

11

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine from that which thou departest,¹
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.^o
 5 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay.
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,^o
 10 Harsh,^o featureless,^o and rude,^o barrenly perish.
 Look whom she best endowed she gave the more,²
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty^o cherish.
 She carved thee for her seal,³ and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

When I do count the clock^o that tells the time,
 And see the brave^o day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable^o curls ensilvered o'er with white;
 5 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst^o from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:¹
 Then of thy beauty do I question make
 10 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets^o and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed to brave him^o when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were yourself!¹ But, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live.
 Against^o this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 5 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination;^o then you were^o
 Yourself again after your self's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear:
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 10 Which husbandry² in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O, none but unthrifts,^o dear my love, you know.
 You had a father; let your son say so.

Sonnet 11

1. In a child begotten in youth (with suggestions of sexual intercourse and of death).
 2. To whom ever nature gave most (made best-looking) she gave even more (extra reproductive abilities). The near circularity of "best endowed" and "more" alludes to Matthew 25:29, the paradoxical parable of the talents: "For unto every man that hath, it shall be given."

3. Literally, a stamp of authority.

Sonnet 12

1. *As . . . beard*: And sheaves of mature ("bearded") grain carried away on the harvest cart; old man borne on a funeral bier.

Sonnet 13

1. If only you could remain your (eternal) self.
 2. Stewardship; being a husband.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck,
 And yet methinks I have astronomy;^o
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality.
 5 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes^o tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say with princes if it shall go well
 By oft predict^o that I in heaven find;
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 10 And, constant stars, in them I read such art
 As¹ truth and beauty shall together thrive
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert.²
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.^o

15

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds^o in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence^o comment;
 5 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheerèd and checked even by the selfsame sky;
 Vaut^o in their youthful sap,^o at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory:¹
 Then the conceit^o of this inconstant stay^o
 10 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth^o with decay
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And all in war with time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.²

16'

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time,
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 5 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,^o
 And many maiden gardens yet unset^o
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.^o
 So should the lines of life² that life repair^o
 10 Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen³
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
 Can make you live yourself^o in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,^o
 And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.

Sonnet 14

1. *such art / As*: such predictions as that.
 2. If you would provide for the future.

Sonnet 15

1. Wear their splendid clothing until they are forgotten (with a sense of "wearing out").
 2. *And . . . new*: And I, in competition with time because

I love you, restore you with my verse.

Sonnet 16

1. This sonnet links with 15.
 2. Lineage; living lines (unlike those of poet or painter)
 3. Neither today's painters ("pencil" means "paintbrush" nor I, who imitate painting in my verse.

Presume not on¹ thy heart when mine is slain:
Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides^o his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
5 So I, for fear of trust,^o forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,¹
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charged with burden of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
10 And dumb presagers^o of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.²
O learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

*forgets**lack of confidence**mute presenters*

24

Mine eye hath played the painter,¹ and hath steeled²
Thy beauty's form in table^o of my heart.
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective³ it is best painter's art;
5 For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop^o is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed^o with thine eyes.⁴
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
10 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
Yet eyes this cunning want^o to grace their art:
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

*the painted tablet**heart's workshop**lack this talent*

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked-for joy in that I honour most.¹
5 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread^o
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,²
And in themselves their pride lies^o buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for might,

*bloom**will lie*

Sonnet 22

1. Do not expect to get back.

Sonnet 23

1. Q reads "right," suggesting love's due as well as ritual.

2. More than that (rival) speaker who has more often said more.

Sonnet 24

1. The running conceit is of the speaker and addressee

looking into one another's eyes, seeing both the other and himself reflected.

2. Engraved. Editors often emend Q's "steeld" to "stell'd"

(fixed, placed) for a better fit with "painter."

3. Seen from the proper angle, through the painter's

eyes. A "perspective" was a distorted painting that looked right only if viewed from the correct angle.

4. The addressee looks into the speaker's eyes ("windows"), which seem fitted with glass ("glazed") by the reflection there of the addressee's own eyes. The eyes are the heart's ("his" [its], referring to "bosom's," line 7) windows, through which the addressee can therefore see his own image in the speaker's heart.

Sonnet 25

1. Unexpectedly (privately) take pleasure in what I most esteem (the youth).

2. Only at the prince's pleasure or whim.

10 After a thousand victories once foiled
Is from the book of honour razed^o quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage^o
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy^o
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
5 Duty so great which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare in wanting^o words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit^o of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked,¹ will bestow^o it,
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving^o
10 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,^o
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove^o me.

