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LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD
SHAKESPEARES
SONNETS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF
THE FIRST EDITION
1609

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION TO SONNETS—

I. General Characteristics . . . . . . . . 7
II. Relation of Sonnets to the Early Plays . . . 18
III. The History of the Publication . . . . . 26
IV. The State of the Text . . . . . . . . 40
V. Early Manuscript Copies and Reprints . . . 51
VI. A Census of Copies . . . . . . . . . 62

ILLUSTRATIVE TITLE-PAGE—

The John Wright imprint of 1609 . . . . . 63

FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1609
I

Though Shakespeare's sonnets are unequal in literary merit, many reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy which are not to be matched elsewhere in poetry. Numerous lines like

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy

or

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

seem to illustrate the perfection of human utterance. If a few of the poems sink into inanity beneath the burden of quibbles and conceits, others are almost overcharged with the mellowed sweetness of rhythm and metre, the depth of thought and feeling, the vividness of imagery, and the stimulating fervour of expression which are the finest fruits of poetic power.¹

¹ This preface mainly deals with the bibliographical history of the sonnets, and the problems involved in the circumstances of their publication. In regard to the general significance of the poems—their bearing on Shakespeare's biography and character or their relations to the massive sonnet literature of the day, at home and abroad—I only offer here a few remarks and illustrations supplementary to what I have already written on these subjects in my Life of Shakespeare, fifth edition, 1905, or in the Introduction to the Elizabethan Sonnets, 1904 (Constable's reissue of Arber's English Garner). The abundant criticism which has been lavished on my already published comments has not modified my faith in the justice of my general position or in the fruitfulness of my general line of investigation. My friend Canon Beeching has, in reply to my strictures, ably restated the 'autobiographic' or 'literal' theory in his recent edition of the sonnets (1904), but it seems to me that he attaches insufficient weight to Shakespeare's habit of mind elsewhere, and to the customs and conventions of contemporary literature, especially to those which nearly touch the relations commonly subsisting among Elizabethan authors, patrons, and publishers. Canon Beeching's
The sonnets, which number 154, are not altogether of homogeneous character. Several are detached lyrics of impersonal application. But the majority of them are addressed to a man, while more than twenty towards the end are addressed to a woman. In spite of the vagueness of intention which envelops some of the poems, and the slenderness of the links which bind together many consecutive sonnets, the whole collection is well calculated to create the illusion of a series of earnest personal confessions. The collection has consequently been often treated as a self-evident excerpt from the poet’s autobiography.

In the bulk of the sonnets the writer professes to describe his infatuation with a beautiful youth and his wrath with a disdainful mistress, who alienates the boy’s affection and draws him into dissolute courses. But any strictly literal or autobiographic interpretation has to meet a formidable array of difficulties. Two general objections present themselves on the threshold of the discussion. In the first place, the autobiographic interpretation is to a large extent in conflict with the habit of mind and method of work which are disclosed in the rest of Shakespeare’s achievement. In the second place, it credits the poet with humiliating experiences of which there is no hint elsewhere.

On the first point, little more needs saying than that Shakespeare’s mind was dominated and engrossed by genius for drama, and that, in view of his supreme mastery of dramatic comments on textual or critical points, which lie outside the scope of the controversy, seem to me acute and admirable.

It is not clear from the text whether all the sonnets addressed to a man are inscribed to the same person. Mingled, too, with those addressed to a man, are a few which offer no internal evidence whereby the sex of the addressee can be determined, and, when detached from their environment, were invariably judged by seventeenth and eighteenth-century readers to be addressed to a woman.
power, the likelihood that any production of his pen should embody a genuine piece of autobiography is on a priori grounds small. Robert Browning, no mean psychologist, went as far as to assert that Shakespeare ‘ne’er so little’ at any point of his work left his ‘bosom’s gate ajar’, and declared him incapable of unlocking his heart ‘with a sonnet-key’. That the energetic fervour which animates many of Shakespeare’s sonnets should bear the living semblance of private ecstasy or anguish, is no confutation of Browning’s view. No critic of insight has denied all tie of kinship between the fervour of the sonnets and the passion which is portrayed in the tragedies. The passion of the tragedies is invariably the dramatic or objective expression, in the vividest terms, of emotional experience, which, however common in human annals, is remote from the dramatist’s own interest or circumstance. Even his two narrative poems, as Coleridge pointed out, betray ‘the utter aloofness of the poet’s own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst’. Certainly the intense passion of the tragedies is never the mere literal presentment of the author’s personal or subjective emotional experience, nor does it draw sustenance from episodes in his immediate environment. The personal note in the sonnets may well owe much to that dramatic instinct which could reproduce intuitively the subtlest thought and feeling of which man’s mind is capable.

The particular course and effect of the emotion, which Shakespeare portrayed in drama, were usually suggested or prescribed by some story in an historic chronicle or work of fiction. The detailed scheme of the sonnets seems to stand on something of the same footing as the plots of his plays. The sonnets weave together and develop with the finest poetic and dramatic sensibility themes which
had already served, with inferior effect, the purposes of poetry many times before. The material for the subject-matter and the suggestion of the irregular emotion of the sonnets lay at Shakespeare's command in much literature by other pens. The obligation to draw on his personal experiences for his theme or its development was little greater in his sonnets than in his dramas. Hundreds of sonneteers had celebrated, in the language of love, the charms of young men—mainly by way of acknowledging their patronage in accordance with a convention which was peculiar to the period of the Renaissance. Thousands of poets had described their sufferings at the hands of imperious beauty. Others had found food for poetry in stories of mental conflict caused by a mistress's infidelity or a friend's coolness. The spur of example never failed to incite Shakespeare's dramatic muse to activity, and at no period of literary history was the presentation of amorous adventures more often essayed in sonnets than by Shakespeare's poetic contemporaries at home and abroad during the last decade of the sixteenth century. It goes without saying that Shakespeare had his own experience of the emotions incident to love and friendship or that that experience added point and colour to his verse. But his dramatic genius absolved him of the need

1 The conflicts between the claims of friend and mistress on the affections, and the griefs incident to the transfer of a mistress's attentions to a friend—recondite topics which are treated in Shakespeare's sonnets—seem no uncommon themes of Renaissance poetry. Clement Marot, whose work was very familiar to Spenser and other Elizabethan writers, in complicated verse headed 'A celle qui souhaïta Marot aussi amoureux d'elle qu'un sien Amy' (Œuvres, 1565?, p. 437), describes himself in a situation resembling that which Shakespeare assigns to the 'friend' of his sonnets. Being solicited in love by his comrade's mistress, Marot warns her of the crime against friendship to which she prompts him, and, less complacent than Shakespeare's 'friend', rejects her invitation on the ground that he has only half a heart to offer her, the other half being absorbed by friendship.
of seeking his cue there exclusively. It was not in his nature (to paraphrase Browning again) to write merely for the purpose of airing his private woes and perplexities.

Shakespeare acknowledged in his plays that 'the truest poetry is the most feigning'. The exclusive embodiment in verse of mere private introspection was barely known to his era, and in these words the dramatist paid an explicit tribute to the potency in poetic literature of artistic impulse and control contrasted with the impotency of personal sensation, which is scarcely capable of discipline. To few of the sonnets can a controlling artistic impulse be denied by criticism. The best of them rank with the richest and most concentrated efforts of Shakespeare's pen. To pronounce them, alone of his extant work, free of that 'feigning', which he identified with 'the truest poetry', is tantamount to denying his authorship of them, and to dismissing them from the Shakespearean canon.

The second general objection which is raised by the theory of the sonnets' autobiographic significance can be stated very briefly. A literal interpretation of the poems credits the poet with a moral instability which is at variance with the tone of all the rest of his work, and is rendered barely admissible by his contemporary reputation for 'honesty'. Of the 'pangs of despised love' for a woman, which he professes to suffer in the sonnets, nothing need be said in this connexion. But a purely literal interpretation of the impassioned protestations of affection for a 'lovely boy', which course through the sonnets, casts a slur on the dignity of the poet's name which scarcely bears discussion. Of friendship of the healthy manly type, not his plays alone, but the records of his biography, give fine and touching examples. All his dramatic writing, as well as his two narrative poems and the testimonies of his intimate associates in life, seems to prove
him incapable of such a personal confession of morbid infatuation with a youth, as a literal interpretation discovers in the sonnets.

It is in the light not merely of aesthetic appreciation but of contemporary literary history that Shakespeare's sonnets must be studied, if one hopes to reach any conclusions as to their precise significance which are entitled to confidence. No critic of his sonnets is justified in ignoring the contemporary literary influences to which Shakespeare, in spite of his commanding genius, was subject throughout his extant work. It is well to bear in mind that Elizabethan sonneteers, whose number was legion, habitually levied heavy debts not only on the great masters of this form of verse in Italy and France, who invented or developed it, but on contemporary foreign practitioners of ephemeral reputation. Nor should it be forgotten that the Elizabethan reading public repeatedly acknowledged a vein of artificiality in this naturalized instrument of English poetry, and pointed out its cloying tendency to fantastic exaggeration of simulated passion.¹

Of chief importance is it to realize that the whole vocabulary of affection—the commonest terms of endearment—often carried with them in Renaissance or Elizabethan poetry, and especially in Renaissance and Elizabethan sonnets, a poetic value that is wholly different from any that they bear to-day. The example of Tasso, the chief representative of the Renaissance on the continent of Europe in Shakespeare's day, shows with singular lucidity how the language of love was suffered deliberately to clothe the conventional relations of poet to

¹ Impatience was constantly expressed with the literary habit of 'Oiling a saint with supple sonneting,' which was held to be of the essence of the Elizabethan sonnet (cf. J. D.'s *Epigrammes*, 1598, Sonnet II at end, headed 'Ignoto,' and the other illustrations of contemporary criticism of sonnets in my *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 111-12).
a helpful patron. Tasso not merely recorded in sonnets an apparently amorous devotion for his patron, the Duke of Ferrara, which is only intelligible in its historical environment, but he also carefully describes in prose the precise sentiments which, with a view to retaining the ducal favour, he sedulously cultivated and poetized. In a long prose letter to a later friend and patron, the Duke of Urbino, he wrote of his attitude of mind to his first patron thus: 'I confided in him, not as we hope in men, but as we trust in God... It appeared to me, so long as I was under his protection, fortune and death had no power over me. Burning thus with devotion to my lord, as much as man ever did with love to his mistress, I became, without perceiving it, almost an idolater. I continued in Rome and in Ferrara many days and months in the same attachment and faith.' With illuminating frankness Tasso added: 'I went so far with a thousand acts of observance, respect, affection, and almost adoration, that at last, as they say the courser grows slow by too much spurring, so his [i.e. the patron's] goodwill towards me slackened, because I sought it too ardently.' There is practical identity between the alternations of feeling which find touching voice in many of the sonnets of Shakespeare and those which colour Tasso's confession of his intercourse with his Duke of Ferrara. Both poets profess for a man a lover-like idolatry. Both attest the hopes and fears, which his favour evokes in them, with a fervour and intensity of emotion which it was only in the power of great poets to feign.

That the language of love was in common use in Elizabethan England among poets in their intercourse with those who appreciated and encouraged their literary genius, is convincingly illustrated by the mass of verse which was addressed

1 Tasso, Opere, Pisa, 1821-32, vol. xiii, p. 298.
to the greatest of all patrons of Elizabethan poetry—the Queen. The poets who sought her favour not merely commended the beauty of her mind and body with the semblance of amorous ecstasy; they carried their professions of ‘love’ to the extreme limits of realism. They seasoned their notes of adoration with reproaches of inconstancy and infidelity, which they couched in the peculiarly intimate vocabulary that is characteristic of genuinely thwarted passion.

Sir Walter Raleigh offers especially vivid evidence of the assurance with which the poetic client offered his patron the homage of varied manifestations of amoristic sentiment. He celebrated his devotion to the Queen in a poem, called *Cynthia*, consisting of twenty-one books, of which only the last survives. The tone of such portion as is extant is that of ecstatic love which is incapable of restraint. At one point the poet reflects

[How] that the eyes of my mind held her beams
   In every part transferred by love’s swift thought;
Far off or near, in waking or in dreams
   Imagination strong their lustre brought.
Such force her angelic appearance had
   To master distance, time or cruelty.
Raleigh’s simulated passion rendered him
   intentive, wakeful, and dismayed,
In fears, in dreams, in feverous jealousy.

1 The date of Raleigh’s composition is uncertain; most of the poem was probably composed about 1594. *Cynthia* is the name commonly given the Queen by her poetic admirers. Spenser, Barnfield, and numerous other poets accepted the convention.

2 With some of the italicized words, passages in Shakespeare’s sonnets may be compared, e.g.:

xxvii. 9-10.  ... my soul’s imaginary sight
   Presents thy shadow to my sightless view.
xliii. 11-12. When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
   Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

The obsequious dependant and professional suitor declares himself to be a sleepless lover, sleepless because of the cruelty

\textit{xliv. 1-2.} If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way.
\textit{lxi. 1-2.} Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Similarly Spenser wrote of Queen Elizabeth in 1591 in his \textit{Colin Clouts come home againe} with a warmth that must mislead any reader who closes his ears and eyes to the current conventions of amorous expression. Here are some of his assurances of regard (ll. 472-80):

To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
\textit{To her my heart I nightly martyrize:}
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
And I hers ever only, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to be,
One ever I and others never none.

As in Raleigh’s case, Spenser draws attention to his sufferings as his patron’s lover by night as well as by day. To take a third of a hundred instances that could be adduced of the impassioned vein of poetic addresses to Queen Elizabeth, Richard Barnfield wrote a volume of poems called (like Raleigh’s poem) \textit{Cynthio}, in honour of his sovereign (published in 1595). In a prefatory address he calls the Queen ‘his mistress’. Much high-strung panegyrical follows, and he reaches his climax of adoring affection in a brief ode attached to the main poem. There he describes how, after other adventures in the fields of love, ‘Eliza’ has finally written her name on his heart in characters of crimson blood. Her fair eyes have inflicted on him a fatal wound. The common note of familiarity in a poet’s addresses to patrons is well illustrated by the fluency of style in which Barnfield professes his affection for the Queen:

![Image of page content]

Her it is, for whom I mourne;
Her, for whom my life I scorne;
Her, for whom I wepe all day;
Her, for whom I sigh, and say,
Either She, or els no creature,
Shall enjoy my loue: whose feature
Though I neuer can obtaining,
Yet shall my true loue remaine:
Till (my body turned to clay)
My poore soule must passe away,
To the heauens; where (I hope)
Hit shall finde a resting scope:
Then since I loued thee (alone)
Remember me when I am gone.
of his mistress in refusing him her old favours. In vain he tries to blot out of his mind the joys of her past kindness and to abandon the hopeless pursuit of her affection. He is ‘a man distract’, who, striving and raging in vain to free himself from strong chains of love, merely suffers ‘change of passion from woe to wrath’. The illusion of genuine passion could hardly be produced with better effect than in lines like these:—

The thoughts of past times, like flames of hell,
Kindled afresh within my memory
The many dear achievements that befell
In those prime years and infancy of love.

It was in the vein of Raleigh’s addresses to the Queen that Elizabethan poets habitually sought, not her countenance only, but that of her noble courtiers. Great lords and great ladies alike—the difference of sex was disregarded—were repeatedly assured by poetic clients that their mental and physical charms excited in them the passion of love. Protestations of affection, familiarly phrased, were clearly encouraged in their poetic clients by noble patrons. Nashe, a typical Elizabethan, who was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit and temper of the times, bore (in 1595) unqualified witness to the poetic practice when he wrote of Gabriel Harvey, who religiously observed all current conventions in his relations with patrons:—

I haue perused veares of his, written vnder his owne hand to Sir Philip Sidney, wherein he courted him as he were another Cyparissus or Ganimede; the last Gordian true lounes knot or knitting up of them is this:—

1 The two sonnets which accompanied Nashe’s gift to the young Earl of Southampton of an obscene poem called The choosing of Valentines, sufficiently indicate the tone of intimacy which often infected ‘the dedicated words which writers used’ when they were seeking or acknowledging patrons’ favours.
Sum iecur, ex quo te primum, Sydneie, vidi;
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare iecur.

All liver am I, Sidney, since I saw thee;
My mouth, eyes, rule it and to love doth draw mee.¹

All the verse, which Elizabethan poets conventionally affirmed to be fired by an amorous infatuation with patrons, was liable to the like biting sarcasm from the scoffer.² But no satiric censure seemed capable of stemming the tide of passionate adulation, in what Shakespeare himself called ‘the liver vein’, which in his lifetime flowed about the patrons of Elizabethan poetry. Until comparatively late in the seventeenth century there was ample justification for Sir Philip Sidney’s warning of the flattery that awaited those who patronized poets and poetry: ‘Thus doing you shall be [hailed as] most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; thus doing, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante’s Beatrice.’³ There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, always prone to follow the contemporary fashion, yielded to the prevailing tendency and penned many sonnets in that ‘liver vein’ which was especially calculated to fascinate the ear of his literature-loving and self-indulgent patron, the Earl of Southampton. The illusion of passion which colours his verse was beyond the scope of other contemporary ‘idolaters’ of patrons, because it was a manifestation of his superlative and ever-active dramatic power.

