

Edwin's Sonnets

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I

Like as to make our appetite more keen
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
As to prevent our maladies unseen,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

2

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done,
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
But when she saw my woeful state,
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
And rather make them born to our desire,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
To make some special instant special-blest,
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

3

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
Was used in giving gentle doom:
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings be,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

4

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
So far from variation or quick change?
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
To new-found methods, and to compounds strange?
Me from my self thy cruel eye hath taken,
And husband nature's riches from expense,
Of him, my self, and thee I am forsaken,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
So either by thy picture or my love,
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part.
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

5

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
 With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 Th' imprisoned absence of your liberty,
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 It fears not policy that heretic,
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

6

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 To-morrow sharpened in his former might.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 And I a tyrant have no leisure taken
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed:
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 Thy self away, art present still with me,
 As the death-bed, whereon it must expire,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

7

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age,
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 And do so love, yet when they have devised,
 Without all ornament, it self and true,
 Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathized,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new,
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

8

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;
 What's new to speak, what now to register,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 That I might see what the old world could say,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

9

Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Unlooked for joy in that I honour most;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
 And I by this will be a gainer too,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
 The injuries that to my self I do,
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

10

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
 My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right,
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 With what I most enjoy contented least,
 Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 And thither hied a sad distempered guest.
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

11

Like as to make our appetite more keen
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
As to prevent our maladies unseen,
And you but one, can every shadow lend:
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you,
To live a second life on second head,
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

12

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
O that record could with a backward look,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
Show me your image in some antique book,
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But flowers distilled though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

I3

Like as to make our appetite more keen
That do not do the thing, they most do show,
As to prevent our maladies unseen,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow:
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
By oft predict that I in heaven find.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed.
Their images I loved, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

I4

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now,
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The basest jewel will be well esteemed:
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
To truths translated, and for true things deemed.
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites yet we must not be foes.

I5

When in the chronicle of wasted time,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
That thou in losing me, shalt win much glory:
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, time's leisure with my moan.
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

I6

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live:
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
O let my looks be then the eloquence,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
And kept unused the user so destroys it:
And more, much more than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

I7

So is it not with me as with that muse,
And that which governs me to go about,
Who heaven it self for ornament doth use,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out:
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Since mind at first in character was done.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
But out alack, he was but one hour mine,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

I8

Who will believe my verse in time to come
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live:
Return forgetful Muse, and straight redeem,
By unions married do offend thine ear,
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear:
To side this title is impanelled
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,
And by their verdict is determined
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Ah but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

19

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
Why with the time do I not glance aside
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell;
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems:
Or say with princes if it shall go well
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
To mourn for me since mourning doth thee grace,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

20

How like a winter hath my absence been
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
And of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
'Will', will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
In things of great receipt with case we prove,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

21

Who is it that says most, which can say more,
But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing,
In whose confine immured is the store,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
Nativity once in the main of light,
That you your self being extant well might show,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side,
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

22

That thou hast her it is not all my grief,
What merit lived in me that you should love
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye,
To find where your true image pictured lies,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes:
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured.
All this the world well knows yet none knows well,
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

23

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
Even for this, let us divided live,
And do whate'er thou wilt swift-footed Time
That by this separation I may give:
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

24

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please:
My reason the physician to my love,
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Nor gates of steel so strong but time decays?
Yet fear her O thou minion of her pleasure,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave,
Her audit (though delayed) answered must be,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive.
 To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love, I can allege no cause.

25

O lest the world should task you to recite,
 Hast thou the master mistress of my passion,
 After my death (dear love) forget me quite,
 With shifting change as is false women's fashion,
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 For fear of which, hear this thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

26

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Creating every bad a perfect best
 And given grace a double majesty.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see.
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

27

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will',
 May still seem love to me, though altered new:
 Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.
 As on the finger of a throned queen,
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be.
 'I hate', from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life saying 'not you'.

28

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:
 The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 O fearful meditation, where alack,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 But let your love even with my life decay.
 But if the while I think on thee (dear friend)
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

29

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express,
 To new-found methods, and to compounds strange?
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be,
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

30

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 Thou mak'st faults graces, that to thee resort:
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Creating every bad a perfect best
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
 Look what thy memory cannot contain,
 Or state it self confounded, to decay,
 Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for my self, no quiet find.

