

## 10 Honors Select Shakespearean Sonnets

18 XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

29 XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,  
10 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

35 XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud:  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
5 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
10 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be,  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

78 LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse  
As every alien pen hath got my use  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
5 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
10 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But though art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

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116 CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
5 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
10 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

130 CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red, than her lips red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
5 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
10 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare,  
As any she belied with false compare.

144 CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.  
5 To win me soon to hell, my female evil,  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,  
10 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

148 CXLVIII

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?  
5 If that be fair 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 men's: no,  
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,  
10 That is so vexed with watching and with tears?  
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.