¹ ‘Have with you to Saffron-Walden’ (O 3 verso), in Nashe’s Works, ed. McKerrow, vol. iii, p. 92.
² On the conventional sonnet of adoration Shakespeare himself passed derisively the same sort of reflection as Nashe when, in Love’s Labour’s Lost (iv. 3. 74 seq.), he bestows on a love-sonnet the comment:—

This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.
It is not known for certain when Shakespeare's sonnets were written. They were probably produced at various dates, but such external evidence as is accessible assigns the majority of them to a comparatively early period of Shakespeare's career, to a period antecedent to 1598. Internal evidence is on this point very strongly corroborative of the external testimony. The language and imagery of the sonnets closely connects them with the work which is positively known to have occupied Shakespeare before 1595 or 1596. The passages and expressions which are nearly matched in plays of a later period are not unimportant, but they are inferior in number to those which find a parallel in the narrative poems of 1593 and 1594, or in the plays of similar date. Again, only a few of the parallels in the later work are so close in phrase or sentiment as those in the earlier work.¹

Two leading themes of the sonnets are very closely associated with Shakespeare's poem of Venus and Adonis and the plays that were composed about the same date. The first seventeen poems, in which the poet urges a beautiful youth to marry, and to bequeath his beauty to posterity, repeat with somewhat greater exuberance, but with no variation of sentiment, the plea that Venus thrice fervently

¹ Almost every play of Shakespeare offers some parallels to expressions in the sonnets. Canon Beeching (pp. xxv–xxvii) has collected several (which are of great interest) from Henry IV and Hamlet, but they are not numerous enough to justify any very large conclusion. It does not seem to have been noticed that the words 'Quietus' (Hamlet, iii. 1. 75, and Sonnet CXXVI. 12) and 'My prophetic soul' (Hamlet, i. 5. 40, and Sonnet CVII. 1) come in Hamlet and the sonnets, and nowhere else. The sonnets in which they occur may be of comparatively late date, but the evidence is not conclusive in itself.
urges on Adonis in Shakespeare's poem (cf. II. 129-32, 162-74, 1751-68). The plea is again developed by Shakespeare in Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 218-28. Elsewhere he only makes slight and passing allusion to it—viz. in All's Well, i. 1. 136, and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 273-5. The bare treatment, which the subject receives in these comparatively late plays, notably contrasts with the fullness of exposition in the earlier passages.

An almost equally prominent theme of Shakespeare's sonnets—the power of verse to 'eternize' the person whom it commemorated—likewise suggests early composition. The conceit is of classical origin, and is of constant recurrence in Renaissance poetry throughout Western Europe. The French poet, Ronsard, never tired of repeating it in the odes and sonnets which he addressed to his patrons, and Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, among Elizabethan poets, emulated his example with energy. Shakespeare presents the theme in much the same fashion as his English contemporaries, and borrows an occasional phrase from poems by them, which were in print before 1594. But the first impulse to adopt the proud boast seems to have come from his youthful study of Ovid. Of all Latin poets, Ovid gave the pretension most frequent and most frank expression. Sonnet LV, where Shakespeare handles the conceit with

1 Nothing was commoner in Renaissance literature than for a literary client to urge on a patron the duty of transmitting to future ages his charms and attainments. The plea is versified in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia (bk. iii) in the addresses of the old dependant Geron to his master Prince Histor, and in Guarini's Pastor Fido (1585) in the addresses of the old dependant Linco to his master the hero Silvio. Chapman dwells on the theme in an address to his patron the Duke of Lennox, in his translation of Homer's Iliad (of which the publication began in 1598):

None ever lived by self-love; others' good
Is th' object of our own. They living die
That bury in themselves their fortunes' brood.
gorgeous effect, assimilates several lines from the exultant
outburst at the close of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To that book,
which Shakespeare often consulted, he had especial recourse
when writing *Venus and Adonis*. Moreover, a second work
of Ovid was also at Shakespeare's hand, when his first
narrative poem was in process of composition. The Latin
couplet, which Shakespeare quoted on the title-page of *Venus
and Adonis*, comes from that one of Ovid's *Amores* (or
'Elegies of Love') in which the Latin poet with fiery
vehemence expatiates on the eternizing faculty of verse.¹
Ovid's vaunt in his 'Elegies' had clearly caught Shakespeare's
eye when he was engaged on *Venus and Adonis*, and the
impression seems to be freshly reflected in Shakespeare's
treatment of the topic through the sonnets.²

No internal evidence as to the chronological relations
of two compositions from the same poet's pen is open to
less dispute than that which is drawn from the tone and
texture of the imagery and phraseology. The imagery and

¹ To the many instances I have adduced of the handling of this topic by
Spenser and other Elizabethan poets, may be added this stanza from Roydon's
*Elegie* on Sir Philip Sidney, where he refers to the sonnets which Sidney,
in the name of Astrophel, addressed to Lady Rich, in the name of Stella:—

> Then Astrophill hath honour'd thee [i.e. Stella];
> For when thy body is extinct,
> Thy graces shall eternall be,
> And live by vertue of his inke;
> For by his verses he doth give
> To short-livde beautie aye to live.

² Cf. *Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus; mihi fama perennis
Queritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.*

(Ovid's 'Amores', i. xv. 7–8.)

The *Venus and Adonis* motto is immediately preceded in Ovid's 'Amores'
(i. xv. 35–6) by these lines:—

> Ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri,
> Depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.
> Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
> Cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi. (31–4.)
phraseology of great poets suffer constant flow. Their stores are continually replenished in the course of their careers. Whenever, therefore, any really substantial part of the imagery and phraseology in two or more works is of identical tone and texture, no doubt seems permissible that they belong to the same epoch in the poet’s career. Application of these principles to Shakespeare’s sonnets can lead to no other result than that the bulk of them are of the same date as the earliest plays.

Probably Shakespeare’s earliest comedy, Love’s Labour’s Lost, offers a longer list of parallels to the phraseology and imagery of the sonnets than any other of his works. The details in the resemblance—the drift of style and thought—confirm the conclusion that most of the sonnets belong to the same period of the poet’s life as the comedy. Longaville’s regular sonnet in the play (iv. 3. 60-73) closely catches the tone that is familiar to readers of Shakespeare’s great collection. Like thirty-four of Shakespeare’s collected quatorzains, it begins with the rhetorical question:—

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
‘Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

But apart from syntactical or metrical forms, the imagery in Love’s Labour’s Lost is often almost identical with that of the sonnets.

The lyric image of sun-worship in Sonnet VII. 1-4:—

Lo, in the Orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

* Cf. Mr. C. F. McClumpha’s papers on the relation of the sonnets (1) with Love’s Labour’s Lost, and (2) with Romeo and Juliet, respectively, in Modern Language Notes, vol. xv, No. 6, June, 1900, pp. 337-46, and in Shakespeare-Fabrbuch, xi. pp. 187 seq. (Weimar, 1904).
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight, 
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,

reappears in heightened colour in Biron’s speech in Love’s 

Labour’s Lost (iv. 3. 221–8):—

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline, 
That like a rude and savage man of Inde, 
At the first opening of the gorgeous East, 
Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind 
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast? 
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye 
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow, 
That is not blinded by her majesty?

Only here and in another early play—Romeo and Juliet—is the imagery of sun-worship brought by Shakespeare into the same relief.¹

Another conceit which Shakespeare develops persistently, 
in almost identical language, in both the sonnets and Love’s 
Labour’s Lost, is that the eye is the sole source of love, the 
exclusive home of beauty, the creator, too, of strange 
delusions in the minds of lovers.²

¹ Cf. Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 124–5: the worshipp’d sun 
Peer’d forth the golden window of the east.

² Cf. Sonnet xiv. 9: 
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 350: 
From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive, &c.

Sonnet xvii. 5–6: 
If I could write the beauty of your eyes 
And in fresh numbers number all your graces.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 322–3: 
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes 
Of beauty’s tutors have enriched you with.

Cf. again Sonnet cxxv. 2–7 with L. L. L. v. 2. 770–5. For a curious parallel use of the law terms ‘several’ and ‘common’ see Sonnet cxxxvii. 9, 10, and 
L. L. L. ii. 1. 223.
Furthermore, the taunts which Biron's friends address to him on the black or dark complexion of his lady love, Rosaline, are in phrase and temper at one with Shakespeare's addresses to his 'dark lady' in the sonnets. In the comedy and in the poems Shakespeare plays precisely the same fantastic variations on the conventional controversy of Renaissance lyricists, whether a black complexion be a sign of virtue or of vice.

1 Hardly briefer is the list of similarities of phrase and image offered by Shakespeare's earliest romantic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. The following four examples are representative of many more:—

   *Son.* xxv. 5-6:
   
   But as the marigold at the sun's eye.

   *Rom. and Jul.* i. 1. 157-8:
   
   [bud] can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
   Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

   *Son.* xcvi. 2-3:
   
   When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
   Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

   *Rom. and Jul.* i. 2. 26-7:
   
   Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
   When well-apparel'd April . . .

   *Son.* cxxxvi. 8-9:
   
   Among a number one is reckon'd none:
   Then in the number let me pass untold.

   *Rom. and Jul.* i. 2. 32-3:
   
   Which on more view of many, mine being one
   May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

   *Son.* lxxxiv. 5-6:
   
   Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
   That to his subject lends not some small glory.

   *Rom. and Jul.* i. 3. 76-1:
   
   That book in many eyes doth share the glory
   That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

One of the most perfect utterances of the sonnets (XXXIII. 4), the description of the glorious morning sun,

   *Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,*
At many points, characteristic features of Shakespeare's vocabulary in the sonnets are as intimately associated with the early plays as the imagery. Several uncommon yet significant words in the sonnets figure in early plays and nowhere else. Such are the epithet 'dateless', which is twice used in the sonnets—XXX. 6 and CLIII. 6, and is only used twice elsewhere, in two early plays, Richard II, i. 3. 151, and Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 115; the two words 'compile' (LXXVIII. 9), or 'compil’d' (LXXXV. 2), and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished'), which only appear in the sonnets and in Love's Labour's Lost (iv. 3. 134; v. 2. 52 and 896; v. i. 12); the participial 'Out-worn' in sonnets LXIV. 2 'Out-worn buried age', and LXVIII. i 'days out-worn', which is only met with in Lucrece, 1350, 'the worn-out age', and 1761, 'time out-worn'; the epithet 'world-without-end', Sonnet LVII. 5, which is only found elsewhere in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 799; 'wires' for 'hair' (CXXX, 4), a favourite word with Elizabethan sonneteers between 1590 and 1597, which is only found elsewhere in the epithet 'wiry' for 'hairy' in King John, iii. 4. 64; and 'idolatry' ('Let not my love be called idolatry') in CV. 1, which is used elsewhere in five plays—one alone, Troilus and Cressida (ii. 2. 56), being of later period.

is closely akin to the lines in yet another early play, Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 391–3, where we read how

the Eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

1 Cf. Son. xxx. 6:
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.

Rom. and Jul. v. 3. 115:
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

2 Viz. Two Gentlemen, iv. 4. 207; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 75; A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 109; Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 114; and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 56.
Three rare words which testify to Shakespeare's French reading—'rondure' (XXI. 8), 'couplement' (XXI. 9), and 'carcanet', i.e. necklace (LII. 8)—are only found elsewhere respectively in King John, ii. 1. 259, in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 535, and in Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 4.

One or two quotations or adaptations of lines of the sonnets in work by other pens, bring further testimony to the comparatively early date of composition. In these instances the likelihood that Shakespeare was the borrower is very small. The whole line (XCIV. 14)—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds appeared before 1595 in the play of 'Edward III' (ii. 1. 451), together with several distinctive phrases. The poet Barnfield, who, in poems published in that and the previous year, borrowed with great freedom from Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, levied loans on the sonnets at the same time.

1 Two are especially noteworthy, viz. 'scarlet ornaments', of the lips or cheeks (Son. CXLIII. 6 and Edw. III, ii. 1. 10), and 'flatter', applied to the effect of sunlight (Son. XXXIII. 2 and Edw. III, i. 2. 142).

2 In Sonnet LXXXV Shakespeare uses together the rare words 'compiled' and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished') when he writes of

... comments of your praise, richly compiled,...

And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.

Barnfield, in his Cassandra, which was ready for publication in January, 1595, writes on the same page of his heroine's lover that 'his tongue compiles her praise', and subsequently of 'her filed tongue'. The collocation of the expressions is curious. Barnfield's descriptions in his Affectionate Shepheard (1594) of his youth's 'amber locks trust up in golden tramels', 'which dangle adowne his lovely cheekes', with the poet's warning of 'th' indecencie of mens long haire', and the appeal to the boy, 'Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier' (Affectionate Shepheard, I. ii; II. xix, xxiii), may comment on Shakespeare's sonnet LXVIII, where the youth is extravagantly complimented on the beauty of his 'golden tresses', which 'show false art what beauty was of yore'. In Shakespeare's sonnet XCVIII, lines 8–12—

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,
In two sonnets (published in Jan. 1595) Barnfield depre-
ciated the beauty of heroes of antiquity compared with his
own fair friend. Sonnet XII begins:—

Some talke of Ganymede th' Idalian Boy
And some of faire Adonis make their boast,
Some talk of him [i.e. Castor], whom louely Laeda
[i.e. mother of Helen] lost . . .

Sonnet XVII opens:—

Cherry-lipt Adonis in his snowie shape,
Might not compare with his pure luorie white.
Both seem crude echoes of Shakespeare’s sonnet LIII:—

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you.

III

All occasional poetry, and especially poetry for patrons
‘in the liver vein’, was usually ‘kept in private’ in the
possibly reflect Barnfield’s lines in the Affectionate Shepheard (I. iii):—

His Iuory-white and Alabaster skin
Is staint throughout with rare Vermillion red,
But as the Lillie and the blushing Rose,
So white and red on him in order grows.

It is curious to note that this is the only place in all his works where Shake-
spere uses the word ‘vermilion’. It is not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; cf. Sidney’s Astropel, cii. 5, ‘vermillion dyes’; Daniel’s Rosamond (1592), l. 678, ‘vermilion red’ (of roses); J. C.’s Alcilia (1596), ‘vermilion hue’ (in Elizabethan Longer Poems, p. 361). But it is far more frequent in sixteenth-
century French and Italian poetry (vermeil and vermiglio). It is used in all
the early Italian poems concerning Venus and Adonis which were accessible
to Shakespeare. Cf. Dolce’s La Favola d’Adone, iv. 7:—

Quivi tra Gigli le vermiglio Rose
Si dimostrano ogn’ hor liete e vezzose.

In both Dolce’s La Favola d’Adone (83, 8) and Tarchagnota’s L’Adone (72, 6 and 74, 2) Adonis’ dead body is metamorphosed into ‘uno vermiglio fiore’ or
‘quel fior vermiglio’, the flower assuming ‘vermiglio color del sangue’.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

Elizabethan era. It was 'held back from publishing'. It circulated only among the author's or the patron's friends. The earliest known reference to the existence of any collection of sonnets by Shakespeare indicates that he followed the fashion in writing them exclusively for private audiences.

In 1598 the critic, Francis Meres, by way of confirming the statement that 'the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare', called to 'witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends etc.' There can be little question that Meres refers to sonnets by Shakespeare which were in circulation among his private friends, and were, in the critic's mind, chiefly distinguished from Shakespeare's two narrative poems by being unpublished and in private hands. Meres' language is too vague to press very closely. The use of the common and conventional epithet 'sugared' suggests that Shakespeare's sonnets were credited by the writer with the ordinary characteristics of the artificial sonneteering of the day.

1 Of the specimens of adulatory verse to which reference has been made above, neither the work of Raleigh, nor of Nashe, nor of Harvey was printed in the authors' lifetime. Harvey's confession of love for Sir Philip Sidney is not known to be extant. The manuscript copies in which Raleigh's and Nashe's verse declared their passion for their patrons were printed for the first time in our own day.

2 Manuscript poems written for and circulating among an Elizabethan poet's friends rarely reached his own hand again. In 1593 the veteran poet, Thomas Churchyard, when enumerating in his Challenge unpublished pieces by himself which had been 'gotten from me of some such noble frends as I am loath to offend,' includes in his list 'an infinite number of other Songes and Sonets, giuen where they cannot be recouered, nor purchase any fauour when they are craued'.