*feudal all**provide a pl**astrological inf*

27

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel^o tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work's expired;
5 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imagin^oary sight
10 Presents thy shadow^o to my sightless view;
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For^o thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

*work; jour**pi**Bear*28¹

How can I then return in happy plight,^o
That am debarred the benefit of rest,
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppressed,
5 And each, though enemies to either's^o reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain²
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?
I tell the day to please him thou art bright,
10 And do'st him grace when clouds do blot the heaven;³
So flatter I the swart^o-complexioned night
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.⁴

*each of**cond*

Sonnet 26

1. Refers to his "bare"-seeming "duty."

Sonnet 28

1. This sonnet links with 27.

2. one: day; other: night, making me "complain."
3. And confer beauty on him as a substitute for the s
4. By saying that when stars aren't twinkling,
brighten the evening.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless° cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,¹
Desiring this man's art° and that man's scope,^o
With what I most enjoy° contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
10 Haply² I think on thee, and then my state,^o
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'.

30

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.¹
5 Then can I drown an eye unused to flow
For precious friends hid in death's dateless° night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled° woe,
And moan th'expense° of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,^o
10 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 restored, and sorrows end.

31

Thy bosom is endeared with° all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
5 How many a holy and obsequious° tear
Hath dear religious° love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of° the dead, which° now appear
But things removed° that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
10 Hung with the trophies° of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts° of me to thee did give:
That due of many¹ now is thine alone.

Sonnet 29

1. *Wishing . . . possessed*: Three people he wants to be like—"like to one" with better prospects, better looking "like him," and having friends "like him."
2. By chance; also, pun on "haply."

Sonnet 30

1. *my . . . waste*: the frittering or wasting away of my precious time.
Sonnet 31
1. What was owed to many (myself).

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they,² hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day¹
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune° once more resurvey
These poor rude° lines of thy deceased lover,
5 Compare them with the bett'ring° of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme
Exceeded by the height of happier men.²
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
10 'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth° than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage;^o
But since he died, and poets better prove,^o
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,^o
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
5 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
10 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.

34¹

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy brav'ry° in their rotten smoke?^o
5 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace.²
Nor can thy shame° give physic to° my grief;
10 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.
Th'offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.^o

2. And you, who are made up of all of them.
Sonnet 32.

1. Day of my death, which I shall willingly accept.
2. *Reserve . . . men*: Keep them because you love me, not for their value as poetry, which is surpassed by poets more

fortunate in their talent than I.
Sonnet 34

1. This sonnet links with 33.
2. Disfigurement; dishonor done the poet by the youth's neglect.

10 Be where you list,^o your charter^o is so strong
That you yourself may privilege^o your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing^o crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

wish / freedom
allocate

committed by you

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,^o
Which, labouring^o for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!¹
5 O that record^o could with a backward look
Even of five hundred courses of the sun
Show me your image in some antique book
Since mind at first in character was done,²
That I might see what the old world could say
10 To this composèd wonder of your frame;³
Whether we are mended^o or whe'er better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.⁴
O, sure I am the wits^o of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

cheated
working; giving birth

recollection

improved

clever writers

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.¹
5 Nativity,^o once in the main of light,^o
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned
Crookèd^o eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.^o
Time doth transfix the flourish² set on youth,
10 And delves the parallels^o in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,³
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times in hope^o my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.

A newborn / in the world

Pernicious
ruin

carves the wrinkles

future days

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken
While shadows^o like to thee do mock my sight?
5 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?¹
O no; thy love, though much, is not so great.

visions

Sonnet 59

1. bear . . . child: mistakenly ("amiss") give birth for a second time to a child that has already been born.
2. Since writing was invented.
3. To the wonderful composition of your form (perhaps referring to the sonnet itself as well).
4. Whether the revolving of the ages makes no difference.

Sonnet 60

1. Toiling one after the other, all seek to move forward.
2. Time pierces and destroys the ornament (beauty).
3. On the most precious products of nature's perfection.

Sonnet 61

1. The object and intent of your distrust (that is, "shames and idle hours," line 7).

10 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I^o whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

I remain

62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
5 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true,^o no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define
As^o I all other^o in all worths surmount.
But when my glass^o shows me myself indeed,
10 Beated and chapped with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, my self,^o that for^o myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

As if /

you, my other se

63

Against^o my love shall be as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
5 Hath travelled^o on to age's steepy¹ night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring:
For such a time do I now fortify
10 Against confounding^o age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though^o my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.^o

Preparing for

progressed; t

devasta

though he will s

perpetually you.

