



SHAKE-SPEARES

S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.



AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be sold by *William Aspley.*
1609.

[Blank]

[Blank]

[A1r]

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
M^r.W.H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

Shakespeare's The Sonnets (1609)

This Digital Book was edited and produced by
Dr. Tara Lyons in collaboration with the Publications Unit
at Illinois State University in Bloomington-Normal, Illinois. 2019.
This book is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-
ShareAlike 4.0 International License (CC BY-SA 4.0)

Folger Copy
This edition of *The Sonnets* was created from digital images of
Folger Shakespeare Library, STC 22353.

Shake-speares sonnets.
Neuer before imprinted. At London
By G. Eld for T.T. [Thomas Thorpe] and are to be solde
by William Aspley, 1609.
Signatures: [A]² B-K⁴ L².

In Folger STC 22353, the A signatures are not
original but were later supplied in pen facsimile. Incorrect catchwords were
printed on C3r and F3r. Halfsheets were used by the printer for both the

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing
This edition uses a full sheet for the A signatures, so the first two leaves are
blank and have been marked as such. Users may choose to remove A1-A2 if they
wish. This edition also uses a full sheet for the L signature. The last two leaves
are marked as blank. Users can choose to cut off these blank pages at the end of
the book, if they choose. Signatures in brackets have been added to the quarto
for ease of folding.

Acknowledgements are due to the Folger Shakespeare Library for the use of
digital images under their Creative Commons License, Attribution-
ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0).

The digital images used to make this book can be accessed at
<https://luna.folger.edu/luna/servlet/s/zd00y>

For more Shakespeare in Sheets projects, see
<https://about.illinoisstate.edu/shakespeareinshheets/>

[A2r]

[Blank]

[Blank]

10.
That on himselfe such murderous shame commits.
No love toward others in that bosome sits
And kept unward the vice to destroy it:
But beauties waste, hach in the world an end,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it
Looke what an unthrift in the world doth spend
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in mind:
When euer priuat widow well may keep,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
Ah, if thou still likest that hap to die,
I that thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
It for feare to we a widowes eye,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.
9.
Whole speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Resembling pier, and child, and happy mother,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
In singleesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
By vnions married do offend thine care,
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
Or else reccaut with pleasure thine annoy?
Why lo'st thou that which thou reccaut not gladly,
Sweets with sweets watre not, loy delights in loy:
8.
Vnlokd on diet vnlesse thou get a sonne.
So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
From his low tract and look an other way:
The eyes (fore durtious) now conuered are
Like feeble age he recleth from the day,
SHAKESPEARES



SHAKESPEARES, SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,
But as the ripen should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lightes flame with selfe substantiall fiewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud burie'st thy content,
And tender chorle mak'st wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2
When fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of final worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriflesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties use,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

This

And
B 3
Which erst from heart did canopie the herd
When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
And fabic curts or siluer'd ore with white:
When I behold the violet past prime,
And see the braue day iunck in hidious night,
VVhen I doe count the clock that tels the time,
I 2
Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.
She caru'd thee for her scale, and meant thereby,
Which bountious gulf thou should'st in bounty cherrish,
Looke whom she best indow'd, she gaue thee more;
Harsh, tearelesse, and rude, barrenly perishe,
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
And three-score yearre would make the world away:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
Without this foliag, age, and could decay,
Herein liues wisdom, beauty, and increace,
Thou mai'st call thine, when thou from youth conuerst,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
In one of thine, from that which thou depart'st,
A 1
As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.
I 1
Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,
Beas thy presence is gracious and kind,
Shall have be fairer lodg'd then gentle loue?
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
Seeking that decautious roote to ruinate
That gainst thy selfe thou stick'st not to conpise,
For thou art so posselt with murderous hate,
But that thou none lo'ust it is most euident:
Grant it if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
Who for thy selfe art so vnprovident
For shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any
I 0
SONNETS.

SHAKESPEARES

Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe 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 heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,
And stretched miter of an Antique song.
But were some childe of yours aliue that time,
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

18.
Hall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euer faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19
Deuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phœnix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,

Like
 But when from high-moist with weary care,
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 And having climb'd the steep up heavenly hill,
 Scriving with looks his sacred maturity,
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye,
 Lo in the Orient when the gracious light,
 Shines in the East, and all the world
 To be deaths conquest and make worms thine heirs.

Then let not winters wragg'd 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 selfe kill'd:
 That vial is not forbidden vnto,
 Which happies those that pay the willing tongue;
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
 Then what could death do if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heirs.

SONNETS.
 And that vnto which fairly doth excell:
 For neuer resting time leads Summer on,
 To hideous winter and confounds him there,
 Sap checkt with frost and Iustice leau's quite gone,
 Beauty ore-snow'd and barrenes euen wher,
 Then were not summers distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauties effect with beauty were best,
 Nor it nor remembrance what it was,
 But flowers distill'd though they with winter meece,
 Leste but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

SHAKE-SPEARES

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
 And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
 Now is the time that face should forme an other,
 Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
 Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnlesse some mother.
 For where is she so faire whose vn-card wombe
 Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
 Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
 Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
 So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
 Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
 But if thou liue remembred not to be,
 Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

Vnthrifty louelineffe why dost thou spend,
 Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
 Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
 And being franck she lends to those are free:
 Then beautilous nigard why doost thou abuse,
 The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
 Profittes vsurer why doost thou vse
 So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue?
 For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
 Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,
 Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable *Audis* can'st thou leaue?
 Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

Those howers that with gentle worke did frame,
 The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,

And

Not from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert:
 As much and beautie that together thine
 And constant stares in them I read such art
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I deriue,
 By oft predict that I in heauen haue,
 Or say with Princes if it be that go well,
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
 Not can I fortune to brecke mynutes tell;
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality,
 But not to tell of good, or euill lucke,
 And yet me thinks I haue Astronomy,
 Not from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,

O That you were your selfe, but loue you are
 No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,
 Against this cunning end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination, then you were
 You selfe again after your selfes decays,
 When your sweet selfe like sweet forme should beare.
 Who lets to faire a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
 Against the Romys guils of winters day
 And barren rage of deathes eternal cold?
 O none but vntuists, deare my loue you know,
 You had a Father, let your Son say so.

SHAKESPEARES
 And Sommeres greene all girdd vp in lincus
 Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
 Then of thy beauty do I question make
 That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
 Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 And nothing gainst Time's sceth can make defence
 Saue bred to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

SONNETS.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

When I consider euery thing that growes
 Holds in perfection but a little moment.
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes
 Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
 When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
 Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie;
 Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
 And were their braue state out of memory.
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wastfull time debateth with decay
 To change your day of youth to sullied night,
 And all in war with Time for loue of you
 As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
 Make warre vpon this bloudie tirant time?
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay
 With meanes more blessed then my barren time?
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
 And many maiden gardens yet vnser,
 With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers.
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repaire
 Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
 Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
 To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
 And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill;

Who will beleue my verse in time to come
 If it were filld with your most high desert?

B 4

Though

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And night doth nightly make griefes length seeme
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
When sparkling flares withe not thou guilt th' cause,
So flatter I the swart complexion night,
And do I him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
How far I toyke, still farther off from thee.
The one by toyke, the other to complaine
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
And each (though enemies to others raighe)
But day by night and night by day op'ell,
When daies oppression is not eaz'd by night,
That am debard the benefit of eile?
How can I then returne in happy plight
For thee, and for my selfe, no quiet finde.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
Makes blacke night beauious, and her old face new.
Which like a iewel (hung in gaily night)
Presents their shaddoe to my lightes view,
Sae that my soules imaginary light
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see,
And keepe my drooping eyes open wide,
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
To worke my mind, when bodie work's expired.
But then begins a iourney in my head
The deare repose for him with trauall tired,
Eary with toyke, I haile me to my bed,
Yet the deare repose for him with trauall tired,
Till then, not how my head where thou maist procure me
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
SHAKESPEARES,
27

SONNETS.
O carue not with thy howers my loutes faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen:
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispiht thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.
20
A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the Master Mistis of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his cōtrowling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth,
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine bethy loue and thy loutes vse their treasure.
21
O is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
Making a coopelment of proud compaie
With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then belecue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.
C

SONNETS.
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possesse,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my fate,
(Like to the Lark at break of daye arising)
From sullen earth sings hims at Heauens gate,
For thy sweet loue rememberd such welch brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.
30
When to the Scissions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waille my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vid to how)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And wepe a fesh loues long since caneld woe,
And mone the expence of many a vnnishit light.
Then can I gettue at greceuanes fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemord mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All Iollies are restord, and sorrowes end.
31
Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
C 3

SONNETS.
Though in our liues a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loutes sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loutes delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not so, I loue thee in such fort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
37
A Sa decrepit father takes delight,
To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
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
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispil'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.
38
How can my Muse want subiect to inuent
While thou dost breath that poor'ft into my verse,
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:
Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternall

To find where your true Image picture'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging still,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eyes haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shap, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, 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

25

Et those who are in fauor with their fiers,
Of publicke honour and proud titles bof,
Whilst I w home fortune of rich triumph bars
Villookt for toy in that I honour most
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them felues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die,
The painefull warrier famofed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he cold:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remouue, nor be remoued.

26

Lord of my loue, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my dutie strongly kniut,
To thee I lend this written ambassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit,
Duty to great, which wit to poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it,
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy loules thought (all naked) will beflow it:
Til whatfoeuer that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratefully with faire aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered louing,

27

Where I may not remouue, nor be remoued.