3 The conventional epithet 'sugared' was often applied to poetry for patrons. In the Returne from Parnassus (1600?), a poverty-stricken scholar, who seeks the favour of a rich patron, is counselled to give the patron 'some sugar candye tearms' (ll. 1377-8), while to the patron's son 'shall thy piping poetry and sugar ends of verses be directed' (l. 1404). In the same piece (l. 243) Daniel was congratulated on his 'sugared sonneting'. Cf. 'sugred
Meres’ evidence as to the ‘private’ circulation of a number of Shakespeare’s sonnets in 1598 received the best possible corroboration a year later, when two sonnets, which were undoubtedly by Shakespeare, were printed for the first time in the poetic miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim*. That volume was compiled piratically by the publisher, William Jaggard, from ‘private’ manuscripts, and although its contents were from various pens, all were ascribed collectively to Shakespeare on the title-page.

There are indications that separate sonnets by Shakespeare continued to be copied and to circulate in MS. in the years that immediately followed. But ten years elapsed before Shakespeare’s sonnets were distinctly heard of in public again. Then as many as 154 were brought together and were given to the world in a quarto volume.  

On May 20, 1609, the grant of a licence for the publication of Shakespeare’s sonnets was thus entered in the Registers of the Stationers’ Company: ‘Entred [to Thomas Thorpe] for his copie vnder th’ andes of master Wilson and master Lownes Warden, a Booke called Shakespeares sonnetes y’f.  

A knowledge of the career and character of Thomas Thorpe, who was owner of the copyright and caused the sonnets to be published, is needful to a correct apprehension of the publication of the sonnets.
of the manner in which they reached the printing-press or to a right apprehension of the order in which they were presented to the reading public. The story has many points of resemblance with that of William Jaggard’s publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

Thorpe, a native of Barnet in Middlesex, where his father kept an inn, was at Midsummer, 1584, apprenticed for nine years to an old-established London printer and stationer, Richard Watkins, whose business premises were at the sign of Love and Death in St. Paul’s Churchyard. Nearly ten years later he took up the freedom of the Stationers’ Company. He seems to have become a stationer’s assistant. Fortune rarely favoured him, and he held his own with difficulty for some thirty years in the lowest ranks of the London publishing trade.

In 1600 there fell into his hands a ‘private’ written copy of Marlowe’s unprinted translation of the first book of *Lucan*. Thorpe, who was not destitute of a taste for literature—he knew scraps of Latin and recognized a good MS. when he saw one—interested in his find Edward Blount¹, then a stationer’s assistant like himself, but with better prospects. Through Blount’s good offices, Peter Short printed Thorpe’s MS. of Marlowe’s *Lucan*, and Walter Burre sold it at his shop in St. Paul’s Churchyard.

As owner of the MS., Thorpe chose his patron and supplied the dedicatory epistle. The patron of his choice was his friend Blount. The style of the dedication was somewhat flamboyant, but Thorpe showed a literary sense when he gave the title of his find. Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procurer or picker-up of neglected ‘copy’. In 1598 he became proprietor of Marlowe’s unfinished and unpublished *Hero and Leander*, and found among better-equipped friends in the trade both a printer and a publisher for his treasure-trove.

¹ Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procurer or picker-up of neglected ‘copy’. In 1598 he became proprietor of Marlowe’s unfinished and unpublished *Hero and Leander*, and found among better-equipped friends in the trade both a printer and a publisher for his treasure-trove.
when he designated Marlowe 'that pure elemental wit', and a good deal of dry humour in offering to 'his kind and true friend', Blount, 'some few instructions' whereby he might accommodate himself to the unaccustomed rôle of patron. Thorpe gives a sarcastic description of a typical patron. 'When I bring you the book,' he advises Blount, 'take physic and keep state. Assign me a time by your man to come again... Censure scornfully enough and somewhat like a traveller. Commend nothing lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. ... One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing.' Finally Thorpe, adopting the conventional tone, challenges his patron's love 'both in this and, I hope, many more succeeding offices'.

Three years later he was able to place his own name on the title-page of two humbler literary prizes—each an insignificant pamphlet on current events. Thenceforth for a dozen years his name reappeared annually on one, two, or three volumes. After 1614 his operations were few and far between, and they ceased altogether in 1624. He seems to have ended his days in poverty, and has been identified with the Thomas Thorpe who was granted an alms-room in the hospital of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, on December 3, 1635.

Thorpe was associated with the publication of twenty-nine volumes in all, including Marlowe's *Lucan*; but in almost all his operations his personal energies were confined, as in his initial enterprise, to procuring the manuscript. For a short period in 1608 he occupied a shop, the Tiger's Head, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the fact was duly announced on the title-pages of three publications which he issued in that year. But his other undertakings were described on their
title-pages as printed for him by one stationer and sold for him by another, and when any address found mention at all, it was the shopkeeper's address, and not his own. He merely traded in the 'copy', which he procured how he could—in a few cases by purchase from the author, but in more cases through the irregular acquisition of a 'private' transcript of a work that was circulating at large and was not under the author's 'protection'. He never enjoyed in permanence the profits or dignity of printing his 'copy' at a press of his own, or selling books on premises of his own. In this homeless fashion he pursued the well-understood profession of procurer of 'dispersed transcripts' for a longer period than any other known member of the Stationers' Company.

Besides Thorpe, there were actively engaged in the publication of the first edition of Shakespeare's sonnets the printer George Eld and two booksellers, John Wright and William Aspley, who undertook the sale of the impression. The booksellers arranged that one-half of the copies should bear one of their names in the imprint, and the other half should bear the other's name. The even distribution of the two names on the extant copies suggests that the edition was precisely halved between the two. The practice was not uncommon. In 1606 the bookseller Blount acquired the MS. of the long unpublished A Discourse of Civill Life, by Lodowick

1 Very few of his wares does Thorpe appear to have procured direct from the authors. It is true that between 1605 and 1611 there were issued under his auspices some eight volumes of genuinely literary value, including, besides Shakespeare's sonnets, three plays by Chapman (of which the text is very bad), four works of Ben Jonson (which his old friend Blount seems to have procured for him), and Coryat's Odcobian Banquet, a piratical excerpt from Coryat's Crudities. Blount acquired the copyright of Ben Jonson's Sejanus on November 2, 1604, and assigned it to Thorpe on August 6, 1605. Thorpe did not retain the property long. He transferred his right in Sejanus, as well as in Jonson's Volpone, to Walter Burre on October 3, 1610.
Bryskett, the friend of Spenser and Sidney. One-half of the edition bore the imprint, 'London for Edward Blount,' and the other half, 'London for W. Aspley.'

Thorpe's printer, Eld, and his bookseller, Aspley, were in well-established positions in the trade. George Eld, who had taken up his freedom of the Stationers' Company on January 13, 1600, married in 1604 a widow who had already lost in rapid succession two husbands—both master-printers. The printing-press, with the office at the White Horse, in Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, which she inherited from her first husband Gabriel Simson (d. 1600), she had handed over next year to her second husband Richard Read (d. 1604). On Read's death in 1604, she straightway married Eld and her press passed to Eld. In 1607 and subsequent years Eld was very busy both as printer and publisher. Among seven copyrights which he acquired in 1607 was that of the play called *The Puritaine*, which he published with a title-page fraudulently assigning it to W. S.—initials which were clearly intended to suggest Shakespeare's name to the unwary.

Aspley, the most interesting of the three men engaged in producing Thorpe's venture, was the son of a clergyman of Royston, Cambridgeshire. After serving an apprenticeship with George Bishop, he was admitted a freeman on April 11, 1597. He never owned a press, but held in course of time the highest offices in the Company's gift, finally dying during the year of his mastership in 1640. His first shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Thorpe carried on business temporarily a few years later, but in 1603 he succeeded Felix Norton in the more important premises at the sign of the Parrot in the same locality. It was

1 There are two copies in the British Museum with the two different imprints.
there that half of Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was
offered for sale in 1609. Aspley had already speculated in Shake-
speare's work. He and a partner, Andrew Wise, acquired in
1600 copyrights of both the Second Part of Henry IV and Much
Ado about Nothing, and published jointly quarto editions of the
two. In the grant to Aspley and his friend of the licence for
publication of these two plays, the titles of the books are
followed by the words 'Wrytten by master Shakespere'. There
is no earlier entry of the dramatist's name in the Stationers'
Company Registers. In 1623 Aspley joined the syndicate which
William Jaggard inaugurated for printing the First Folio
edition of Shakespeare's plays, and he lived long enough to be
a member of the new syndicate which was formed in 1632 to
publish the Second Folio. Aspley had business relations with
Thorpe, and with Thorpe's friend Blount, long before the issue
of the Sonnets, and probably supplied Thorpe with capital.¹

John Wright, the youngest of the associates in the
enterprise of the Sonnets, had been admitted a freeman per
patrimonium on June 28, 1602. His business was largely
concerned with chap-books and ballads, but he was fortunate
each to acquire a few plays of interest. The most inter-
esting publication in which he took part before the Sonnets,
was the pre-Shakesperian play on the subject of King Lear,
the copyright of which he took over from a printer (Simon
Stafford) on May 8, 1605, on condition that he employed

¹ On June 23, 1609, Thorpe and Aspley were granted jointly a provisional
licence for the publication of 'A letter written to ye governors and assistantes
of ye E[a]st Indian Merchantes in London Concerning the estat[e] of ye e[a]st
Indian Hete etc.' The licence was endorsed: 'This is to be their copy gettinge
authority for [it].' The book was ultimately published by Thorpe, and was
the earliest publication on the title-page of which his name figured. A similar
provisional licence, granted to the two men on the same day, came to nothing,
being afterwards cancelled owing to the official recognition of another
publisher's claim to the copy concerned (cf. Arber's Registers, iii. 37).
Stafford to print it, which he did. In 1611 he published a new edition of Marlowe’s Faustus, which came from Eld’s press, and bore the same imprint as his impression of Shakespeare’s sonnets. At a later period—on May 7, 1626—he joined the printer, John Haviland, in purchasing the copyright of Shakespeare’s Venus and Adonis. His residence, described as ‘at Christ Church Gate’, was near Newgate. After 1612 he removed to the sign of ‘the Bible without Newgate’.

There are many signs, apart from the state of the text, which awaits our inquiry, that Shakespeare had no more direct concern in Thorpe’s issue of his 154 sonnets in 1609, than in Jaggard’s issue of his two sonnets, with the other miscellaneous contents of The Passionate Pilgrim, ten years before. The exceptionally brusque and commercial description of the poems, both in the entry of the licence in the Stationers’ Company Register, and on the title-page, as ‘Shakespeare’s Sonnets’ (instead of ‘Sonnets by William Shakespeare’), is good evidence that the author was no party to the transaction.¹ The testimony afforded by the dedication to ‘Mr. W. H.’, which Thorpe signed with his initials on the leaf following the title-page, is even more conclusive.² Only when the stationer owned the copyright and controlled the publication, did he choose the patron and sign the dedication. Francis Newman, the stationer who printed ‘dispersed transcripts’ of Sir Philip Sidney’s sonnets for the first time in 1591, exercised the customary privilege. Thorpe had already done so himself when issuing Marlowe’s Lucan in 1600.

¹ The nearest parallel is in the title of Britton’s Browse of Delights (1591), a poetic miscellany piratically assigned to the poet Nicholas Breton by the publisher Richard Jones. See Passionate Pilgrim, Introduction, p. 16.
² Initials, instead of full names, were commonly employed when the dedicatee was a private and undistinguished friend of the dedicatore.
There is no ground for the common assumption that 'T. T.' in addressing the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets to 'Mr. W. H.', was transgressing the ordinary law affecting publishers' dedications, and was covertly identifying the 'lovely' youth whom Shakespeare had eulogized in his sonnets. A study of Elizabethan and Jacobean bibliography can alone interpret the situation aright. In all probability Thorpe in the dedication of the Sonnets followed the analogy of his dedication of Marlowe's Lucan in 1600. There he selected for patron Blount, his friend-in-trade, who had aided him in the publication. His chosen patron of the edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets in 1609 was doubtless one who stood to him in a similar business relation.

Although Thorpe's buoyant and self-complacent personality slightly coloured his style, his dedicatory address to 'Mr. W. H.' followed, with slight variations, the best recognized and most conventional of the dedicatory formulae of the day. He framed his salutation of 'Mr. W. H.' into a wish for his patron's 'all happiness' and 'eternity'.

1 The formula was of great antiquity. Dante employed it in the dedication of his Divina Commedia, which ran: 'Domino Kani Grandi de Scala devotissimus suus Dante Aligherius ... vitam optat per tempora diuturna felicem, et gloriosi nominis in perpetuum incrementum.' The Elizabethan dedicator commonly 'wisheth' his patron 'all happiness' and 'eternity' (or periphrases to that effect) by way of prelude or heading to a succeeding dedicatory epistle, but numerous examples could be adduced where the dedicator, as in Thorpe's case, left the 'wish' to stand alone, and where no epistle followed it. Thorpe's dedicatory procedure and choice of type was obviously influenced by Ben Jonson's form of dedication before the first edition of his Volpone, which Thorpe published for Jonson in 1607 and which Eld printed. On the first leaf, following the title, appears in short lines (in the same fount of large capitals as that used in Thorpe's dedication to 'Mr. W. H.') these words: 'To the Most Noble | and Most Aequall | Sisters | The Two Famovs Vniversities | For their Love | And | Acceptance | Shewn | To his Poeme | in the Presentation | Ben: Jonson | The Gratefyll Acknowledger | Dedicates | Both It and Himselbe |.' In very small type, at the right-hand corner of the
happiness', 'health and eternall happiness', 'all perseverance with soules happiness', 'health on earth temporall and higher happiness eternall', 'the prosperity of times successe in this life, with the reward of eternitie in the world to come' are variants of the common form, drawn from books that were produced at almost the same moment as Shakespeare's sonnets. The substantives are invariably governed by the identical inflexion of the verb—'wisheth'—which Thorpe employed.

By attaching to the conventional complimentary mention of 'eternity' the ornamental phrase 'promised by our ever-living poet' (i.e. Shakespeare), Thorpe momentarily indulged in that vein of grandiloquence of which other dedications from his pen furnish examples. 'Promises' of eternity were showered by poets on their patrons with prodigal hands. Shakespeare in his sonnets had repeated the current convention with much fervour when addressing a fair youth. Thorpe's interweaving of the conventional 'wish' of the ordinary bookmaker, with an allusion to the conventional 'promise' of the panegyrizing poet, gave fresh zest and emphasis to the well-worn phrases of complimentary courtesy. There is no implication in Thorpe's dedicatory greeting of an ellipse, after the word 'promised', of the word 'him', i.e. 'Mr. W. H.' Thorpe 'wisheth' 'Mr. W. H.' 'eternity', no less grudgingly than 'our ever-living poet' offered his own friend the 'promise' of it in his sonnets.

Almost every phrase in his dedicatory greeting of 'Mr. W. H.' has a technical significance, which has no bearing on Shakespeare's intention as sonneteer, but exclusively concerns Thorpe's action and position as the publisher. In accordance with professional custom, Thorpe dubbed himself

The promise of eternity.

Thorpe's technical language.

page, below this dedication, are the words: 'There follows an Epistle if you dare venture on the length.' The Epistle begins overleaf.
‘the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth’, and thereby claimed sole and exclusive responsibility for the undertaking. His fellow-publisher, William Barley, called himself his patron’s ‘faithful well-wisher’ when, in 1595, he dedicated a book, the manuscript of which he had picked up without communication with the author, to Richard Stapar, a Turkey merchant of his acquaintance. Similarly, when the dramatist John Marston in 1606 undertook to issue for himself his play named ‘Parasitaster or the Fawne’, he pointed out in a prose preface that he (the author) was the sole controller of the publication, and was on this occasion his own ‘setter out’: ‘Let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my own setter out.’

To the title which Thorpe bestows on Mr. W. H., ‘the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets,’ a like professional significance attaches. In this phrase Thorpe acknowledges the services of ‘Mr. W. H.’ in ‘procuring’ and collecting in his behalf the ‘private’ transcripts, from which the volume was printed. To ‘Mr. W. H.?s’ sole exertions the birth of the publication may be attributed. ‘Mr. W. H?’ filled a part which is familiarly known in the history of Elizabethan publishing as ‘procurer of the copy’. In Elizabethan English there was no irregularity in the use of ‘begetter’ in its primary sense of ‘getter’ or ‘procurer’, without any implica-

1 Barley saluted his patron (before Richard Hasketon’s report of his ‘Ten years’ Travels in foreign countries’) thus: ‘Your worship’s faithful well-will, W[illiam] Barley, wisheth all fortunate and happy success in all your enterprises, with increase of worldly worship; and, after death, the joys unspeakable.’ A rare copy of the tract is at Britwell. It is reprinted in Arber’s Garner. The stationer Thomas Walkley in 1622, in his preface to the Second Quarto of Beaumont and Fletcher’s Philaster, wrote that ‘he had adventured to issue a revised edition knowing how many well-wisbers it had abroad’. Another ‘stationer’, Richard Hawkins, who published on his own account the third edition of the same play in 1628, described himself in the preliminary page as ‘acting the merchant adventurer’s part’.
tion of that common secondary meaning of 'breed' or 'generate', which in modern speech has altogether displaced the earlier signification.

