SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS
On the forgetful waters then fail.

Alfred de Bury
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Sonnets
by
Shakespeare

With illuminated Initials
and Borders by
Edith A. Ibbs.
Shall I compare thee
to a summer's day?
Thou art more love-
ly & more temperate:
Rough winds do shake
the darling buds of May
And Summer's lease
hath all too short a date:
Some time too hot the eye
of heaven shines.
And often is his gold
complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair
sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owwest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
When in disgrace
with fortune &
men's eyes,
I all alone
beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven
with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself
and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one
more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like
him with friends possess'd
Desiring this man's art
and that man's scope,
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie:

Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone, who all their parts of me to thee did give;

That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee, And thou, all they, hast all-the-all of me.
Hull many a glorious morning
have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face
the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams
with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his face to hide,
Stealing unseen to west with his disgrace:
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now;
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.
Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak
To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
With what I most enjoy
contented least;
Yet in these thoughts
myself almost despising,
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;
Nor thy sweet love re-
membered such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to
change my state with kings
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's
long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense
of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at
grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe
to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore
bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if
not paid before,
But if the while I think
on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor-
ed and sorrows end.
Why bosom is endear'd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead.
And there reigns love, &
All loves loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
Now many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead which now appear.
That heals the wound, & cures not the disgrace; 
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief; 
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss: 
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief 
To him that bears the strong offence's cross. 
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds, 
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.
O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly.
When summer's breath
their masked buds discloses.
But, for their virtue only
is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and
unrespected fade;
Die to themselves.
Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are
sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous
and lovely youth,
When that shall fade,
by verse distils your
truth.
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
the rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
advantage on the kingdom of the shore.
And the firm soil win of the watry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store.
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay:
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death which cannot choose.
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.
Since brass, nor stone, 
nor earth, nor bound-
less sea, 
But sad mortality
o'ersways their power,

How with this rage shall
beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stron-
ger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's
honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful
siege of battering days,

When rocks impreg-
nable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation: where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks & hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.
But do thy worst to steal thyself away.
For term of life thou art assured mine.
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life shall end.
I see a better state to me belongs.
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind.
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.
Now like a winter hath my absence been
From thee the pleasure of the fleeting year:
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's harshness everywhere:
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs
after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue
seemed to me
But hope of orphans &
unfathered fruit;
For summer and his
pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very
birds are mute;
Or, if they sing,'tis with
so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale,
dreading the winter's
near.
From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap
pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at
the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep ver-
milion of the rose;
They were but sweet,
but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,-you
pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter
still, and you away,
As with your shadow
I with these did play.
The forward violet
thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence
didst thou steal
thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's
breath: The purple pride
which on thy soft cheek
for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou
hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned
for thy hand,
The buds of marjoram
had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, One blushing shame, an other white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both. And to his robbery had annexed thy breath; But for his theft, in pride of all his growth A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

Ore flowers I noted, yet I none could see, But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.
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 re-
mover to remove;
O, no! it is the ever-fx-
ed 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 & cheeks
Within his bending sickles 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.
Shakespeare, William
Sonnets
1913