SHAKE-SPEARES

22

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forwes I behold,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,
Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And dumb prefagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tongue that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

24

My eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
My beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

To

Suns of the world may staine, while heauenus sun staineeth.
Yet him for thine, my loue no whit dimmineth,
The region clouded hath mask'd him from me now,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
Euen so my Sunne once early morne did shine,
Scaling vp ceade to west with this disgrace:
And from the forme world his visage hide
Witnoughly rack on his celestia face,
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
Gilding pale fircames with heauenly alcumy:
Kissing with golden face the meadowes greene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with fountaine cte,
Euen many a glorious morning haue I scene,
Thiers for their stile the read, his for his loue.
But since he died and Poets better proue,
To march in rankes of better equippage:
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought:
Had my friends Muses growne with this growing age,
Oh then wouldst thou me but this louing thought,
Exceeded by the height of happier men,
Referue them for my loue, not for their time,
And though they be cut-stripe by euery pen,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
These poore rude lines of thy decaied Louer:
And shal by fortune once more re-surue:
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
If thou furue my well contented daie,
And thou (all they) halt all the all of me.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
That due of many, now is thine alone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
Hung with the trophies of my louers gon,
Thou art the graue where buried loue doth lie,

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

34

WHY didst thou promise such a beautilous day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enou: h that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such asalue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my grieke,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th' offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue shew is,
And they are ritche, and ransom all ill deeds.

35

NO more bee green'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an necessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which fourely robs from me,

36

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one respect,

Though

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal warre,
How to decide the conquest of thy fight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And layes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To side this title is impannell'd
A quest of thoughts, all remanents to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes myotic, and the cleare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.
47
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league isooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famillist for a looke,
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feare,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part,
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.
48
How careful was I when I took my way,
Each with vnder truest barres to thrust,
That to my life it might vn-viced stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?
But thou, to whom my iewels trifies are,

SHAKESPEARES.

SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

49
OH how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deseru'it alone:
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy soure leasure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue,
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40
TAke all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vsest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refusest.
I doe forgieue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury,
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

41
Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

Thy

How heauie doe I Iourney on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to lay
Thus farr the miles are measured from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to beare that weight in mee,
As if by some inuisible the wretch did know
His rider lou'd nor sped being made from thee:
The bloody spurres cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which luckily he answers with a grogne,
D 3
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.
To leane poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpeare,
Within the knowledge of mine owne deare,
Against that time do I in conscience me here
Shall reasons finde of settled grauitie.
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
And scarcely greets me with that faine thine eye,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greets me with that faine thine eye,
Could to that audit by adu'd respects,
When as thy loue hath cast his vmbrist summe,
A When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
Against that time (if euer that time come)
49
For truth prouoos the euill for a prize to deare.
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
Within the gentle close of my brest,
Sae where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
T hee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thou best of dearest, and mine onely care,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
S 50
SONNETS.

SHAKESPEARES.

Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

56
Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaid,
To morrow sharpened in his former might,
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare:

57
Being your slaue what should I doe but rend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
I haue no precious time at al to spend;
Nor seruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,
VWhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue.
Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,
VWhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought
Sae where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since
 Being had to triumph, being lack to hope.
 Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
 By new unbounding his imprisonment pride.
 To make some special instant special bliss,
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or caprine Jewels in the carconer.
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Since wisdom coming in the long yeare set,
 Therefore are fables to follome and to rare,
 For blinding the fine point of felidome pleasure.
 The which he will not eury hower suray,
 Can bring him to his wever vp-locked treasure,
 So am I as the rich whole blessed key,
 Towards the hee the run, and give him leaue to goe.
 Since from the going, he went will full flow,
 But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
 Shall naigh noe dull hell in his fiery race,
 Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
 Then can no horie with my desire keepe pace,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know,
 Then should I spure though mounted on the wind,
 When swift excremity can seeme but flow,
 O what excuse will my poore beatt then find,
 Till I returne of posting is noe need.
 From where thou art, why should I hat me thence,
 Of my dull beatt, when from thee I sped,
 Thus can my loue excuse the flow offence,
 My greete lies onward and my ioy behind.
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
 More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
 SHAKESPEARES.

Sonnetts.
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
 By looking on thee in the living day?
 When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
 Through heavy sleepe on lightlesse eyes doth stay?
 All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright daies when dreams do show thee me.
 I the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Intuitus distance should not stop my way,
 For then disfigh of space I would be brought,
 From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,
 No matter then although my foote did stand
 Vpon the farthest earth remou'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,
 As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
 But ah, thought kill's me that I am not thought
 To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend, times leaue with my monie.
 Receiving naughts by clemencies to floe,
 But heauie teares, badges of others woe.
 The other two, slight aye, and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present absent with swift motion slide.
 For when the quicket Elements are gone,
 In tender Embrace of loue to thee,
 My life being made of foure, with two alone,
 Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholle.
 Vntill liues composition be recured,
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who euen but now come back againe allured,
 Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
 This told, I oyd, but then no longer glad,
 I send them back againe and straight grow sad.
 D 2
 Mine

SHAKESPEARES.
 Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
 For still temptation followes where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
 Beautilous thou art, therefore to be assailed.
 And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
 Will soeely leaue her till he haue preuailed:
 Aye me, but yet thou might'st my seate forbear,
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
 Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.
 42
That thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
 And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
 That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
 A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.
 Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,
 Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
 And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
 But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
 Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.
 43
When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things vnrespected,
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
 Then thou whole shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
 When to va-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How