31

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please:
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O that our night of woe might have remembered
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure!
And soon to you, as you to me then tendered
And her quietus is to render thee.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

32

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
And like unlettered clerk still cry Amen,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
In polished form of well refined pen.
For having traffic with thy self alone,
Or me to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

33

Against that time (if ever that time come)
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 To follow that which flies before her face:
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind:
 Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

34

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 And will thy soul knows is admitted there,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part,
 For fear of which, hear this thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

35

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But then begins a journey in my head
 And my sick muse doth give an other place.
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy.
 O therefore love be of thyself so wary,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Bearing thy heart which I will keep so chary
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

36

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right,
 That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 But if thou live remembered not to be,
 Die single and thine image dies with thee.

37

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
Now is the time that face should form another,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Then of thy beauty do I question make
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

38

How like a winter hath my absence been
Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
Since mind at first in character was done.
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains?
 For thee, against my self I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

39

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 And lace it self with his society?
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
 But when from highmost pitch with weary car,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 The eyes (fore duteous) now converted are
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
 All this the world well knows yet none knows well,
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

40

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence,
 That they behold and see not what they see?
 From where thou art, why should I haste me thence?
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out,
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

41

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified:
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Look in your glass and there appears a face,
 Your self again after your self's decease,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.
 Therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue:
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

42

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 And of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 Nay if thou lour'st on me do I not spend
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part,
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

43

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 O in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
 Since mind at first in character was done.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Save where you are, how happy you make those.
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

44

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 Coral is far more red, than her lips red,
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt:
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 In many's looks, the false heart's history
 His rider loved not speed being made from thee:
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

45

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 To thee I send this written embassy
 Called to that audit by advised respects,
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
 And I a tyrant have no leisure taken
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

46

O thou my lovely boy who in thy power,
 Now is the time that face should form another,
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 And more, much more than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

47

My love is as a fever longing still,
 If it were filled with your most high deserts?
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 Tibey are the lords and owners of their faces,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind:
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

48

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
 The worsser spirit a woman coloured ill.
 And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store.
 'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 Whose speechless song being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, 'Thou single wilt prove none'.

49

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol.
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weep to have, that which it fears to lose.

50

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover:
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover:
 So love be thou, although to-day thou fill
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 To mourn for me since mourning doth thee grace,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

51

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
 Full charactered with lasting memory,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 Beyond all date even to eternity.
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
 I must attend, time's leisure with my moan.
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

52

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
 Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 Still losing when I saw my self to win!
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 I will acquaintance strangle and look strange:
 For such a time do I now fortify
 As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

53

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done,
 Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 Still losing when I saw my self to win!
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 But out alack, he was but one hour mine,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 'Tis thee (my self) that for my self I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

54

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 And grew a seeting bath which yet men prove,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 Be it lawful I love thee as thou lov'st those,
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 Root pity in thy heart that when it grows,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue:
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

55

So now I have confessed that he is thine,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 At my abuses, reckon up their own,
 Come daily to the banks, that when they see:
 By their rank thoughts, my deeds must not be shown
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

56

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
 But now my gracious numbers are decayed,
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 The basest jewel will be well esteemed:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 To truths translated, and for true things deemed.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word,
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

57

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 Bound for the prize of (all too precious) you,
 Mine eye, my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

58

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 When proud-pied April (dressed in all his trim)
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
 My reason the physician to my love,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged,
 I sick withal the help of bath desired,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged,
 Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
 Which used lives th' executor to be.

59

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Making a couplement of proud compare
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 With April's first-born flowers and all things rare,
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be,
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
 'Tis thee (my self) that for my self I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

60

So is it not with me as with that muse,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Who heaven it self for ornament doth use,
 Which proves more short than waste or ruining?
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 To be so tickled they would change their state
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 But love hate on for now I know thy mind,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

61

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Thy beauty, and thy years full well befits,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day,
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage,
 Your self again after your self's decease,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 So thou being rich in will add to thy will
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love, I can allege no cause.

