SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE
1609
FACSIMILE
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SHAKESPEARES SONNETS

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THE FIRST EDITION

1609

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

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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.

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, 1903, or in the Introduction to the Elizabetban 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 refutation 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 vividst 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 presentation 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
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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 auparavant Marot aussi amoureux d'elle qu'un sien Amy' (Rosset, 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 despaired 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 pro-
testations 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 writings as well as his two narrative poems and the
testimonies of his intimate associates in life, seems to prove

_The alleged morbidity of the sonnets._
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 sugar sonnet", which was held to be "of the essence of the Elizabethan sonnet" (cf. J. D.'s "Transcendental" 1898, Sonnet II at end, headed "Ignoto"; and the other illustrations of contemporary criticism of sonnets in my "Life of Shakespeare", pp. 411–12).
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, 1827–32, vol. iii, p. 298.
to the greatest of all patrons of Elizabethan poetry—the
Queen. The poets who sought her favour not merely com-
mended 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.¹ 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.²

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

**XLIV. 1-2.** If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
       Injurious distance should not stop my way.
**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 *Colin Clouts come home again* 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,*
*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) *Cynthia,* in honour of his sovereign (published in 1595). In a prefatory address he calls the Queen 'his mistress'. Much high-strung panegyric 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:

*Her it is, for whom I mourn;*
*Her, for whom my life I scorn;*
*Her, for whom I weep all day;*
*Her, for whom I sigh, and say,*
*Either she, or els no creature,*
*Shall enjoy my love: whose feature*
*Though I never can obtaine,*
*Yet shall my true love remaine:*
*Till (my body turned to clay)*
*My poore soule must passe away,*
*To the heavens: where (I hope)*
*His she shall finde a restaing 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 con-
ventions in his relations with patrons:

'I have perused verses of his, written under his own hand to Sir Philip Sidney, wherein he courted him as he were another Cyparissus or Ganymede; the last Gordian true loves 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 abusening of Valentine, sufficiently indicate the tone of intimacy which often infected the dedicated words which writers used when they were seeking or acknowledging patrons' favours.
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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 loue doth draw mee.'

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. 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.' 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.

2 On the conventional sonnet of adoration Shakespeare himself passed derisively the same sort of reflection as Nash when, in Love's Labour's Lost (iv. 3. 74 seq.), he bestowed on a love-sonnet the comment:

This is the Love-sonnet, which makes flesh to deity,
A green goose: a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend us, we are much out of the way.
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II

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 “Quieus” (Hamlet, iii. 1. 75, and Sonnet CXXVI. 12) and “My prophetic soul” (Hamlet, i. 7. 42, 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.
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urges on Adonis in Shakespeare's poem (cf. ll. 129-32, 162-74, 1751-68). The plea is again developed by Shakespeare in Romeo and Juliet, i. i. 218-28. Elsewhere he only makes slight and passing allusion to it—viz. in All's Well, i. i. 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.¹

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.

C 2
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 ioke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-liv’d beautie eye to live.

² Cf. *Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus; mihi fama perennis* Queritur, in toto semper at orbe calid. (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,*
* Depercut auro carmina morte earent.*
* Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi.*
* Cedat et aurifex ripa benigna Tegel.* (32–4.)
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. McChunpha'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. 4, June, 1900, pp. 337-46, and in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xi. pp. 187 seq. (Weimar, 1904).
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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 worship’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 cxiv. 2–7 with L. L. L. v. 2. 770–5. For a curious parallel use of the law terms ‘several’ and ‘common’ see Sonnet cxxvii. 9, 10, and L. L. L. ii. 1. 223.
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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 lyrist, whether a black complexion be a sign of virtue or of vice.¹

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. 7-6:

their fair leaves spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye.

Rome. and Jul. i. 117-8:

[bud] can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Son. xxviii. 2-3:

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Rome. and Jul. i. 2. 16-7:

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 is the number let me pass untold.

Rome. 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 so his subject lends not some small glory.

Rome. and Jul. i. 3. 70-1:

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 participle 'Out-worn' in sonnets LXIV. 2 'Out-worn buried age', and LXVIII. 1 '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. i, which is used elsewhere in five plays—a—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 sable-streamed streams.

*Cf. Son. xxx. 6:

For precious friends bid in death's dateless night.

Rom. and Jul. v. 3. 115:

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

* Viz. Two Gentlemen, iv. 4. 107; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 77; A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 109; Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 114; and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 76.
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Three rare words which testify to Shakespeare's French reading—"rondure" (XXI. 8), "couplement" (XXI. 5), and "carcanet", i.e. necklace (LII. 8)—are only found elsewhere respectively in King John, ii. i. 259, in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 135, and in Comedy of Errors, iii. i. 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. i. 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.²

² Two are especially noteworthy, viz. 'scarlet ornaments', of the lips or cheeks (Son. CXLIII. 6 and Edw. III. ii. i. 10), and 'flatter', applied to the effect of sunlight (Son. XXXIII. 2 and Edw. III. i. 2. 141).

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

\[\text{comments of your praise, richly compiled, ...}\]

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 compiled her praise', and subsequently of 'her filed tongue'. The collocation of the expressions is curious. Barnfield's descriptions in his Affectionate Shephard (1594) of his youth's 'amber locks trust up in golden tresses', 'which dangle adowne his loudly cheeckes', 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 Shephard, i. ii; ii. xix, xxiii), may comment on Shakespeare's sonnet LVIII, 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 XC VIII, lines 8-12—

\[\text{Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,}\]
\[\text{Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;}\]
\[\text{They were but sweet, but figures of delight,}\]
\[\text{Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,}\]

D
In two sonnets (published in Jan. 1595) Barnfield depreciated the beauty of heroes of antiquity compared with his own fair friend. Sonnet XII begins:

Some talk 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 IOuirie 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 Shephard (L. iii):—

His Ivory-white and Alabaster skin
Is stain'd 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 Shakespeare uses the word 'vermilion'. It is not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; cf. Sidney's Astrophel, c. 5, 'vermilion dyes'; Daniel's Rosamon (1592), l. 678, 'vermilion red' (of roses); J. C.'s Alcina (1596), 'vermilion hue' (in Elizabethan Longer Poems, p. 361). But it is far more frequent in sixteenth-century French and Italian poetry (vermeil and vermiglia). It is used in all the early Italian poems concerning Venus and Adonis which were accessible to Shakespeare. Cf. Dolce's La Rovola d'Adone, iv. 73—

Quivi tra Gigli le vermiglia Rose
Si dimostrò ogni bor liete e verzose.

In both Dolce's La Rovola d'Adone (83, 8) and Tarchagnota's L'Adone (72, 6 and 74, 2) Adonis' dead body is metamorphosed into 'uno vermiglia fiore' or 'quel fiore vermiglia', the flower assuming 'vermiglia color del sangue'.
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.\(^1\)

\(^1\) 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 friends as I am loath to offend', includes in his list 'an infinite number of other Songs and Sonets, given where they cannot be recovered, nor purchase any favour when they are crazed'.

\(^3\) 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 comely teares' (l. 1377-8), while to the patron's son 'shall thy piping poetry and sugar censes of verses be directed' (l. 1404). In the same piece (l. 243) Daniel was congratulated on his 'sugared sonneting'. - Cf. 'sugred
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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.¹

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 sonnettes vii.'²

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 talk', Fletcher's Licia, 1593, Sonnet 52, l. 1; 'sugred terms', R. L.'s Dielle, 1596, Sonnet 4; 'Master Thomas Watson's sugred Aminta' in Nashe's preface to Greene's Memnon, 1589. 'Sacré' is similarly used in French literature of the same date.

¹ Eleazar Edgar, a small publisher, who took up his freedom on June 26, 1597, obtained from the Stationers' Company on January 3, 1600, a licence for the publication of 'Amours, by J. D., with Certen Oys' (i.e. other) sonnetes by W. S.' No book corresponding to this title seems to have been published. There is small ground for identifying the W. S. of this licence with Shakespeare. There was another sonneteer of the day, William Smith, who had published a collection of sonnets under the title of Cibulis, in 1596. Edgar may have designed the publication of another collection by Smith.
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 Blount, 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

2 Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procuring or 'picker-up' of neglected 'copies'. 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
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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

* 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 Odometry 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 Shakespeare'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 Shakspere. 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.

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 enough to acquire a few plays of interest. The most interesting publication in which he took part before the Sonnets, was the pre-Shakespearean 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, 1600, Thorpe and Aspley were granted jointly a provisional licence for the publication of 'A letter written to ye governors and assistantes of ye E[al]st Indian Merchante in London Concerning the estate[e] of ye est[al]st Indian ille 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).
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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 Sonnets' (instead of 'Sonnets by William Shakespeare'), is good evidence that the author was no party to the transaction. 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. 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 *Boistours Boure 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 dedicatee.
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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": "All

The dedication to Mr. W. H.