'Beget' came into being as an intensive form of 'get', and was mainly employed in Anglo-Saxon and Mediaeval English in the sense of 'obtain'. It acquired the specialized signification of 'breed' at a slightly later stage of development, and until the end of the seventeenth century it bore concurrently the alternative meanings of 'procure' (or 'obtain') and 'breed' (or 'produce'). Seventeenth-century literature and lexicography recognized these two senses of the word and no other. 'Begetter' might mean 'father' (or 'author') or it might mean 'procurer' (or 'acquirer'). There is no suggestion that Thorpe meant that Mr. W. H. was 'author' of the sonnets. Consequently doubt that he meant 'procurer' or 'acquirer' is barely justifiable. The following are six examples of the Elizabethan use of the word in its primary significance of 'procure':—

(1) The mightier [sc. the] man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets [i.e. procures] him hate.

(Lucrece, 1004–5.)

(2) We could at once put us in readiness,
    And take a lodging fit to entertain
    Such friends as Time in Padu shall beget [i.e. procure].

(Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 43–5.)

(3) 'In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion... acquire and beget a temperance.' (Hamlet, iii. 2. 6.) Hamlet in this sentence colloquially seeks emphasis by repetition, and the distinction of meaning to be drawn between 'acquire' and 'beget' is no more than that to be drawn between the preceding 'torrent' and 'tempest.'

(4) 'I have some cousins german at Court [that] shall beget you (i.e. procure for you) the reversion of the Master of the King's Revels.' (Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602; cf. Hawkins' Origin of English Drama, iii. 156.)

(5) '[This play] hath begot itself (i.e. procured for itself or obtained) a greater favour than he (i.e. Sejanus) lost, the love of good men.' (Ben Jonson's dedication before Sejanus, 1605, which was published by Thorpe.)

(6) [A spectator wishes to see a hero on the stage] 'kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; beget him (i.e. get him) a reputation, and marry an Emperor's daughter for his mistress'. (Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady (1632), Act 1, Epilogue.)

It should be borne in mind that in the Variorum edition of 1821 James Boswell the younger, who there incorporated Malone's unpublished collections, appended to T. T.'s dedication the note: 'The word begetter is merely the person who gets or procures a thing, with the common prefix be added to it.' After quoting Dekker's use of the word as above (No. 4), Boswell adds that W. H. probably 'furnished the printer with his copy'. Neither Steevens no: Malone, who were singularly well versed in Elizabethan bibliography,
A very few years earlier a cognomen almost identical with 'begetter' (in the sense of procurer) was conferred in a popular anthology, entitled Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses, on one who rendered its publisher the like service that Mr. W. H. seems to have rendered Thorpe, the publisher of Shakespeare's Sonnets. One John Bodenham, filling much the same rôle as that assigned to Mr. W. H., brought together in 1600 a number of brief extracts ransacked from the unpublished, as well as from the published, writings of contemporary poets. Bodenham's collections fell into the hands of an enterprising 'stationer', one Hugh Astley, who published them under the title Belvedere or The Garden of the Muses. After an unsigned address from the publisher 'To the Reader' in explanation of the undertaking, there follows immediately a dedicatory sonnet inscribed to John Bodenham, who had brought the material for the volume together, and had committed it to the publisher's charge. The lines are signed in the publisher's behalf, by A. M. (probably the well-known writer, Anthony Munday). Bodenham was there apostrophized as

First causer and collectour of these florces.

In another address to the reader at the end of the book, which is headed 'The Conclusion', the publisher again refers more prosaically to Bodenham, as 'The Gentleman who

recognized that 'begetter' could be interpreted as 'inspirer'—an interpretation of which no example has been adduced. Daniel used the word 'begotten', in the common sense of 'produced', in the dedicatory Sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke, before his collection of sonnets called Delia (1592). He bids his patroness regard his poems as her own, as 'begotten by thy hand and my desire'; she is asked to treat them as if they were literally produced by, or born of, her hand or pen, at the writer's request. The countess was herself a writer of poetry, a circumstance which gives point to Daniel's compliment. The passage is deprived of sense if 'begotten by thy hand' be accorded any other meaning.
was the cause of this Collection' (p. 235). When Thorpe called 'Mr. W. H.' 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets', he probably meant no more than the organizers of the publication of the book called Belvedere, in 1600, meant when they conferred the appellations 'first causer' and 'the cause' on John Bodenham, who was procurer for them of the copy for that enterprise.

IV

The corrupt state of the text of Thorpe's edition of 1609 fully confirms the conclusion that the enterprise lacked authority, and was pursued throughout in that reckless spirit which infected publishing speculations of the day. The character of the numerous misreadings leaves little doubt that Thorpe had no means of access to the author's MS. The procurer of the 'copy' had obviously brought together 'dispersed transcripts' of varying accuracy. Many had accumulated incoherences in their progress from pen to pen. The 'copy' was constructed out of the papers circulating in private, and often gave only a hazy indication of the poet's

1 What was the name of which W. H. were the initials cannot be stated positively. I have given reasons for believing them to belong to one William Hall, a freeman of the Stationers' Company, who seems to have dealt in unpublished poems or 'dispersed transcripts' in the early years of the seventeenth century and to have procured their publication; cf. Life of Shakespeare, p. 418 seq.

2 Like Sidney's sonnets, which long circulated in 'private' MSS., Shakespeare's collection 'being spread abroad in written copies, had gathered much corruption by ill writers (i.e. scriveners)'. Cf. the publisher Thomas Newman's dedicatory epistle before the first (unauthorized) edition of Sidney's Astrophel and Stella (1591). Thorpe's bookselling friend, Edward Blount, when he gathered together, without the author's aid, the scattered essays by John Earle, which Blount published in 1628 under the title of Micro-cosmographie, described them as 'many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious'.

State of the text.
meaning. The compiler had arranged the poems roughly in order of subject. The printer followed the manuscript with ignorant fidelity. Signs of inefficient correction of the press abound, and suggest haste in composition and press-work. The book is a comparatively short one, consisting of forty leaves and 2,156 lines of verse. Yet there are probably on an average five defects per page or one in every ten lines.

Of the following thirty-eight misprints, at least thirty 

play havoc with the sense:—

xii. 4. And sable curls or siluer’d ore with white:
(for all).

xxiii. 14. To heare wit cies belongs to loues fine wibt:
(for with and wit).

xxvi. 11. And puts apparrell on my tottered louing: (for tattered).

xxviii. 14. And night doth nightly make greefes length
seeme stronger: (for strength).

xxxix. 12. Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost
deceiuue: (for doth).

xl. 7. But yet be blam’d, if thou this selfe deceauest:
(for thy).

xliv. 13. Receiuing naughts by elements so sloe.

xlvii. 11. For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst
moue: (for not or no).

li. 10. Therefore desire (of perfects love being
made).

liv. 14. When that shall vade, by verse distils your
truth: (for my).

lvi. 13. As cal it Winter, which being ful of care:
(for or).

lxiii. 2. With times injurious hand crusht and ore-
worne: (for crush’d).
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

LXV. 12. Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid (for of).

LXIX. 3. All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that end: (for due).

LXXIII. 4. Bare ru’nd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang: (for ruin’d).

LXXVI. 7. That every word doth almost fel my name: (for tell).

LXXVII. 10. Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde: (for blanks).

LXXXVIII. 1. When thou shalt be dispose to set me light: (for disposed).

XC. 11. But in the onset come, so stall I taste: (for shall).

XCI. 9. Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me: (for better).

XCIV. 4. Vnmooued, could, and to temptation slow: (for cold).

XCVI. 11. How many gazers mightst thou lead away: (for mightest).

XCVI. 9. Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire: (for One).

CII. 7–8. As Philomell in summers front doth singe, And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies: (for her).

CVI. 12. They had not still enough your worth to sing: (for skill).

CVIII. 3. What’s new to speake, what now to register: (for new).

CXII. 14. That all the world besides me thinkes y’re are dead: (for methinks are dead).

CXIII. 6. Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack: (for latch).
Therefore my *Mistersse eyes* are Rauen blacke: Misprints.

*Made In* pursuit and in possession so: (for mad in pursuit).

Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame A blisse in prooфе and *proud and very wo*: (for prov'd a).

Knowing thy heart *torment* me with disdaine: (for torments).

As those two *morning eyes* become thy face: (for mourning).

That I may not be so, nor thou be *lyde*: (for belied).

Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still: (for suggest).

Tempteth my better angel from my *sight*: (for side).

For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde *eye*: (for I).

Where Cupid got new *fire*; my mistres *eye*: (for eyes rhyming with lies).

The discrepancies in spelling may not exceed ordinary limits, but they confirm the impression that the compositors followed an unintelligent transcript. *'Scythe'* appears as *'sieth'* (XII. 13 and C. 14), and as *'syeth'* (CXXIII. 14); *'Minutes'* appears as *'mynuits'* (XIV. 5 and LXXVII. 2), as *'mynuit'* (CXXVI. 8), and as *'minuites'* (LX. 2); *'False'* appears as *'false'* (XX. 4, 5), as *'faulse'* (LXVIII. 14), and as *'falce'* (LXXII. 9, XCII. 14, XCIIL 7). More than forty other orthographical peculiarities of like significance, few of which are distinguishable from misprints, are:—*'accumulate'* for *'accumulate'* (CXVII. 10); *'a floate'* for *'aflote'*. 
The substitution, fifteen times, of their for thy or thine, and once of there for thee, even more forcibly illustrates the want of intelligent apprehension of the subject-matter of the
poems on the part of those who saw the volume through the press. Few works are more dependent for their due comprehension on the correct reproduction of the possessive pronouns, and the frequent recurrence of this form of error is very damaging to the reputation of the text.

The following is a list of these puzzling confusions:

xxvi. 12. To show me worthy of their sweet respect:
(for thy).

xxvii. 10. Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view:
(for thy).

xxx. 8. But things remou'd that hidden in there lie:
(for thee).

xxxv. 8. Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
(for thy and thy).

xxxvii. 7. Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit: (for thy).

xl. 11. When in dead night their faire imperfect shade: (for thy).

xlv. 12. Of their faire health, recounting it to me:
(for thy).

xlvi. 3. Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre: (for thy).

8. And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes:
(for thy).

13. As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part:
(for thine).

14. And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart: (for thine).

lxix. 5. Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd: (for Thy).

lxx. 6. Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time: (for Thy).
cxxxviii. 11. Oer whome their fingers walke with gentle gate: (for thy).

14. Gieue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse: (for thy).

The like want of care, although of smaller moment, is apparent in the frequent substitution of the preposition to for the adverbial too:

xxxviii. 3. Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent.

lxi. 14. From me farre of, with others all to neere.

lxxiv. 12. To base of thee to be remembred.

lxxxiii. 7. How farre a moderne quill doth come to short.

lxxxvi. 2. Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you.

The reverse mistake appears in—

cxxxv. 2. And Will too boote: (for to boot).

At least thrice were is confused with wear:

lxxvii. 1. Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were: (for wear).

xcviii. 11. They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

(for were).

cxl. 5. If I might teach thee witte better it weare:

(for were).

The following proofs of carelessness admit of no classification, but give additional proof of the want of discrimination on the part of those who have credited the volume with exceptional typographical accuracy."

There are some trifling discrepancies between various copies of the edition which illustrate the common practice among Elizabethan printers of binding up an uncorrected sheet, after the sheet has been corrected, and after other copies have been made up with the corrected version. The 'Ellesmere' copy has, in LXXVIII. 6, the unique misreading — flee (for flie)—which is corrected in other copies. As in the British Museum copy, it has, too, at F3 (recto) the wrong catchword The for Speake, which is set right in the Bodleian copy.
There was an obvious error in the 'copy' of the first two lines of Sonnet CXLVI. 1, 2:—

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array.
The repetition of the three last words of line 1 at the beginning of line 2 makes the sense and metre hopeless.

Sonnet CXVI is wrongly headed 119.
The first word of Sonnet CXXII, Thy, appears as TThy. The initial 'W' of Sonnet LXXIX is from a wrong fount. The catchwords are given more correctly in some copies than in others, but nine errors are found in all. At C₃ (recto) To appears instead of Thou; at C₄ (verso) Eternall for Eternal; at E (recto) Crawls for Crawles; at D₂ (recto), E₃ (recto), F (verso), G₂ (verso), H₃ (verso), and I₂ (recto), Mine, That, I grant, When, My, and Loue appear instead of the numerals 46, 70, 82, 106, 130, and 142, which are the headings respectively of the next pages (the numeral is given correctly in like circumstances in seven other places).

The appearance of two pairs of brackets, one above the other, enclosing blank spaces, at the end of Sonnet CXXVI is a curious irregularity, due probably for once to the printer's scruples, albeit mistaken. The poem is not a regular sonnet: it consists of six riming couplets—twelve lines in all. But it is complete in itself, and it is not uncommon to find poems of the same kind and length inserted in sonnet-sequences of the day. The printer, however, imagined that it was a sonnet with the thirteenth and fourteenth lines missing, and for these he clumsily left a vacant space which he vaguely expected to fill in subsequently.¹

¹ The suggestion that the printer intended the empty brackets to denote the close of the first section of the sonnets, most of which were addressed to a man, and the opening of a second section, most of which were addressed
Punctuation shows, on the whole, no more systematic care than other features of composition. Commas are frequent, both in and out of place. At times they stand for a full stop. At times they are puzzlingly replaced by a colon or semicolon, or again they are omitted altogether. Brackets are occasionally used as a substitute for commas, but not regularly enough to justify a belief that they were introduced on a systematic plan.

Considerable irregularity characterizes the use of capital letters within the line or of italic type. Both appear rarely and at the compositor’s whim. It was the natural tendency to italicize unfamiliar or foreign words and names and to give them an initial capital in addition. But the printer of the sonnets usually went his own way without heed of law or custom.

to a woman, is unsupported by authority or by the precise position of the brackets. They are directly attached to the single sonnet (CXXVI), and point to some imagined hiatus within its limits.

1 Brackets, in the absence of commas, are helpful in such lines as these:

Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you LVII. 6.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck) LVIII. 5.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse LXXI. 9.
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay 10.
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote LXXX. 11.

Brackets are wrongly introduced in lines like:

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is) LXXX. 5.
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you, LXXXVI. 2.

The absence of all punctuation within the line in such lines as these is very perplexing:

Which vset liues th’ executor to be. iv. 14.
Sings this to thee thou single wilt prowe none. viii. 14.

In several places a mark of interrogation takes the place of one of exclamation with most awkward effect.

2 ‘Rose’ is used twelve times: it is italicized once (I. 2); the names of other flowers are not italicized at all (cf. XXV. 6, XCV. 14, XCVIII. 9, XCV. 6). ‘Alchemy’ (alumine) is used twice: it is once italicized (XCV. 4) and once not (XXXIII. 4). ‘Audite’ is used thrice, and is twice italicized. ‘Autumn’ appears twice, and is once italicized: ‘spring’, ‘summer’, and ‘winter’ are never thus distinguished. The following are the other italicized words in the sonnets: Abisme (CXXII. 9); Adonis (LI. 5); Alien (LXXXVIII. 3);
To Thorpe's 'copy' of the sonnets was appended a poem which had no concern with them. It consisted of 329 lines in the seven-line stanza of Lucrece, and was entitled 'A Lovers Complaint.' By William Shake-speare.3 The piece is a poetic lament by a maiden for her betrayal by a deceitful lover. The title constantly recurs in Elizabethan poetry.1 The tone throughout is conventional. The language is strained, and the far-fetched imagery exaggerates the worst defects of Shakespeare's Lucrece. Such metaphors as the following are frequent:—

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend. (ll. 22-3.)

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face. (ll. 281-2.)

A very large number of words which are employed in the poem are found nowhere else in Shakespeare's work. Some of these seem invented for the occasion to cover incapacity of expression.2 The attribution of the poem to Shakespeare may

Cupid (CLIII. 1 and 14); Dyans (CLIII. 2); Eaues (XCIII. 13); Grecian (LIII. 8); Hellen (LIII. 7); Heritie (CXXIV. 9); Hewis (XX. 7); Informer (CXXV. 13); Intrin (LVI. 9); Mars (LV. 7); Philomell (CII. 7); Quietus (CXXVI. 13); Satire (C. 11); Saturne (XCIII. 4); Statues (LV. 5); Syren (CXXV. 1); Will (CXXV. 1, 2, 11, 12, 14; CXXXVI. 2, 5, 14; CXLIII. 13). In A Lover's Complaint only a single word throughout is italicized—Alloes, in l. 273. The following words of like class to those italicized in the sonnets lack that mark of distinction: Orient (VII. 1); Phœnix (XIX. 4); Muse (XXXII. 10 et al. loc.); Ocean (LXIV. 5); Epitaph (LXXXI. 1); Rhethorick (LXXII. 10); Charter (LXXXIV. 3); cryttick (CXII. 11); cherubines (CXIV. 6); Phisitions (CXL. 8).

