**SONNET 29**

When, in disgrace with fortune and 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,   
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;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

**SONNET 130**

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 damask'd, 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.

**SONNET 25**

Let those who are in favour with their stars,   
Of public honour and proud titles boast,   
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,   
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.   
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread   
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;   
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.   
The painful warrior famoused for worth,   
After a thousand victories once foil'd,   
Is from the book of honour razed quite,   
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved   
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

**SONNET 104**

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,   
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd   
In process of the seasons have I seen,   
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceiv'd:  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

**SONNET 19**

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;   
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,   
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,   
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;   
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:   
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;   
Him in thy course untainted do allow   
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.   
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

**SONNET 30**

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, unus'd to flow,   
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd 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'd and sorrows end.

**SONNET 23**

As an unperfect actor on the stage,Who with his fear is put beside his part,Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;So I, for fear of trust, forget to sayThe perfect ceremony of love's rite,And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.O! let my looks be then the eloquenceAnd dumb presagers of my speaking breast,Who plead for love, and look for recompense,More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

**SONNET 33**

Full 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 visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine   
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;   
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,   
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.   
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;   
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

**SONNET 65**

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,   
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,   
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?   
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out   
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,   
When rocks impregnable 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.

**Sonnet 75**

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,   
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife   
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;   
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon   
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,  
Now counting best to be with you alone,   
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight   
And by and by clean starved for a look;   
Possessing or pursuing no delight,   
Save what is had or must from you be took.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,   
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.