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 temporas diurnas felicem, et gloriosi nominis in perpetuum incrementum." The Elizabethan dedicator commonly "wished" his patron "all happiness" and "eternity" (or paraphrases 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 Volpans, 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 Acquall | Sisters | The Two Famovs | Universities | For their Love | And | Acceptance | Shewn | To his Poeme | in the Presentation | Ben: Jonson | The Gratevill Acknowledger | Dicates | Both It and Himselte |". 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 success 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 somnecer, but exclusively concerns Thorpe's action and position as the publisher. In accordance with professional custom, Thorpe dubbed himself
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"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-willer" 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.1 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 Hasleton's report of his "Ten years' Travels in foreign countries") thus: "Your worship's faithful well-willer, 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-willers 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.¹

¹ '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.  

(2) We could at once put us in readiness, 
And take a lodging fit to entertain 
Such friends as Time in Padua 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 Satyromastix, 1602; cf. Hawkins' Origin of English Drama, iii. 156.)

(5) 'This play' hath beget 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 boares, dun cows, and other monsters; begets him (i.e. get him) a reputation, and marry an Emperor's daughter for his mistress.' (Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady (1633), Act i, Epilogue.)

It should be borne in mind that in the Variorum edition of 1811 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 nor Malone, who were singularly well versed in Elizabethan bibliography,
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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 floures.

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.¹

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.² 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 Astrolab 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-comesphgie, described them as 'many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious'.

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 eies belongs to loues fine viht:
  (for with and wit).
xxvi. 11. And puts apparrell on my tattered lousing: (for tattered).
xxviii. 14. And night doth nightly make greefes length
  seeme stronger: (for strength).
xxxix. 12. Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost
  deceiue: (for dost).
xl. 7. But yet be blam’d, if thou this selfe deceauest:
  (for thy).
xliv. 13. Receiving naughts by elements so sloe.
xlvi. 11. For thou nor farther then my thoughts cant
  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 chrush’t and ore-
  worne: (for crus’d).
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 ruin'd quiets, where late the sweet birds
sang: (for ruin'd).

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

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

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

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

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

XCIV. 4. Unmooued, could, and to temptation slow:
(for sold).

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

XCVII. 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 new to register:
(for new).

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

CXIII. 6. Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth
lack: (for lache).
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CXXVII. 9. Therefore my Mistress's eyes are Rauen blacke: Misprints.
   (for Mistress's brows).
CXXIX. 9. Made In pursuit and in possession so: (for
   mad in pursuit).
10-11. Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame
   A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo:
   (for prov'd a).
CXXXII. 2. Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine:
   (for torment)
   9. As those two morning eyes become thy face:
   (for mourning).
CXL. 13. That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde: (for
   belied).
CXLIV. 2. Which like two spirits do sugieth me still:
   (for suggest).
   6. Tempteth my better angel from my sight: (for
   side).
CLII. 13. For I haue sworne thee faire: more periuarde
   eye: (for I).
CLIII. 14. Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres eye:
   (for eyes ryhming 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' (CXXXIII. 14);
'Minutes' appears as 'mynuits' (XIV. 5 and LXXVII. 2),
as 'mynuit' (CXXVI. 8), and as 'minuitez' (LX. 2); 'False'
appears as 'false' (XX. 4, 9), as 'faulse' (LXVIII. 14), and
as 'falce' (LXXII. 9, XCII. 14, XCVII. 13). More than forty
other orthographical peculiarities of like significance, few of
which are distinguishable from misprints, are: — 'accumulate'
for 'acummulate'. (CXVII. 10); 'a float' for 'afloat'
Confusion in spelling.
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(LXXX. 9); ‘alaied’ for ‘allayed’ (LVI. 3); ‘are’ (in ‘thou are’) for ‘art’ (LXX. 1); ‘Asconce’ for ‘Askance’ (CX. 6); ‘Alicumie’ for ‘alchemy’ (CXIV. 4); ‘bale’ for ‘bail’ (CXXXIII. 10); ‘beare’ for ‘bier’ (XII. 8); ‘binne’ for ‘been’ (CVII. 5); ‘boure’ for ‘bower’ (CXXVII. 7); ‘coopelement’ for ‘couplement’ (XXI. 7); ‘Croc’ for ‘crow’ (CXXII. 12); ‘crytlick’ for ‘critic’ (CXXII. 11); ‘culler’ for ‘colour’ (CXIX. 14); ‘Currall’ for ‘Coral’ (CXXX. 2); ‘deceaued’ for ‘deceived’ (CIV. 12); ‘denide’ for ‘denied’ (CXLII. 14); ‘dome’ for ‘doom’ (CXLV. 7); ‘Eaues’ for ‘Eves’, i.e. ‘Eye’s’ (CXXII. 13); ‘ethers’ for ‘eithers’, i.e. ‘either’s’ (XXVIII. 5); ‘fild’ for ‘filled’ (LXIII. 3 and LXXXVI. 13); ‘foles’ for ‘fools’ (CXXIV. 13); ‘grinde’ for ‘grind’ (CX. 10); ‘grose’ for ‘gross’ (CL. 6); ‘hght’ for ‘height’ (CVII. 8); ‘Himne’ for ‘hymn’ (LXXXV. 7); ‘hower’ for ‘hour’ (CXXVI. 2); ‘hunny’ for ‘honey’ (LV. 5); ‘I’ for ‘Ay’ (CXXVI. 6); ‘iealous’ for ‘jealous’ (LVII. 9); ‘inhearse’ for ‘inhearse’ (LXXXVI. 3); ‘marierom’ for ‘marjoram’ (CXIX. 7); ‘naigh’ for ‘neigh’ (LI. 11); ‘nere’ for ‘neer’, i.e. ‘never’ (CVII. 5); ‘of’ for ‘off’ (LXI. 14); ‘pertake’ for ‘partake’ (CXLIX. 2); ‘pibled’ for ‘pebbled’ (LX. 1); ‘pray’ for ‘prey’ (LXXIV. 10); ‘random’ for ‘random’ (CXLVII. 12); ‘renude’ for ‘renewed’ (CXL. 8); ‘aussie’ for ‘saucy’ (LXXX. 7); ‘shall’ for ‘shalt’ (LXXXVIII. 8); ‘thether’ for ‘thither’ (CL. 12); ‘vnstayned’ for ‘unstained’ (LX. 8); ‘woes’ for ‘woos’ (XL. 7); ‘yawes’ for ‘jaws’ (XIX. 3); ‘y’haue’ for ‘you have’ (CXX. 6); ‘Yf’ for ‘If’ (CXXIV. 1).

‘Their’ for ‘thry’.

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 loun of heart: (for thine).

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

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

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

'To' for 'too'.

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.
LXXXIV. 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).

'Were' and 'wear'.

At least thrice were is confused with wear:—

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

XCVIII. 11. They ware but sweet, but figures of delight: (for were).

CXL. 5. If I might teach thee witte better it ware: (for were).

Miscellaneous errors.

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.¹

¹ 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 'Eilesmere' copy has, in LXXXVIII. 6, the unique misreading—fio (for fio)—which is corrected in other copies. As in the British Museum copy, it has, too, at F₃ (recto) the wrong catchword The for Spanke, 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 rebell 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 Crawlers; at D2 (recto), E3 (recto), F (verso), G2 (verso), H3 (verso), and I2 (recto), Mine, That, I grant, When, My, and Loe 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 CXXXVI 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
Irregularities of punctuation.

The point at which you turn 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.

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

WHILST I (my squeraine) watch the clock for you
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote

Brackets are wrongly introduced in lines like:

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

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

Which used clues the collector to be
Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

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

ROSE* is used twelve times: it is italicized once (I. 3); the names of other flowers are not italicized at all (cf. XXV. 6, XCV. 14, XCVIII. 9, XCIX. 6). 'Alchemy' (aeumie) is used twice: it is once italicized (CXIV. 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: April (CXXII. 9); Adams (LIII. 4); August (LXXVIII. 5);
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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. The piece is a poetic lament by a maiden for her betrayal by a deceitful lover. The title constantly recurs in Elizabethan poetry. 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. The attribution of the poem to Shakespeare may

Cupid (CLIII. 1 and 14); Dysans (CLIII. 2); Eues (XCIII. 13); Grecian (LIII. 8); Helioness (LIII. 7); Heristikes (CXXIV. 9); Horse (XX. 7); Informer (CXXV. 13); Istmus (LVI. 9); Murr (LV. 7); Philomell (CII. 7); Phoetes (CXXVI. 12); Satire (C. 11); Saturns (XCVIII. 4); Statues (LV. 5); Syren (CIX. 1); Well (CXXXV. 1, 2, 11, 12, 14; CXXXVI. 2, 5, 14; CXLIII. 13). In A Lover's Complaint only a single word throughout is italicized—Allos, in l. 273. The following words of like class to those italicized in the sonnets lack that mark of distinction: Orient (VII. 1); Phexius (XIX. 4); Muse (XXXII. 10 et al. loc.); Ocean (LXIV. 5); Epitaph (LXXXI. 1); Rhethorick (LXXXII. 10); Charter (LXXXVII. 3); criydtick (CIX. 11); cherubines (CIX. 6); Phisations (CXL. 8).

