnet XVIII Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date: Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd, And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd: But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st, So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. Sonnet XIX Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws, And make the earth devour her own sweet brood; Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws, And burn the long-liv'd phoenix, in her blood; Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets, And do whate'er thou will, swift-footed Time, To the wide world and all her fading sweets; But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow, Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen; Him in thy course untainted do allow For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. Yet, do thy worst old Time: despite thy wrong, My love shall in my verse ever live young. Sonnet XX A woman's face with nature's own hand painted, Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion; A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted With shifting change, as is false women's fashion; An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling, Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth; A man in all 'gainst men's eyes, No common wen; For a woman wert thou first created; Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting, And by addition me of thee defeated, By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure, Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure. Sonnet XXI So is it not with me as with that Muse, Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse, Who heaven itself for ornament doth use And every fair with his fair doth rehearse, Making a couplement of proud compare With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems, With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare, That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems. O! let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair As any mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air: Let them say more that like of hearsay well; I will not praise that purpose not to sell. Sonnet XXII My glass shall not persuade me I am old, So long as youth and thou are of one date; But when in thee time's furrows I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee, Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me: How can I be older than thou art? O! therefore love, be of thyself so wary As I, Not for myself, but for thee will; Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary As tender nurse her babe from faring ill. Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain, Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again. Sonnet XXIII As an unperfect actor on the stage, Who with his fear is put beside his part, Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage, Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart; So I, for fear of trust, forget to say The perfect ceremony of love's rite, And in mine own love's strength seem to decay, O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might. O! let my looks be then the eloquence And dumb presagers to my speaking breast, Who plead for love, and look for recompense, More than that tongue that more hath more expressed. O! learn to read what silent love hath writ: To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit. Sonnet XXIV Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd, Thy beauty's form in table of my heart; My body is the frame wherein 'tis held, And perspective it is best painter's art. For through the painter must you see his skill, To find where your true image pictur'd lies, Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still, That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes. Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done: Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee; Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art, They draw but what they see, know not the heart. Sonnet XXV Let those who are in favour with their stars Of public honour and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most. Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread But as the marigold at the sun's eye, And in themselves their pride lies buried, For at a frown they in their glory die. The painful warrior famoused for fight, After a thousand victories once foiled, Is from the book of honour razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd: Then happy I, that love and am beloved, Where I may not remove nor be removed. Sonnet XXVI Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit, To thee I send this written embassage, To witness duty, not to show my wit: Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it, But that I hope some good conceit of thine In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it: Till whatsoever star that guides my moving, Points me to graciously with fair aspect, And puts apparel on my tottered loving, To show me worthy of thy sweet respect: Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee; Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me. Sonnet XXVII Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd; But then begins a journey in my head To work my mind, when body's work's expired: For then my thoughts--from far where I abide-- Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee, And keep my drooping eyelids open wide, Looking on darkness which the blind do see: Save that my soul's imaginary sight Presents thy shadow to my sightless view, Which, like a jewel (hung in ghastly night, Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new. Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind, For thee, and for myself, no quiet find. Sonnet XXVIII How can I then return in happy plight, That am debarr'd the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eas'd by night, But day by night and night by day oppress'd, And each, though enemies to either's reign, Do in consent shake hands to torture me, The one by toil, the other to complain How far I toil, still farther off from thee. I tell the day, to please him thou art bright, And do chide the night, having stars to enlight the land with thy hair's form below, And night doth day's pleasure take, Indeed, for that which most I want to have, Look what I want not, that is what I crave, Therefore I pray thee, make haste to me, Which to thy haste my duty doth apply, That love may never leave me, nor I it, Sonnet XXIX When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself, and curse my fate, Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope, With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on thee, and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate; For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings. Sonnet XXX