SONNETS.
 Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
 And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
 Is poorly imitated after you,
 On *Hellens* cheek all art of beautie set,
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
 Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,
 And you in euery blessed shape we know.
 In all externall grace you haue some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.
 54
Oh how much more doth beautie beautilous seeme,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
 The Rose looks faire, but fairer we it deeme
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
 The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
 As the perfum'd tincture of the Roses,
 Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They liue vnwood'd, and vnrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet Roses doe not so,
 Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
 And so of you, beautilous and louely youth,
 When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.
 55
Not marble, nor the gilded monument,
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Then vnswep't stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Aars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
 The liuing record of your memory.
 Gainst

How
 62
 Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
 But dead mortality ore-waies their powers,
 This thought is as a death which cannot choole
 That Time will come and take my loue away,
 Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
 Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
 When I haue scene such interchange of state,
 Increasing store with losse, and losse with store,
 And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
 Advantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
 When I haue scene the hungry Ocean gaine
 And bralle eternall state to mortall rage,
 When sometime lofty towers I see downe rased,
 The rich proud colt of outworne buried age,
 When I haue scene by times fell hand defaced
 The rich proud colt of outworne buried age,
 And they shall lue, and he in them still greene.
 His beautie shall in these blacke lines be scene,
 My sweet lones beautie, though my lones lise.
 That he shall neuer cut from memory
 Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
 For such a time do I now fortifie
 Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
 Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
 And all those beautes wherof now he's King
 Hath trauail on to Ages sleepe in night,
 With lines and wrinckles, when his youthfull morne
 When houres haue drecnd his blood and hid his brow
 With times inuious hand churche and ore-worne,
 Against my loue shall be as I am now
 63
 Paining my age with beaury of thy dates,
 Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
 Selfe, so selfe-louing were iniquity,
 SONNETS.

SHAKE-SPEARES
 Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the flourish set on youth,
 And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his fieth to mow.
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruell hand.

61
 Is it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
 My heauy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
 O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
 It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
 Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62
 Sinne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and al my euery part;
 And for this sinne there is no remedie,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
 Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

To
 70
 That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For flanders marke was euer yet the faire,
 The ornament of beaury is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre,
 So thou be good, flander doth but approue,
 Their worth the greater being wood of time,
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
 And thou present'st a pure vnflayned prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young dates,
 Either not aflag'd, or victor being charg'd,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be loc thy praise,
 To eye vp enuy, euen more enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.
 71
 No Longer moune for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the furlly fullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with wilde wormes to dwell:
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you wee,
 O if I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your loue even with my life decay,
 Least the wise world should look into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.
 72
 O least the world should task you to reuice,
 What merit had in me that you should loue
 After my death) deare loue) for get me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
 Vailte you would deuile some vicious lye,
 To

SONNETS.
 To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
 O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73
 That time of yecare thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the cold,
 Bare ro'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
 As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurisht by.
 This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

74
 Be contented when that fell arest,
 With out all bayle shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reuwest this, thou dost reuue,
 The very part was consecrate to thee,
 The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,

To

SONNETS.

The

83

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment vpon that offence,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.
Such is my loue, to thee I do belong,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me,
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
And I by this will be a gainer too,
That thou in loosing me, shalt win much glory:
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attained:
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
With mine owne weaknesse being best acquainted,
And proue thee virtuous, though art forworne:
Vpon thy side, against my selfe I'll fight,
And place my merit in the eie of skorne,
When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
In leape a King, but waking no such matter.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making,
So thy great guilt vpon mispition growing,
Or mee to whom thou gavst it, else mistaking,
Thy selfe thou gavst it, thy owne worth then not knowing,
And so my patient back againe is swelling,
The cause of this faire guilt in me is wanting,
And for that riches where is my deserving?
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
My bonds in thee are all determinate,
The Character of thy worth giues thee releasing:
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
Are well thou art too deare for my possessing,
Then lackt I matter, that infebled mine.
But when your countenance shd vp his line,
I was not sick of any feare from thence,
I was not sick of any feare from thence.

SHAKE-SPEARES

94

They that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do shoue,
Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,
Vnmoued, could, and to temptation flow:
They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
And husband natures riches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity:
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

How sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The

SHAKE-SPEARES

I was

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worke what nature made so cleere,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his stile admitted euery where.
You to your beauctious blessings adde a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.
My counsell: Mute in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compile,
Referre their Character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fill.
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like vnlettered Clarke still crie Amen,
To euery Hymne that able spirit affords,
In politt forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praisd, I say tis so, tis true,
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
(Though words come hind-moſt) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my domb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

VAs it the proud full sail of his great verte,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inheare,
Making their combe the wombe wherein they grew,
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Above a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night,
Gining him ayde, my verse astonishd.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

SONNETS.

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste,
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly shew,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
Times theeuish progresse to eternitie.
Look what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

78

Soft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,
As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added fethers to the learned wing,
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art, and doost aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,

F

He

82
SONNETS.
I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mightst without attaint ore-look
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subject, blessing euery booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limitt past my praise,
And therefore art inforced to seekc anew,
Some fletcher stampe of the time bett'ring dayes.
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuide,
What strained touches Rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly simpatiz'd,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better v'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abuld.
83
I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore haue I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might shew,
How faire a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my sinne you did impure,
Which shall be most my glory being dumb,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poes can in praise deuile.
84
Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praise, that you alone are you,
In whose conline immured is the store,
Which should examp'le where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
F

SHAKE-SPEARES

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,
80

O How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
My sawie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thriue and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.
81

O R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intomb'd in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And tounge to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.
I grant.

SHAKE-SPEARES
Speake of my lamencesse, and I straight will hate:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,
To see a forme vpon deaired change,
As I my selfe disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strange and looke strange:
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Least I (too much prophane) should do it wrong:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my selfe I vow debate,
For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.
90
Then haue me when thou wilt, if euer, now,
Now while the world is bent my decds to croffe,
Ioyne with the flight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah doe not, when my heart hathscape this sorrow,
Come in the reuerend of a conquered woe,
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To ling'ring out a purpold ouerthrow.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
When other pectie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.
And other strains of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compared with losse of thee, will not seeme so.
91
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garmets though new-fangled ill;
Some in their Harkes and Hounds, some in their Horse,
And euery humors hath his aduinct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a ioy about the selfe,
But these perticulers are not my measure,
All these I better in one generall best.

SONNETS.

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses beest:
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
All this away, and me most wretched make.
92

BVt doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better state to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.
93

S O shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the false hearts history
Is writ in moods and frownes and wrinkles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
How like *Eanes* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

Which three till now, neuer kept leate in one.
Faite, kinde, and true, haue often lūd alone.
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Faite, kinde and true, vnto other words,
Faite, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.
Therefore my vertē to constantie confin'd,
Still constant in a wondrous excellēce,
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Since all alike my songs and praises be
Nor my beloued as an Idoll shew,
Et not my loue be call'd Idolatrie,
105
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbrēd,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
So your sweete hew, which me thinks still doth stand
Scale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyaall hand,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
In procelle of the seasons haue I scenē,
Three beauious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
To me faite friend you neuer can be old,
104
Your owne glasse shewes you, when you looke in it.
And more, much more then in my verre can sit,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
For to no other passe my verses tend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
Were it not finfull then strining to mend,
SHAKE-SPEARES.

SONNETS.

The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are scene,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate,
How many gazers might thou lead away,
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
97
How like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies scene?
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.
98
From you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie Saturne laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
G Drawne

What's in the braine that Inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
3
When tyrants crests and tombs of braile are spent,
And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
While he insults ore dull and speechlesse tribes,
Since spight of him lie liue in this poore time,
My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Now with the drops of this most balme time,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age,
Incertēties now crowne them-selues assur'd,
And the sad Augurs mock their owne prelage,
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'd,
Suppoide as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
On the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
No mine owne teares, nor the propheticke foule,
107
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack rōungs to praise.
For we which now behold these present dayes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing:
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
So all their praises are but prophecies,
Euen such a beauty as you maister now,
I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
And beautie making beautifull old time,
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
When in the Chronicle of wasted time,
106
SONNETS.

SHAKE-SPEARES.

Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.
114
OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
And that your loue taught it this *Alcumie*?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinks it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greening,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.
115
Those lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharpest intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranic,
Might

A Lack what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass and there appears a face,
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
G 2

MY love is strengthened though more weak in seeming,
I love not less, though less the show appears;
(ming) That love is marshall'd, whose rich esteemings,
Our love was new, and then in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As *Philomel* in summers front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripper daies:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Then when her mournfull hymns did fill the night,
But that wild musick butthen euer bow,
And sweeter grows common looke their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songs.

SONNETS.
For thy neglect of truth in beauty didst
Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not happily say,
Truth needs no colour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pencil, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt,
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb:
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he shows now.

SHAKESPEARES.
Drawne after you, you patterne of all those,
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet thee whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
(smells) If not from my loves breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells?
In my loves veines thou hast too grossely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

VHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthless song,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light,
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies effectme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise rilly Muse, my loves sweet faces suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispis'd euer where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life,
So thou preuentst his fieth, and crooked knife.

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,
For

A God in love, to whom I am confin'd,
On neuer proofe, to vie an older friend,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin de
Now all is done, haue what thou shalt haue no end,
And worse essays prou'd thee my best of love,
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
Alconce and strangely: But by all about,
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Made old offences of affections new.
Gord mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
And made my selfe a morley to the view,

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As eate might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanging,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Never beleeue though in my nature raigne,
All traites that besedge all kindes of blood,
That it could so prepositerouslie be stain'd,
To leane for nothing all thy summe of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuersitie I call,
Save thou my Rote, in it thou art my all.