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

The following are some of the once-used words in A Lover's Complaint: 'Actur' (l. 13); 'annexions' (208); 'bat' [i.e. stick] (64); 'credent' (179); 'en crimson'd' (202); 'enderd' (222); 'enpatron' (224); 'enswathed' (49); 'extincture' (294); 'fuvive' (90); 'impleach'd' (205); 'inudation' (90); 'invis'd' (212); 'inander'd' (17); 'lover'd' (320); 'maund' (36); 'pensiv'd' (119); 'numraceless' (225); 'plenitude' (303); '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’ (305); ‘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, verrous et proprietas d’icelles, which was first published at Paris in 1576, and figuratively describes, with amorous application, the amethyst, the diamond, the leadstone, 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 complement 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.
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V

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.

1 Warner's Dalvich Manuscripts, p. 92.
2 Cf. Drummond's Poems, pt. ii, Sonnet xi, 2nd impression, Edinb. 1616:
   deare Naphin doe not grieve
   That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Elme,
   And that (these pasting Hours I am to live)
   I lavadre thy faire Figures in this Brine.

A Lover's Complaint (15-18):

     Oft did she leave her Naphin to her eye,
     Which on it had concerte characters,
     Laundering the silver figures in the brine
     That season'd woe had pelleted in teares.

G 2
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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 famished for a look,
Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
With my Ioues 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. Fragments Aurnia, 1646, p. 44), as:—

Ipbligene]. Will you not send me neither,
Your picture when y’ are gone?
That when my eye is famished for a look,
It may have where to feed.
And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

² Cf. Add. MS. 15325, 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 Rawleighs Convoy to Secure Courtiers, beginning, ‘I speak to such as here 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 sestain 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 ordering
Resemblinge Childe, and Syer, and happy Mother
w.ch all in one, this single note dothe singe
whose speechles songe beeing many seeming one
Sings this to thee, Thou single, shalt prowe none.

W: Shakspeare

In Thorpe's edition these lines run thus:—

Marke howe one stringe sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse songe being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt prowe 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.'

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

The edition of 1640.

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 'love' 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 substantiall fewell,
Making a famine, where aboundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe to thy sweet selfe too cruel.
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And onely herald to ye Gaudy spring,
Within thine owne Bud Buriest thy Contend,
And tender Churle makes wast in niggarding.
Pitty ye world or Els this Glution bee
To Eat ye worlds due by ye world & thee.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And Dig deep trenches in thy beautyes field,
Thy youths Proud lierne so gond on now
Wil be A totterd 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.
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but its main contents are 146 of Shakespeare's sonnets inter-
spersed 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 publi-
cation 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 Addition
of some excellent Poems to Shakesperes Poems* by other gentle-
men. viz. His mistris drawne. and her mind by Benjamin
Johnson. *An Epistle to Beniamin Johnson* by Ffrancis Beau-
mont. | His Mistris shade by R. Herrick. etc. vj.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

1Arber, iv. 461.
Shakespeare's works, it may be doubted whether Benson depended on Thorpe's printed volume in his confused impression of the sonnets. 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 recit of a Table Booke from his Mistrie'; and that which Thorpe numbered CXXV is headed, 'An intretie for her acceptation.' A word of the text is occasionally changed in order to bring it into accord with the difference of sex. In Sonnet CVI. r, Benson reads 'faire love' instead of Thorpe's 'faire friend', and in CVIII. 5, 'sweet love' for Thorpe's 'sweet boy'.

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 have presume [under [avour] 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 Insipidic in his death, to have the due accomodatiō of proportionable glory, with the rest
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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 Prayse of his Love,' 'An address to his scornewfull 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.

Robert W. Chambers
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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,

* 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. Paul'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.
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

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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 1735, 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

*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

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. od., 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,
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be sold by John Watts dwelling
at Christ Church gate.

1609.
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:

SHAKES-PBEARES | 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 L 2 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, L4, 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 1815 for £3 17s. od.
collection (G. 11181), measuring $6\frac{3}{8}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$ 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 $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$, 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 $7\frac{5}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$, being inlaid on paper measuring $9\frac{5}{8}'' \times 7\frac{5}{8}''$. 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 $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{5}{8}''$, 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.

\[\text{The Earl of Charlemont's MSS., i. 343 (in Hist. Comm. MSS. Report).}\]
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 x 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 7¼ x 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 '5d' 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 Notice Althorpiana, i, 394. 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, grand-father 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 \( \frac{7}{4}'' \times \frac{5}{4}'' \).

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-[Phillipps], 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. 6d. 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 \( \frac{6}{4}'' \times 5'' \). 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. 6d. 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 Pean Astonton Curzon, by Charles Jenness, 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.
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 £22 5s. 10d., 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', 1897, 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 3/8" x 9 1/2". 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. Sculpsit'. 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 commenatory verse 'Upon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Author, and his Poems' occupying three pages and signed 'Leon. Digges'. On the back of leaf *4 are seven commenatory 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
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-spere, 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 Drowne', signed B. L.; 'Her minde', signed B[en] I[son]son; 'To Ben. Johnson', signed F[ran]cis [eau]mont'; 'His Mistris Shadé' (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); 'Vpon a Gentlemewman walking on the Grasse'; 'On his Love going to Sea' (assigned to Carew); and 'Aske me no more where Loue
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

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 1/4" x 3 3/4"; 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 9/16" 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-SPEARES
SONNETS
Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
in his name by William Jaggery.
1609. 24
TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSVVING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED
BY
OVR. EVERLIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T. T.
Shakespeare's
Sonnets.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decrease,
His tender heire might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'd thy lights flame with selfe substantiall sev'ell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruel:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorde makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this gluton be,
To ease the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

When forie Winters shall besiege thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud livery so gaz'd on now,
Will be a roote'd weed of small worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beauties lies,
Where all the creature of thy lusty daies,
To say within thine owne deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauties vie,
If thou couldst anwer this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Prouing his beautie by succession thine.
This were to be new made when day art ope,
And see thy blood warme when thou feelst it cold.

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou seest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other.
Whose fressh repaire is now thou must renewest,
Thou dost't beguile the world, vnbluffe some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-card wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe losse to show prosperity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the towely April of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispite of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembered not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

Vnthrifty, louelinesse why dost thou spend.
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequest giveth nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are frees.
Then beasious nigard why dost thou shewe,
The bountious largesse giveth thee to giue?
Provides wiser why dost thou viue.
So great a summe of summres yet canst not live?
For having trafficke with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost decease.
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable Amand canst thou leave?
Thy vniue'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which viue'd liues th'executor to be.

Hope hovers that with gentle works did frame,
The louely gazed where every eye doth dwell
Will play the cirrus to thy very frame.
Sonets.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For never refelting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checks with frost and lustie leau's quite goe.
Beauty o'er-flow'd and barenes every where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd though they with winter mease,
Lesse but their show, their substance full liues sweet.

Then let no winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer este thou be distill'd;
Make sweet somie vialls, treasoure thou same place,
With beauties treasoure este it be selfe kil'd
That vie is not forbidden vyery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selvest to breed an other there,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selvest were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refugir'd the,
Then what could death doe if thou should't depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not selvest-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heire.

Oc in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning heade, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing light,
Surveying with lookes his sacred matricity,
And having clim'd the steepe vp heauently hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall looks ride on his beauty still,
Attending on his glorious pilgrimage;
But when from high steep pitch with every cur,

Like
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (for duteous) now conuerced are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
    So thou thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vniok'd on diet vnelle thou get a sonne.

M
Vfick to heare, why heaste thou vnftick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, joy delights in joy.
Why lou'ft thou that which thou receu'ft not gladly,
Or else recuall it with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tunsed sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou shou'dst beare.
Marke how one string soe sweet husband to an other,
Stikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
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 prove noise.

I
S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in singlenesse?
Abyf thou istillest that hast to-die,
The world will waile thee like a vnachelesse wife.
The world will be thy widdow and still weeps,
That thou no forme of thee hadst left behind,
When evry priuate widdow well may keeps,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde.
Look what an vnright in the world doth spend:
Shifts but his place for still the world inooyes it
But beautes wassen bath in the world an end,
And kep vnside the vier so destroys it:
    No love toward others in that bosome fits
That on himselfe such murderous shame committ.
Sonnets.

IO
For shame deny that thou bearest love to any
Who for thy sake art so un provident
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belou’d of many,
But that thou none so it is most evident:
For thou art so possesst with murderous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to confesse,
Seeking that beauteous roose to ruinate
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer love’st thou gentle love?
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted prove,
Make thee an other self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

II
As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow’st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which yongly thou bestow’st,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
Herein liues wisdome, beauty, and increase,
Without this sallie, 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, featurelisse, and rude, barrenly perish,
Looke whom she best endow’d, she gave the more;
Which bountious guilt thou shouldst in bounty cherish,
She caru’d thee for her scale, and ment therby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12
When I doe count the clock that tells the time,
And see the braue day sunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And fable curls or silver’d ore with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
Which erst from heat did canopie the herd

And
Shakespeare

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaves
Bone 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-selues forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst Times fieth can make defence
Sauce 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 giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in leafe
Find no determination, then you were
You selfe again after your selfes deceafe,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare,
Who lets so faire a house fail to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy guls of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts, dearre my loue you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

Or from the stars do I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil lucke,
Of plagues, of deafths, or seasons quality,
Nor can I fortune to breede mynuits tell;
Pointing to eache his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with Princes if that go well
By oft predict that I in heaven finde,
But from thine eies my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie that together thrive
If from thy selfe, to thee thou wouldst convert.
SONNETS.