When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste: Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night, And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe, And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight: Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan, Which I new pay as if not paid before: But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restor'd and sorrows end. Sonnet XXXI Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts, Which I by lacking have supposed dead, And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts, And all those friends which I thought buried. How many a holy and obsequious tear Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye, As interest of the dead, which now appear But things removed that hidden in thee lie! Thou art the grave where buried love doth live, Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone, Who all their parts of me to thee did give; That due of many now is thine alone: Their images I view in thee, And thou (all they) hast all the all of me. Sonnet XXXII If I should die, think not that I survive, And all those friends which I thought buried. How many a holy and obsequious tear Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye, As interest of the dead, which now appear But things removed that hidden in thee lie! Thou art the grave where buried love doth live, Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone, Who all their parts of me to thee did give; That due of many now is thine alone: Their images I view in thee, And thou (all they) hast all the all of me. Sonnet XXXIII Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye, Kissing with golden face the meadows green, Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy; Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly rack on his celestial face, And from the forlorn world his visage hide, Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace: Even so my sun one early morn did shine, With all triumphant splendour on my brow; But out! alack! he was but one hour mine, The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now. Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth; Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth. Sonnet XXXIV Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day, And make me travel forth without my cloak, To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way, Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke? 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break, To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face, For no man well of such a salve can speak, That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace: Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief; Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss: The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief To him that bears the strong offence's cross. Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds, And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds. Sonnet XXXV No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done: Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud; Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun, And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud. All men make faults, and even I in this, Authorizing thy trespass with compare, Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss, Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are; For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,-- Thy adverse party is thy advocate,-- And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence: Such civil war is in my love and hate That I an accessary needs must be To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me. Sonnet XXXVI Let me confesses that we two must be twain, Although our undivided loves are one: So shall those blots that do with me remain, Without thy help, by me be borne alone. In our two loves there is but one respect, Though in our lives a separable spite, Which though it alter not love's sole effect, Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight. I may not evermore acknowledge I, Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame, Nor thou with public kindness honour me, Unless thou take that honour from thy name: But do not so, I love thee in such sort, As thou being mine, mine is thy good report. Sonnet XXXVII As a decrepit father takes delight To see his active child do deeds of youth, So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite, Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth; For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, Or any of these all, or all, or more, Entitled in thy parts, do crowned sit, I make my love engrafted, to this store: So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised, Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give That I in thy abundance am sufficed, And by a part of all thy glory live. Look what best that best I wish in thee: This wish I have; Then ten times happy me, to hap my desire, Whilst I whom fortune of such triple blessings should deprive Am fortune's darling yet should not repine. I'm a lord, or Fortune's favourite's fere, Whilst that this doth share My joy in their title that is called thine, Which thus is mine. Sonnet XXXVIII How can my verse want number, be imprisoned, While it spreads the riches of my subject round, And my pupil pen, Neither in inward worth nor outward fair, Can make you live your self in eyes of men. To give away yourself, keeps yourself still, And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill. Sonnet XXXIX Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were filled with your most high deeds? Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts. If I could write the beauty of your eyes, And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.' So should my papers, yellow'd with their age, Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue, And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage And stretched metre of an antique song: But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme. Sonnet XL Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all, What hast thou then more than thou hadst before? No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call: All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more. Then if for my love, thou my love receives, I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest; But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest By wilful taste of what thyself refusest. I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief, Although thou steal thee all my poverty: And yet, love knows it is a greater grief To be forced to break a twofold truth, Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee, Thine by thy beauty being false to me. Sonnet XLI Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits, When I am sometime absent from thy heart, Thy beauty and thy years full well befits, For still temptation follows where thou art. Gentle thou and fair to crown thy good parts, Fair and gentle in thy sweet behaviour, All these attend on thee where thou dost lead. And being frank she lends to those are free: Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse The bounteous largesses given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thy self alone, Thou'st not increase, What acceptable audit canst thou leave? Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee, Which, used, lives th executor to be. Sonnet XLII That thou hast her, it is not all my grief, And yet it may be said I loved her dearly; That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief, A loss in love that touches me more nearly. Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye: Thou dost love me, because thou know'st I love her dear, And for my sake even so doth she abuse me, Suffering my friend for my sake to appear. If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain, And losing her, my friend hath found that loss; Both find each other, and I lose both twain, And both for my sake lay on me this cross: But here's the joy; my friend and I are one; Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone. Sonnet XLIII When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see, For all the day they view things unrespected; But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee, And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed. Then thou, whose shadow shadows make bright, How would thy shadow's form form happy show To the clear day with thy much clearer light When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so! How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made By looking on thee in the living day, When in dead night their fair imperfect shade Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay! All days are nights to see till I see thee, And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me. But if despite my wish I wait thy coming, And nights, not days, unto my pleasure lingering, Despair thou turn it back to shame, and storm thou That thou consum'st my days with sleep. Sonnet XLIV If the dull substance of my flesh were thought, Injurious distance should not stop my way; For then, despite of space I would be brought, From limits far remote, where thou dost stay. No matter then although my foot did stand Upon the farthest earth removed from thee; For nimble thought can jump both sea and land As soon as think the place where he would be. But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought, To leap large lengths of miles when thou art there, But that so much of earth and water wrought, I must attend time's leisure with my moan; Receiving nought by elements so slow But heavy tears, badges of either's woe. Sonnet XLV The other two, slight air, and purging fire Are both with thee, wherever I abide; The other, being made of four, with thine remove, My life, being made of four, with care, Which time and thoughts so dearly purchased, Lest all your true image picture in my sight, Desire to see the heart wherein you're painted; That is my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that travels I return again, Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, So that myself bring water for my stain. Never believe though in my nature reigned All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That I could drop a tear for every stain, Having authority how to grieve, Making it corrupt effect and true, By attorney bound to shed the liquid drop Right in the line and level of your moan, Unless my sorrow spring from your onward cause. Yet this my penitence I can use, That I may not be false with those I chose. Sonnet XLVI Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war, How to divide the conquest of thy sight; Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart mine eye the freedom of that right. My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie, A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes But the defendant doth that plea deny, And says in him thy fair appearance lies. To side this title is impannelled A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart, And by their verdict is determined The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part; As thus; mine eyes due is thy outward part, And my heart's right thy inward love of heart. Sonnet XLVII Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took, And each doth good turns now unto the other: When that mine eye is famish'd for a look, Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother, With my love's picture then my eye doth feast, And to the painted banquet bids my heart; Another time mine eye is my heart's guest, And in his thoughts of love doth share a part: So, either by thy picture or my love, Thyself away are present still with me; For thou not farther than my thoughts can move, And I am still with them, and they with thee; Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight Awakes my heart, to heart's a heart delight: Me worthy comfort, now my greatest grief, Thou best of dearest and mine only care, Art left the prey of every vulgar thief. Sonnet XLIX Full charactered with lasting memory, Which shall above that idle rank remain Beyond all date; even to eternity: Or at the least, so long as brain and heart Have faculty by nature to subsist; Till each to razed oblivion yield his part Of thee, thy record never can be missed. That poor retention could not so much hold, Nor could the memorial pages which thou hast Commit to ever-during scrolls unfold, Add to thy name the growth where it should not. Sonnet L How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek, my weary travel's end, Doth teach that ease and that repose to say, 'Thus far the miles are measured from my friend!' The beast that bears me, tired with my woe, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some instinct the wretch did know His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee: The bloody spur cannot provoke him on, That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide, Which heavily he answers with a groan, More sharp to me than spurring to his side; For that same groan doth put this in my mind, My grief lies onward and not backward driven, Unless it be to think in what hard race Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure, The first part of my heart coming therefore, my made, Shall neigh--no dull flesh--in his fiery race; But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jet, Which will not every foot with post o'er pass, However make it swift? His speed is but my joy, being made While I am from thee, slow, not that the spur Is more than my o'er-press'd defy can do. Sonnet LI Thus can my love excuse the slow offence Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed: From where thou art why should I haste me thence? Till I return, of posting is no need. O! what excuse will my poor beast then find, When swift extremity can seem Excuse, But love, when it leaves more dull, flies full proof, Where fear makes hate to go, but love to stay: Fear and love, that keep the two contrary, Are with the spur again to the contrary. Sonnet LII So am I as the rich, whose blessed key Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure, The which he will not every hour survey, For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure. Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare, Since seldom coming in the long year set, Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, Or captain jewels in the carcanet. So is the time that keeps you as my chest Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, To make some special instant special-blest, By new unfolding his imprisoned pride. Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope, Being had, to triumph; being lacked, to hope. Sonnet LIII What is your substance, whereof are you made, That millions of strange shadows on you tend? Since every one, hath every one, one shade, And you but one, can every shad depict! Since every one, hath every one, one shade, And you but one, can every shad depict! Speak of the spring, and foison of the year, The one doth shadow of your beauty show, The other as your bounty do appear, And you in every blessed shape we know. In all external grace you have some part, But you like none, none you, for constant heart. Sonnet LIV O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem By that sweet ornament which truth doth give. The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odour, which doth in it live. The canker blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the roses, Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked buds discloses: But, for their virtue only is their show, They live unwooed, and unrespected fade; Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so; Of their sweet deaths, are sweeter odours made: And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth, When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth. Sonnet LV Not marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme; But you shall shine more bright in these contents Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time. When wasteful war shall statues overturn, And broils root out the work of masonry, Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn The living record of your memory. 'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find Room even in the eyes of all posterity That wear this world out to the ending doom. So, till the judgment that yourself arise, You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes. Sonnet LVI Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said Thy edge should blunter than appetite, Which but to-morrow sharpened in his former might: So, love, be thou, although to-day thou fill Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness, To-morrow see again, and do not kill The spirit of love, with a perpetual dullness. Let this sad interim like the ocean be Which parts the shore, where two contracted new Come daily to the banks, that when they see Return of love, more blest may be the view; Or call it winter, which being full of care Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare. Sonnet LVII 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 to 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. Sonnet LVIII That god forbid, that made me first your slave, I should in thought control your times of pleasure, Or at your hand the account of hours to crave, Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure! O! let me suffering, bide each check, without Further to repine. Is it thy will, thy image should keep open My heavy eyelids to the weary night? Dost thou desire my slumbers should Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move, With the common action of the dull day! A greater power than we can contend, Doth govern our hours to and fro, as he please, Then, dear my love, be not so weak To let my mind Be my affection's counsellor. Sonnet LIX If there be nothing new, but that which Is brought forth before, And all our wits, still wandering in a round, Do find the first conceit of every speech Hath been before, And this my present grief but in a mind Which, laboring for invention, bears amiss The second burthen of a former child! O! that record could with a backward look, Even of five hundred courses of the sun, Show me your image in some antique book, Since mind at first in character was done! That I might see what the old world could say To this composed wonder of your frame; Whether we are mended, or whether better they, Or whether revolution be the same. O! sure I am the wits of former days, To subjects worse have given admiring praise. Sonnet LX Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before, In sequent toil all forwards do contend. Nativity once in the main of light, Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his gift confound. Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth And delves the parallels in beauty's brow, Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow: And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand. Sonnet LXI Is it thy will, thy image should keep open My heavy eyelids to the weary night? Dost thou desire my slumbers should Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move, With the common action of the dull day! A greater power than we can contend, Doth govern our hours to and fro, as he please, Then, dear my love, be not so weak To let my mind Be my affection's counsellor. Sonnet LXII Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye, And all my soul, and all my every part; And for this sin there is no remedy, It is so grounded inward in my heart. Methinks no face so gracious is as mine, No shape so true, no truth of such account, And for myself mine own worth do define, As I all other in all worths surmount. But when my glass shows me myself indeed, Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity, Mine own self-love quite contrary I read; Self so self-loving were iniquity. 