64

When I have seen by time's fell^o hand defaced
The rich proud cost^o of outworn buried age;
When sometime^o-lofty towers I see down razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;¹
5 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of^o the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;²
When I have seen such interchange of state,
10 Or state³ itself confounded to decay,^o
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate:

fu

expe

o

win ground fr

reduced to ru

Sonnet 63

1. Precipitous (like the path of the setting sun).

Sonnet 64

1. And eternal brass forever succumbs to death's violence.

2. Adding to the stock of one by loss of the other, a vice versa.

3. state (line 9): condition; sovereign territory: state (line 10); pomp.

The basest weed outbraves his dignity;⁴
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.⁵

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker^o in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!^o
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 5 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,^o
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise,
 Naming thy name, blesses^o an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 10 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
 And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege:
 The hardest knife ill used doth lose his^o edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;^o
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport.¹
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;^o
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 5 As on the finger of a thronèd queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated^o and for true things deemed.
 How many lambs might the stern^o wolf betray
 10 If like^o a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!^o
 But do not so: I love thee in such sort^o
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.²

97

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!
 5 And yet this time removed^o was summer's time,
 The teeming autumn big^o with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime^o,
 Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease.
 Yet this abundant issue seemed¹ to me
 10 But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit,
 For summer and his pleasures wait^o on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;

4. Exceeds the flower in magnificence.
 5. This line also occurs in *The Reign of King Edward III*, a play printed anonymously in 1596 and sometimes attributed, in whole or in part, to Shakespeare.

Sonnet 96

1. A gentleman's sexual prerogative.
 2. Reputation. The same couplet ends 36.

Sonnet 97

1. Offspring seemed in prospect, before the beloved's absence.

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer^o
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

such a dismal

98

From you have I been absent in the spring
 When proud-pied^o April, dressed in all his trim,^o
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
 That heavy Saturn¹ laughed and leapt with him.
 5 Yet nor the lays^o of birds nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers^o in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,^o
 Or from their proud lap^o pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 10 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose.
 They were but sweet, but figures^o of delight
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those;
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.²

99¹

The forward^o violet thus did I chide:
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet^o that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride^o
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 5 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly^o dyed.
 The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,²
 And buds of marjoram³ had stol'n thy hair;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 10 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,^o
 And to^o his robb'ry had annexed thy breath;
 But for his theft in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker^o ate him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet^o or colour it had stol'n from thee.

100

Where are thou, muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury¹ on some worthless song,
 Dark'ning^o thy power to lend base subjects light?
 5 Return, forgetful muse, and straight^o redeem
 In gentle numbers^o time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.^o
 Rise, resty^o muse, my love's sweet face survey
 10 If^o time have any wrinkle graven there.
 If any, be a satire to^o decay
 And make time's spoils despised everywhere.

Sonnet 98

1. The planet Saturn was regarded as cold and slow, exerting a melancholy influence.

Sonnet 99

1. This sonnet has an extra opening line.

Sonnet 100

1. Inspiration (the "poet's rage" of 17.11).

Sonnet 101

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

even we

107

Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come
Can yet the lease° of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.¹
5 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,²
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;³
Uncertainties now crown themselves assured,⁴
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.⁵
Now with the drops° of this most balmy time
10 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,⁶
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme
While he insults° o'er dull and speechless tribes;⁷
And thou in this shalt find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.⁸

allotted term

submits

prevails

ruined

108

What's in the brain that ink may character°
Which hath not figured° to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what now to register,¹
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
5 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet like prayers divine
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case°
10 Weighs not° the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary° wrinkles place,²
But makes antiquity for aye his page,³
Finding the first conceit of love there bred⁴
Where time and outward form would° show it dead.⁵

express

shown

record

covering

Overlooks

inevitable / priority

want to

109

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify°—
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
5 That is my home of love. If I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time,¹ not with the time exchanged,²
So that myself bring water for my stain.³

reduce

Punctually / changed

Sonnet 107

1. Imagined as limited to a finite term.
2. Survived. The line is variously taken to refer to an eclipse of the moon, to an event in the life (or, more likely, to the death in 1603) of Queen Elizabeth (often known as Diana, the moon goddess), or, less probably, to the defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588).
3. And prophets of doom now ridicule their own prophecies.
4. Desired but doubtful possibilities now celebrate their realization; uncertainty is now unavoidable.
5. And peace declares the olive branches that symbolize it to be everlasting. Perhaps a reference to the peace treaty

with Spain signed by King James, who succeeded Elizabeth.

6. Soothing drops of dew, rain, or balm. Balm was used in the coronation ceremony.

7. Over those legions of dead who have no poetic legacy.

Sonnet 108
1. But makes (old) age forever the (youthful) servant to love; perhaps referring to the pages of poetry written when the "sweet boy" (line 5) was still young.