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

15

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 perceive that mans plants increase,
Cheered and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie:
Vauent in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant day,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where waltfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to fullled night.
And all in war with Time for love of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vpon this bloudie cirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With means more blessed then my barren time?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnster,
With vertuous wares would beare your living flowers,
Much like then your painted-counterfeit.
So shoulde the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times penlet or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you live your selfe in eies of men,
To guie away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must thus drawne by your owne sweet skill.

17

Whe will beleeue my verse in time to come:
If it were full with your most high deserts?

B 4.

Though,
Shakespeare

Though yet heaven 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 here toucht earthly faces.
So shoule 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 childe of yours alive that time,
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
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 euerie faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'rt,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'r't 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 gies life to thee.

Douring time blunter thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deououre her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phaenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seacions as thou fleet'rt,
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,
SONNETS.

O tooe not with thy howers my lousies faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course vertainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould Tume disspight thy wrong,
My loure shal in my verse euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the Master Misris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs,lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-pon it gazeth,
A man in hew all Hews in his controwling,
Which reales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
And for a woman wer 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 she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine bethy louse and thy louses vie their treaque.

21

O is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth vie,
And ever faire with his faire doth rehearse,
Making a compendium of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heavenens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in louse but truly write,
And then beleue me,my louse is as faire,
As any mothers childe,though not so bright
As those gould candells fixt in heavenens ayer:
Let them saye ma thot like of heare-say well,
I will not prysse that purpose not to tell.
M y glasse shall not perswade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date,
But when in thee times forrimes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate,
For all that beauty that doth coust the eare,
Is but the formely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy beart doth liue as thine in me,
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore lose not of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so cherly
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,
Thou gauft me shone not to glue hacke againe.

A s an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his tears is past besides his part;
Or some fierce thing replieat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abundance 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 seemes to decay,
One charg'd with bitter of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence;
And do not presagers of my speaking beart,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more express;
O leamne to read what silent loue hath wris,
To heare with owes belongs to loues fine wish.

M ine eye hath play'd the painter and hath staid,
By beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein it is staid,
A dperfecture it is Painters art,
For through the Painter must you see his skil,
SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictures lies,
Which in my bosome thou is hanging on,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes,
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eyes have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my breast, where-through the Sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

125

Et those who are in favor with their stars,
Of publicke honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I whose fortune of such triumph bars
Veils not for joy in that I honour not;
Great Princes favorites their faire leaves spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-delus their pride: lies buried,
For as a frowne they in their glory die.
The painfull warrior famosd for worth,
After a thousand victories once soild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toilds
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

225

Ord of my love, to whom in vassallage
Thy merit hath my heart strongly knit;
To thee I send this written embassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit,
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make severe base, in wanting words to shew in;
But that I hope some good concept of thine
In thy soules thought (all naked) will beflow it:
Til whatsoever star that guides my mourning,
Points on me graciously with faire aspect,
And puts apparell on my totered loving.
Shakespeare,

To shew me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe love thee,
Till then, not shew my head where thou maist prove me

27

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 boddes work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-dids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
Sure that my soules imaginary sight
Pretends their shaddoe to my sightles view,
Which like a iewell (hung in gally night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lim, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, not quiet finde.

28

How can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifte of rest?
When daies oppression is not easd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.
And eache though enimes to eathers raigne
Doe in conceit shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complain.
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
And oo't him grace when clouds doe blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart complexioned night,
When sparkling stars twiere not thou gai'ft th' eauen,
But day doth daily draw my forrowes longer, (for onger
And night doth nightly make grooves length forme

29

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone bewepe my out-call estate,
And
S O N N E T S.
And trouble deathe heauen with my boodlefe cries,
And looke vpon my felfe and curfe my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him,like him with friends posleft.
Desiring this mans art,and that mans skope,
With what I most injoy contented leaft,
Yet in these thoughts my felfe almost despifing,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my fate,
(like to the Larke at breake of daye arifing.)
From sullen earth fings hims at Haewens gate,
For thy sweet louse remembred such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

V
Whan to the siffions of sweet silent thought,
I fommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lache of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eyewould to low.
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And wepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
And mone the expence of many a vanifhit fight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heavily 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 losfes are restord, and sorrowes end.

Thy bofome is inclere with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue suppos'd dead,
And therfore raignes Loue and all Loues loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Haath deare religious loue storne from mine eye,
As interst of the dead, which now appeares,
But things remau'd that hudden in there lie.
THOU art the grave where buried love doth lie,
Hung with the trophies of my louer gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I loued, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haft all the all of me.

If thou sustine my well contented seat,
When that charle death my bones with dust shall coue;
And shalt by fortune once more re-furnay:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the best ring of the time,
And though they be out-sprit by every pen,
Reserve them for my loue, not for their time,
Exceded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then youtlase me but this louting thought,
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought:
To march in ranckes of better equipages:
But since he died and Poets better proye,
Theirs for their title ile read, his for his loue.

If many a glorious morning have I scene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with出众aine cie,
Kissing with golden face the meadowes greene;
Gilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy:
Anon permit the bafleet cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestial face,
And from the fow-tone world his visage hide
Stealing vnscene to well with this d grace:
Even to my Sunne on early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But our stack, he was but one house mine,
The region cloudes hach mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whic disdaineth,
Suns of the world may shine, whic heaven's sun flainteth.
SONNETS.

34.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me triste forth without my cloake,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy beautie 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 shone can speake,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame glour 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 offensies losse.

Ah but those teares are pearsie which thy lover shed,
And they are ritch, and ranisme all ill deeds.

35.

No more bee green'd at that which thou hast done,
Rosies haue thornes, and silver fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses shone both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker lies in sweetes bud.
All men make faults and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
My selfe corrup'ing falsing thy amisse,
Exculding their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensuell fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Advocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commences,
Such civil war is in my love and hate,

That I an necessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which soereely robs from me,

36.

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

Though
Though in our lives a seperable sight,
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet hours from loues delight,
I may not euer more acknowledge thee,
Leaft my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnesse thou take thy honoure from thy name:
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

A
S a decrepit father takes delight,
To see her active childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest sight.
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 sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor displaid,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:

Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

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

Eternall
SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date,
If my flight Muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

O how thy worth 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 prais thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may give:
That due to thee which thou desceru'lt alone:
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy foure leasure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetely dost deceiue,
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

Take all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What haft thou then more then thou haft 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 receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou reliest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
By yt fullst taste of what thy selfe refusal it.
I doe forgive thy robb'rie gentle theere
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieue
To beare loues wrong then hates knowne inury,
Lustious grace, in whom all wel showes,
Kill mee with iouris yet wee must not be foes.

Thy pretie wrong that liberty committs,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

Thy
SHAKESPEARE

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well beseins,
For all 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 euer leave her till he have prevailed.
Aye me but yet thou mightst my seat forbeare,
And chide thy beauty, and thy flattering youth,
Who lead thee in their ryote even 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 her is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling shephe,
A losse in love that touches me more necerly.
Loving offenders thus I will excuse thee,
Thou dost love her, because thou knowest I love her,
And for my sake even doth the abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I losse thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
And losing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I losse both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loves 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 dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shadow doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
To the cleare day with thy much cleerest light,
When to vs-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How
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,
Though 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,
   Iniuous distance should not stop my way,
For then dysight 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 removed from thee,
   For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
   As soon as think 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 scope,
   Receiving watrsh by elements to floc,
   But haue those teares, badges of others woe.

The other two, flight ayre, and purging fire,
   Are both with thee, where ever 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 soure, with two alone,
   Strikes downe to death, opprest with melancholy.
   Vntill lines composition be secured,
   By these swift messengers return'd from thee,
   Who euen but now come back againe assured,
   Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
   This told, I say, but then no longer glad,
   I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

D 3 Mint
Mine eye and heart are at a mortall waste, 
How to devise the conquest of thy sight, 
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 neuer pearsd with christall eyes) 
But the defendant doth that plea deny, 
And fayes in him their faire appearance lyes, 
To side this title is impanneled 
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart, 
And by their verdict is determined 
The cleere eyes moytie, 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 himselfe doth smother; 
With my louers picture then my eye doth feast, 
And to the painted banquet bids my hearts 
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 feste away are present stille with me, 
For thou nor farthest then my thoughts canst mone, 
And I am stille 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 under truesst barres to truss, 
That to my vse it might un-rived stay 
From hands of fallechoed, in sure wards of truss? 
But thou, to whom my jewelz trifles are,
SONNETS

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou best of desires, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
I see the is not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not though I see thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
And even thence thou wilt be fiole I fear,
For truth pronounces thee with for a prize so dear.