2 Two poems called 'A Lovers Complaint' figure in Breton's Arbor of Amorous Devices (1597).

3 The following are some of the once-used words in A Lover's Complaint: 'Acture' (l. 185); 'annexions' (208); 'bat' [i.e. stick] (64); 'credent' (279); 'encrimson'd' (201); 'ender' (222); 'enpatron' (224); 'enswathed' (49); 'extincture' (294); 'fluxive' (50); 'impleach'd' (205); 'invasion' (209); 'invised' (212); 'laundering' (17); 'lover'd' (320); 'maund' (36); 'pensived' (219); 'phraseless' (225); 'plenuidence' (302); 'sawn' [= seen] (91); 'sheaved' hat (31); 'termless' (94).
well be disputed. It was probably a literary exercise on a very common theme by some second-rate poet, which was circulating like the sonnets in written copies, and was assigned to Shakespeare by an enterprising transcriber. The reference to—

Deep-brained sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality,

(ll. 209-10.)

combines with the far-fetched conceits to suggest that the writer drew much of his inspiration from that vast sonnet literature, which both in France and England abounded in affected allusions to precious gems. The typography of the poem has much the same defects as the sonnets. Among the confusing misprints are the following:—"a sacred Sunne" for 'nun' (260); 'Or cleft effect' for 'O' (293); 'all straing formes' for 'strange' (303); 'sounding palenesse' for 'swounding' or 'swooning' (307); 'sound' for 'swound' or 'swoon' (308).

1 Ronsard, and all the poets of the Pléiade, were very generous in their comparison of their mistress' charms to precious stones. The practice, which was freely imitated by Elizabethan sonneteers, received its most conspicuous illustration in the work of Remy Belleau, in his Les Amours et nouveaux eschanges des pierres precieuses, vertus et proprietez d'icelles, which was first published at Paris in 1576, and figuratively describes, with amorous application, the amethyst, the diamond, the loadstone, the ruby, onyx, opal, emerald, turquoise, and many other precious stones. Shakespeare proves his acquaintance with poems of the kind, when he refers in his sonnets to the sonneteers' habit of

Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.

(Sonnet XXI.)

In Sonnet CXXX he again derides the common convention:—

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red.
Thorpe's edition of the Sonnets does not seem to have been received by the public with enthusiasm. Edward Alleyn, the actor, purchased a copy of the book for fivepence, in June, 1609, within a month of its publication. Another copy, in the John Rylands Library (No. VI, below), was clearly purchased at the same price for a gift-book, near the same date. Yet a third extant copy (No. VII, below) bears indication that it was acquired in very early days by Milton's patron, the Earl of Bridgewater. But there is no sign that Shakespeare's sonnets were widely read. A single edition answered the demand. The copyright proved of no marketable value. Thorpe retained it till he disappeared in 1625, and then no one was found to take it off his hands.

Contemporary references to Shakespeare's sonnets in the printed literature of the day are rare. The poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, seems to have studied them, though he failed to note the purchase of Thorpe's volume in the list which he prepared of the English books bought by him up to the year 1614. Many reminiscences of Shakespeare's sonnets figure in Drummond's early sonnets and poems, which were first collected in 1616. He borrowed, too, some lines from A Lover's Complaint, which was appended to Thorpe's edition of the Sonnets.

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1 Warner's Dulwich Manuscripts, p. 92.
2 Cf. Drummond's Poems, pt. ii, Sonnet xi, 2nd impression, Edinb. 1616:
   deare Napkin doe not grieve
   That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eynne,
   And that (these posting Houres I am to live)
   I laudre thy faire Figures in this Brine.

A Lover's Complaint (15-18):
   Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
   Which on it had conceited characters,
   Laundring the silken figures in the brine
   That season'd woe had pelleted in teares.

G 2
Some twenty years later, Shakespeare's earnest admirer and imitator, Sir John Suckling, literally reproduced many expressions from Shakespeare's sonnets, in his Tragedy of Brennoralt.¹

There seems little doubt that Shakespeare's sonnets continued to circulate in manuscript as separate poems, with distinct headings, after, no less than before, Thorpe's publication of the collection. Many copies of detached sonnets appear in extant manuscript albums, or in commonplace books of the early years of the seventeenth century. The textual variations from Thorpe's edition indicate that these transcripts were derived from a version still circulating in manuscript, which was distinct from that which Thorpe procured. In a manuscript commonplace book in the British Museum, which was apparently begun about the year 1610, there is a copy of Sonnet VIII ², with the heading not found anywhere else: 'In laudem

¹ Shakespeare's Sonnet XLVII:—
   Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
   And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
   When that mine eye is famishd for a look,
   Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
   With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
   And to the painted banquet bids my heart.

clearly suggested such a passage in Suckling's play (v. 18–22) (cf. Fragmenta Aurea, 1646, p. 44), as:—
   Iphigene]. Will you not send me neither,
   Your picture when ye are gone?
   That when my eye is famishd for a looke,
   It may have where to feed,
   And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

² Cf. Add. MS. 15,226, f. 4 b. This volume contains many different handwritings belonging to various periods of the seventeenth century. It opens with a poem which does not seem to have been printed, entitled Rawleigh's Caveat to Secure Courtiers, beginning, 'I speak to such if anie such there be.' Towards the end of the volume is a copy of a tract on the Plague of London of 1665, and, in a far earlier hand, copies of Heywood's translation of the two Epistles of Ovid, which appear in The Passionate Pilgrim of 1612.
musice et opprobrium contemptorij (sic) eiusdem. There is no sign that the poem was recognized as forming part of any long sequence of sonnets. The variant readings are not important, but they are numerous enough, combined with differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, to prove that the copyist did not depend on Thorpe’s text. In the manuscript the two quatrains and the concluding sixain are numbered ‘1’, ‘2’, and ‘3’ respectively. The last six lines appear in the manuscript thus:—

3.
Marke howe one stringe, sweet husband to another
Strikes each on each, by mutuall orderinge
Resemblinge Childe, and Syer, and happy Mother
w.ch all in one, this single note dothe singe
whose speechles songe beeinge many seeming one
Sings this to thee, Thou single, shalt proue none.

W: Shakspeare

In Thorpe’s edition these lines run thus:—

Marke howe one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall orderinge;
Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

The superior punctuation of the last line of the manuscript is noticeable.

In like manner, Sonnets LXXI and XXXII, which, closely connected in subject, meditate on the likelihood that the poet will die before his friend, appear as independent poems in a manuscript commonplace book of poetry apparently kept by an Oxford student about 1633.

--- 1 This MS., formerly belonging to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, is now in the library of Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, U.S.A. Mr. Winship,
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

No less than thirty-one years elapsed before a second publisher repeated Thorpe's experiment. In 1640, John Benson, a publisher of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, where Jaggard's memory still lingered, brought out a volume called 'Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare Gent.' It is a miscellaneous collection of verse by several hands, of Providence, has kindly sent me a transcript. The text of the two sonnets only differs from Thorpe's edition in points of spelling and in the substitution of 'me' for 'you' in LXXI. 8, and of 'loue' for 'birth' in XXXII. 11. Thorpe's readings are the better. In a volume of MS, poetry now belonging to Mr. Bertram, of London, the well-known critic and bookseller, and dating about 1630, Sonnet II appears as a separate poem with a distinct title, which is not met with elsewhere. The textual variations from Thorpe's text induce Mr. Dobell to regard it as a transcript of a copy which was not accessible to Thorpe. Most of the poems in Mr. Dobell's manuscript volume bear their writers' names. But this sonnet is unsigned, and the copyist was in apparent ignorance that it was Shakespeare's work. In another similar MS, collection of poetry, which belonged to Mr. Dobell, and is now the property of an American collector, there figured several fragmentary excerpts from Shakespeare's sonnets in an order which is found nowhere else. The handwriting is of the early part of the seventeenth century, and shows slight variations in point of words, spelling, and punctuation from the printed text. In two instances distinct titles are given to the poems. One of these transcripts, headed 'Cruel,' runs thus:

Thou, Contracted to thine owne bright eys,
Feedst thy light flame with selfe substantial fowell,
Making a famine, where aboundance lies,
Thy selve thy foe to thy sweet selve too cruel.
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And onely herauld to ye Gaudy spring,
Within thine owne Bud Buriest thy Contend,
And tender Churle makes wast in niggarding.
Pitty ye world or Els this Glutton bee
To Eat ye worlds due by ye world & thee.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And Dig deep tranches in thy beautyes field,
Thy youths Proud liuery so gazd on now
Wil be A tottered weed of small worth held.
The Canker bloomes have ful as deepe a dy
As ye Perfumed tincture of ye roses.

The first ten lines correspond with Sonnet I. 5-14, the next four with Sonnet II. 1-4, and the last two with Sonnet LIV. 5-6.
but its main contents are 146 of Shakespeare's sonnets interspersed with all the poems of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* in the third edition of 1612, and further pieces by Heywood and others. A short appendix presents 'an addition of some excellent poems . . . by other gentlemen' which are all avowedly the composition of other pens.

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of the formal assignment of the copyright of either Shakespeare's *Sonnets* or Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* to Benson. But Benson duly obtained a licence on November 4, 1639, for the publication of the appendix to his volume. The following entry appears in the Stationers' Company's Register under that date:—

Entred [to John Benson] for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes and Master ffetherston warden An Addicion of some excellent Poems to Shakespeares Poems by other gentlemen. viz\(^1\). His mistris drawne. and her mind by Beniamin Johnson. An Epistle to Beniamin Johnson by Ffrancis Beaumont. | His Mistris shade by R. Herrick. etc. \(v\)j\(^1\).

The volume came from the press of Thomas Cotes, the printer who was at the moment the most experienced of any in the trade in the production of Shakespearean literature. Cotes had bought in 1627 and 1630 the large interests in Shakespeare's plays which had belonged respectively to Isaac Jaggard and Thomas Pavier. He printed the Second Folio of 1632 and a new edition of *Pericles* in 1635. The device which figured on the title-page of his edition of *Pericles*, as well as on that of Pavier's edition of that play in 1619, reappeared on Benson's edition of the *Poems* in 1640.

But, closely associated as the *Poems* of 1640 were, through the printer Cotes, with the current reissues of

\(^1\) Arber, iv. 461.
Shakespeare’s works, it may be doubted whether Benson depended on Thorpe’s printed volume in his confused impression of the sonnets.\(^1\) The word ‘sonnets’, which loomed so large in Thorpe’s edition, finds no place in Benson’s. In the title-pages, in the head-lines, and in the publisher’s ‘Advertisement’, Benson calls the contents ‘poems’ or ‘lines’. He avows no knowledge of ‘Shakespeare’s Sonnets’. Thorpe’s dedication to Mr. W. H. is ignored. The order in which Thorpe printed the sonnets is disregarded. Benson presents his ‘poems’ in a wholly different sequence, and denies them unity of meaning. He offers them to his readers as a series of detached compositions. At times he runs more than one together, without break. But on each detachment he bestows an independent descriptive heading. The variations from Thorpe’s text, though not for the most part of great importance, are numerous.

The separate titles given by Benson to the detached sonnets represent all the poems save three or four to be addressed to a woman. For example, that which Thorpe numbered CXXII is entitled by Benson, ‘Vpon the receit of a Table Booke from his Mistris,’ and that which Thorpe numbered CXXV is headed, ‘An intreatie for her acceptance.’ A word of the text is occasionally changed in order to bring it into accord with the difference of sex. In Sonnet CIV. 1, Benson reads ‘faire love’ instead of Thorpe’s ‘faire friend’, and in CVIII. 5, ‘sweet love’ for Thorpe’s ‘sweet boy’.\(^1\)

\(^1\) Benson’s preface ‘To the Reader’ is not very clearly phrased, but he gives no indication that the poems, which he now offers his public, were reprinted from any existing publication. His opening words run:

‘I here presume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master William Shakespeare, Which in themselves appeare of the same purity, [as those which] the Author himselfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accomodatio of proportionable glory, with the rest
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

But it is surprising how rare is any alteration of this kind necessary in order to adapt the sonnets to a woman’s fascinations. Sonnet XX, which is unmistakably addressed to a man, is headed ‘The Exchange’, and Sonnet XXVI, which begins ‘Lord of my love’, is headed ‘A dutiful message’. But such other headings as, ‘In Praye of his Love,’ ‘An address to his scornefull Loue,’ ‘Complaint for his Loues absence,’ ‘Self-flattery of her beauty,’ &c., which are all attached to sonnets in what is known as the first section of Thorpe’s volume, present no inherent difficulty to the reader’s mind. The superscriptions make it clear that Benson did not distinguish the sonnets from amatory poems of a normal type.

Benson’s text seems based on some amateur collection of pieces of manuscript poetry, which had been in private circulation. His preface implies that the sonnets and poems in his collection were not among those which he knew Shakespeare to have ‘avouched’ (i.e. publicly acknowledged) in his lifetime. By way of explaining their long submergence, he hazards a guess that they were penned very late in the dramatist’s life. John Warren, who contributes new commendatory lines (‘Of Mr. William Shakespear’) for Benson’s edition, writes of the sonnets as if the reader was about to make their acquaintance for the first time. He says of them that they

Will make the learned still admire to see
The Muses’ gifts so fully infused on thee.

of his everliving Workes.’ ‘Everliving’—the epithet which Thorpe applied to Shakespeare—was in too common use as a synonym for ‘immortal’ to make it needful to assume that Benson borrowed it from Thorpe (cf. Shakespeare, 1 Henry VI, iv. 3. 51, ‘That ever-living man of memorie Henry the Fifth’).

1 The other piece of commendatory verse by Leonard Digges confines itself to an enthusiastic account of Shakespeare’s continued hold on the stage, and to the playgoer’s preference of his work over that of Ben Jonson.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

The theory that the publisher Benson sought his copy elsewhere than in Thorpe’s treasury is supported by other considerations. Sonnets CXXXVIII and CXLIV, which take the thirty-first and thirty-second places respectively in Benson’s volume, ignore Thorpe’s text, and follow that of Jaggard’s Passionate Pilgrim (1599 or 1612). The omission of eight sonnets tells the same tale. Among these are one of the most beautiful, ‘Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?’ No. XVIII, and the twelve-lined lyric numbered CXXVI, which some critics have interpreted as intended by Shakespeare to form the envoy to the sonnets addressed to the man. It is difficult to account for the exclusion of these two poems, and six others (Nos. XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, and XCVI), except on the assumption that Benson’s compiler had not discovered them.

Whatever may have been the source of Benson’s text, his edition of them, although it was not reprinted till 1710, practically superseded Thorpe’s effort for more than a hundred years. The sonnets were ignored altogether in the great editions of Shakespeare which appeared in the early years of the eighteenth century. Neither Nicholas Rowe, nor Pope, nor Theobald, nor Hanmer, nor Warburton, nor Capell, nor Dr. Johnson, included them in their respective collections of Shakespeare’s plays. None of these editors, save Capell, showed any sign of acquaintance with them. In collections of ‘Shakespeare’s Poems’ forming supplementary volumes to Rowe’s and Pope’s edition of the plays,

¹ In 1654 there was issued a catalogue of books ‘printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince’s Armes in St. Paule’s Churchyard’. Among the books noticed is ‘Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare Gent.’ The entry suggests that Moseley caused to be printed and published a new issue of Shakespeare’s poems, but there is no trace of any such edition.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

which came out under independent editorship in the years 1710 and 1725 respectively, and were undertaken by independent publishers, the whole of Benson's volume of 1640 was reprinted; the sonnets were not separated from the chaff that lay about them there. The volumes which were issued in the middle of the century under such titles as 'Poems on several occasions, by Shakespeare' (1750?) or 'Poems. Written by Mr. William Shakespeare' (1775), again merely reproduce Benson's work.

Only one publisher in the early years of the century showed any acquaintance with Thorpe's version. In 1710 Bernard Lintott included an exact reprint of it in the second volume of his 'A Collection of Poems (by Shakespeare)'. But no special authority attached to Lintott's reprint in the critical opinion of the day, and even Lintott betrayed the influence of Benson's venture by announcing on his title-page that 'Shakespeare's one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets' were 'all in praise of his mistress'.

It was not until 1766 that the critical study of Shakespeare's sonnets can be said to have begun. In that year Steevens included an exact reprint, of his copy of Thorpe's edition of 1609 (with the Wright imprint), in the fourth volume of his 'Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies and Publish'd from the Originals'. The only comment that Steevens there made on the

¹ Charles Gildon, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1710, whose work was freely appropriated by Dr. Sewell, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1725, denied that any of Shakespeare's poems were sent to press before 1640, and refuted doubts of their authenticity on internal evidence only. Of the sonnets or 'Epigrams', as he calls them, he remarks: 'There is a wonderful smoothness in many of them that makes the Blood dance to its numbers' (p. 463).
sonnets was that 'the consideration' that they made their appearance with Shakespeare's name, and in his lifetime, 'seemed to be no slender proof of their authenticity'. Of their literary value, Steevens announced shortly afterwards a very low opinion. He excluded them from his revision of Johnson's edition of the plays which came out in 1778.