'Tis thee,--myself,--that for myself I praise, Painting my age with beauty of thy days. Sonnet LXIII Against my love shall be as I am now, With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn; When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn Hath travelled on to age's steepy night; And all those beauties whereof now he's king Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight, Stealing away the treasure of his spring; For such a time do I now fortify Against confounding age's cruel knife, That he shall never cut from memory My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life: His beauty shall in these black lines be seen, And they shall live, and he in them still green. Sonnet LXIV When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed, And brass eternal slave to mortal rage; When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, And the firm soil win of the watery main, Increasing store with loss, and loss with store; When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded, to decay; Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate-- That Time will come and take my love away. This thought is as a death which cannot choose But weep to have that which it fears to lose. Sonnet LXV Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea, But sad mortality o'ersways their power, How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower? O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out, Against the wrackful siege of battering days, When rocks impregnable are not so stout, Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays? O fearful meditation! where, alack, Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid? Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back? Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? O! none, unless this miracle have might, That in black ink my love may still shine bright. Sonnet LXVI Tired with all these, for restful death I cry, As, to behold desert a beggar born, And needy nothing trimmed in jollity, And purest faith unhappily forsworn, And gilded honour shamefully misplaced, And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, And right perfection wrongfully disgraced, And strength by limping sway disabled And art made tongue-tied by authority, And folly--doctor-like--controlling skill, And simple truth miscall'd simplicity, And captive good attending captain ill: Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone, Save that, to die, I leave my love alone. Sonnet LXVII Ah! wherefore with infection should he live, And with his presence grace impiety, That sin by him advantage should achieve And lace itself with his society? Why should false painting imitate his cheek, And steal dead seeming of his living hue? Why should poor beauty indirectly seek Roses of shadow, since his rose is true? Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is, Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins? For she hath no exchequer now but his, And proud of many, lives upon his gains. O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had In days long since, before these last so bad. Sonnet LXVIII Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn, When beauty lived and died as flowers do now, Before these bastard signs of fair were born, Or durst inhabit on a living brow; Before the golden tresses of the dead, The right of sepulchres, were shorn away, To live a second life on second head; Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay: In him those holy antique hours are seen, Without all ornament, itself and true, Making no summer of another's green, Robbing no old to dress his beauty new; And him as for a map doth Nature store, To show false Art what beauty was of yore. Sonnet LXIX Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend: All tongues--the voice of souls--give thee that due, Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend. Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned; But those same tongues that give thee so, Though they have tried thee, could not make it known, Though they in thee faults looked, yet should not know Faults which in thee were plainly overgrown. Your praise is due, for all my guilty thoughts, Since I, with them, your thoughts do praise, and do not praise my deeds, Must think all tongues tongue-tied by their faults, Since every one hath every one, one shade, And you but one, can every shad depict! Since every one, hath every one, one shade, And you but one, can every shad depict! Speak of the spring, and foison of the year, The one doth shadow of your beauty show, The other as your bounty do appear, And you in every blessed shape we know. In all external grace you have some part, But you like none, none you, for constant heart. Sonnet LXX O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem By that sweet ornament which truth doth give. The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odour, which doth in it live. The canker blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the roses, Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked buds discloses: But, for their virtue only is their show, They live unwooed, and unrespected fade; Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so; Of their sweet deaths, are sweeter odours made: And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth, When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth. Sonnet LXXI No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell: Nay, if you read this line, remember not The hand that writ it, for I love you so, That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, If thinking on me then should make you woe. O! if, --I say you look upon this verse, When I perhaps compounded am with clay, Do not so much as my poor name rehearse; But let your love even with my life decay; Lest the wise world should look into your moan, And mock you with me after I am gone. Sonnet LXXII O! lest the world should task you to recite What merit lived in me, that you should love After my death,--dwell not in my line, For you in me can nothing worthy prove; Unless you would devise some virtuous lie, To do more for me than mine own desert, And hang more praise upon deceased I Than niggard truth would willingly impart: O! least your true love may seem false in this, That you for love speak well of me untrue, My name be buried where my body is, And live no more to shame me nor you. For I am shamed by that which I bring forth, And so should you, to love things nothing worth. Sonnet LXXIII That time of year thou may'st in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. In me thou see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the west; Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, As the deathbed, whereon it must expire, Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by. This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong, To love that well, which thou must leave ere long. Sonnet LXXIV But be contented: when that fell arrest Without all bail shall carry me away, My life hath in this line some interest, Which for memorial still with thee shall stay. When thou reviewest this, thou dost but view The dirt and worm which doth hold my tomb in store, Which, parted from this poor verse, can not you Boast of more than you could pay to the grave, When all your debts are quit, and all my debts. Sonnet LXXV So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Or as sweet-season'd showers are to