

golden 18

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.<sup>5</sup>  
 — (But) thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;<sup>o</sup> ownest  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:<sup>o</sup> are grafted  
 — So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this,<sup>6</sup> and this gives life to thee.

O, how I faint° when I of you do write, *get discouraged*  
 Knowing a better spirit<sup>4</sup> doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
 5 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as° the proudest sail doth bear, *as well as*  
 My saucy bark,° inferior far to his, *impudent boat*  
 On your broad main° doth willfully° appear. *waters / boldly*  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat  
 10 Whilst he upon your soundless° deep doth ride; *bottomless*  
 Or, being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building<sup>5</sup> and of goodly pride.° *magnificence*  
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this: my love was my decay.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments;<sup>3</sup> love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:

<sup>5</sup> O, no, it is an ever-fixèd mark,<sup>4</sup>  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height<sup>5</sup> be taken.

Love's not Time's fool,<sup>6</sup> though rosy lips and cheeks *plaything*

<sup>10</sup> Within his<sup>6</sup> bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.<sup>7</sup> *brink of Judgment Day*

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;<sup>9</sup>  
 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,<sup>o</sup> red and white, *dappled*  
 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.<sup>1</sup>  
 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;<sup>o</sup> *walk*  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare<sup>o</sup> *admirable; extraordinary*  
 As any she belied<sup>o</sup> with false compare. *misrepresented*