SHAKESPEARES.
I must each day lay ore the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when first I halloow'd thy faire name,
So that eternall love in loves fresh case,
Wishes not the dust and injury of age,
Nor giues to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward forme would hew it dead.

SONNETS.
Then giue me welcome next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing breast.

O For my sake doe you wish fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,
No bitteresse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

Vour love and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I must strue,
To know my shames and praises from your tounge,
None else to me, nor I to none aliue,
That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,
In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders sence,
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

As I by yours, y have past a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant have no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our might of wo might have remembered
My deepest ience, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tended
The humble salve, which wounded bosomes fits;
But that your trespass now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom mee.
121
T Is better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wilis count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that lencill
At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they themselves be bent
By their rancke: though they my decies must not be shewn
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintainc,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.
122
T hy gulf, thy tables, are within my braine
Full characterd with lastling memory,
Which shall aboue that sole rancke remaine
Beyond all date, euen to eternitie.
Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subsist,
Til each to raz'd oblivion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallicke thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold.
H 2

SONNETS.

SHAKE-SPEARE

118

L ike as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseal'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

W hat potions haue I drunke of Syren teares
Distill'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euill still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

120

T hat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feelee,
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered Steele.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

Therefore my Mistris eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes so lured, and they mourners seeme,
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Standing Creation with a false esteem,
Yet so they mourne becoming of their woe,
That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so.
128
H ow oft when thou my musike playst,
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
The wiry concord that mine eare counounds,
Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,
At the woods boundes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tikled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chaps,
Or whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
Since Iauie Iackes so happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.
129
T he expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is puerile, murderous, bloudy full of blame,
Is puerile, murderous, bloudy full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Inioyd no sooner but dispist straight,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bay,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In pursuit and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a toy propol'd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knows yet none knows well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.
My

SHAKE-SPEARE

SONNETS.

130

M Y Mistris eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her brefts are dun:
If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I haue scene Roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistris reekes.
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
Igraunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My Mistris when shee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she belid with false compare.

131

T hou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
For well thou know'st to my deare dotting hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I sweare
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witness beare
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

132

T hine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

Buy tearmes diuine in selling houses of droffes:
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,
Eare vp thy charget: is this thy bodie end?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excelle,
Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?
Why to large cost hauing so short a lease,
Painting thy outward walls to collic gay?
Why dost thou pine within and suffer death,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array.

146

More soule the center of my sinfull earth,
And said my life laying not you.
I hate, from here away she threw,
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
Dost follow night who like a fiend
That follow'd it as gentle day,
I have she altered with an end,
And thought it thus a new to grece:
Was vnde in giuing gentle dome:
Chiding that tongue that euer swees,
Straight in her heart did merie come,
But when she saw my worfull face,
To me that laugher for her sake:

145

Those lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.
Yet this shall I nere know but liue in doubt,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.
But being both from me both to each friend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Wooing his purity with her foule pride.
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel:
Tempereth my better angel from my sight,
Breath'd forth the sound that laid I hate,

SONNETS.

SHAKE-SPEARES

But ryling at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

151

In louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty: I am periur'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.
For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

152

Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dyans this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly sleepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strang maladies a foueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where Cupid got new fire: my mistres eye.

To win me leone to hell my femall euill,
The worser spirit a woman collour'd ill.
The better angel is a man re-hat faire:

Two Ioues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,

144

If thou turne back and my loude crying still,
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy will,
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
Whilst I thy babe chase thee a farre behind,
So must thou after that which flies from thee,
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
To follow that which flies before her face:
Cries to catch her whose care is bent,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
One of her feathered creatures broake away,

143

Loe as a carefull hufwife runnes to catch,
By selfe example maist thou be denide.
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
Thy pity may deserue to pittied bee.
Roore pittie in thy heart: that when it growes,
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those.
Rodd others beds reuenues of their rents,
And seald faste bonds of loue as oft as mine,
That haue prophand their scarlet ornaments,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
And thou shalt finde it merites not reproofing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne face,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
Loe is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,

142

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Who euer hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will too boote, and will in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
And in abundance adderth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in will adde to thy will,
One will of mine to make thy large will more.
Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one will.

136

If thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
Swear to thy blind soule that I was thy will,
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receit with ease we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me passe vtold,
Though in thy stores account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
And then thou louest me for my name is will.

137

Thou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
I That

S O N N E T S .
140
Be wise as thou art cruel, do not prestie
 My tongue-tide patience with too much dilaine:
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
 If I might teach thee witte better it were,
 Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
 As teltie sick-men when their deaths be nere,
 No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
 For if I should dispaire I should grow made,
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
 Now this ill wrestling world is growne so bad,
 Madde standers-by made eares beloued be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
 Bearer thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe
141
In faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
 Who in dispaire of view is pleased to dore.
 Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tunc delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to baile touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited,
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
 But my true wits, nor my true senses can
 Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unswaid the like of a man,
 Thy proud hearts flauce and vassall wretch to be:
 Onely my plague thus farr I count my gaine,
 That the that makes me faine, awards me paine.