62

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged,
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged,
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

63

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Ah, if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Your self again after your self's decease,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble:
 For if I should despair I should grow mad,
 Within his bending sickle's compass come,
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
 Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

64

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange.
 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 And captive good attending captain ill.
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

65

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee:
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
 And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
 The sun it self sees not, till heaven clears.
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

66

Like as to make our appetite more keen
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
 As to prevent our maladies unseen,
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
 In many's looks, the false heart's history
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 No marvel then though I mistake my view,
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

67

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 Hast thou the master mistress of my passion,
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 With shifting change as is false women's fashion,
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems:
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 To side this title is impanelled
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 And by their verdict is determined
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

68

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out:
 Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,
 (A closet never pierced with crystal eyes)
 Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 O therefore love be of thyself so wary,
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke,
 Bearing thy heart which I will keep so chary
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take,
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

69

How careful was I when I took my way,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
 That to my use it might unused stay
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring:
 Mark how one string sweet husband to another,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
 And captive good attending captain ill.
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

70

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 For all the day they view things unrespected,
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
 I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

71

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

72

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 And fortify your self in your decay
 To-morrow sharpened in his former might.
 And yet this time removed was summer's time,
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

73

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 That thou consum'st thy self in single life?
 These vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,
 By unions married do offend thine ear,
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear:
 Ten times thy self were happier than thou art,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
 But let your love even with my life decay.
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

74

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 I see, a better state to me belongs
 Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring things:
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

75

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind:
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

76

But do thy worst to steal thy self away,
 While thou dost breathe that pour'st into my verse,
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems:
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
 And constant stars in them I read such art
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought
 If from thy self, to store thou wouldst convert:
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ,
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

77

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
 No longer yours, than you your self here live,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

78

Who will believe my verse in time to come
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,
 Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
 If it be not, then love doth well denote,
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange.
 To side this title is impanelled
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 And by their verdict is determined
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

79

Lo as a careful huswife runs to catch,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Tibey are the lords and owners of their faces,
 So that my self bring water for my stain,
 I tell the day to please him thou art bright,
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
 So flatter I the swart-complexioned night,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

80

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,
 And I my self am mortgaged to thy will,
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 And though they be outstripped by every pen,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 Which like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

81

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Drink up the monarch's plague this flattery?
 That to my use it might unused stay
 And that your love taught it this alchemy?
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 As I by yours, y'have passed a hell of time,
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Which this (Time's pencil) or my pupil pen
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Can make you live your self in eyes of men.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

82

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might:
 So should the lines of life that life repair
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth:
 Came there for cure and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

83

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse.
 That use is not forbidden usury,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That's for thy self to breed another thee,
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And 'gainst my self a lawful plea commence:
 And captive good attending captain ill.
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

84

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
 So either by thy picture or my love,
 A thousand groans but thinking on thy face,
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

85

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 That thou consum'st thy self in single life?
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 O lest your true love may seem false in this,
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

86

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 That am debarred the benefit of rest?
 The better angel is a man right fair:
 But day by night and night by day oppressed.
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 When in the least of them my life hath end,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 Than that, which on thy humour doth depend.
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness:
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness,
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

87

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
 To me that languished for her sake:
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 When in the least of them my life hath end,
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew,
 Than that, which on thy humour doth depend.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 At first the very worst of fortune's might.
 And all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

88

When in the chronicle of wasted time,
 My sinful earth these rebel powers array,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems:
 But yet be blamed, if thou thy self deceivest
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The mountain, or the sea, the day, or night:
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

89

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
 O lest your true love may seem false in this,
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured.
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

90

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stelled,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And that in guess they measure by thy deeds,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.

91

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
 As I'll my self disgrace, knowing thy will,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 But let your love even with my life decay.
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

92

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 Could make me any summer's story tell:
 The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste
 The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits!
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, my self will bear all wrong.

93

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving,
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest,
 To follow that which flies before her face:
 All these I better in one general best.
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 But if thou live remembered not to be,
 Die single and thine image dies with thee.