Gainst that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frowning on my defects,
When as thy true heart to thine own must come,
Could so that audite by admittance?
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely great and with that Sun as shine eye,
When thou conscienc'd shews thee thing as was
Shall reason find the strictest restraint,
Against that time do I no more my prayer
Within the knowledge of mine owne deceit,
And thus my heart against my selfe yeare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leave mine owne, thou hast the strength of lawes,
Since why so true, I can allledge no cause.

How hasty do I journey on the way,
When what I seeke (my heartie travel end)
Dost teach that easie and the way to fly
That fare the miles before I brake from the land.
The heart that burneth me with my woes
Pleads daily on to bear the weight in me.
As if by some in the midst an yoke,
His rider, he cannot feel his bridles strength,
The bloody spices cannot pass his hands
That know not them; or feel his yoke his hide,
Which burneth so unmanly in strong.
More sharper to me than spurring to his side,
For that same grace doth put this in my mind,
My griefs lies outward and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the foul offence,
Of my dull bearers, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why should I halt me thence,
Till I return of pouting in need.
Oh what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can frame but slow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion that I know,
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects love being made)
Shall naught nor dull flesh in his fiery race,
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my aide,
Since from thee going, he went willfull slow,
Towards thee ile run, and giv' him leave to goe.

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not e'ry hower surry,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure,
Therefore are feastis so sollemne and so rare,
Since seldom comming in the long yere late,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or capaines jewells in the cascoon.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheast,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instants speciall blest,
By new ransouling his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you whose worthinesse giveth shape,
Being had to triumph, being lack to hope.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadowes 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 Hellenus cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and soyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shadow of your beautie 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.

54

O How much more doth beautie beautious seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth guile,
The Rose lookes faire, but farrer we it decree
For that sweet odor, which doth in it live.
The Canker bloomes have full as deepes a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When fommes breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live vnwoode, 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 lonely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

55

Nor marble, nor the guidled monument;
Of Princes shall out-lie this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then wones stone, besmear'd with fluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall Stares over-tune,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall bume:
The lining record of your memory.

Gainst
SHAKESPEARE.

Gainst death, and all obliouis enemi
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde room;
Euen in the eyes of all possessor
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eyes.

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then spetice,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaised,
To morrow sharpened in his former might.
So love be thou, although too daie thou fall
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they wincke with fulnesse,
To morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spiritt of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
Let this sad Intervis like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the bancke, that when they see;
Returne of loue, more blesse may be the view.

As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more with'd, more rare:

Being your flawe what should I doe but tend,
Vpon the house, and times of your desire.
I have no precious time at all to spend;
Nor functionalities to doe till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bittersesse of absence souere,
When you have bide your servant once a little.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thoughts,
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a said flawe stay and thinke of nought.
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
Some a foose is here, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing the thinkes no ill.)
SONNETS.

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 hours to crave,
Being your vassail bound to staie 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 selfe may pruileoge 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 their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguile,
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Even of five hundred courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this compos'd wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether resolution be the same.
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subject's worse haue gien admiring praise.

60

Like as the wanes make towards the pibled shone,
So do our minitures haften 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 maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florith set on youth,
And delues the parables in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his flesh to know.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, disdain his cruel hand.

Is it thy will, thy Image should keepe open
My heauy eie's ids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my flumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou seest it from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out thames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenesse of thy le slowly
O no, thy loue though much, is not so grea,
It is my loue that keepest mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plase the watch-man euer 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 possesseth all mine eie,
And all my soule, and all 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 surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beate and chopt with time antiquiteit,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selie
SONNETS

Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,
This (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

Against my love shall be as I am now
With times in.Accurs hand christ saint and cede-worne,
When hours have dreading his blood and sild his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
Hath trauaide on to Ages steepie night,
And all these beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of light,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortisie
Against confounding Ages cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my louers life.
His beauty shall in these blanke lines be scene,
And they shall line, and he in them still green.

When I have seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And braue euerall flame to mortal rage,
When I have seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the shore,
And the time foile was of the warrie maine,
Increasing floure with loste, and loste with floure,
When I have seene such interchange of state,
Or state 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 wepe to haue, that which it fears to lose.

Speer brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But had mortality ere swears their power,

E 2
SHAKESPEARE

How with this rage shall keerie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull sage of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steel so strong but time decayes?
O carefull meditation, where a slack,
Shall times best jewel from times chest be hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or keerie can forbid?
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my lour may still shine bright.

66

Ty'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold defert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in sollicit,
And purest faith unhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudeily trumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping fway disabled,
And arte made tungi-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) conserving skill,
And simple-Truth mislaide Simplicitie,
And captue-good attending Captaine ill.
Ty'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to dye, I leane my love alone.

67

A wherefore with infection shoulde be line,
And with his presence grace impetue,
That sinne by him advauntage shoulde achieve,
And hate it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting imitate his cheeks,
And feele dead seeing of his living heare?
Why should poor keerie indirectly seake,
Roses of shaddow, since his life is croune?

Whye
S O N K E T

Why should he liue, now nature backrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through finely vaines,
For the hath no eachecker now but his,
And proud of many, huees vpon his gaine?
O him the flores, to show what welth the had,
In daies long since, before these laft to bad.

68

Thus he his checke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'd as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durft inhabit on a living browne
Before the goulden trefles of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a seconde life on second head,
Ere beautie's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique howers are seen;
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of another's greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth Nature store
To shew faulte. Art what beauty was of yore.

69

Those parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of heares can mend:
All tongues (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Vrtuing bare truth, eu'n so as does Command.
Their outward thus with outward prais'd is crownd,
But those same tongues that giue thee so shine owne,
In other accents doe this prais'd confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath shoune.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then chart their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
To thy faire flower as the ranckes smell of weeds,
But why thy odor masculeth not thy show,
The folye is this, that thou dost common grow.

E 3
That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander marke was ever yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A Crow that flies in heavens sweetest syre.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being wood of time,
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present it a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assayld, or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, euermore inlarged,
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdome of hearts shouldst owe.

Noe longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall hear the fairest fallen bell
Gue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with wildest wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if I say you looke upon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse.
But let your love euen with my life decay.
Leave the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gone.

O Leave the world should task you to recite,
What merits had in me that you should love
After my death (deare love) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
When you would devise some virtuous lyce,
SONNETS.

To doe more for me then mine owne defert,
And hang more praiue vpon deceased,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart;
O leas 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 lieue 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.

T
That time of yeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the cloud,
Bare in'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang,
In me thou seest the twel-light of such day,
As after Sun-set sadeth in the West,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth ly,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Confum'd with that which it was nourisht by.
This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou must leau eere long.

B
Be contented when that fell areft,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interrest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.
When thou therefore this, thou doest renew,
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 lost the dregs of life,
The pry of warmes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
SNaKE-SPReAhs:

To base of thee to be remembered,
    The worth of that is that which is contains,
    And that is this, and this with thee remaunnes.

75
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd flowers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such spite,
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 beare that the world may see my pleasure,
Some time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleanse starved for a looke,
Possesting or pursuing no delight
Sauce what is had, or must from you be tooke.
    Thus do I pine and suefer day by day,
    Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76
Why is 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 sound methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That every word dost almost feel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know sweet loue I alwaies wisse of you,
And you and loue are still my argument:
So all my beit 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 sold.

77
Hy glasse will shew theer how thy beauties were,
    Thy dyall how thy precious myrines wafted,
    The
Sonnet

The vacant leaves thy minde do imprese will beare,
And of this booke, tis learning maist thou taste,
The wrinklees which thy glasse will truly shew,
Of mouthed graues will give thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady sheltre maist know,
Times theewith progress to eremitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurt, deluert from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, andmuch enrich thy booke.

O oft haue I intok'd thee for my Mufe,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,
As every Alien pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poore dispere,
Thine eyes, that taught the dummboons hightes sing,
And beauty ignorance abste to die,
Have added letters to the learned wing,
And given grace a double Maieftie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and honore of thee,
In others worke thou dost but mend the file,
And Arts with thy foreste grace armed be,
But there are all my absent and my enemies,
As high as learning, my sole ignorance.

Whist I alone did call upon thy syde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious number are decayde,
And my sick Mufe doth give an other place.
I grant (sweet love) thy lonely argument
Deferves the tenure of a warther pen,
Yet what of this thy Muse dost lesse lesse,
He solde thee ofe, and pays thee againe,
SHAKESPEARE

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

O

How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-sick speaking of your fame.
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest bare doth beare,
My sawtie barke (inferior farre to hit)
On your broad maine doth vitally appere.
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a showe,
Whilst he upon your soundest deepe doth ride.
Or (being wearie) I am a wanton base,
His of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thrive and I be cast away,
The worke was this, my loue was my deacy.

O

Or I shall line your Epitaph so make,
Or you surmise when I in eacch am rotten,
From hence your memory stood cannot take,
Although in one with you will be forgotten.
Your name from hence thensmall life shall have,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld one but a common grave,
When you incombend in many eyes shall be,
Your monument shall be by gentis worke,
Which eyes ney yet created shall more see.
And straung to thee, your honing shall everlast.
When all the house which thou could not choose,
You shall shall lay: (let somwhat haue my Pen)
Where breath and beatinge, once in the mouth of man.