S O N N E T S .
141
Be wise as thou art cruel, do not prestie
 My tongue-tide patience with too much dilaine:
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
 If I might teach thee witte better it were,
 Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
 As teltie sick-men when their deaths be nere,
 No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
 For if I should dispaire I should grow made,
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
 Now this ill wrestling world is growne so bad,
 Madde standers-by made eares beloued be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
 Bearer thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe
142
In faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
 Who in dispaire of view is pleased to dore.
 Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tunc delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to baile touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited,
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
 But my true wits, nor my true senses can
 Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unswaid the like of a man,
 Thy proud hearts flauce and vassall wretch to be:
 Onely my plague thus farr I count my gaine,
 That the that makes me faine, awards me paine.

S H A K E - S P E A R E S

That they behold and see not what they see:
 They know what beantie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
 Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
 In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138
When my loue swears that she is made of truth,
 I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
 That she might thinke me some vntruted youth,
 Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
 On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
 But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139
Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
 That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
 Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
 Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,
 Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might

S H A K E - S P E A R E S
147
My loue is as a feauer longling still,
 And death once dead, ches no more dying them.
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
 On whom frown'st thou that I doe saune vpon,
 Nay if thou low'st on me doe I not spend
 Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
 What meritt do I in my selfe respect,
 That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
 But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
 Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.
148
Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
 VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,
 To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
 And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becomming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
 There is such strength and warrantie of skill,
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
 The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
 Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
 VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
 If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,
 More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

149
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
 Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.
 The summe it selfe sees not, till heauen cleares,
 No mannaile then though I mistake my view,
 That is so vext with watching and with teares?
 How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
 Loues eye is not so true as all mens nose,
 If it be not, then loue doth well denore,
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dore,
 That censures fallie what they see aright?
 Or if they haue, where is my iudgement fled,
 Which haue no correspondance with true sight,
 Me I what eyes hath loue put in my head,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.
 For I haue sworne thee faire, and though the bright,
 At random from the truth vainely exprest,
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 And frantick made with euermore vnrest,
 Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
 Dore is death, which Phisick did except.
 Hath left me, and I desperare now approue,
 Angry that his prelections are not kept,
 My reason the Phisition to my loue,
 Th vn certaine sicklie appetite to please:
 Feeding on that which doth preterue the ill,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 My loue is as a feauer longling still,
 And death once dead, ches no more dying them.

S O N N E T S .

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
 On whom frown'st thou that I doe saune vpon,
 Nay if thou low'st on me doe I not spend
 Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
 What meritt do I in my selfe respect,
 That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
 But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
 Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.
150
Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
 VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,
 To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
 And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becomming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
 There is such strength and warrantie of skill,
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
 The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
 Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
 VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
 If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,
 More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151
Loue is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
 Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray
 My nobler part to my grosse bodie treason,
 My soule doth tell my body that he may,
 Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,

Sometimes a bliv'et that the ruffie knew
 Of Court of Cuckie, and had let go by
 The swiftest hounes observed as they flew,
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
 And p'viledg'd by age desires to know
 In brecke the grounds and motives of her wo.
 So slides he downe vpon his greyned bar,
 And comely distant sits he by her side,
 When hee againe desires her, being late,
 Her grevance with his hearing to divide:
 If that from him there may be ought applied
 Which may her suffering extirpe allwaie
 'Tis promitt in the charitable of age.
 Rather the faies, though in mee you behold
 The injury of many a blasting houre;
 Let it not tell your Iudgment I am old,
 Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;
 I might as yet haue bene a sprading flower
 Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applied
 Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.
 But woe is mee, too early I attended
 A youthfull suit it was to gaine my graces;
 One by nature outwards to commend,
 That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
 Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
 And when in his faire parts shee did abide,
 Shee was new lodg'd, and newly Desid.
 His browny locks did hang in crooked curlies,
 And euery light occasion of the wind
 Vpon his hippes their liken parcels hurles,
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find,
 Each eye that saw him did inebriate the minde:

For

All

Complaint
 For on his visage was in little drawne,
 What largesse thinckes in parradie was lawne.
 Small shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
 His phoenix downe began but to appeare
 Like vnhorne velvet, on that terrefull skin
 Whole bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were,
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost more deare,
 And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
 If best were as it was, or best without.
 His qualities were beautilous as his forme,
 For maiden tongue'd he was and thereof free;
 Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
 As oft twixt May and April is to see,
 When windes breath sweet, vniuily though they bee,
 His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
 Did liuey falcenesse in a pride of truth.
 Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
 That horse his merrell from his rider takes
 Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie,
 (makes) What rounds, what bounds, what courtes what stop he
 And controuertie hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deede,
 Or he his manadg, by th' well doing Steede.
 But quickly on this side the verdict went,
 His recall habitude gaue life and grace
 To appertaininges and to ornaments,
 Accomplish't in him, selfe not in his case:
 All ayds them-selues made faster by their place,
 Can for additions, yet their purpo'd trimme
 Pecc'd not his grace but were all grac'd by him.
 So on the tip of his subduing tongue

A LOVERS

Are errors of the blood none of the mind;
 Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
 Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
 They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
 And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
 By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue scene,
 Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
 Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
 Or any of my leifures euer Charmed,
 Harne haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
 Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
 And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
 Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood
 In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
 Effects of terror and deare modesty,
 Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,
 With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
 I haue receau'd from many a feueral faire,
 Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
 With th' annexions of faire gems intricht,
 And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
 Each stones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
 Whereto his inuif'd properties did tend,
 The deepe greene Emerald in whose fresh regard,
 Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
 The heauen hew'd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

SONNETS.