94

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score,
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

95

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Askance and strangely; but by all above,
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 But love hate on for now I know thy mind,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

96

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
 These vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend.'
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
 Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

97

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Have faculty by nature to subsist,
 In many's looks, the false heart's history
 Of thee, thy record never can be missed:
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Which works on leases of short-numbered hours,
 And this my hand, against my self uprear,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 But if the while I think on thee (dear friend)
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

98

As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass his fickle hour:
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st.
 And yet this time removed was summer's time,
 That you your self being extant well might show,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight:
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

99

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approve her.
 O absence what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 if thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

100

So now I have confessed that he is thine,
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;
 My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 A dateless lively heat still to endure,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure:
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart
 O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

101

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
So I for fear of trust, forget to say,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
And then believe me, my love is as fair,
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
To give away your self, keeps your self still,
And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.

102

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right,
Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
And strength by limping sway disabled
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

I03

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
Give warning to the world that I am fled
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
For when these quicker elements are gone
Though in our lives a separable spite,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
And by a part of all thy glory live:
'Tis thee (my self) that for my self I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

I04

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said
While comments of your praise richly compiled,
Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
Me from my self thy cruel eye hath taken,
And do whate'er thou wilt swift-footed Time
Of him, my self, and thee I am forsaken,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
For if I should despair I should grow mad,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

I05

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
Lest sorrow lend me words and words express,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
'Will', will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
In things of great receipt with case we prove,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
But when from highmost pitch with weary car,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
The eyes (fore duteous) now converted are
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 And more, much more than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

I06

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Then gentle cheater urge not my amiss,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed,
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
To side this title is impanelled
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
And by their verdict is determined
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

I07

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage.
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
Is more than my o'erpressed defence can bide?
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness:
Thy self away, art present still with me,
And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

I08

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case,
Which this (Time's pencil) or my pupil pen
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
Can make you live your self in eyes of men.
For thee, against my self I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

I09

Accuse me thus, that I have scanted all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,
Since mind at first in character was done.
The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
So thou being rich in will add to thy will
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

I10

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Than this rich praise, that you alone, are you?
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun:
Which should example where your equal grew.
Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love,
Thy worth the greater being wooed of time,
And grew a seeting bath which yet men prove,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
Either not assailed, or victor being charged,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged,
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.

III

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

III2

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
Drink up the monarch's plague this flattery?
When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,
And that your love taught it this alchemy?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
For we which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

II3

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But as the riper should by time decease,
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Than think that we before have heard them told:
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
Yet do thy worst old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

II4

What's in the brain that ink may character,
For all the day they view things unrespected,
What's new to speak, what now to register,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out,
Since seldom coming in that long year set,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
The sun it self sees not, till heaven clears.
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

115

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out,
Without this folly, age, and cold decay,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
And threescore year would make the world away:
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive,
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

116

The forward violet thus did I chide,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
Have faculty by nature to subsist,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
Of thee, thy record never can be missed:
To side this title is impanelled
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
And by their verdict is determined
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
As thus, mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right, thy inward love of heart.

117

From you have I been absent in the spring,
While comments of your praise richly compiled,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense,
Which like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense.
So till the judgment that your self arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

118

How like a winter hath my absence been
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
But when she saw my woeful state,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
In winged speed no motion shall I know,
Thus policy in love t' anticipate
From thy behaviour, beauty doth he give
And brought to medicine a healthful state
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my song.

119

From you have I been absent in the spring,
And each doth good turns now unto the other,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure,
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
That you your self may privilege your time
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
Your self to pardon of self-doing crime.
So thou, thy self out-going in thy noon:
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.

120

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure.
Then being asked, where all thy beauty lies,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
To say within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
And on just proof surmise, accumulate,
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate:
So thou, thy self out-going in thy noon:
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.

I21

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
That you your self being extant well might show,
Creating every bad a perfect best
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
I sick withal the help of bath desired,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 But when your countenance filled up his line,
 Then lacked I matter, that enfeebled mine.

I22

How like a winter hath my absence been
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
The spirit of love, with a perpetual dulness:
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
And this my hand, against my self uprear,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

I23

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Dost hold Time's fickle glass his fickle hour:
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st.
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent,
Creating every bad a perfect best
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

I24

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
O but with mine, compare thou thine own state,
Still losing when I saw my self to win!
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
But these particulars are not my measure,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
 Which used lives th' executor to be.

I25

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
So all their praises are but prophecies
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

I26

Against that time (if ever that time come)
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

127

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure,
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss,
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
So till the judgment that your self arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

128

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
And I my self am mortgaged to thy will,
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe,
The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right, my self will bear all wrong.

