

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 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, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, 5
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
 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.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn, 5
 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 10
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay; 10
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare
 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.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not 5
 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, 10
 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.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day 5
 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, 10
 As the death-bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

XCIV

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, 5
 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, 10
 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.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness everywhere!
 And yet this time removed was summer's time; 5
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit; 10
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, 5
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring; 10
 And for they looked but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CXVI

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, 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10
 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.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action: and till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight; 5
 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; 10
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
 Before, a joy proposed; behind a dream.
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red, than her lips red:
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white, 5
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound: 10
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare,
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutored youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, 5
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed:
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love, loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.