154

The little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
 Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
 Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
 The sayrest votary tooke vp that fire,
 Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
 And so the Generall of hot desire,
 Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
 Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
 Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
 For men diseas'd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,
 Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
 Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

K

A

K 2

A renewed man that graz'd his cartell ny,
Big discontent,so breaking their contents.
This said in top of rage the lines the rents,
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and dammed here!
What vnapproued witness doo't thou beare!
Cried O false blood thou regifter of lies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
The often bath'd she in her fluxuue eyes,
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.
With flided silke,seare and affectedly
Found yet mo leetters sady pend in blood,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Crackt many a ring of Posed gold and bone,
Which the perul d,figh'd,tore and gaue the flud,
Offolde scedulls had she many a one,
Where want cries forme;but where excellent beggs all.
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Like verry applying wet to wet,
Vpon whose weeping margin the was set,
Which one by one she in a riuier threw,
Of amber christall and of bedded Ier,
A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Though blackly braided in loose negligenee.
And drew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Some in her thredden fillet still did bide,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside,
For some vnuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride;
Her haire not loose nor tid in formal plat,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.
To eury place at once and no where fixt,
Complaine

A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

From off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes,wind and raine,

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not fished all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit,but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peepr,through lettice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her cyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brime,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth;sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gasses lend,

To

A L O V E R S

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
All replication prompt, and reason strong
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh,the laugher weeper
He had the dialect and different skil,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.
That hee didde in the generalosome raigine
Of young, of old, and sexes both inchaned,
To dwell with him in thought,or to remaine
In perfonal duty,following where he haunred,
Content's bewitch, ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Aske their own wils and made their wils obey.
Many there were that did his picture getre
To serue their eyes, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manfions, thes in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pictures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.
So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppo'd them mistrell of his heart:
My wofull selfe that did in freedom stand,
And was my owne see simple(not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Referu'd the stalks and gaue him al my flower.
Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demand of him,nor being desired yield,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With last distance I mine honour thecided,
Experience for me many bulwarres builded

COMPLAINT.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false lewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, aduise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curbe it vpon others prooffe,
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guiled in his smiling,
Knew vowes,wer euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pittty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you see

K 4

Are

[L3r]

[Blank]

[Blank]



FINIS.

Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayne,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wilfull luxurie,
He preache pure maide, and praid cold chastitie.
Thus mcerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th' vneperitent gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them howerd,
Who young and simple would not be so louerd,
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.
O that infected moylture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheekc so glowd:
O that for'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs beflowd,
O all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yett againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

THE LOVERS

COMPLAINT.

With obiects manyfold; each seuerall stone,
With wit well blazond simil'd or made some mone,

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not;
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter, you enpatrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phrascles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these families to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:
What me your minister for you obsies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauiings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritcheft cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not strues,
Plying the Place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstra:nd giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,
The scurres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
 Or to turne white and found at tragick howes,
 To bluish at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
 In others apunctie as it best deceiues;
 Or founding palenesse: and he takes and leaues,
 Of burning bluihnes, or of weeping water,
 Applied to Cautills, all fitting formes receiues,
 In him a plentie of subtile matter,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.
 All melting, though our drops this difference bore,
 Appare to him as he come appeares:
 Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,
 I here my white stole of chastity I cast,
 Then there resolu'd my reason into teares,
 For loe his passion but an art of craft,
 Both fire from hence, and chill exincture hath.
 Or clef effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
 What brest so cold, that is not warmed here,
 What rocky heart to water will not weare?
 But with the inundation of the cics:
 In the small orb of one peculiar teare?
 Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
 That flame through water which their hew incloses,
 Who glaz'd with Christall gave the glowing Roses,
 Oh how the channell to the stream gaue grace!
 With brynnish currant downe-ward flow'd a pace:
 Each checke a riuerrunning from a fount,
 Whole fighes till then were leaued on my face,
 This said, his warte eies he did dismount,
 That shall pretere and vnderake my troth.
 And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
 COMPLAINTE.

A LOVERS

The accident which brought me to her eie,
 Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
 And now she would the caged cloister flie:
 Religious loue put out religions eye:
 Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
 And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
 Must for your victorie vs all congeest,
 As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
 Belecud her eies, when they t' assaile begun,
 All voves and consecrations giuing place:
 O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine
 For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressst what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (shame
 Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst
 And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,
 The Allies of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
 Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
 And supplicant their fighes to you extend
 To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,

And

[Blank]

[Blank]

[L4r]