2. The first feeling (poetic expression) of love generated in that place (the beloved; the poem).

Sonnet 109
1. *for my stain*: to cleanse the stain of my absence.

Never believe, though in my nature reigned
10 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,¹
That it could so preposterously be stained
To leave for° nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call
Save thou my rose; in it thou art my all.

disposi

exchange

110

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,¹
Gored° mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.²
5 Most true it is that I have looked on truth°
Askance and strangely.° But, by all above,
These blenches° gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays° proved thee my best of love
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;³
10 Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof to try° an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,⁴
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

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111

O, for my sake do you with¹ fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.²
5 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,³
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,⁴
Whilst like a willing patient I will drink
10 Potions of eisel° 'gainst my strong infection;
No° bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.⁵
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

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There is

correct me twice c

112¹

Your love and pity doth th¹ impression fill°
Which vulgar° scandal stamped upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?²
5 You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue—
None else to me, nor I to none alive,

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psu

Sonnet 110

1. Repeated traditional misbehavior (infidelity)—or offended old friends—in (my treatment of) new attachments.

2. *have . . . end*: take that (my love) which will not expire.

3. *grind . . . try*: sharpen with new experience to test.

Sonnet 111
1. Q has "wish," which gives a more problematic array of

alternative meanings.

2. Probably: Than employment as an actor, wh requires one to curry favor with the public.

Sonnet 112

1. This sonnet links with 111.

2. So long as you allow new growth to cover what is in me, and give credit for what is good.

That my steeled sense or changes, right or wrong.³
 In so profound abyss I throw all care
 10 Of others' voices that my adder's sense°
 To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:⁴
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred⁵
 That all the world besides, methinks, they're dead.

113

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,¹
 And that which governs me to go about°
 Doth part his° function and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;²
 5 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape which it doth latch.³
 Of his quick objects° hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds² what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest° sight,
 10 The most sweet favour³ or deformèd'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.⁴
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

114¹

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,²
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,³
 5 To make of monsters and things indigest°
 Such cherubins° as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every° bad a perfect best
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?⁴
 O, 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
 10 And my great° mind most kingly drinks it up.
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,⁵
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.⁶

115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
 Yet then my judgement knew no reason why

3. *None . . . wrong*: perhaps, There being no one else to influence me, and no one else's influence being capable of positively or negatively affecting my hardened disposition.

4. How I excuse my neglect (of "other's voices," line 10).
 5. Nurtured in all my plans.

Sonnet 113

1. I see with my mind's eye.

2. Nor does the eye's vision hold on to.

3. Face; perhaps Q's "sweet-favor" means "sweet-favored," or "good-looking."

4. It makes them look like you.

Sonnet 114

1. This sonnet links with 113.

2. Being made a King by having you. "Or whether" introduces alternatives.

3. And that love of you taught my eye how thus to transform things.

4. As fast as objects come before its gaze. (The eye was thought to emit beams of light).

5. What pleases the mind's appetite.

6. And drinks first (like a King's taster).

My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 5 But reckoning time,¹ whose millioned accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows° and change decrees of kings,
 Tan° sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things—
 Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 10 Might I not then say² 'Now I love you best',
 When I was certain o'er° uncertainty,
 Crowning° the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,³
 To give° full growth to that which still doth grow.

116

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.¹
 5 O no, it is an ever fixed mark²
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wand'ring barque,
 Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.³
 Love's not time's fool,° though rosy lips and cheeks
 10 Within his bending sickle's compass⁴ come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.⁵
 If this be error and upon° me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted° all
 Wherein I should your great desèrts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 5 That I have frequent° been with unknown minds,°
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;¹
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should° transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 10 And on just proof surmise accumulate;²
 Bring me within the level° of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate,
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove³
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

Sonnet 115

1. But taking time into account; but time, which settles accounts.

2. Was I not then right to have said.

3. Thus I shouldn't say, "Now I love you best" (line 10).

Sonnet 116

1. Or abandons the relationship when the loved one is unfaithful or has departed or died, or when time ("the remover") alters things for the worse.

2. An unmoving sea mark, such as a lighthouse or a beacon, which provides a constant reference point for sailors.

3. *Whose . . . taken*: The star's (great) intrinsic value can-

not be assessed, although navigators at sea can measure height above the horizon.

4. Within range of time's curved (and hostile) s "Compass" also recalls the imagery of the second train.

5. But endures until the eve of doomsday.

Sonnet 117

1. And wasted idly what should have been you (rite) because acquired by your great worth and aff (because acquired at your great cost).

2. And pile suspicion on top of your proof.

3. Since my defense is that I was trying to test.