

Not all of these sonnets are Shakespeare!

<p align="center">29</p> <p>When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweepe 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, 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 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 remembered such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings.</p>	<p align="center">Amoretti 1</p> <p>Happy ye leaves when as those lilly hands, Which hold my life in their dead doing might Shall handle you and hold in loves soft bands, Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight. And happy lines, on which with starry light, Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright, Written with teares in harts close bleeding book. And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke, Of Helicon whence she derived is, When ye behold that Angels blessed looke, My soules long lacked foode, my heavens blis. Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone, Whom if ye please, I care for other none.</p>
<p align="center">Sonnet 169</p> <p>Rapt in the one fond thought that makes me stray From other men and walk this world alone, Sometimes I have escaped myself and flown To seek the very one that I should flee;</p> <p>So fair and fell I see her passing by That the soul trembles to take flight again, So many armed sighs are in her train, This lovely foe to Love himself and me!</p> <p>And yet, upon that high and clouded brow I seem to see a ray of pity shine, Shedding some light across the grieving heart:</p> <p>So I call back my soul, and when I vow At last to tell her of my hidden pain, I have so much to say I dare not start.</p>	<p align="center">Sonnet 298</p> <p>Love that doth reign and live within my thought And built his seat within my captive breast, Clad in arms wherein with me he fought, Oft in my face he doth his banner rest. But she that taught me love and suffer pain, My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire With shamefaced look to shadow and refrain, Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.</p> <p>And coward Love, then, to the heart apace Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and 'plain, His purpose lost, and dare not show his face. For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain, Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove,— Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.</p>
<p align="center">Sonnet 43</p> <p>How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of being and ideal grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for right. I love thee purely, as they turn from praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.</p>	<p align="center">Sonnet 19</p> <p>When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, And that one Talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest he returning chide; "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?" I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need Either man's work or his own gifts; who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest: They also serve who only stand and wait."</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">130</p> <p>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.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Sonnet 75</p> <p>One day I wrote her name upon the strand, But came the waves and washed it away: Again I wrote it with a second hand, But came the tide, and made my pains his prey. "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay, A mortal thing so to immortalize; For I myself shall like to this decay, And eke my name be wiped out likewise." "Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise To die in dust, but you shall live by fame: My verse your vertues rare shall eternize, And in the heavens write your glorious name: Where whenas death shall all the world subdue, Our love shall live, and later life renew."</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Amoretti 30</p> <p>My Love is like to ice, and I to fire: How comes it then that this her cold so great Is not dissolved through my so hot desire, But harder grows the more I her entreat? Or how comes it that my exceeding heat Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold, But that I burn much more in boiling sweat, And feel my flames augmented manifold? What more miraculous thing may be told, That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice, And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold, Should kindle fire by wonderful device? Such is the power of love in gentle mind, That it can alter all the course of kind.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">71</p> <p>No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell. Nay, if you read this line, remember not The hand that writ it, for I love you so That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, If thinking on me then should make you woe. O, if, I say, you look upon this verse When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay, Do not so much as my poor name rehearse, But let your love even with my life decay, Lest the wise world should look into your moan And mock you with me after I am gone.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Sonnet 292</p> <p>The eyes I spoke of once in words that burn, the arms and hands and feet and lovely face that took me from myself for such a space of time and marked me out from other men;</p> <p>the waving hair of unmixed gold that shone, the smile that flashed with the angelic rays that used to make this earth a paradise, are now a little dust, all feeling gone;</p> <p>and yet I live, grief and disdain to me, left where the light I cherished never shows, in fragile bark on the tempestuous sea.</p> <p>Here let my loving song come to a close; the vein of my accustomed art is dry, and this, my lyre, turned at last to tears.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Sonnet 26</p> <p>SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a briar; Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough; Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near; Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branch rough; Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough; Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill; Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough; And sweet is moly, but his root is ill. So every sweet with sour is tempered still, That maketh it be coveted the more: For easy things, that may be got at will, Most sorts of men do set but little store. Why then should I account of little pain, That endless pleasure shall unto me gain!</p>

Sonnet 107

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,
On a white heal-all, holding up a moth
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth--
Assorted characters of death and blight
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth--
A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
What brought the kindred spider to that height,
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?
What but design of darkness to appall?--
If design govern in a thing so small

*Heal-all – a wildflower, usually blue or violet, but occasionally white, found blooming along roadsides in the summer. It was supposed to have healing qualities.