Malone produced the first critical edition of the sonnets in 1780, in his 'Supplement to the Edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in 1778', vol. i. This revision of Thorpe's text proved of the highest value. Steevens supplied some notes and criticisms, and in the annotations on Sonnet CXXVII, Malone and he engaged in a warm controversy, which occupied nearly six pages of small type, regarding the general value of Shakespeare's sonnets. A year before Steevens borrowed of Malone a volume containing first editions of the Sonnets and Lucrece. On returning it to its owner, he pasted on a blank leaf a rough sketch in which Shakespeare is seen to be addressing William Atkinson, Malone's medical attendant, in these words:—

If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my sonnets, find their disease,
Or purge my editor, till he understood them,
I would applaud thee, &c. ¹

Steevens now insisted that 'quaintness obscurity and tautology' were inherent 'in this exotik species of com-

¹ The volume containing this drawing is in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library (Mal. 34). It contains the following note in Malone's handwriting:—'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779 to peruse The Rape of Lucrece in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it, he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and was attended by Mr. Atkinson, the Apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakespeare addresses, is a caricature.—E. M.'
position'. Malone, in reply, confessed no enthusiasm for Shakespeare's sonnets, but claimed for their 'beautiful lines' a rare capacity for illustrating the language of the plays. He agreed that their ardent expressions of esteem could alone, with propriety, be addressed to a woman.

About the same date, Capell, who gave Malone some assistance, carefully revised in manuscript Thorpe's text, as it appeared in Lintott's edition of 1710. But his revised text remains unpublished in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Steevens was to the end irreconcilable, and in an Advertisement prefixed to his last edition of Shakespeare, 1793, he justified his continued exclusion of the sonnets from Shakespeare's works on the ground that the 'strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service'. The sonnets figured in Thorpe's text, revised by Malone, in the latter's edition of Shakespeare's works of 1790, in the Variorum of 1803, and in all the leading editions of Shakespeare's works that have been published since.

The reasoned and erudite appreciation, which distinguished eighteenth-century criticism of Shakespearean drama, gives historic interest to its perverse depreciations or grudging commendations of the Sonnets. Not till the nineteenth century was reached, did the tones of apology or denunciation cease. Nineteenth-century critics of eminence with a single exception soon reached a common understanding in regard to the transcendent merit of the poetry. Hazlitt, alone of

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Steevens added: 'These miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer.'
the great Shakespearean critics of the past century, declined to commit himself without damaging reserves to the strain of eulogy. At the same time differences have continued to prevail as to the precise significance of the poems, even amongst those whose poetic insight entitle their opinion to the most respectful hearing. Coleridge and Robert Browning refused to accept the autobiographic interpretation which commended itself to Wordsworth and Shelley. Great weight was attached to Hallam's censure of the literal theory: 'There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets.' The controversy is not yet ended. But the problem, in the present writer's opinion, involves in only a secondary degree vexed questions of psychology or aesthetics. The discussion must primarily resolve itself into an historical inquiry respecting the conditions and conventions which moulded the literary expression of sentiment and passion in Elizabethan England.

VI

Census of copies of the 1609 edition of the Sonnets are now very scarce. A somewhat wide study of sale catalogues of the past 150 years reveals the presence in the book market of barely a dozen during that period. Many years have passed since a copy was sold at public auction, and the only recent evidence of the selling value of the book is the fact that the copy No. IX, infra, which was sold by public auction in 1864 for £225 15s. 0d., was acquired privately, a quarter of a century later, by a collector of New York for a thousand pounds. Of the eleven traceable copies which are enumerated below, one lacks the title-page,
SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS.

Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate.

1609.

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

and two have facsimile title-pages; of the remaining eight, three have the Aspley imprint and five the Wright imprint. Of the eleven copies, eight are in England, and three in private libraries in America. Of the British copies six are in public collections. The Earl of Ellesmere and Mr. Huth seem to be the only private English owners.¹

The original edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets appeared with two title-pages varying in the name of the bookseller in the imprint. One issue ran:—

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. | 1609.

The title-page of the other issue ran:—

SHAKEY-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. | 1609.

The volume is printed in quarto, containing in all forty leaves. Signature A, consisting of two leaves only, contains the title-page and dedication. The text of the Sonnets begins on signature B and ends on K recto. On K verso begins 'A Louers complaint. | By | William Shake-speare', and it ends with the close of the volume on L2 verso. Thus the signatures run:—A (two leaves), B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K in fours, and L (two leaves). There is no pagination; the leaves A1, A2, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, H4, I4, are unsigned.

Of the copies in the British Museum, that in the Grenville

¹ It is impossible to determine whether the three copies mentioned in the following sale catalogues can be rightly identified with any of the eleven enumerated copies, or whether they had, and have, a separate existence:—

1. A copy in the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which was sold by the bookseller Osborn, of Gray's Inn, in 1742.


3. A copy in the collection of James Boswell the younger, which was sold in 1825 for £38 17s. od.
collection (G. 11181), measuring 6\( \frac{5}{6} \)" x 4\( \frac{5}{6} \)" and bound in red morocco, is in fine condition. This has the Aspley imprint. A few pages are stained. This is possibly the copy with Aspley imprint, priced at £30 in Messrs. Longman's sale list, *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, 1815, p. 301, which fetched £40 19s. od. at the sale of a portion of John Bellingham Inglis' library in June, 1826.

The second Museum copy (C. 21. c. 44), which measures 7\( \frac{1}{6} \)" x 5\( \frac{3}{6} \)", has the title-page and last leaf in a dirty condition, but otherwise it is a good copy. Some pages are mended. It is bound in yellow morocco. It was apparently sold with the library of B. H. Bright in 1845 for £34 10s. od. It has the Wright imprint. It was reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 30, by Charles Praetorius in 1886.

Of the two copies in the Bodleian Library, the one which is reproduced here belongs to the Malone collection and is bound up with the first edition of *Lucrece*. It has the Aspley imprint, and measures 7\( \frac{5}{6} \)" x 5\( \frac{3}{6} \)", being inlaid on paper measuring 9\( \frac{3}{6} \)" x 7\( \frac{5}{6} \)". Malone acquired the volume in April, 1779, paying twenty guineas for the two quartos. He lent the volume to Steevens in the same year. Malone subsequently inlaid and bound up the two tracts with quarto editions of *Hamlet* (1607), of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1598), of *Pericles* (1609 and 1619), and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608). The whole volume was labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' It is now numbered Malone 34.

The second Bodleian copy was presented by Thomas Caldecott, and is now numbered Malone 886. The volume is bound up with 1594 editions of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which it follows. It has several manuscript notes in Caldecott's handwriting, chiefly dealing with misprints and illustrations from the plays. The copy has been cut down by the binder. It measures 6\( \frac{3}{4} \)" x 4\( \frac{5}{6} \)", and the date of the title-page, which bears Wright's name, has been cut off.

A copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, No. V.

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1 The Earl of Charlemont's MSS., i. 343 (in *Hist. Comm. MSS. Report*).
Cambridge, is defective, wanting eight leaves (A1-2, B1, K2-L2) including the title. The missing pages are supplied in manuscript by Capell, who transcribed a Wright title-page. The volume measures 7" × 5".

The John Rylands Library, in Manchester, contains a very fine copy which was acquired with Lord Spencer's Althorp collection, in 1892. It measures 7.5" × 5", and has the Wright imprint. Earl Spencer purchased it in 1798, at the sale of Dr. Richard Farmer's library, for £8. It is in excellent condition, and is bound by Roger Payne in green morocco. Two peculiarities give the copy exceptional interest. On the last page of the volume, below the ornament, is the following manuscript note, in a somewhat ornamental handwriting of the early seventeenth century:—'Comendacons to my very kind & approved freind 23: M.' The numeral and capital at the end of the inscription may be the autograph of the donor in cipher, or may indicate the date of gift, March or May 23. Nothing is known of the history of this inscription, and there is no internal or external evidence to associate it in any way with Shakespeare. The copy was clearly presented by one friend to another about the date of publication. Another manuscript note in the volume is of more normal character. At the top of the title-page—to the left above the ornament—is the symbol 'f' written in the same hand as the inscription at the end. There is no doubt that this represents the cost of the volume, and it is curious to note that Edward Alleyn records in his account-book for June, 1609, that he paid fivepence for a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The suggestion based on this fact that the Spencer copy originally belonged to Alleyn seems hazardous.¹

An interesting history attaches to the copy in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. Originally acquired by the second Earl of Bridgewater, it was sold by

¹ Cf. Dibdin's Aedes Althorpiana, i. 194. Mr. Guppy, the librarian of the John Rylands library, has kindly given me a very full description of this volume and careful tracings of the manuscript inscriptions.
the last Duke of Bridgewater in 1802, apparently on the erroneous assumption that he owned another copy. It was then bought by George Chalmers for £1. At the sale of Chalmers' library, in 1842, it was repurchased for the library at Bridgewater House by the first Earl of Ellesmere, grandfather of the third Earl, the present owner, for £105. This copy was reproduced in photo-zincography, under the direction of Sir Henry James, in 1862. It has the Aspley title-page. It is in eighteenth-century binding. The measurements are 7 3/8" x 5 5/8".

The copy belonging to A. H. Huth has the Wright imprint. It was for many years in the Bentinck library at Varel, near Oldenburg, and formed part of a volume of tracts which had been bound together in 1728. The volume was first noticed by Professor Tycho Mommsen in 1857, when the Bentinck library was dispersed by sale. It was purchased by Halliwell-[Phillips], but was sold at a sale of his books in 1858, when it was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, (through the bookseller Lilly) for £154 7s. od. The copy is somewhat dirty, the top margins are cut close, and some of the print in the headlines is shaved.¹

Of the copies in America, the most interesting belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It has the Wright imprint, is bound in brown morocco by Charles Lewis, and measures 6 5/8" x 5". At the end of the seventeenth century it was purchased by Narcissus Luttrell for one shilling. It subsequently belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears, and it was sold in 1800 at the sale of Steevens' library for £3 19s. od. It was then acquired by the Duke of Roxburghe, at the sale of whose library in 1812 it fetched

¹ A copy of Shakespeare's 'Poems and Sonnets' dated 1609 is mentioned in the manuscript catalogue of the library of Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire. The library was bequeathed, with the Gopsall property, to Lord Howe's ancestor, William Penn Assheton Curzon, by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso, and friend of Handel, in 1773. But the earliest edition of the Sonnets in Lord Howe's library at Gopsall proves on examination (which Lord Howe invited me there to make) to be Lintott's edition of 1710—in which the title-page of the 1609 edition of the Sonnets is reproduced.
The edition of 1609. £21 10s. od. It was again sold at Evans' sale rooms in a valuable collection of Books of a Gentleman gone abroad', on Jan. 25, 1830, for £29 10s. od., and was afterwards acquired by George Daniel, whose monogram G. D. is stamped on the cover. It fetched at the Daniel sale of 1864 £225 15s. od., and afterwards passed into the collection of Almon W. Griswold of New York. Mr. Church purchased it of Mr. Griswold through Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in 1889 for £1,000 (5,000 dollars). The title-page is reproduced in facsimile in the Grolier Club's 'Catalogue of original and early editions', 1895, p. 185.

Mr. F. R. Halsey, of New York, is the owner of the copy formerly belonging to Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in Jan. 1905. This copy has the Aspley imprint. It seems to be the 'imperfect' copy sold at the Jolley sale in London in 1844 for £33; and successively in the libraries of Edward Vernon Utterson, at whose sale in 1852 it fetched £30 5s. od.; of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it for £41 in 1856, when it was acquired by Sir William Tite. At the Tite sale in 1874 it seems to have been bought by Messrs. Ellis & White for the late Frederick Locker Lampson for £15 10s. od. The title and dedication are supplied in admirable facsimile by Harris. The volume is bound in extra-morocco by J. Clarke.

A third copy in America, which belongs to Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, also has the title-page and dedication in facsimile. It measures $6^{3/4}$ $\times$ 5''. The volume was bound by Charles Lewis and acquired by the present owner in New York in 1887.

The edition of 1640 is an octavo of ninety-seven leaves without pagination, and is made up in two distinct parts—

Dibdin writes somewhat mysteriously of Jolley's copy, despite its imperfections, thus: 'The history of the acquisition of the Jolley copy is one of singular interest, almost sufficient to add another day to a bibliographical decameron. The copy is in pristine condition, and looks as if snatched from the press.' Bound up with the Venus and Adonis of 1594 (see Venus and Adonis, Census No. II, British Museum copy), it was acquired by Jolley for a few pence in a Lancashire ramble.
the first of five leaves and the second of ninety-two. The first part, of five leaves, is supplementary to the rest of the work. On the third and fourth leaves are respectively the signatures *2, *3, a form of signature which indicates that the sheet to which it is attached was prepared and printed after the rest of the volume was ready for the press. These supplementary pages contain a frontispiece facing the title, presenting a carefully-elaborated cut of the Droeshout engraving of the First Folio signed 'W. M. Sculpst'. The engraver was William Marshall, an artist of repute. The lower half of the plate is occupied by eight lines of verse, of which the first six consist of three couplets drawn at haphazard from Ben Jonson's eulogy in the First Folio. The concluding couplet—

For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like no age shall ever parallel.

alone seems original. The title-page of the supplementary leaves runs:—


On leaf *2 begins 'Address to the Reader', signed I. B., i.e. John Benson, the publisher and bookseller. On leaf *3 begins a piece of commendatory verse 'Vpon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Author, and his Poems' occupying three pages and signed 'Leon. Digges'. On the back of leaf *4 are seven commendatory couplets headed 'Of Mr. William Shakespeare' and signed John Warren. There the first part of the volume ends.

The second and substantive portion of the volume follows immediately. It begins with a second title-page, identical at all points with the first, save for the omission of the date, 1640, in the last line. This title is printed on

1 The first three couplets are respectively Jonson's lines 17, 18, 47, 48, and 3, 4.
the first leaf of a sheet bearing the signature A. The text begins on a leaf which is signed A₂, and headed ‘Poems by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.’ Thenceforth the signatures are regularly marked, viz. A₂, A₃-M₄ in eights. The contents become very miscellaneous and are by many hands after leaf G (recto), on which appears Shakespeare’s last sonnet, CLIV. After an interval of four leaves, on G₅ (verso) begins A Lovers Complaint, which finishes on H₂ (verso), and is succeeded by Heywood’s two ‘Epistles’ from The Passionate Pilgrim of 1612 (H₃ recto-K₄ recto). The following leaves down to L₁ (verso) are successively occupied by Marlowe’s poem, ‘Lieue with me and be my loue’, with Raleigh’s reply (in the text, not of The Passionate Pilgrim but of England’s Helicon); another [reply] of the same nature (from England’s Helicon); ‘Take oh take those lippes away’ (from Fletcher’s Bloody Brother in two stanzas, of which the first only appeared in Measure for Measure, iv. i. 1-6); ‘Let the bird of lowest lay’ with the ‘Threnes’ (from Chester’s Loves Martyr, 1601, where it is assigned to Shakespeare); ‘Why should this a Desart be’ (from As You Like It, iii. 2. 133-62); Milton’s Epitaph from the Second Folio; Basse’s sonnet from the First Folio; and a previously unprinted ‘Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, Mr. William Shakespeare’. On signature L₂ (recto) is introduced a new section headed: ‘An addition of some excellent poems, to those precedent, of renowned Shakespeare, by other gentlemen.’ Sixteen separate poems follow with the following titles: ‘His Mistresse Drawne’, signed B. L.; ‘Her mindes’, signed B[en] J[onson]; ‘To Ben. Johnson’, signed F[ancis] B[eaumont]; ‘His Mistris Shade’ (from Herrick’s Hesperides); ‘Lavinia walking in a frosty morning’; ‘A Sigh sent to his Mistresse’; ‘An Allegorical allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees’, signed I. G.; ‘The Primrose’ (from Herrick’s Hesperides); ‘A Sigh’ (by Thomas Carew); ‘A Blush’; ‘Orpheus Lute’; ‘Am I dispis’d because you say’ (from Herrick’s Hesperides); ‘Upon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse’; ‘On his Love going to Sea’ (assigned to Carew); and ‘Aske me no more where Ione
bestovves' (by Carew). A typed facsimile of the 1640 volume was issued by Alfred Russell Smith in 1885.