2 lines
SONNETS.

81
Grant thou were not married to my Muse,  
And therefore mise it without attaint one looke  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.  
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in bow,  
Finding thy worth a limme past my praise,  
And therefore art inform'd to seeke anew,  
Some fresher stampes of the time bettering dayes.  
And do so loute, yet when they haue deuide,  
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,  
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,  
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.  
And their groffe painting might be better v'd,  
Where checkes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

84
I never 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 have I slept in your report,  
That you your selfe being extant well might show,  
How sere a moderate quill doth come to short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
This silence for my sinne you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dombe;  
For I imparie not beautie being more,  
When others would glue life, and bring a tombe.  
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,  
Then both your Poets can in praise deceife.

85
Who is it that says most, which can say more,  
Then this rich praise, 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.

F 8

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 tale admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

MY young-side Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
Refer their Character with goulden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like unlettered clarke still crie Amen,
To every Himne that able spirit affords,
In polished notes 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 lose to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dorne thoughts, speaking in effect.

A S 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 inhaerce,
Making their sombe 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.
Giv'n him styde, my verse astonish'd.
He nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gull's him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was
SONNETS

I was not sick of any feare from thence,
But when your countinace fille vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that inflampt mine.

Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
And like enough thou knowst thy esteemes,
The Chastitie of thy worth gues thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deservings?
The cause of this faire guilt in me is wanting,
And so my patent back againe is seving.
Thy selfe thou gau'ft thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'ft it, else mistaking,
So thy great guilt, upon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a king, but waking no such matter.

When thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
And place my merit in the eie of skorne,
Upon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set downe a story
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looking me, shall win much glory.
And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me,
Such is my loue, to thee it so belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

Say that thou dost forfake mee for some fait,
And I will commend upon that offence,

Speake
SAMUEL ЮАРД

Speak of my lamentate, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reason making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
To set a forme upondesired change,
As it, my selfe disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange;
Be absent from thy walks and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much prophane) should do it wrong:
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
    For thee, against my selfe I vow debate,
    For I must mere love him whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
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 scape this sorrow,
Come in the reeward of a conquerd woe.
Gite not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed over-throw.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefes have done their spight,
But in the onfet 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 seem 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 Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Hors.
And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a joy above the rest,
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
SONNETS

Thy love is bitter then high birth to me,
Ri:her then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses beer.
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.

But doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy love will stay,
For it depends vpon that love of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the leaft of them my life hath end,
I see, a better place 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 reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what so blessed 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 deceiued husband so loutes face,
May still seeme love to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can lisse 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 wrinkle's strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decrees,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
What cre thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence; but sweetnesse tell.
How like Easter apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answer not thy show.

92

93

94
94
That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
Who mov'g others, are themselves as stone,
Vnmoved, could, and to temptation flow:
They right'y do inherit heavens graces,
And husband natures riches from expense,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it enely liue and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things tu'ae fowret by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95
How sweet and lonely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweetes doest thou thy hines inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer every blit,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see,
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96
Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee refort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,
The basest Jewell will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the siter Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his looks translate,
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldest try the strength of all thy face?
But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Ow like a Winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezeings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's barrenkoe every where?
And yet this time removed was sommers time,
The teeming Autumnne big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombes after their Lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruites,
For Sommer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute,
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pide April (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
That heauie 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 deep vermilion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

Drawne
SHAKESPEARE.

Drawn after you, you patron of all those
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 sheepe whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeks for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grossely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haine;
The Roses fearfully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing famne an other white displeas’d;
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annex thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth,
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee,

VV Here art thou Muse that thou forgettest so long,
To speake of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy store on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeem,
In gentle numbers time to idely spent,
Sing to the care that doth thy laies extreme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise refty Muse, my loues sweet face fancy,
If time have any wrinkle graven there,
If any, be a Satire to decay,
And make times spoiles despised every where.
Give my loue fame faster then time waits life.
So thou præuceth his feth, and crooked knife.

O H muft Muse what shalbe thy amend,

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 hapsly sake,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pensell, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermixed,
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for's lies in thee,
To make him much our-silue a gilded tombet;
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office. Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeming long hence, as he showes now.

My love is strengthened though more weak in see,
My love not less, though less the show appeare,
That love is marchandiz'd, whose worth esteem'd,
The owners tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and thinne but in the spring,
When I was went to greet it with my laics,
As Philomell in summers front doeth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Then when her mournfull hirns did hush the night;
But that wild mutick busheas every bow,
And sweet's grown common loose their deare delight,
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dulle you with my songe.

A lack what poorety my Muse brings forth,
That hauing 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 wriete,
Looke in your glasse and there appears a face,
That out-goes my blut invention quite,
Dalling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

G 2    Were
Shakespeare's

Were it not sinnfull then striving to mend;
To marre the subject that before was well;
For to no other path 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 howses 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 feemes your beautie still; Three Winters colde;
Have from the forrefts shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow Autumnus turn'd,
In processe of the seasons have I seene,
Three April perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyal hand,
Sceale from his figure, and no pace perceiued,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth flame,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceas'd.
For feare of which, heart this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beautie summer dead.

Let not my loye be cal'd Idolatry;
Nor my beloued as an Idol show,
Since all alike my songes and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so,
Kinde is my loye to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confirm'd;
One thing expressing leaues 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 theems in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, have ofte ne clese alone,
Which three till now, never kept face 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 beat,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would have express't,
Euen 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 desuming eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack toungs to praise.

107

Of mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'd,
And the fad Augurs mock their owne pretage,
Inconstentities now crowne themselves affir'd,
And peace proclaims Offices of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balme time,
My lone lookers commend death to me subscribes;
Since sight of him the time in this poore time,
While he influen' and stall and speeche subscribe.
And thou in this shalt finde thine monument,
When tyrants creftes and tombs of braught are spent.

108

Hat's in the braine that Jack may character,
Which hath not sign'd to shee the true spirit,
What's new en sign'd what now to registere,
That may express my lone, or thy deare merit.
Nothing sweete boy but yet like prayers divine,
G 3

Tennant
Shakespeare.

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

O

Never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence found'd my flame so qualifie,
As eafe might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy breast doth lye.
That is my home of love, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Just as the time, not with the time exchang'd.
So that my selfe being water for my flame,
Never believe though in my natureaign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:
For nothing this wise Vaincrue I call,
Save thou my Rose, in it shew art my all.

A

Las his grace, I blesse gone here and there,
And made my selfe a mooley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, fold cheape what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I haue look'd on truth
Alone and strangely. But by all shoue,
These blenees gave my heart an other youth,
And worfe effaires grouw'd then, my best of love.
Now all is done, whoe shall have no end,
Mine appetit I neuer more will giue de.
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confind.

Then
SONNETS.

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

O For my sake doe you with fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanses which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almoist thence my nature is subdued
To what it workes in,like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and with I were renu'de,
Whils like a willing patient I will drinke,
Potions of Eyfell gaunt my strong infection,
No bitterneffe that I will better thinke,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pitty me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pitie is enough to cure me.

Y Our love and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't upon my brow,
For what care who calleth me well or ill,
So you exc Greene my bad, my good slow?
You are my All the world, and I must strive,
To know my shames and praises from your tongue,
None else to me, nor I to none alike,
That my steel'd fence or changes right or wrong.
In so profound Abijame I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders fence,
To crytich and to flatterer stopped are
Marke how with my neglect I doe dis pense.
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y are dead.

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

Seemers seeing, but effectually is ours
For it no forme delime st in the heart.
Of bird, of flower, or shape which it dawnd lack,
Of his quick vihie, which the minde do part,
Nor his owne vision holds what it dawnd catch
For if it see the rudis of gentle light.
The most sweet-tawer or deformed est estatt.
The mountain, the vine, the day, or night.
The Croe, or Dune, in dresse them to your feature.
Incable of more sepeic, with you.
My most true mindz thus makes mine vntrue.

114

Or whether dawnd my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shal I stay mine eie faith true,
And that your lost caught it this Momenes?
To make of monsters, and things indiget,
Such cherubines as your sweet-tawer resemble,
Creating every buds a perfect bud.
As fast as objects to his beames affembers
Oh is the first, is flattery in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinks it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his grace is greasing.
And to his pellit doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, cie is the last stage.
That mine eie's passive, and doth humble all the phase.

115

These lines then I before have with desiring,
Even those this said I could not have gain desiring.
Yet then my judgement knew no matter why,
My most full frame should afterwards frame desiring.
But recketing time, whose millione annelles,
Crepe in twine owres, and change elements of mone,
Tan sacred beare in his die, and his mane,
Disert strong meare, on his mount, and rising change.
Alas why fearing of dustes mine...

Might
Sonnets.

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

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments,love is not alone
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
Oh no, it is an ever fixed marke
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight be taken.
Lous not Times foole, though rote lips and cheeks
Within his bending fickles compass come,
Love alters not with his briefe houre and weekes,
But beares it out even to the edge of doome:

If this be error and upon mee proud,
I never writ, nor no man ever loued.

Accuse me thus, that I have scantred all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Where to al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I have frequent binne with vnknowne mindes,
And given to time your owne desire purchas'd right,
That I have hoysted fail to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,
And on just proofs furmifie, accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your browne,
But shooe not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeal did firste to proue
The constancy and virtue of your love.
Like as to make our appetites more keen;
With eager compounds we our pallat purge,
As to prevent our maladies unseen.
We seek to shun sickness when we purge.
EVEN so being full of your sweet yea closing sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feedings.
And sick of wel-fare found a kind of meekness,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needage.
Thus politic in love 'tis anticipate.
The ills that were, not grew so fasts affur'd.
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 sick of you.

What potions haunt I drunk of Sybariscare
Distill'd from Lyncacks soule as hell within.
Applying fears to hope, and hopes to fears,
Still looting when I saw my falsse to win.
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilfe it hath thought it falsse so blessed never.
How have mine eyes out of these spheres benefitted
In the distraction of this madding sense?
O benefit of ill, now I find true.
That better is, by evil still made better.
And ruin'd houe when it is build anew,
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebuk'd to my content,
And gaine by ills thrice more then I haued spent.

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feel,
Neeede must I under my transgression bow,
Vnlese my Nerves were brace or hammerd steel.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken,
SONNETS.

As I by yours, y'haue past 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 woe might haue remembered
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humblellace, which wounded bofores fits!
But that your trespassse now becomes a fee,
Mine rampions yours, and yours must randome mee.

Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others take adulterate eyes
Gieve salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are fraudles spies?
Which in their wiles count not what I think good?
Nee, I am that I am, and they that fell
At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
I may be straight though they themselves be cuel.
By their rancke thoughts my deedes must not be shown
Versed this general evil they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their bednesses raigne.

Thy guife, thy tables are within my braine
Full charactar'd with lasting memory,
Which shall about that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date, even to eternity,
Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
Hau'e facultie by nature to subsist.
Til each to raz'd oblivion yeeld his part
Of these thy record neuer can be null.
That poore remembrance could not so much hold,
Nor need I trouble thy desire howe to shewe.
Therefore to give them from me was I bold.

H 3
To
Shakespeare

To trust those tables that record thee more,
To keep an almanack to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

No! Time, thou shalt not boist that I doe change,
Thy pyramids built vp with never might
To me are nothing nowell, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight:
Our dates are briefe, and therefore we admire,
What thou dost foist upon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our desire,
Then thinke that we before have heard themcoulde:
Thy register and thee I both defie,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lye;
Made more or les by thy continual hast:
This I doe vow and this shall ever be,
I will be true disright thy lyeth and then.

If my deare loue were but the childe of state,
It might for fortunes betterd be vnsathered,
As subject to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weedes, or flowers with flowers gatherd;
No it was buyed far from accident,
It suffers not in smillinge pemp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallled discontent,
Wherefore the uising time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy that Horitick,
Which workes ou leafes of short numbered howers,
But all alone stands hagely politick,
That it nor grows with best, nor drownes with foweres.
To this I witnes call the folks of time,
Which die for goodnes, who have li'd for crime.

Ver's ought to me! I love the canopy,
With my eare in the outward honoeing,
SONNETS.

Or layd great bales for eternity,
Which proues more short then waft or ruining?
Have I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,
Pittyful thriuors 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, knowes no art,
But mutuall render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou subborne Informer, a swre foule
When most impeacht, stands leaft in thy controule.

O Thou my lovely Boy who in thy power,
Doest hould times sickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who haft by wayning growne, and therein thou'lt,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'lt.
If Nature (souveraine mistres owr wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She kerpeth thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuite kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detaine, but not still keep one her tresure.
Her Audite (though delayd) answere'd must be,
And her Quentin is to render thee.

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it were it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties succeffue heire,
And Beautie slanderd with a bastard flame,
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
Pairing the soule with Arts saulte borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy bourse,
But is prophan'd, if not lies in disgrace.

H 3  Therefore
Therefore my mistercle eyes are Rasen blacc,
Her eyes so suted and they mourneres seeme,
As such ho not bothe faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a false extreame,
Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
That every young faires beauty should looke so.

How oft when thou my sustefake sustake playst,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou so gently swayst,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I ensifie those laches that nimble leape,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harue? receape,
As the woods bouldnes by chee blushing stand.
To be so titled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blett then luing lips,
Since wantie laches so happy are in this,
Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

The expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perniced, murderous, bloudly full of blame,
Saucie, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truut,
Injoyd no sooner but dispisèd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason, hated as a swallowed bays.
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made in parfit and in poachtam to,
Had heuing, and in quiet, to have extreme,
A blister in proude and proud and very two,
Before a toy pepis'd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shou the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My
SONNETS.

130

My MIffres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Curst all 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 damauke 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 MIffres cheekes.
I love to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That Musick hath a farre more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddesse goe,
My MIffres when shee walkes treads on the ground,
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any the bchi'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my deare dying hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious Jewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue groane;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swears it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swears
A thousand groanes but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do wincnesse bear
Thy blakkes are fairest in my judgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke save in thy deeds,
And thence this flander as I thinke proceeds.

133

Thine cies I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
Haste put on black, and loving mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pains.

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

B
Efhrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
I't not ynoough to torture me alone,
But flaye to flauery my sweet't friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him,my selfe,and thee I am forfaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy feele bolesomes 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 we: rigor in my Isle.
And yet thou wilt,for I being pent in shee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in one.

S
O now I have confess that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile 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 contentious,and he is kinde,
He learnt but furtie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vsuer that put't forth all to vs.

And
SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debte for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
   Him haue I lost, thou haft both him and me,
   He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

Who euer hath with, thou haft thy will,
   And will too boote, and will in ouer-plus,
More than enough am I that vexe thee still,
   To thy sweet will making addition thus,
Wilt thou whose will is large and fratiuous,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others see new right gracious,
   And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
   And in abundance addeth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in will adde to thy will,
   One will of mine to make thy large will more.
   Let no vnkinde, no faire beseachers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one will.

If thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
   Swear to thy blind soule that I was thy will,
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
   Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fullfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
   In things of great receit with eafe 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 fill,
   And then thou louest me for my name is will.

Thou blinde soule loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
   That
That they behold and see not what they see: They know what beauty is, see where it lies, Yet what the best is, take the worst to be. If eyes corrupt by one-partiell lookes, Be anchor'd in the baye where all men ride, Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes, Where'to the judgement of my heart is tide? Why should my heart think that a severall plot, Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place? Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not To put faire truth upon so foule a face, In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd, And to this false plague are they now transferred.

When my love sweares that she is made of truth, I do believe her though I know the lies, That she might shink me some vertued youth, Vizelamed in the worldes false subtiltys. Thus vainely, thinking that she shinkes me young, Although she knowes my dyes are past the best, Simply I credit her false speaking tongue, On both sides there is simple craft suppress'd. But wherefore lackes she not the is vanity? And wherefore say you I shal I过渡? O loyes best habitation seeming much, And age in love, leastest shall ye say I said: Therefore I lie with her, and she with me, And in our faults by lies we flatterd be.

Call not me to justify the young, That thy vnkindnesse layes upon my heart, Wound me not with thine eue but with thine tongue. We power with power and they are one by Art. Tell me thou lose'th life, when thou in my sight. Deceit hurt forbear so glance thine eye stille, What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might.
SONNETS.

Is more than my ore-prest defence can hide
Let me excuse thee, ah my love well knowes,
Her prettie lookes have beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face the turns my foes,
Yet do not so, but since I am neere flaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

B E wife as thou art cruel, do not prestie
My yong-tide patience with too much disdaigne:
Left sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wasting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it were,
Though not to looke yet looke to tell me so,
As teffie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Pfullusions knowe.
For if I shoule despair I shoule grow madde,
And in my madness might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde flanderers by madde eares beleuewed be.
That I may not be so, nor thau be hyde,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe.

I N faith I doe not lose thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispease,
Who in desight of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy yongues tune delighte,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smel, desire to be intrepid
To any fensual feast with thee alone:
But my true wits, nor my true fences can
Diswade one foolish heart from servyng thee,
Who leaves vnswaid the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts flane and vsailfull wretche to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.
Shake-speare's

Line 143

L

One is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull loving,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state.
And thou shalt finde it mettis not reproving,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their sacred oaths,
And feald false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robe others beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I love thee as thou lon't those,
Whome thine eyes wose as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deferte to pittied bee,

If thou dost seke to have what thou dost hide,
By felse example ma'it thou be condite.

Line 144

One as a cayrfull huswife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swif dispatch.
In pursuite of the thing she would have stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose buffe care is baste.
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 kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maist have thy will,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

Line 145

Thow loues I haue of comfort and despaire,
Which like two spirits do suspeete me still,
The better angell is a man right faire;
The worser spirit a woman colloue'd it.
To win me stooone to bell my femall cuil,

Tempstbb
SONNETS

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my saint to be a duet;
Wooing his purity with her foule 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 geffe 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.

