



**TWENTY-FIVE
SONNETS OF
SHAKESPEARE**

**TWENTY-FIVE SONNETS
OF SHAKESPEARE**

TWENTY-FIVE SONNETS OF
SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare

✓
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD
OXFORD BASIL BLACKWELL
M CM XXII

BM

PR 2848
. A2 B632

INDIANA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

TWENTY-FIVE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

S	HALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY	Sonnet xviii	page 8
S	Devouring time, blunt thou the lion's paws	xix	9
	When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes	xxix	10
	When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	xxx	11
	Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts	xxxI	12
	Full many a glorious morning have I seen	xxxIII	13
	Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem	LIV	14
	Not marble nor the gilded monuments	LV	15
	What is your substance, whereof are you made	LIII	16
	When I have seen by time's fell hand defaced	LXIV	17
	Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea	LXV	18
	Tired with all these, for restful death I cry	LXVI	19
	No longer mourn for me when I am dead	LXXXI	20
	That time of year thou mayest in me behold	LXXIII	21
	Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing	LXXXVII	22
	Then hate me when thou wilt: if ever, now	XC	23
	They that have power hurt, and will do none	XCIV	24
	From you have I been absent in the spring	XCVIII	25
	My love is strength'ned, though more weak in seeming	CII	26
	To me, fair friend, you never can be old	CIV	27
	When in the chronicle of wasted time	CVI	28
	Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul	CVII	29
	Let me not in the marriage of true minds	CXVI	30
	Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame	CXXIX	31
	Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth	CLXVI	32

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO
A SUMMER'S DAY?
THOU ART MORE LOVELY
AND MORE TEMPERATE:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

DEVOURING TIME, BLUNT THOU
THE LION'S PAWS,
AND MAKE THE EARTH DEVOUR
HER OWN SWEET BROOD:

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd Phœnix in her blood:

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH
FORTUNE & MEN'S EYES,
I ALL ALONE BEWEEP MY
OUTCAST STATE,
AND TROUBLE DEAF HEAVEN
WITH MY BOOTLESS CRIES,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising)
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love rememb' red such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF
SWEET SILENT THOUGHT
I SUMMON UP REMEMB-
RANCE OF THINGS PAST,
I SIGH THE LACK OF MANY
A THING I SOUGHT,

And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanisht sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

THY BOSOM IS ENDEARED WITH
ALL HEARTS,
WHICH I BY LACKING HAVE
SUPPOSED DEAD,
And there reigns Love & all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

FULL MANY A GLORIOUS MORN-
ING HAVE I SEEN
FLATTER THE MOUNTAIN TOPS
WITH SOVEREIGN EYE,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my Sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

O H HOW MUCH MORE DOTH
BEAUTY BEAUTEOUS SEEM
BY THAT SWEET ORNAMENT
WHICH TRUTH DOTH GIVE!
THE ROSE LOOKS FAIR, BUT
FAIRER WE IT DEEM

For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

NOT MARBLE NOR THE GILDED
MONUMENTS
OF PRINCES SHALL OUTLIVE
THIS POWERFUL RIME;
BUT YOU SHALL SHINE MORE
BRIGHT IN THESE CONTENTS

Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgement that your self arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WHAT IS YOUR SUBSTANCE,
WHEREOF ARE YOU MADE,
THAT MILLIONS OF STRANGE
SHADOWS ON YOU TEND?
SINCE EVERY ONE HATH
EVERY ONE ONE SHADE,

And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

WHEN I HAVE SEEN BY TIME'S
FELL HAND DEFACED
THE RICH PROUD COST
OF OUTWORN BURIED AGE,
WHEN SOMETIME LOFTY
TOWERS I SEE DOWN RASD,

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SINCE BRASS, NOR STONE, NOR
EARTH, NOR BOUNDLESS SEA,
BUT SAD MORTALITY O'ERSWAYS
THEIR POWER,

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

O fearful meditation, where, alack!

Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

TIR'D WITH ALL THESE, FOR
RESTFUL DEATH I CRY:
AS, TO BEHOLD DESERT A
BEGGAR BORN,
And needy Nothing trim'd in jollity,
And purest Faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded Honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden Virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And Strength by limping Sway disabled,
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
And Folly (doctor-like) controlling Skill,
And simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill.

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

NO LONGER MOURN FOR
ME WHEN I AM DEAD,
THAN YOU SHALL HEAR
THE SURLY SULLEN BELL
GIVE WARNING TO THE
WORLD THAT I AM FLED

From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

THAT TIME OF YEAR THOU
MAYEST IN ME BEHOLD,
WHEN YELLOW LEAVES, OR
NONE, OR FEW DO HANG
UPON THOSE BOUGHS WHICH
SHAKE AGAINST THE COLD,

Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourisht by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO
DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING,
AND LIKE ENOUGH THOU
KNOW'ST THY ESTIMATE:

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

THEN HATE ME WHEN THOU
WILT: IF EVER, NOW;
NOW WHILE THE WORLD IS
BENT MY DEEDS TO CROSS,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might.

And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

THEY THAT HAVE POWER TO
HURT, AND WILL DO NONE,
THAT DO NOT DO THE THING
THEY MOST DO SHOW,
Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow:

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

FROM YOU HAVE I BEEN ABSENT
IN THE SPRING,
WHEN PROUD-PIED APRIL
(DREST IN ALL HIS TRIM)
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laught and leapt with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies' white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

MY LOVE IS STRENGTH'NED
THOUGH MORE WEAK
IN SEEMING;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is marchandiz'd whose rich
esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

TO ME, FAIR FRIEND, YOU NEVER
CAN BE OLD;
FOR AS YOU WERE WHEN FIRST
YOUR EYE I EY'D,
SUCH SEEMS YOUR BEAUTY
STILL. THREE WINTERS COLD

Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweet hue, which me thinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE
OF WASTED TIME
I SEE DESCRIPTIONS OF
THE FAIREST WIGHTS,
AND BEAUTY MAKING
BEAUTIFUL OLD RIME,

In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

NOT MINE OWN FEARS, NOR
THE PROPHETIC SOUL
OF THE WIDE WORLD DREAM-
ING ON THINGS TO COME,
CAN YET THE LEASE OF
MY TRUE LOVE CONTROL,

Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE
OF TRUE MINDS
ADMIT IMPEDIMENTS: LOVE
IS NOT LOVE
WHICH ALTERS WHEN IT
ALTERATION FINDS,

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no, it is an ever fixed mark,

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

TH' EXPENSE OF SPIRIT IN A
WASTE OF SHAME
IS LUST IN ACTION; AND
TILL ACTION, LUST
IS PERJUR'D, MURD'ROUS,
BLOODY, FULL OF BLAME,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

P
OOR SOUL, THE CENTRE
OF MY SINFUL EARTH,
MY SINFUL EARTH THAT
REBEL POWERS ARRAY,
WHY DOST THOU PINE
WITHIN AND SUFFER DEARTH,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

114