The volume is comparatively common. The earliest mention of its sale by auction was in 1683, but the price it fetched is unknown. It sold for a shilling at Dr. Francis Bernard's sale in 1688. Just a century later a copy fetched 9s. at Thomas Pearson's sale. The highest price it has yet reached at public auction is £106, which was realized at the Turner sale in June, 1888. Since that date a dozen copies, in very varying condition, have been publicly sold at lower prices. Copies are in the following public libraries in England: The British Museum, two copies (one in Grenville collection, measuring 5 9/16" x 3 9/16", and one, C. 39. a. 40, without portrait); Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone collection; Trinity College, Cambridge, Capell collection, measuring 5 3/4" x 3 3/8"; the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham; and the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon.

In America the public libraries possessing copies include: New York Public Library (Lenox collection), Boston Public Library (Barton collection).

Among private owners in America Mr. Robert Hoe of New York owns the very fine copy, bound by Charles Lewis, measuring 5 5/8" x 3 3/4", which fetched £106 at the sale in London at Sotheby's on June 18, 1888, of the library of Robert Samuel Turner. Heber's (imperfect) copy is now the property of Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.
SHAKE-SPEARDES
SONNETS
Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be solde by William Aspley.
1609. 24
TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OVR. EVER.LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL.WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.
Shakespeare,
SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'th thy lights flame with selsf substantiall fiewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy felfe thy foe, to thy sweet felfe too cruel:
Thou that art now the worlds freshe ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud burieth thy content,
And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding:
    Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

When fortie Winters shall besiege thy brow,
    And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
    Wil be a totter'd weed of small worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
    Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
    Were an all-eating shame, and thirstie praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vs,
If thou couldst anfwere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glasse and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should forme another.
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost't beguile the world, vnbleste some mother.

For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe
Of his selfe love to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely April of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispite of wrinkles this thy goulde time.

But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and chine Image dies with thee.

Vnthsity louelinesse why doost thou spend?
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are free:

Then beautious nigard why dost thou abuse,
The bountious largest giues thee to giue?
Profitles wiser why doost thou vs?
So great a summe of summes yet can't not liue?

For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable Andit can't thou leaue?

Thy vnaft'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vsed lutes th'executor to be.

These howeres that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the thanks to the very same.
Sonnets

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon,
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes evry where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd though they with winter meeet,
Leete but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

Then let not winters wragget hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beautys treasure etc it be selfe kil'd:
That vie is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigr'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should't depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

Oc in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing light,
Serving with lookes his sacred malesty,
And having climb'd the steep vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pich with very car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (sure duteous) now converted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlook'd on diet vntelese thou get a sonne.

M

Slack to heare, why hearest thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets were not, joy delights in joy:
Why loue'st thou that which thou receauest not gladly,
Or else receauest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reembling her, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whole speechless song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, thou single wilt prowe none.

Is

Is it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou confum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah! if thou istelesse shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makelesse wife.
The world will be thy widdow and still weeps,
That thou no forme of thee haft left behind,
When every privat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in mind:
Looke what an vnthrifty in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world inoyes it:
But beauties waste, hath in the world an end,
And kept vnwise the viser so destroys it:
No louse toward others in that boisterous
That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.
Sonnets.

For shame deny that thou bear'st no love to any
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most evident:
For thou art so possesse with murdrous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beautious roose to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chiefe desire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer lod'd then gentle loue?
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or so thy selfe at least kind harted prove,
Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,
Herein lines wisdome, beauty, and increase,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And three score yeare would make the world away:
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featurelese, and rude, barrenly perrish,
Looke whom she best endow'd, she gaue the more;
Which bountious guift thou sholdst in bounty cherish,
She caru'd thee for her seale, and sent therby,
Thou sholdst print more, not let that copy die.

When I doe count the clock that tells the time,
And see the braue day funck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And fable curls or sluer'd ore with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
Which erst from heat did canopic the herd

And
And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaves
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the waftes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-selves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing against Times fieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

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

Not from the stars do I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I have Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euill lucke,
Of plagues, of dearts, or seasones quality,
Nor can I fortune to breese mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
By off predict that I in heauen finde,
But from thine cies my knowledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such are
As truth and beautie shal together thriue
If from thy cies, to store thou wouldst convert:

Or
Sonnets.

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

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

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

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

Though
Shaxs-pia&b

Though yet heave n knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this Poet lies,
Such heavenly touches were toucht earthly faces.
So shoul d my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,
And stretched miter of an Antique song.
But were some child of yours alioe that time,
You shoul d liue twis t in it, and in my time.

18.

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

19.

Drowning time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'ft,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
Yet doe thy worke oyled Time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Halle thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs,let false in rowling:
Gilding the object where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all Hemis in his controwling,
Which steale mens eyes and womens soules amase.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since the prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vie their treasure.

O is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And every faire with his faire doth rehefe,
Making a coopelement of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge roundure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleue me,my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe,though not so bright
As thoseould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to fell.
My glasse shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in these times forrestes I behoulde,
Then look I death my daies should expiate,
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selue so wary,
As I not for my selue, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will kepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from firing ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gau'lt me thine not to give backe againe.

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

The eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeled,
By beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the flame wherein it's held,
And imperfect: it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,
SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image picture'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging still,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-surmes eyes for eies have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to pepepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their ar
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Est those who are in favor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boit,
Whist home fortune of such triumph bars,
Look for joy in that I honour most;
Gr. at princes favorites their faire leaves spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once fold,
Is from the booke of honour raised quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he tolde;
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

26

Ord of my love, to whose in vassalage
Thy merit hath my cutie strongly knitt;
To thee I send this written ambaflage
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soules thought, (all naked) will bestow it:
Til whatsoever star that guides my mowing,
Points on me gratiously with faire aspect,
And puts apparell on my tottered loving,

C 2

To
Shake-speare's,

To show me worthy of their sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Til then, not show my head where thou maist prove me.

27

Weary with toyle, I haft me to my bed;
The deare repose for lims with travaill tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind doe see.
Saue that my soules imaginary sight
Preseets their shadloe to my sightles view,
Which like a jewell (hunge in gaffly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

How can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of rett?
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.
And each (though enimes to others raigne)
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
And o'ft him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' heauen.
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger)
And night doth nightly make greeses length seeme.

29

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone bewepe my out-cast state.

And
SONNETS.

And trouble deafe heauen with my bootleffe cries,
And looke upon my felfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poiffet,
Defiling this mens art, and that mans skope,
With what I moft injoy contented leaff,
Yet in these thoughts my felfe almost despifing,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my fate,
(Like to the Lirke at breake of daye arifing)
From fallen earth fings hymns at Heauens gate,
For thy sweet loue remembred such wealth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

V
When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon vp remembrance of things past,
I figh the lacke of many a thing I fought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waft;
Then can I drowne an eye(vn-vl'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
And more the expence of many a vannisht light.
Then can I greeue at greuances fore-gon,
And heavilie from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losses are reford, and sorrowes end.

T
Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue suppos'd dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all those friendes which I thought buried,
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue fholne from mine eye,
As interitt of the dead, which now appear,
But things remond that hidden in there lie,
Thou art the grave where buried love doth lie,
Hung with the trophies of my lover's gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou suruiue my well contented daie,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more resunray:
These poor rude lines of thy deceas'd Lou'er:
Compare them with the better of the time,
And though they he out-stript by every pen,
Reserve them for my loue, not for their time,
Exceed by the hight of happier men.
Oh then vour safe me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Mufe grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his love had brought,
To march in rancakes of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better preue,
Their for their tible ile read, his for his love.

F'vill many a glorious morning have I scene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine cie,
Kissing with golden face the meadowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy:
Anon permit the basef cloud's to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestial face,
And from the farorne world his visage hide
Stealing vseene to west with this d'jarc:
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out a slack, he was but one hour mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, who heauens sun stainte.
Sonnets

34

WHY didst thou promise such a beautious day,
And make me traile forth without my cloake,
To let base cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brautie in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a vaile can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy flame guie phisick to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
The offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe,
To him that beares the strong offences losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loye sheets,
And they are ritch, and ranomse all ill deeds.

35

No more bee greeu'd at that which thou haft done,
Roses haue thornes, and flifer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses flaine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and eu'n I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
My felfe corrupting fauling thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in fence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Advocate,
And gainst my felfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such citill war is in my loye and hate,
That I an accesseary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

36

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

Though
Shakespeares

Though in our lives a separable spight,
Which though it alter not loves sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from loves delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Left my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that, honour from thy name:
But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight.
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned fit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispaied,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am sufficie'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is best, that best I wiss in thee,
This wiss I haue, then ten times happy me.

How can my Muse want subiect to invent
While thou dost breath that poorst into my verse,
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
For every vulgar paper to rehearse:
Oh giue thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimers innocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Sonnets.

Eternal numbers to out-lie long date.
If my kind Muse doth please these curious dotes,
The paine be mien, but thine shall be the praise.

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

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

Hoff pretty wrong that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

Thy
Shakespeare

Thy beautie; and thy yeares full well besits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne;
Beautiful thou art, therefore to be affailed.
And when a woman woes, what woman's sonne,
Will lovelie leave her till he haue prevailed.
Aye me but yet thou mightst my seate forbeare,
And chide thy beauty, and thy flattering youth,
Who lead thee in thy ryot and eu'n there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie being false to me.

That thou hast herit is not all my griece,
And yet it may be taid I lou'd her dearely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheese,
A lofe in love that touches me more neerely.
Loving offenders thus I will excuse thee,
Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my lofe is my loues gaine,
And looking her, my friend hath found that lofe,
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweetee flattery, then she loues but me alone.

When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected,
But when I sleepe in dreaumes they looke on thee,
And darkely bright are bright in darke directed,
Then thou whose shad0wes shad0wes doth make bright,
How would thy shad0wes forme, forme happy shoue,
To the cleerest day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the living day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heavy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me.

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Inurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispite of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foote did stand
Upon the farthest earth remou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, times leisure with my mone.
Receiving naughts by elements so sloe,
But heaue tears, badges of eithers woe.

The other two, light ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of love to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppress'd with melancholie.
Vatill liues composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assur'd,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

D 2 Mine
Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to divide the conquest of thy fight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet never peart with christall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To side this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moytique, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
Or heart in loue with fighes himfelfe doth moother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
That to my vse it might vn-vfed stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of tryst?
But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,
Sonnet 49

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grieve,
Thou best of deerest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
I have not lock'd vp in any chest,
Save where thou art, not though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle close of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou must come and part,
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I care,
For truth proves thee worth for a prize so dear.

Against that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost summe,
Caused to that audite by all I'd respect,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greet me with that summe thine eye,
When love converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons finde of settled gravity.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne heart,
And this my hand, against my selfe prepare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leave poore me, thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus farre the miles are measured from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to bear that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider must not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heauntly he answers with a groane,
SHAKESPEARES.

More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
   For that same grate done put this in my mind,
   My greene lies onward and my joy behind.

Thus can my loue excuse the flow offence,
   Of my dull bear, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why should I haunt me thence,
   Till I returne of posting is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
   When swift extremity can frame but flow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
   In winged speed no motion shal I know,
Then can no horie with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naught noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
   But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
   Since from thee going he went wilfull flow,
   Towards thee ile run, and give him leaue to goe.

So am I as the rich whom blessed key,
   Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not curie hower furray,
   For blunting the fine point of feldome pleasure,
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
   Since seldom comming in the long years set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
   Or captaine jewells in the carconet,
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
   Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
   By new unsouling his imprison'd pride.
   Blessed are you whose worthinesse gives skope,
   Being had to triumph, being lacke to hope.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
   That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
   Since
SONNETS.

Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
And you but one, can every shadow lend:
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit,
Is poorly imitated after you,
On Hellen's cheek, all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and srayzon of the yeare,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
   In all externall grace you have some part,
     But you like none, none you for constant heart,

O H how much more doth beautie beautious seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairest we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
The Canker bloomes have full as deep a die,
As the perfumed tinture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds distil:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deaths, are sweetest odors made:
   And so of you, beautious and lovely youth,
     When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

Nor marble, nor the guided monument;
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vswept stone, besmeert with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall Statues over-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry.
Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne;
The liuing record of your memory.
Shakespeare's

Against death, and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That ware this world out to the ending doome.
So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

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

Being your slaue what should I doe but tend,
Upon the houres, and times of your desire,
I have no precious time at al to spend;
Nor services to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my fourraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterness of absence sowe,
When you have bid your feruant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought
Sawe where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is loue, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing,) he thinkes no ill.
Sonneets.

58

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of houres to crave,
Being your vassall bound to use your leisure.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you your self may pruilege your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is,
Hath been before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for invention beare amisse
The seconde burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of five hundred courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carreeter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this compesd wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reunion be the same.
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent tole all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the maine of light.
Shakespeare

Crawics to mortality, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And deters the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his fieth to now.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, disfright his cruel hand.

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

Inne of selfe-loue possessteth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my every part,
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surfount.
But when my glasse shews me my selfe indeed
Beate and chopt with tande antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read
SONNETS.

Selves, selfe loving were iniquity,
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy dyes,

Against my love shall be as I am now
With times injurious hand cruel and ore-worne,
When hours have dined his blood and sild his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morn
Hath travailed on to Ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanish out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortise
Against confounding Ages cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet loves beauty, though my loves life.

His beautie shall in these blacke lines be scene,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have scene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud coll of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall flame to mortall rage.
When I have scene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the shore,
And the time foile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I have scene such interchange of state,
Or fate it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That time will come and take my love away,
This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weep to haue, that which it feares to loose.

Since brasse, nor stone, nor earth nor boundless seas,
But sad mortality ore-swipes their powres,
Shake-speare

How with this rage shall beautie hold a pleas,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wreackfull fledge of battering dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steel so strong but time decayes?
O fearfull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best Jewell from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vrelle this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold defert a begger borne,
And needle Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.

Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

Ah wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him advantaghe should archiuue,
And lace it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting imnimate his cheeks,
And steale dead seying of his liuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly secke,
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?
SONNETS

Why should he live, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through lively vaines,
For she hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gains?

O him the stores, to shew what wealth she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before these baslard signes of faire were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow.

Before the goulten tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a seconde life on seconde head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:

In him those holy antique howers are scene,
Without all ornament it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,

And him as for a map doth, Nature store,
To shew saulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:

All tounges (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Verling bare truth, even so as foes Command.

Their outward thus with outward praiue is crownd,
But those same tounges that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiue confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.

They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,

But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solye is this, that thou dost common grow.
That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A Crow that flies in heavens sweetest ayre.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being wood of time,
For Cankter vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present it a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young dates,
Either not assayld, or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
To tye vp envy, encrease enlarged,
If some suspect of ill maikst not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

Now longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with wildest worms to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that wrot it, for I love you so,
That in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say,) you looke upon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name rehersal,
But let your love euin with my life decay,
Leaf the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

Leaf the world should task you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you should love
After my death (deare love,) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
Vuttle you would devise some verious lyue,
To do more for me then mine owne desir,
And hang more praisse vpon deceas'd I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart
O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

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

Bvt be contented when that fell areft,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou receuuest this, thou doest receu'e,
The very part was consecrate to thee,
The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou hast but loft the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conqu'rt of a wretches knife,

To
To base of thee to be remembred,
    The worth of that, is that which it contains,
    And that is this, and this with thee remains.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an injoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleanse starv'd for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had, or must from you be tooke.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
    Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

Whys my verse so barren of new pride?
    So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not, glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost fell my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent:
    For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue still telling what is told,

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy precious mynutes waste,
Sonnets.

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

S
O oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assitance in my verse,
As every Alien pen hath got my vse,
And wider thee their poesie disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on hight to sing,
And heanie ignorance aloft to fly,
Hauing added tethers to the learned's wing,
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou dost but mend the flile,
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art, and dost aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

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

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word,
From thy behaviour, beautie doth he glue.
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

O

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

Or

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

I grant
SONNETS.

82
I
Grant thou were not married to my Muse,
And therefore maist without attain ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subject, blessing euery booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
And do so lone, yet when they haue deuisde,
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better v'd,
Where checkes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83
I
Neuer saw that: you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found ( or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore haue I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might shew,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my finne you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dombe;
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would glue life, and bring a tombe,
There lyes more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praisfe devise.

84
W
Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praisfe, that you alone,are you,
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
     That
Shakespeare

That to his subject lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit;
Making his title admired every where,
You to your beautious blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My young-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
Reserve their Character with goulden quills,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fill'd,
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And like unlettered clare (still crie Amen,
To every Hymne that able spirit affords,
In polished forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

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

I

W

 WW

 not

 fick of any feare from thence.

 But when your countinance fild vp his line,

 Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

 87

 F

 Arewell thou art too deare for my possessing,

 And like enough thou knowft thy estimate,

 The Chaster of thy worth giues thee releasings:

 My bonds in thee are all determinate.

 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,

 And for that ritches where is my deferuing?

 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,

 And so my patentt back again is swerving.

 Thy selte thou gau’st, thy owne worth then not knowing,

 Or mee to whom thou gau’st it, else mistaking,

 So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,

 Comes home again, on better judgement making.

 Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,

 In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

 88

 VV

 Hen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,

 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,

 Vpon thy side, against my selte ile fliht,

 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:

 With mine owne weakenesse being belt acquainted,

 Vpon thy part I can set downe a story

 Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:

 That thou in loosing me shinie win much glory:

 And I by this will be a gainer too,

 For bending all my loosing thoughts on thee,

 The injuries that to my selte I doe,

 Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.

 Such is my loue to thee I do belong,

 That for thy right, my selte will beare all wrong.

 89

 Say that thou didst forfake mee for some falt,

 And I will comment vpon that offence,

 Speake
S H A R E - S P E A R S

Speake of my lamenettes, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme upon desired change,
As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance strange and looke strange:
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,
For I must here loue him whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt, if euer now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croffe,
Joyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
Come in the reeward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a porpofd over-throw,
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.
And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-sanged ill:
Some in their Hawkess and Hounds, some in their Horse.
And euery humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a joy above the rest,
But these particular are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.

Thy
Sonnets.

Thy love is bitter then high birth to me,
Rather then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horfes bee:
And having thee, of all mens pride I boast,
   Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
   All this away, and me most wretched make.

By thee thy worst to steal thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better state to me belongs
Then that which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
   But what so blest faire that feares no blot,
   Thou must be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceuied husband, so loves face,
May still seeme love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the false hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinkles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
   How like Eauers apple doth thy beauty grow,
   If thy sweet vertue answerd not thy show.
THey that have powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do shewe,
Who movinge others, are themselfes as stone,
Unmouued, could, and to temptation flow:
They right ly do inherite heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely live and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity:
For sweetest things turne fawreft by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

How sweet and lonely doft thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweetes doeft thou thy finnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lascious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praife,
Naming thy name, blestes an ill report,
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer every blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuledge,
The hardest knife ill vd doth loose his edge.

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

The baseft Jewell will be well efeem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are feene,
To truths translated, and for trufe things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the fterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his looks translate,
How many gazers might thou lead away,
If thou wouldft fee the strength of all thy state?
But doe not fo, I loue thee in fuch fort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleafure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darkè days feene?
What old Decemberes bareneft every where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming Autumnne big with ritch increafe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords deceafe:
Yet this abounding ifluce feem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute,
Or if they finge, tis with fo dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

98

From you haue I beene abfent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That beauteous Saturne laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermilion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight.

Drawne
Shakespeare

Drawn after you, you pattern of all these.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet thee where whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells?
In my loues veins thou hast too grostely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolen thy hair,
The Roses fearfully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispair:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbry had annexed thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vingful canker ate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolen from thee.

Here art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light,
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the care that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise reely Muse, my loues sweet face shuay,
If time haue any wrinkle graven there,
If any, be a Satire to decay,
And make times spoiles despised euer where.
Giuie my loue spoile fatter then time wafts life,
So thou preventst his fieth, and crooked knife.

O true Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For
Sonnets.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty did?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
So doth thou too, and therein dignified:
Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fixt,
Beauty no penfell, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee:
To make him much out-live a gilded tombe:
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seem long hence, as he slowes now.

My love is strengthned though more weake in feec
I love not lesse, though lesse the show appeare,
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,
The owner's tongue doth publish euer where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laces,
As Philomell in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournefull hymns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euer bow,
And sweet's grown common loose their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

A lack what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That haing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appears a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

My 2 Were
Were it not sinfull then striving to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well;
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can sit,
Your owne glasse showes you, when you looke in it.

To me faire friend you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seems your beautie still:
Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow Autumnne turn’d,
In proccess of the season haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn’d,
Since first I law you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace percei’d,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes till doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

Let not my love be cal’d Idolatrie,
Nor my beloved as an Idol show,
Since all alike my songs and prai’ses be
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Kinde is my love to day, to morrow kinde;
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin’d,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varying to other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords,
Faire, kinde, and true, have often liu’d alone.
Which three till now, never kept scate in one.

When
Sonnets.

106

When in the Chronicle of wasted time,
    I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beautie making beautiful old rime,
In praise of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would have express,
    Even such a beauty as you maister now.
So all their praises are but prophesies
    Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
    They had not still enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present dayes,
    Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

107

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
    Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leafe of my true loue controule,
    Suppos'de as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
    And the sad Augurs mock their owne pretage,
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
    And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.
Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
    My loue lookes freth, and death to me subscribes;
Since spight of him Ie live in this poore rime,
    While he insults ore dull and speachless tribes.
    And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants crefts and toms of braffe are spent.

108

Hat's in the braine that Inck may character,
    Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine.
Shakespeare.

I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine.
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name,
So that eternall loye in loues fresh cafe,
Waighes not the dust and injury of age,
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As eafe might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
That is my home of love, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my baine;
Neuer beleewe though in my nature raigned,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy summe of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuersel I call,
Sauc thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

A Las't is true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, fold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Asonce and strangely: But by all above,
These blemishes gaue my heart an other youth,
And worse effaies pou'd thee my best of love,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then
SONNETS.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most loving breast.

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

Your louse and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stampt upon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I must strive,
To know my shames and praises from your toungue,
None else to me, nor I to none aline,
That my ffeel'd fience or changes right or wrong,
In so profound Abisme I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders fience,
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe disfence.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

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

Seemes
Seemes seeinge, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne visiion houlds what it doth catch:
For it se the rud’d or gentled fight,
The most sweet-favor or deformed creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
   Incapable of more repleat, with you,
   My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

Or whether doth my minde being crown’d with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie faith true,
And that your loue taught it this Alchymie?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gult is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
   If it be poison’d, tis the lesser sinne,
   That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

These lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my judgement knew no reasone why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creape in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp it intents,
Duerct strong mindes to th’ course of altering things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,

Might
Might I not then say now I love you best,
When I was certaine or in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not lone
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempefts and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to every wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his higth be taken.
Loue is not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compass come,
Loue alters not with his breese houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

Accuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Where to al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,
And on iust prooue surmise, accumulate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But shooe not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale saile I did striue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your love.
Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compunds we our pallat urge,
As to prevent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to sune sicknesse when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be dissafted ere that there was true needing.
Thus politie in loue 't anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

What potions haue I drunke of Syren teares
Distill'd from Lymbecks soule as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still looking when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never?
How haue mine eyes out of their Spheres bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrife more then I haue spent.

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

As
Sonnets.

As I by yours, y'haue paft a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest fence, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tended
The humble flafe, which wounded boosomes fits!
But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours muft ransome mee.

131

Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receiues reproach of being,
And the iiut pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterous eyes
Give saluteation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that lieuell
At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
I may be straight though they them-selues be cruel
By their rankke thoughtes, my deedes muft not be shone
Vntil this general euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

132.

Thy guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full charafterd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rankke remaine
Beyond all date euken to eternity.
Or at the leaft, so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subsift,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist.
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare louse to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,

H 2
Totrust those tables that receive thee more,
To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in mee.

Tokeepe an adjunct to remember thee.

Were to import forgetfulness in mee.

Tokeepe an adjunct to remember thee.

Where-to th'inuiting time our fashion calls;
It teares not policy that Herisicke,
Which workes on leaes of short numbred howers,
But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat,nor drownes with showres.

To this I witnes call the soles of time,
Which die for goodnes,who have liued for crime.

Er't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
SONNETS.

Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and favor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple favor,
Pittifull thunors in their gazing spent.
Nee, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd Informer, a trow soule
When most impeacht, stands leaft in thy controule.

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Docf hould times sike glasse, his sike, howers
Who haft by wayning growne, and therein thouft,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe growt.
If Nature (foureraine miferes ouer wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minion of her pleasure,
She may detain, but not still kepe her tresure!
Her Audite (though delayd) answer'd must be,
And her Quietus is to render thee.

In the ould age blace was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blace beauties successiue heire,
And Beautie flanderd with a bastard shame,
For since each hand hath put on Natur's power.
Fairing the soule with Arts faulte borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boute,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

Therefore
Therefore my Master's eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes so futed, and they mourners see me,
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a false efteme,
Yet fo they mourn becomming of their woe,
That euery young saies beauty should looke so.

How oft when thou my musike musike playft,
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayft,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuie those Lackes that nimble leape,
To kiffe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilft my poore lips which should that harue? reape,
At the woods bouldnes by chee blushing ftand.
To be fo tickled they would change their ftate,
And ftuation with those dancing chips,
Ore whom their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
Since faufe Lackes so happy are in this,
Gieue them their fingers, me thy lips to kiffe.

The expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in acftion, and till acftion, lust
Is periurd, murderous, blouddy full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Injoyd no sooner but dispisid straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made in pursit and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreme,
A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a joy propos'd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.
MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currell is farre more red,then her lips red,
If snow be white why then her breasts are dun:
If haires be wiers,black wiers grow on her head:
I haue seene Roses damaskt,red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
I loue to heare her speake,yet well I know,
That Musick hath a farre more pleasing sound:
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she beli’d with false compare.

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

THine eies I loue,and they as pittyng me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
Haue put on black,and louting mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my pains.

And
And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
Nor that full Starre that vsners in the Eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
As those two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beleeme thy heart
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
And sute thy pitty like in euery part.
Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

Bethew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
I'ft not ynoough to torture me alone,
But slawe to flauery my sweete friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder haft ingrossed,
Of him,my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vs rigor in my faile.
And yet thou wilt,for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

So now I haue confess that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ie forfeit,so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
He leard but suretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vsurer that put't forth all to vs,

And
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
      Him have I loft, thou hast both him and me,
      He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

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

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

Thou blinde foole loue, what dooest thou to mine eyes,
      I That
Shake-speares

That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood haft thou forged hookes,
Where to the judgement of my heart is tide?
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth upon to soule a face,

In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,

That she might thinke me some untuterd youth,
Unlearned in the worlds false subtildties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
But wherefore sayes she not she is vnista?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit, in seeming trutht,

And age in loue, loues not that haue yeares told:
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue,
We power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lookest else where; but in my sight,
Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with, cunning when thy might.
SONNETS.

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue, well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue bene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they else-where might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am neere flaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

B E wise as thou art cruel, do not preffe
My younge-tide patience with too much disflaine:
Leaft sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As tettie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phipstions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madness might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wrestling world is grown so bad,
Madde flanderers by madde eares beleued be.

That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

In faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy twongs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taffe, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any senfual feast with thee alone:
But my sence wits, nor my sence fences can
Diswade one foolish heart from settuing thee,
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts flaine and vaffall wretch to be:

Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

Louv
L

Oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
And thou shalt finde it mettites not reproouing,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And feald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuences of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ft those,
Whome thine eyes wooc as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may defere to pittied bee.
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
By felse example mai't thou be denide.

L

Oue as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuitt of the thing she would haue slayd;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busie care is behc.
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a faire behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisfe me,be kind.
So will I prays that thou mai'st haue thy will,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

T

Wo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire;
Which like two spirits do sugest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire;
The worser spirit a woman colou'rd ill.
To win me soone to hell my small euill,
SONNETS.

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my faint to be a duell
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I guess one angel in an others hel.
Yet this shal I here know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Those lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the found that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,
Was vide in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And saue'd my life saying not you.

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebell powres that thee array,
Why doft thou pine within and suffer death?
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
Why so large cost hauing to short a leaf?
Doft thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excess?
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then soule liue thou upon thy seruants losse,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;
Buy tearesmes divine in telling houres of drosse:

Within
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

My love is as a fever longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preferre the ill,
Th'uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my loue,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And franticke madde with ever-more vnrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely express'd,
For I have sworn thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

O me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they haue, where is my judgment fled,
That cenfures falsely what they see aright?
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres,
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepest me blinde,
Leaft eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

Canst thou O cruel, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
Sonnet

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forget
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hareth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom from’t thou that I doe hanker upon,
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
Revenge vpon my selfe with present mome?
What merit do I in my selfe respect,
That is to proude thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect;
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
   But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
   Those that can see thou loue’t, and I am blind.

O

Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
   With insufficieny my heart to sway,
To make me gie the lie to my true sight,
And were that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
   Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
   There is such strengthe and warrantie of skill,
   That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see just cause of hate,
   Oh though I love what others doe abhor,
   With others thou shouldest not abhor my fiate.
If thy unworthinesse rais’d loue in me,
   More worthily I to be belou’d of thee.

L

One is too young to know what conscience is,
   Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater urge not my amisse,
   Leave guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe prove.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,
   My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, selfe (it akes no farther reason,

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

In louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me love swearing,
In a bed-vow brake and new faith borne,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I brake twenty: I am periur'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misufe thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I haue forsworne deeppe othes of thy deep kindnesse:
Othes of thy love, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaeue eyes to blindnesse,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.
For I haue forsworne thee faire: more periur'd eye,
To swere against the truth to soule a lie.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dyns this aduantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly sleepe
In a cold vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowed from this holie fire of love,
A datelie keenely heat still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strange malladies a soueraigne cure:
But at my mirthes eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hied a sad distempered guest.
But fouled no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where Cupid got new fire; my mirthes eye.
SONNETS.

154

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

FINIS.
A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From off a hill whose concave wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sifting vale
My spirits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laied to lift the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espyd a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

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

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters:
Laundryng the silken figurers in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking, vndisking isht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leuell eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battre to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth;sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gales lend.
Complaint

To every place at once and nowhere first,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.

Her haire nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeden fillet still did bide,
And twere to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand savours from a mound she drew,
Of amber chrystall and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like very applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some; but where excelse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore and gave the flud,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With fleided filke, seate and affectedly
Enswath'd and scald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eies,
And often kist, and often gave to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What vnapproved wittnes doost thou beare!
Inke would have seem'd more blacke and damned heart;
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graze'd his cattell ny,
Some in a blustering that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest hours observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
And pruiledged by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motuies of her wo.

So slides he downe vpon his greyned bat;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desiers her,being satte,
Her recuance with his hearing to deside:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie affwage
Tis promis in the charitie of age.

Father she faies, though in mee you behold
The injury of many a blasting hours;
Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet have bene a spreading flower
Frest to my selfe, if I had selfe applied
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I atttende\d
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place,
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deisied.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And evry light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcela hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do will apply find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:

For
Complaint

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largeness thinkes in paradis was sawne.

Small shew of man was yet upon his chimne,
His phainix downe began but to appeare
Like winthorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauring flood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him was he such a forme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuely falseness in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie,
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controersie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-sel'fe not in his case;
All ay'ds th'm-selues made fai'rer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpo's'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
      K 3
A Lovers

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reason strong
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weeper;
He had the dialeet and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

That he didde in the general bosome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personal duty, following where he haunted,
Confert's bewitcht ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serve their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly objectts which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouuty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppor'd them mistresse of his heart:
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne see simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Referu'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demand of him, nor being desired yeelded;
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With safest distance I mine honour sheeld,
Experience for me many bulwarke's builded

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

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

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

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patterns of his soule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vows euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And bards of his soule adulterat heart.

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

All my offences that abroad you see
A Lovers

Are errors of the blood none of the minds;
Loue made them not, with assurance they may be.
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much leffe of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch contains,

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my pleasures ever Charmed,
Harm have I done to them but none was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commanding in his monarchy.

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

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously emplemente,
I have receau'd from many a seuerall faire,
Their kind acceptance, weepingly beseeche,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And depe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie,

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereo his inui'dd properties did tend,
The deepe green Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake fights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewed Saphir and the Opall blend

With
Complaint.

With objects manyfold; each severall stone,
With wit well blazon'd smil'd or made some more.

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

Oh then advance,(of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lungen did raise:
What me your minister for you obaiues
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels, in combined summes.

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

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we have not, mastring what not striues,
Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstraind giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contiuues,
The scarres of battaile speapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true.
A Lovers

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

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

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,
Who diisplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her cies, when they t' affaire begun,
All vowes and confecrations giuing place:
O most potentall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither thing, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressest what are precepts worth
Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of saki all scare, lawe, kindred fame,
(Thame
Loves armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst
And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,
The Allses of all forces, shockes and feares.

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

And
Complaint.

And credent soule, to that strong bounded oth,
That shall preserve and undertake my troth.

This said, his warrie eies he did dismount,
Whose fightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a rcuer running from a fount,
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the streame gave grace!
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one particular teare?
Put with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modestly hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extinguish bath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuell teares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to Cautlls, all haring forms receives,
Of burning blusses, or of weeping water,
Or sounding paleness: and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptness as it best deceives:
To blush at speeches ranck, to weep at woes,
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
The Lovers

Could escape the haile of his all hurting'syme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And valid in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim,
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preach't pure maide, and prais'd cold chastitie.

Thus meeely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and conceale'd steind he couerd,
That th' vnderfent gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and simp'le would not be loeur'd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moifture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowed:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestow'd,
O all that borrowed motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new peruet a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.