145

Those lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,
Was vise in giving gentle doles:
And taught it thus a new to greeter;
I hate the aird with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Dost follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And said my life failing not you.

146

Oore foule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebell powers that thee array,
Why doest thou pine within and suffer death?
Painting thy outward walls so collique gay?
Why so large cost having to shure a leaf,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall weares inheritors of this excess,
Ease vp thy charge is this thy bodies end?
Then foule little thou upon thy servants lose,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy trawmeulaine in selling houses of dullest.
SHAKESPEARE

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

My love is as a fearful longing still,
For that which longer nurtureth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preferre the ill,
Th' uncertain sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my love,
Angry that his prescripisons are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approse,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantick madde with ever-more unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At random from the truth vaineley exprest.
For I have sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

O Me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures 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 love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not so true as all mens no,
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vexet with watching and with tears?
No mannaile then though I mistake my view,
The same it selfe sees not, till heaven clears,
O cunning love, with tears thou keepst me blinde,
Left eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

Anst thou O Swell, say I love thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pectake: Doe
Sonnets

Do I not think on thee when I forget
Am of my selfe, all tirante for thy sake?
Who hasth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom from the thou that I doe faune upon,
Nay if thou lookst on me doe I not spend
Reuenge upon my selfe with present mone?
What merrie do I in my selfe respect,
That is to proude thy servisee to dispite,
When all my best doth worship thy defect;
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But love hate on for now I know thy mine,
Those that can see thou louist, and I am blind.

150

O h from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me gin the lie to my true sight,
And where that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becomming of things if,
That in the very refuse of thy deede,
There is such strengthe and warrants of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceedt:
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I heare and see just cause of harte,
Oh though I love what others doe abhor,
With others thou shouldest not abjur my flame.
For thy unworthinesse raisd none in me,
More worthy I to be beloued of thee.

157

Oue is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of love,
Then gentle cheere nor my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe prove.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my gross bodies treason.
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in love, lest it ake no further reason.
SHAKE-SPEARES

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

IN loving thee thou knowst I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue sweating,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost
For I have sworne deep othes of thy deep kindnesse:
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee give eyes to blindness,
Or made them sweere against the thing they see,
For I have sworne thee faire more periur'd eye,
To sweere against the truth so foule a lie.

Cup'd laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dryas this advantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly sleepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrow'd from this holie fire of loue,
A dateless liuely heat still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strange maladies a soueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
The boe for triall needes would touch my breit,
I sick withall the helpe of bath defired,
And thereth hied a sad distemperd guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my helpe lies,
Where Cup'd got new fire; my mistres eye.
Sonnet 154

The little Love-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chat life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayrest waxy make vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And to the General heat atone,
Was sleeping by a Virgin's hand distem'd.

This brand she quenched in a cool Well by,
Which from loves fire cools his pure cement,
Growing a bush and daintieutherlandly,
For men displeased, but I say Misprize the threat,
Came there for cure and this by that I prove,
Loues fire heats water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

K A
A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From off a hill whose contour was inclosed,
A plaintful story from a sinking vale
My spirits' account this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I lay to lift the sad sun'd tale,
Ere long expire a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Scorning her world with forrowes, wind and rain.

Upon her head a plattid hue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkes of a beauty spent and donee,
Time had not fished all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but sight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peepeth through lattice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heau her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charactars,
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
The fresned woe had pelletted in tears,
And often reading what contents it beareth,
As often shrinling undistinguifh'd wo,
In clamours of all fize both high and low.

Some-times her bounded eyes their carriage ride,
As they did betray to other hearts intent;
Sometimes diversing their ponderable side,
To th'oother earth sometimes they do extend,
Their view eighton, anon their gaze land,
Complaint
To every place at once and no where first,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt,

Her hair not loose nor tied in formal place,
Proclamed in her a careless hand of pride;
For some times descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside,
Some in her thirteen filler still did bide,
And trow to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a mound she drew,
Of amber chystall and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a riuver 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 extreme begs all.

Offolded schedulls had th' many a one,
Which the persu'd, sight, core and gave the fluid,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mad,
Found yet no letters sadly pend in blood,
With flied fibles, tears and affectedly
Enswath'd and scald to curious secrecy.

These oftentimes she in her fluxuated,
And often kiss, and often gave to teare,
Cried false blood thou registre of lies,
What unproved wistnes doest thou beare!
Inke would have seem'd more blacke and dammed heare!
This laid in top of rage she lines she rents,
Big discontent, confounding the contents.

An exceeding man that great'd his carrell ry.

K 2  Some
A Lovers

Sometimes a blunter that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cisterc, and had but go by
The swiftest hours observed as they flew,
Towards this affliated fancy hastily drew;
And prudish'd by age desires to know
In breathe the grounds and mantages of her wo.

So slides he downes upon his preyed but;
And comely distant for he by her side,
When she againe desires her being late,
Her grecuance with his hearing to desire;
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie allwage
Tis prouit in the charitie of age.

Father she sees, though in mee you behold
The injury of many a blasting house;
Let it not tell your judgement I am old,
Not age, but question, over me hath power;
I might as yet have bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had feltly aplyed
Louve to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But woe is mee, too early I staggered
A youthfull suit it was to gain my grace;
O one by nature's owndwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke over all his face,
Louve lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts she didde abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lippes their silken parcels havel,
Whose sweet to do, to do wilt apply find,
Each eye that saw him did inchant the minder.
COMPLAINT

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largeness thinks in paradiis was sawne.

Small shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appere
Like vnshorne vchuet, on that tenderesse 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 winde's breath sweetly, vnruely though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liucry 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 subiection, noble by the swaie,
What roundes, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controversie 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,
Accomplish'd in him-selfe not in his case:
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,
Can for addition, yet their purport'd trimme
Pec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
A LOVERS

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
At replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weeper
He had the dialect and different skil,
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

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

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind,
Like fools that in th’ imagination set
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign’d,
And labouring in moe pleasures to beflaw them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owne them.

So many haue that never toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos’d them mistresse of his heart:
My woffull 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
Throw my affections in his charmed power,
Refer’d the stakke and gaue him at my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demand of him, nor being desired yeilded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde;
With fairest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many bulwakes builded
Complaint.

Of proofs new bleeding which remain'd the soile
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 by-past perills in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, advice is often scene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

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

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his soule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guiled in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euere brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his soule adulterate heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus her gane besiege me: Gentle maid &
Hauing of my suffering youth some feeling pity
And be not of my holy vowes afraid,
Thats to ye sworn to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did here intire nor never volv.

All my offences that abroad you see

Ase
A Lovers

Are errors of the blood none of the minds,
Love made them not, with sure they may be,
Where neither Party is nor cruel nor kind,
They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains,

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th. smallest seen,
Or any of my leisures ever Charmed,
Harmes haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raigned 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 en crimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And lo behold these talents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleach;
I have receive[d] from many a funeral faire,
Their kind acceptance, weepingly beseech,
With th' annexions of faire gems instrich,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie

The Diamond why twas beautifull and hard,
Where to his inuis'd properties did tend,
The depe greene Emerald in whose fresh regard,
Weake fights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen he[w]d Saphir and the Opal 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 affections hot,
Of pensi'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 phrased hand,
Whose white weighs downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these families to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunge's did raise:
What me your minister for you obides
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sumnes.

Lo this device was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of richest core,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternall lone.

But oh my sweet what labourist to leave,
The thing we have not, manifest what not Strives,
Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
Playing patient sports in uncontraind giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,
The scarres of bastall scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

The
A Lovers

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flee;
Religious love put our religions eye:
Not to be tempted would she ever'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

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

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Bleeu'd her eies, when they t' affayle begun,
All vowes and consecrations giving place:
O most potentiall love, vowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither liging, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thow impressest what are precepts worth
Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldy those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of filliall fear une, kindred fame,
(chame
Loves armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst
And sweetens in the suffring pungues it beares,
The Allot of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding greanes they pine,
And supplicant their figures to you extend,
To lease the battrie that you make gainst mine,
Lending lost audience, to my sweet designe,

And
COMPLAINT.

And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferre and undertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
Whose fighthes, till then were leaued on my face,
Each cheeke a riuere running from a fount,
With brynist currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the streame gave grace!
Who glaz'd with Chriftall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their biew incloses.

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one perticular tear?
Put with the invyvation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What brefit so cold that is not warmed heart,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extinguiere hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Even there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciull 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 Cautilles, all straing formes receiues,
Of burning blusses, or of weeping water,
Or founding palenesse: and he takes and leaves,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:
To bluss at speeches ranck, to wepe 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 hate of his all burning eye,
Shewing faire Nausica both kind and tame;
And vail'd in them did winne whom he would make;
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim,
When he most burnt in hart-wise luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus meereely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed friend he couered,
That th'venerable gave the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubim above them houed,
Who young and simple would not be so houed.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moisture of his eye,
O that false fire whiche in his breast do glowing;
O that sore thunders from his heart did dye,
O that sad breach his sponge lungs bestowed;
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the sore betray'd,
And new perswet a reconcil'd maid.

FINIS.