I29

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect,
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.

I30

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
What merit lived in me that you should love
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling:
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed,
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay
And captive good attending captain ill.
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well,
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

I31

O that you were your self, but love you are
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
Against this coming end you should prepare,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory,
I see their antique pen would have expressed,
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
beated and chopt with tanned antiquity,
For I impair not beauty being mute,
Self, so self-loving were iniquity.
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love'.

I32

How like a winter hath my absence been
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
Still losing when I saw my self to win!
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right,
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
Which like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
So shall thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

I33

Lo as a careful huswife runs to catch,
But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
But for their virtue only is their show,
And constant stars in them I read such art
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so,
If from thy self, to store thou wouldst convert:
 Be not self-willed for thou art much too fair,
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

I34

Unthrifty loveliness why dost thou spend,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
Your self again after your self's decease,
When thou thy self dost give invention light?
O let my looks be then the eloquence,
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 And their gross painting might be better used,
 Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abused.

I35

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
May still seem love to me, though altered new:
The second burthen of a former child!
That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
One blushing shame, another white despair:
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

I36

I never saw that you did painting need,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Th' imprisoned absence of your liberty,
And therefore art enforced to seek anew,
Without accusing you of injury.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
To make some special instant special-blest,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which used lives th' executor to be.

I37

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
O no, thy love though much, is not so great,
And in abundance addeth to his store,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
One will of mine to make thy large will more.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had to triumph, being lacked to hope.

I38

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
As interest of the dead, which now appear,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
For having traffic with thy self alone,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter, that enfeebled mine.

I39

Against that time (if ever that time come)
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
And of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most,
Then should I spur though mounted on the wind,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
That I might see what the old world could say,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
And all things turns to fair, that eyes can see!
 Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had to triumph, being lacked to hope.

I40

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
No longer yours, than you your self here live,
The which he will not every hour survey,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers divine,
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness every where:
Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand,
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
 But love hate on for now I know thy mind,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

I41

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
'Will', will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
In things of great receipt with case we prove,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

I42

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
And rather make them born to our desire,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
To be so tickled they would change their state
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part,
This I do vow and this shall ever be,
I will be true despite thy scythe and thee.

I43

O never say that I was false of heart,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
As easy might I from my self depart,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Then can I drown an eye (unused to flow)
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
But if thou catch thy hope turn back to me:
To bear greater wrong, than hate's known injury.
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

I44

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live:
For when these quicker elements are gone
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring things:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
At first the very worst of fortune's might.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

I45

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars
His tender heir might bear his memory:
For when these quicker elements are gone
By unions married do offend thine ear,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear:
When I have seen such interchange of State,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

I46

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
Who for thy self art so unprovident.
But now my gracious numbers are decayed,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident:
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
And do whate'er thou wilt swift-footed Time
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
One blushing shame, another white despair:
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

I47

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
To thee I send this written embassy
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest,
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
By wilful taste of what thy self refuseth.
And do so love, yet when they have devised,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathized,
And stretched metre of an antique song.
 But when your countenance filled up his line,
 Then lacked I matter, that enfeebled mine.

I48

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
I do believe her though I know she lies,
Ah, if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
Was used in giving gentle doom:
Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent?
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
I must attend, time's leisure with my moan.
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me for my name is Will.

149

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day,
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approve her.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word,
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part.
 To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love, I can allege no cause.

150

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure.
 Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye,
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe,
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 O let me true in love but truly write,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander as I think proceeds.

151

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep,
And each doth good turns now unto the other,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness every where:
Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand
More sharp to me than spurring to his side,
 But love hate on for now I know thy mind,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

152

When I consider every thing that grows
Like a deceived husband, so love's face,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
One on another's neck do witness bear
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
 Which used lives th' executor to be.

153

But be contented when that fell arrest,
Although our undivided loves are one:
My life hath in this line some interest,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth,
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And do so love, yet when they have devised,
Which this (Time's pencil) or my pupil pen
Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathized,
Can make you live your self in eyes of men.
Therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my song.

154

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure.
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure,
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
And their gross painting might be better used,
Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abused.