

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,
 But as the riper should by time decease,
 His tender heire might beare his memory:
 But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fwell,
 Making a famine where aboundance lies,
 Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
 Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
 And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine owne bud burieest thy content,
 And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding:
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.



From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the riper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

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



When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now
 Will be a tottered weed of small worth held:
 Then being asked, where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

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



A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created,
 Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

* Memory of the Prince
- On the Epitaph
- All memory of
- Some memory

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-terne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
The living record of your memory.
Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.



Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this pow'rful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgement that your self arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

MY Miftres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
 If snow be white, why then her brefts are dun:
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
 I haue feene Rosés damaskt, red and white,
 But no such Rosés see I in her cheekes,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
 Then in the brcath that from my Miftres reekes.
 I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
 That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
 I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
 My Miftres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
 As any she beli'd with false compare.



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.
 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
 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.

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
 But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
 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 periur'd most,
 For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
 For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
 Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
 And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
 Or made them swere against the thing they see.
 For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,
 To swere against the truth so foule a lie.



In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing:
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most,
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see:
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured eye,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie.