REFERENCE

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM
CONCORDANCE
TO
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS:
AN INDEX
TO EVERY WORD THEREIN CONTAINED
BY
MRS HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[THIRD EDITION]

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
London: 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.
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As it is impossible to limit the purposes for which the language of Shakespeare may be studied, or to say that the time will not come, if it has not already, when his use of every part of speech, down to the humblest conjunction, will be criticised with as much nicety as has been bestowed upon Greek and Latin authors, it seems to me that, in the selection of words to be recorded, no discretionary powers should be granted to the ‘harmless drudge’ compiling a Concordance. Within a year or two a German scholar has published a pamphlet of some fifty pages on Shakespeare’s use of the auxiliary verb to do, and Abbott’s Grammar shows with what success the study of Shakespeare’s language in its minutest particulars may be pursued. I have therefore cited in the following pages every word in his Poems.

I would not have it thought that any imperfection is hereby imputed to Mrs Clarke’s invaluable Concordance of the Dramas. The bulk of that work was a sufficient bar to the plan I have been enabled to follow in the lesser task which was before me.

Having adopted the rule of recording every word, I thought it a needless expenditure of space to insert in every instance the entire line in which a word occurs. I have given the clause in which the word stands and the number of the line, and then, that nothing may be wanting to the convenience of the student, the Poems themselves are reprinted at the end. If in any case the citations appear meagre, the original is instantly accessible.

Compound words, such as seal-manual, are entered under each word; but not compounds without a hyphen, such as eyelid; nor words not separated by a hyphen from their prefixes.

Such words as ‘stonished, mongst, etc. are given under their unabbreviated forms also.

Where the same word has two or more meanings, such as lie, light, wish, etc., an Italic catchword indicates the change from one sense to another. I have not thus subdivided words when there were less than half a dozen instances of the word; nor have I thought it necessary to indicate purely
grammatical distinctions. Such an attempt seems not properly to belong to a mere Verbal Index, and would, moreover, to be thorough, demand a familiarity with Shakespeare's use of language to which I can lay no claim.

I have not placed under a separate catchword the third person singular of verbs, lest I should be introducing subdivisions that would not compensate for the confusion that might arise, especially where there is a difference of spelling; and for the same reason I have not separated the singulars and plurals.

Where *and* is used as a copula of two nouns, both nouns are given.

I have followed the text of the Cambridge Edition, with the exception of some trifling deviations in punctuation.

As the pages are stereotyped, corrections can be made at any time of misprints, against which it seems that no human vigilance can guard, and I shall be grateful to the kindness that will notify me of them.

My special thanks are gladly given to Mr. W. A. Wheeler, of The Boston Public Library, for the handsome way in which he placed at my disposal his MS. Concordance of these Poems. As my work was well advanced when his offer came, I have not availed myself of his kindness, yet it is none the less felt. The motto on the title-page is his witty suggestion.

H. K. F.
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<td>to end a hapless life</td>
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A mountain spring that feeds a dale

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in a sea of care

like a gentle flood

A woeful hostess

will strain a tear

and whiles against a storm

Will fix a sharp knife

with a winding maze

tries a merciless conclusion

and sorts a sad look

like a melting eye

Who in a salt-waved ocean

A pretty while

semblance of a devil

like a goodly champion plain

in a rough-grown grove

abuse a body dead

Till after a deep groan

may be call'd a hell

A letter to my lord

a mass of people at a door

A part of woe

'Tis but a part

with a steadfast eye

have a true respect

a little while doth stay

where hangs a piece

A thousand inanent objects

a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear

About him were a press

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head

a kind of heavy fear

To find a face

in a body dead

and not a tongue

without a sound

To plague a private sin

like a heavy-hanging bell

she sees a wretched image

A brow unbent

But, like a constant

He entertain'd a show

Into so bright a day

a form half lost a mind

In such a look

A face should bear a wicked

tear he falls a Trojan bleeds

old acquaintance in a trance

A stranger came

A creeping creature with a flaming

with so strong a fear

his sorrow makes a saw

'tis a meritorious fair design

While with a joyless smile

Here with a sigh

A harmful knife

Who, like a late sack'd island

a watery rigour goes

show me a bare-boned death

starts Colinton as from a dream
to die with her a space

Have served a dumb arrest

self, supposed a fool
to give thyself a blow.

Making a famine

Wil. be a tatter'd weed

--

A—So great a sum of sums

A Liquid prisoner

unless thou get a son

to wet a widow's eye,

like a makeless wife

so far a house fall

You had a father

but a little moment

do not you a mightier way

It is but as a tomb

be term'd a poet's rage

thee to a summer's day

all too short a date

A woman's face

A woman's gentle heart

A man in hue

And for a woman wert thou

Stirr'd by a painted beauty

Making a coupelight

For at a crown

After a thousand victories

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Intend a zealous

Which, like a jewel hung

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of many a vanished sight

How many a holy

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Full many a glorious morning

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such a sale can speak

a lawful pleaeance

lives a separable spirit

As a descreep father

And by a part of all

O absence, what a torment

It is a greater grief

to break a twofold truth

A loss in love

are at a mortal war

A closet never pierced

A quest of thoughts

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doth share a part

thievish for a prize

he answers with a groan

have full as deep a dye

with a perpetual dulness

But, like a sad slave

So true a fool

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This thought is as a death

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desert a beggar born

on a living brow

To live a second life

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A crow that flies

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As twixt a miser and his wealth

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A—travail of a worthier pen

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I am a worthless boat
but a common grave
a limit past my praise
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How far a modern quill
and bring a tomb
And such a counterpart
beautious blessings add a curse
Above a mortal pitch
as a dream doth flatten
In sleep a king
I can set down a story
will be a gainer too
To set a form
of a conquer'd woe
a windy night a rainy morn
out a purposed overthrow
a joy above the rest
I see a better state
O, what a happy title
Like a deceived husband
Which, like a canker
but in a kind of praise
O, what a mansion
finger of a throne'd queen
If like a lamb
How like a winter
'tis with so dull a cheer
Hath put a spirit
A third nor red nor white
A vengeful canker eat him up
be a satire to decay
outlive a gilded tomb
a scope to show her pride
and there appears a face
like a dial-hand
in a wondrous excellence
Even such a beauty
forfeit to a confined doom
a motley to the view
A god in love
my name receives a brand
like a willing patient
had a perfect best
Love is a babe
found a kind of meetness
medicine a healthful state
you've pass’d a hell of time
And I, a tyrant
now becomes a fee
dressings of a former sight

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
with a bastard shame
with a false esteem
in a waste of shame
as a swallow'd bait
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe
Before a joy proposed, behind, a dream
a far more pleasing sound
never saw a goddess go
A thousand groans
A torment thrice threefold
And sue a friend
Among a number

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think that a several plot
upon so foul a face
a thousand errors note
the likeness of a man
as a careful housewifo
is a man right fair
a woman colour'd ill
my saint to be a devil
who, like a fiend
having short a lease
My love is as a fever
so foul a lie
A maid of Dian's this
In a cold valley-fountain
A dateless lively heat
And grow a seething bath
maladies a sovereign cure
a sad distemper'd guest
by a virgin hand disarm'd
quench in a cool well
a bath and healthful remedy
From off a hill whose concave
A blindfold story from a sistering
espied a fickle maid
a platted hive of straw
The carcass of a beauty
a careless hand of pride
A thousand favours from a maund
she in a river threw
had she many a stone
Crack'd many a ring
A reverend man that grazed
Sometimes a blusterer
injury of many a blasting
have been a spreading flower
A youthful suit
Love lack'd a dwelling
was he such a storm
falsehood in a pride of truth
And controversy hence a question
The one a palate bath
from many a several fair
was sent me from a nun
to charm a sacred nun
a river running from a fount
what a hell of witchcraft
a plenteous of subtle matter
That not a heart which
the garment of a Grace
Which, like a cherubin
do again for such a sake
pervert a reconciled maid
is a soothing tongue
angel is a man right fair
a woman colour'd ill
my saint to be a devil
A woman I foresaw
Thou being a goddess
thou a heavenly love
and breath a vapour is
to win a paradise
sitting by a brook
with many a lovely look
A longing lassiance
osier growing by a brook
A brook where Adon used
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Mild as a dove
About—... him were a press
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".... 1586
About the mourning
".... 1744
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Achieve—advantage should....
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To take a new acquaintance
I will acquaintance strange
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Acquainted—.... but not....
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O, impious act including all foul
assist me in the act
The leastsome act of lust
this act will be
with the least act dispense
For his foul act
In act thy bed-vow broke
Act—I did but act
on his did act the seizure
Action—
till.... might become them better
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there is such action yield
Whose action is no stronger
Is lust in action; and till action just
Active—To see his.... child
Actor—From vassal actors
As an imperfect actor
Acture—with.... they may be
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To make a more rejoicing
her oratory adds more grace
Add to his flow
add the rank smell
blessings add a curse
add something more
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Added—Rain—.... in a river
Have added feathers
my added praise beside
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Wishing Adonis had
At this Adonis smiles
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and left Adonis there
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Because Adonis' heart
It is Adonis' voice
Adonis lives, and Death
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then would Adonis weep
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Describe Adonis
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Anon Adonis comes
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to take advantage
" 495
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advantage should achieve
" 67 1
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For this advantage still
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Advice— is sporting while infec-
tion broods

Advised— O, be; thou know'st now

Advisedly— she marketh

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Afar— may read the note

Afraid— And wast to scratch

Affable— That familiar ghost

Affairs— his honour, his

Affected— to thine own face

Affectedly— silk and

Affection— is a coal

Affected faints not

Afflicted— in his bed

Affectedly— fancy fastly drew

Afford— too much talk

Afford— doth V A

Affrest— And weep

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After— like sunshine

After— longer long he questioned

Till after a deep groan

old Priam after slew

after many accounts and delays

After— a thousand victories

After— as sunsets fade

After— their lord's decease

Draw After you, you pattern

after that which flies

after new love bearing


AGAINST
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Afterwards— should burn clearer

Again— they dry, she seeks

to kiss? then wink again

I'll give it thee again

and forth again

never lost again

breatheth life in her again

kill me once again

you will fall again

she untreated again

And, sighing it again

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come back again, assured

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To-morrow see again

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Against the welkin volleys out

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Alas—'tis, he nought esteemeth V A 631
'Alas, poor world " 1675
Alas, how many bear R L 872
From that, alas, thy Lucreece " 1672
Alas, 'tis true I have gone Son 110 1
Alas, why, fearing " 115 9
alas, it was a spito P P 7
All—they ... rate his ill
All but these poor forbiddings
All heart of all her land
All with my might
All this beforehand
All the power of both
All which together
All to the host
All that brood to kill
All these petty ills
All Feeble Desire, all recreant
All that the faults
All sirs past and all that are
All nuns and all murder'st all
My tongue shall utter all
to all fair eyes
And to herself all sorrow
And all my fame
all the little worms
through all her body spread
smeared all with dust
his beard all silver white
All jointly listening
all bolt'n and red
where all distress is stel'd'
all distress and doleful dwelt
Of all the Greeks
Here, all enraged
Which all this time
To tell them all
all the task it hath to say
unless I took all patiently
comes all too late
they all at once began
and all his lordly crew
all the beauty of my glass
By all our country rights
where all thy beauty lies
Where all the treasure
Who, all in line
If all were minded so
sable curls all silver'd o'er
all girded up in sheaves
all 12
And all in war with Time
number all your graces
All hath all too short a date
and all her fading sweets
all 'hues' in his controlling'
all things rare
For all that beauty
And all the rest forget
all naked, will bestow it
I all alone beweep
All losses are restored
endowed with all hearts
And all love's loving parts
And all those friends
who all their parts
thou, all they, hast all the all of me
ransom all ill deeds
All men make faults and
Take all my comfort
these all, or all or more
of all thy glory Live
art all the better part of me
Take all my loves, my love, yea
take them all
all mine was thine
steal thee all my poverty

All—Stain to ... nymphs
P P ..... 9
devouring all in haste
making her cheeks all wet
all compact of fire
All wholly with chafing
For all askance he holds
And all this dumb play
All whole as thine
For all my mind
And all but with a breath
And all amazed brake off
And all the earth
borrow'd all their shine
she takes all she can, not all she
listeth
and picks them all
All is imaginary
But all in vain
all the world amazes
all stain'd with gore
desire sees best of all
And all is but to rob
of all these maladies
And all in vain
Love is all truth
That all the neighbor cares
they answer all
patron of all night
And all in haste
all strain courtesy
her senses all dismay'd
bepainted all with red
through all her sinews
nought at all respecting
In hand with all things, nought at
all affecting
all other eyes to see
All entertain'd each passion
join they all together
called him all to nought
of all mortal things
And there all smoother'd
That all love's pleasure
to all discontent's
all in post
Neglected all with swift intent
Which, having, all all could not
satisfy
This sin of all
That one for all or all for one
the death of all, and all together
all for want of wit
including all foul harms
All pure effects
All orators are dumb
All—In whom .... ill well shows Son 40 13
It is not all my grief " 42 1
For all the day they view " 43 2
All days are nights to see " 43 13
all tenants to the heart " 46 10
all art of beauty set " 53 7
In all external grace " 55 11
time at all to spend " 57 3
In sequent toil all forwards do " 61 14
possesseth all mine eye " 62 1
all my soul and all my every part " 62 2
As I all other in all worths surmount " 62 8
And all those beauties " 63 6
Tired with all these for restful " 66 1
Tired with all these from these " 66 13
Without all ornament itself and " 68 10
true
All tongues the voice of souls " 69 3
seals up all in rest " 73 8
Without all hail shall carry " 74 2
Sometime all full with feasting " 75 9
on all, or away " 75 14
I still all one, ever the same " 76 5
So all my best dressing " 76 11
Thou art all my art " 78 13
had all thy gentle grace " 79 2
spends all his might " 80 3
to all the world must die " 81 6
When all the breathers of this " 81 12
world
by all the Muses filed " 83 4
of all too precious you " 86 2
bonds in thee are all determinate " 87 4
bending all my loving thoughts " 88 10
myself will bear all wrong " 88 14
All these I better in one general best " 91 8
of all men's pride I boast " 91 12
All this away and me " 91 14
And all things turn " 95 12
strength of all thy state " 95 12
dressed in all his trim " 98 2
you pattern of all those " 98 12
of all his growth " 99 12
gives thee all thy might " 100 2
argument, all bare is of more " 103 3
since all alike my songs " 105 3
is all my argument " 105 9
so all their praises " 106 9
all you prefiguring " 106 10
All frailties that besiege all kinds of love " 109 10
nothing all thy sum of good " 109 12
In it thou art my all " 109 14
but, by all above " 110 6
Now all is done " 119 9
You are my all the world " 112 5
I throw all care " 112 9
That all the world besides " 112 14
That I have scanted all " 117 1
Where do all bonds " 117 4
to all the winds " 117 7
All men are bad " 121 14
Beyond all date even to eternity " 122 4
But all alone stands hugely " 124 11
Lose all and more " 125 6
All this the world well knows " 129 13

All—And .... they foul that Son 132 14
and all that is in me " 133 14
put forth all to use " 134 10
The sea, all water " 135 9
Think all but one " 135 14
where all men ride " 137 6
makes all swift dispatch " 143 3
not so true as all men's " 145 8
Am of myself all tyrant " 149 4
When all my best " 149 11
their rest all best exceeds " 155 8
all my vows are oaths " 152 7
And all my honest faith " 152 8
syyed all that youth begun LC ..... 12
Nor youth all quit " 13
In clamours of all size " 21
but where excess bogs all " 42
stuck over all his face " 81
All aids, themselves " 117
but were all graced by him " 119
All kind of arguments " 121
All replication prompt " 122
Catching all passion " 126
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All my offences that abroad " 189
Let these trophies " 227
Take all these smiles " 227
And now, to tempt all " 232
Have emptied all their fountains " 255
pour your ocean all among " 255
your victory us conest " 258
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art all, and all things " 363
The aoes of all forces " 273
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All melting; though our drops " 300
all strange forms receives " 303
0, all that borrow'd motion " 327
cares all disgrace in me
Where all those pleasures " 5
All ignorant that soul that " 5
all in love forlorn " 6
all her pure protestings " 7
and all were jestings " 7
As passing all conceal " 8
and left her all alone " 9
All unseen 'gan passage find " 17
All is naught " 18
All my merry jigs " 18
All my lady's love is lost " 18
Wrought all may loss " 18
All fears scorn I " 18
All help needing " 18
Plays not at all " 18
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All our merry meetings " 43
All our evening sport " 46
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frame all thy ways " 59
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all the pleasures prove " 79
all the craggy mountains " 90
all with leaves of myrtle " 92
as all forlorn " 92
All thy friends are " 21
All thy fellow birds " 21
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All-eating—Were an .... shame " 2 8
Alleg—can I .... no cause " 49 14
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Allotted—proach to him .... R L .... 824
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untainted do allow Sun 19 11
may had, my good allow " 112 4
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With .... splendour Sun 33 10
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But I alone am sit R L .... 795
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I all alone beweep my outcast state Sun 29 2
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by me be borne alone " 35 4
which thou dostest alone " 39 8
then she loves but me alone " 42 14
being made of four, with two alone " 45 7
I leave my love alone " 66 14
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts
shouldst owe " 70 14
be to with you alone " 75 7
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid " 79 1
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace " 79 2
Than this rich praise that you alone
are you " 84 2
Wretched in this alone " 85 13
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But all alone stands hugely politic " 124 11
Although I swear it to myself alone " 131 8
Is't not enough to torture me alone " 133 3
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Save the nightingale alone " 21 8
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although my foot did stand " .... 44 5
although to-day thou fill " .... 56 5
although their eyes were kind " .... 69 11
Although to me each part " .... 81 4
although his height be taken " .... 116 8
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Yet am I guilty " .... 541
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I am the mistress of my fate " .... 1069
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I that love and am beloved " .... 25 13
That am deed the benefit " .... 28 2
then I am not lame " .... 37 9
I in thy abundance am sufficed " .... 37 11
When I am sometime absent " .... 41 2
I am not thought " .... 44 9
And I am still with them " .... 47 12
So am I as the rich " .... 52 1
I am to wait though waiting so " .... 58 13
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am fled " .... 71 3
I perhaps compounded am with clay " .... 71 10
after I am gone " .... 71 14
For I am shamed " .... 72 13
I am a worthless boat " .... 80 11
When in earth am rotten " .... 81 2
wherein I am attainted " .... 88 7
To whom I am confined " .... 110 12
No, I am that I am " .... 121 9
I am forsaken " .... 133 7
Perforce am thine " .... 133 14
And I myself am mortgaged " .... 134 2
And yet I am not free " .... 134 14
More than enough am I that vex thee still " .... 135 3
And wherefore say not I that I am old " .... 138 10
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Past care I am " .... 147 9
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one that spies an adder 878
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one minute in an hour 1187
An expired date 12 R L ... 26
men without an orator 30
And he an eye-so're 205
bear an ever-during blame 224
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Show'd like an April daisy 365
batter such an ivory wall 464
Only he hath an eye 496
An—enters at ... iron gate 12 R L ... 595
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One poor retiring minute in an age 962
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In the world an end 9 11
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An eye more bright 20 5
As an unperfect actor 23 1
Then can I drown an eye 30 5
That I an accessory needs must be 35 13
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In her the painter had had ... 12 R L ... 1490
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Ancient—
from ... ravens' wings 12 R L ... 49
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And rein his proud head 14
Here'd come and sat 15
And being set I'll smother 18
And yet not clay 19
Making them red and pale 21
of pith and livelihood 26
And, trembling in her passion 27
Who blush'd and pouted 33
red and hot as flame 43
stalled up, and even now 39
And govern'd him 42
on their elbows and their hips 44
And 'gin's to chide 46
And kissing speaks 47
sighs and golden hairs 51
fan and blow them dry 55
feathers, flesh and bone 56
And where she ends 60
and breathed in her face 62
And calls it heavenly 64
shame and aved resistance 69
and prettily entreats 75
be hours and frets 76
shame and anger ashy-pale 76
and being white 77
And—And by her fair
And one sweet kiss
and turns his lips
darry and direful god of war
my captive and my slave
And begg'd for that
And for my sake hath learn'd to
sport and dance
dally, smile, and jest
drum and ensign red
And I will wink
Rot and consume themselves
despised, rheumatic, and cold
lean and lacking juice
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and
quick in turning
flesh is soft and plump
And yet no footing seen
light and will aspire
sweet boy, and may it be
and complain on theft
And died to kiss
and sappy plants to bear
and beauty breedeth
And so, in spite of death
And Titan, tired
and by Venus' side
And now Adonis
And with a heavy
young, and so unkind
And so, I lie between that sun and
These
And were I not immortal
this heavenly and earthy sun
and canst not feel
And one for interest
cold and senseless stone
image dull and dead
And swelling passion
Red cheeks and fiery eyes
And now she weeps, and now she
fain
And now her sobs
and then his hand
And when from thence
and thee shalt be my deer
and if those hills be dry
bottom-grass and high delightful
plain
obscure and rough
tempest and from rain
and there he could not die
And from her twining arms
and hasteth to his horse
lusty, young, and proud
And forth she rushes, snorts and
neighs aloud
and to her straight
And now his w'en girths
and forth again
courage and his high desire
majesty and modest pride
curves and leaps
And this I do
and nothing else he sees
colour, pace, and bone
fetlocks shag and long
small head and nostrils wide
straight legs and passing strong
And—... there he stares
VA

And—... there he stares
VA

And whether he run
through his mane and tail
and neighs unto her
and scorns the heat
and bites the poor flies
and his fury was assuaged
and left Adonis there
boisterous and unruly
And now the happy season
and begins to glow
And with his bonnet
How white and red
pale, and by and by
And like a lovely lover
And all this dumb play
wilful and unwill ing
and I a man
and thou shalt have it
And being steel'd
let go and let me go
And 'tis your fault
and leave me here alone
And learn of him
And once made perfect
and then I chase it
and I will not owe it
That laughs, and weeps, and all but
with a breath
shapeless and unfinished
colt that's buck'd and burden'd
and never waxeth strong
And leave this idle theme
And heart's deep-sore wounding
inward beauty and invisible
And that I could not
And nothing but the very
Being nurse and feeder
And bid Suspicion
Gusts and soul flaws to herdmen
and to herds
and at his look
And love by looks
And all amazed brake off
and she, by her good will
and all the earth
And as the bright sun
and life was death's annoy
and death was lively joy
and such disdain
And these mine eyes
And as they last
thou wilt buy, and pay, and use
good dealing
And pay them at thy leisure
and quickly gone
And coal-black clouds
and bid good night
and so say you
and ere he says 'Adieu'
and backward draws
and gluton-like she feeds
And having felt
Her face doth rock and smoke
And careless lust
and honour's wrack
Hot, faint, and weary
and now no more resteth
And yields at last
And—Foul words... crowns... "VA... 573... and yet she bears... 867...
and for his horn... 868...
and all in haste... 870...
and as she runs... 871...
make him shake and shudder... 889...
and her spirit confounds... 892...
dead and bloodless fear... 888...
dare and dare not stay... 894...
And childish error... 908...
And with that word... 900...
Like milk and blood... 902...
and now she will... 965...
And asks the weary... 914...
And there another... 915...
And here she meets... 917...
and he replies with howling... 918...
mourners, black and grim... 920...
Another and another answer... 922...
signs and prodigies... 926...
And, sighing it again... 930...
still beauty and to steal... 934...
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And, hearing him... 944...
And not Death's elon dart... 948...
And with his strong course opens... 969...
how her eye a and tears did lend and... 961...
borrow... 979...
and Barrers her it is... 986...
and yet too credulous... 988...
Thy weal and woe... 987...
Despair, and hope... 998...
Adonis lives, and Death... 992...
and grave for kings... 995...
and never woman yet... 1007...
And that his beauty... 1011...
Sixties, totals and stories... 1013...
his triumphs and his glories... 1014...
a weak and silly mind... 1016...
lives and must not die... 1017...
And beauty dead... 1020...
And in her haste... 1029...
And there all and brother'd... 1063...
their office and their light... 1039...
and never wound the heart... 1042...
and being opened... 1061...
and scented with him... 1056...
And then she reprehends... 1065...
And yet', quoth she... 1070...
colours fresh and trim... 1079...
lived and died with him... 1089...
and the wind doth kiss you... 1084...
Sun and sharp air... 1085...
And therefore would he... 1087...
and, being gone... 1089...
And straight, in pity... 1091...
and gently hear him... 1096...
And never fright... 1098...
and ripe-red cherries... 1103...
grim, and arch-in-scutted... 1105...
kiss him and hath kill'd... 1110...
And nuzzling in his flank... 1113...
Is dead, and never... 1115...
And stains her face... 1122...
and they are pale... 1125...
and that is cold... 1124...
and now no more... 1130...
And every beauty... 1132...
And—false.... full of fraud
Bad, and be blasted
and the top o' erstraw'd
and teach the fool
and too full of riot
raging-mad and silly-mild
merciful and too severe
And most deceiving
war and dire events
And set dimension 'twixt the son
and sire
subject and servile
And in his blood
pale cheeks and the blood
And says, within her bosom
and in the breach appears
And so 'tis thine
and 'tis thy right
rock thee day and night
And yokes her silver doves
and not be seen
And to Collatium
And girdle with embracing
unwatched red and white
And, if poss'd, as soon decay'd
and done
Honour and beauty
blasts, and ne'er grows old
beauty and virtue striving
checks, and call'd it then
beauty's red and virtue's white
war of lilies and of roses
and reverence welcome
And decks with praises
arms and wreaths of victory
and wordless so greets heaven
Mother of dread and fear
And in her vaunt prison
and you'd steal the night
And every one to rest
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds
And when great treasure
They scatter and unhouse it
And so, by hoping more
surfeit, and such griefs
wealth and ease
And in this aim
and oft that wealth
death of all, and all
And this ambitious
and, all for want of wit
And for himself
and wretched hateful days
and wolves' death-bellowing cries
are dead and still
While last and murder wakes to stain and kill
And now this lustful lord
between desire and dread
And to the flame
and in his inward mind
And justly thus controls
and lend it not
And die, unhallow'd thoughts
That spots and stains
and to shining arms
And be, an eye-sore
and hold it for no sin

And—.... in a desperate rage
And extreme fear
The shame and fault
but denial and reproving
conscience and hot-burning will
And with good thoughts
doth confound and kill
and doth so far proceed
And gazed for tidings
'And how her hand
and then it faster rock'd
and he leadeth
And when his gaudy banner
and will not be dismay'd,
Respect and reason
Sad pause and deep regard
and beats these from the stage
and full of fond mistrust
and now invasion
And in the self-same seat
And therein heartens up
And as their captain
between her chamber and his will
little vents and rainies
And blows the smoke
And being lighted
And gripping it
And give the snaped birds
scaffolds and sands
and with no more
And they would stand
Then Love and Fortune
and misty night
And with his knee
And gazeth on
fair and fiery-pointed sun
and keep themselves enclosed
And holy-thoughted Lucrece
and camoufl'd in darkness
And death's dim look
and death in life
And him by oath
And in his will
And they, like straggling slaves
bloody death and ravishment
and abide them
destitute and pale
their dear governess and lady
And fright her
dimm'd and control'd
Wrap'd and confounded
rise up and fall
more rage and lesser pity
To make the breach and enter
And the red rose
plead for me and tell
reproof and reason
is deaf and hears no heedful friends
And dothes on what he looks
disdain and deadly cunity
And in thy dead arms
and thou, the author
And sung by children
and thy children's sake
and makes a pause
And moody Phoebus winks
And mists the sentence
and sweet friendship's oath
human law and common truth
And—by heaven, earth, all the power
and stoope to honour
rocky and wreck-threatening
and be compassionate
and if the same
And will thou be
And makest fair reputation
and thou didst teach the way
and flattering thoughts retire
And wipe the dim mist
see thy state and pity mine
And with the wind
And, lo, then falls
And not the peddle
and thou their slave
and they thy fouler grave
For light and lust
And he hath won
And Last, the thief,
And then with hank and lean
knit brows, and strengthless pace
poor and meek
And when that decays
And by their mortal fault
and made her thrall
death and Pain
And he the barthen
Heavens, and hates himself
He runs, and chides
And my true eyes
And therefore would they
And grave, like water that doth eat
against repose and rest
And hides her eyes
And bid it leap
Dim register and notary
tragedies and murders
treason and the ravisher
vaporous and foggy Night
And let thy misty vapours
and make perpetual night
And fellowship in woe
and hang their heads
and hide their infamy
must sit and pine
And fright her crying babe
And undeserved reproach
And Tarquin's eye
and I, a drone-like bee
But robbed and ransack'd
And suck'd the honey
And talk'd of virtue
cramps and gouts and painful fits
and scarce hath eyes
and useless barns
And leaves it to be master'd
and they too strong
And in their shady cell
and displac'est land
And bring him where his suit
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages
Truth and Virtue
and thou art well appaid
murder and of theft
perjury and subornation
forgeery and shift
all sins past and all that are
And—nursest all... murder'st all
and enchaunced me
and bring truth to light
and sentinell the night
and smear with dust
and alter their contents
and cherish springs
And turn the giddy round
unicorn and lion wild
And waste huge stones
prevent this storm and shun
And the dire thought
And let mild women
And time to see
And merry fools to mock
and how swift and short
and his time of sport
And ever let his unrecalling crime
good and bad
And unperceived fly
at Tarquin and uncheerful Night
And want aerd to scratch
kill both thyself and her
'I live, and seek in vain
And therefore now I need not fear
And with my trespass
And solemn night with slow sad sail
And therefore still
And seems to point her out
fond and testy
And to herself
And as one shifts
her grief is dumb and hath no words
'tis mad and too much talk affords
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb
And with deep groans
And whilst against a thorn
fall and die
'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not
and then we will unfold
and death reproach's debtor
and curse to none
for heaven and Collatine
and his sap decay
And as his due
And, for my sake
My soul and body to the skies and ground
And all my fame
live and think no shame
both die and both shall victors be
And wiped the brinish pearl
And sorts a sad look
And then they drown
And therefore are they form'd
and shame that might ensue
And who cannot
and there she stay'd
And ero I rose
And that deep torture
paper, ink, and pen
ready by and by to bear
and it will soon be writ
and she prepares to write
Conceit and grief
this blunt and ill
come and visit me
AND—And the life ..... feeling  

When sighs and groans and tears  

And sorrow ebbs  

and on it writ  

and she delivers it  

but dull and slow  

And blushing on her  

life and bold audacity  

And blushing with him  

And yet the duteous vassal  

to weep and groan  

And dying eyes  

and smeared all with dust  

And from the towers of Troy  

and the impulse and majesty  

quick bearing and dexterity  

And here and there  

quake and tremble  

In Ajax and Ulysses  

blunt rage and rigour roll'd  

regard and smiling government  

Wagg'd up and down and from his side  

all hell'n and red  

to pelt and swear  

And in their rage  

And from the walls  

And to their hope  

And from the strand  

and their ranks began  

to the galled shore, and than  

They join and shoot  

all distress and doleur  

and grim care's reign  

with chaps and wrinkles  

And shapes her sorrow  

And bitter words  

And therefore Lucrece  

and not a tongue  

drop sweet balm  

And rail on Pyrrhus  

And with my tears  

And with my knife  

And here in Troy  

dame and daughter die  

And friend to friend  

and man's last  

and not with fire  

and colour'd sorrow  

and she their looks  

And who she finds forlorn  

To hide deceit and give  

a constant and confirmed devil  

And therein so enconed  

craft and perfury  

And little stars  

And child the painter  

And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still  

And from her tongue  

And turn'd it thus  

so weary and so mild  

and yet not wise  

And in that cold  

and make them bold  

Thus edbs and flows  

And time doth weary time  

and then she longs  

And both she thinks  

AND—And they that watch  

his lord and other company  

And round about  

look'd red and raw  

And thus begins  

And tell thy grief  

Collatine and his consorted lords  

And now this pale swan  

And my heart, and  

and on that pillow lay  

And what wrong else  

And softly cried  

And entertain my love  

On thee and thine  

and then I'll slaughter thee  

And swear I found you  

and so did kill  

and thy perpetual infamy  

to start and cry  

And then against my heart  

And never he forgot  

Lucrece and her groom  

And far the weaver  

And when the judge is rob'd  

Immaculate and spotless  

head declined and voice dumm'd up  

sad-set eyes and wretched arms  

and back the same grief  

And his untimely frenzy  

And for my sake  

And why not  

many accents and delays  

sick and short assays  

and through her wounds  

and all his lordly crew  

And from the purple fountain  

and, as it left the place  

And babbling from her breast  

Bare and unpeople  

pure and red remain'd  

And some look'd black, and that  

false Tarquin  

the meering and concealed face  

And ever since  

And blood untainted  

and they none of ours  

dim and old  

And shiver'd all the beauty  

and last no longer  

And leave the faltering feeble souls  

live again and see  

and not thy father thee  

And bids Lucretius  

And then in key-cold Lucrece  

He falls, and batters  

And counterfeit to die  

And live to be reveng'd  

it rains, and busy winds  

Then son and father  

And only must be wall'd  

too early and too late  

I owed her and 'tis mine  

'My daughter' and 'my wife  

' my daughter' and 'my wife  

In state and pride  

and uttering foolish things  

And arm'd his long-hid wits  

And help to bear thy part  

And by this chaste blood  

AND
And—And by chaste Lucrece

R. L. ..... 1839
and by this bloody knife
" ..... 1840
And kiss'd the fatal knife
" ..... 1843
And to his protestation
" ..... 1844
And that deep vow
" ..... 1847
and that they swore
" ..... 1848
And so to publish
" ..... 1852
And only Herald to the gaudy
Son 1 10
and tender churl, makest waste
" 1 12
by the grave and thee
" 1 14
dig deep trenches
" 2 2
Shame and thriftless praise
" 2 8
and make my old excuse
" 2 11
and see thy blood warm
" 2 14
Look in thy glass and tell the face
" 3 1
thy mother's glass and she in thee
" 3 9
Die single, and thine image dies
" 3 14
And being frank, she lends
" 4 4
And that unfair which fairly
" 5 4
hideous winter and confounds him
" 5 6
frost and lusty leaves
" 5 7
Beauty o'ersnow'd and barreness
" 5 8
doth's conquest and make worms
" 6 14
And having climb'd the steep-up
" 7 5
low tract, and look another way
" 7 12
will be safe, and with all
" 8 11
And kept unused, the user
" 9 12
presence is gracious and kind
" 10 11
And that fresh k年第, wisdom, beauty, and increase
" 11 5
folly, age, and cold decay
" 11 6
And threescore year would make it
" 11 8
Harsh, featureless, and rude
" 11 10
for her seal, and meant thereby
" 11 13
And see the brave day
" 12 2
And stable cares all silver'd o'er
" 12 4
And when the green is all girded up
" 12 7
White and bristly heard
" 12 8
Since sweet and beauties do
" 12 11
And die as fast as they see
" 12 12
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe
" 12 13
And your sweet semblance
" 13 4
And barren rage of death's eternal
" 13 12
And yet think what I have
" 14 2
his thunder, rain, and wind
" 14 6
And, constant stars, in them I read
" 14 10
As truth and beauty shall together
thrive
" 14 11
truth's and beauty's doom and date
" 14 14
Cheered and check'd even by
" 15 6
And wear their brave state
" 15 8
And all in war with Time
" 15 12
And fortify yourself in your decay
" 16 3
And many mellow gardens
" 16 6
And you must live, drawn
" 16 14
Which hides your life and shows not
" 17 4
And in fresh numbers
" 17 6
And your true rights
" 17 11
And stretched metre
" 17 12
live twice, in it and in my rhyme
" 17 14
lovely and more temperate
" 18 2
And summer's lease hath all
" 18 4
And often is his gold complexion
" 18 6
And every fair from fair
" 18 7
So long lives this, and this gives life
" 18 14
And make the earth devour
" 19 2
And burn the long-lived phoenix
" 19 4
Make glad and sorry seasons
" 19 5
And—And do whate'er thou wilt
Son 19 6
world and all her fading sweets
" 19 7
men's eyes and women's souls
" 20 8
And for a woman wert thou first
created
" 20 9
And by addition of thee defeated
" 20 11
love, and thy love's use
" 20 14
And every fair with his fair
" 21 4
with sun and moon, with earth and
seas
" 21 6
flowers, and all things rare
" 21 7
And then believe me
" 21 10
And in mine own
" 23 7
And dumb presages
" 23 10
love, and look for recompense
" 23 11
play'd the painter and hath stell'd
" 24 1
And perspective it is best painters'
art
" 24 4
drawn thy shape and thine for me
" 24 10
honour and proud titles
" 25 2
And in themselves
" 25 7
And every fair forgot
" 25 12
love and am beloved
" 25 13
And puts apparel
" 26 11
And keep my drooping eye-lids
" 27 7
beauteous and her old face new
" 27 12
For thee and for myself
" 27 14
But day by night, and night by day
" 28 4
And doth though enemies
" 32 5
And dost him grace
" 28 10
And night doth nightly make
" 28 14
fortune and men's eyes
" 29 1
And trouble deaf heaven
" 29 3
And look upon myself and curse
" 29 4
this man's art and that man's scope
" 29 7
thee, and then my state
" 29 10
And with old worn new wall
" 30 4
And weep afresh
" 30 7
And moan the expense
" 30 8
And heavily from woe to woe
" 30 10
restored and sorrows end
" 30 14
And there reigns love and all love
" 31 3
And all those friends
" 31 4
And all the righteous
" 31 5
And thou, all they
" 31 14
And shalt by fortune
" 32 3
And though they be outstripp'd
" 32 6
died, and poets better prove
" 32 13
And from the forlorn world
" 33 7
And make me travel
" 34 2
wound and cuts not
" 34 8
And they are rich and rampant all
" 34 14
thorns, and silver fountains mad
" 35 2
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon
and sun
" 35 3
And loathsome canker
" 35 4
faults, and even I
" 35 5
And 'gainst myself
" 35 11
And the haughty and
" 35 12
worth and truth
" 37 4
And by a part
" 37 12
And he that calls on thee
" 38 11
And what is't but mine own
" 39 4
And our dear love
" 39 6
Which time and thoughts so sweet
" 39 12
And that thou teachest
" 39 13
And yet, love knows
" 40 11
Thy beauty and thy years
" 41 8
And—Gentle thou art, ... therefore Son 41 5
And when a woman woos 41 7
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth 41 10
And yet it may be 42 2
And for my sake 42 7
And losing her 42 10
Both find each other, and I lose both 42 11
And both for my sake 42 12
my friend and I are one 42 13
And, darkly bright 42 14
And night's bright days 43 14
both sea and land 44 7
earth and water wrought 44 11
slight air and purging fire 45 1
again, and straight grow sad 45 14
Mine eye and heart 46 1
And says in him 46 8
And by their verdict 46 11
moiety and the dear heart's part 46 12
And my heart's right 46 14
Betwixt eye and heart 47 1
And each doth good turns 47 2
And to the painted banquet 47 6
And in his thoughts 47 8
And I am still with them and they with me 47 12
heart's and eye's delight 47 14
dearest and mine only care 48 7
may'st come and part 48 12
And even thence 48 13
And scarcely greet me 49 6
And this my hand 49 11
that ease and that repose 50 3
lies onward, and my joy behind 50 14
run and give him leave 51 14
feasts solemn and so rare 52 5
And you, but one, can every shadow 53 4
Adonis, and the counterfeit 53 8
And you in painted tires 53 8
spring and foliage of the year 53 9
And you in every blessed shape 53 12
thorns, and play as wantonly 54 7
unwo'd and unrespected fade 54 10
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth 54 13
And boils root out 54 15
death and all-oblivious enmity 55 9
You live in this and dwell 55 14
see again, and do not kill 56 7
the hours and times 57 2
stay and think of sought 57 11
And patience, tame to sufferance 58 7
And Time that gave doth now 60 8
And delves the parallels 60 10
And nothing stands but for his scythe 60 12
And yet to times in hope my verse 60 13
shames and idle hours 61 7
scope and lenour 61 8
And all my soul and all my every 62 2
And chide thy face 62 2
And for myself mine own worth 62 7
Beaked and chopp'd 62 10
hand crush'd and o'erworn 63 2
drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow 63 3
With lines and wrinkles 63 4
And all those beauties 63 6
And they shall live, and he in them 63 14
And—And brass, eternal slave Son 64 4
And the firm soil 64 7
loss and loss with store 64 8
come and take my love away 64 12
And needly nothing trium'd 66 3
And purest faith unhappily forsworn 66 4
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced 66 5
And saiden virtue rudely strampt 66 6
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced 66 7
And strength by limping away disabled 66 8
And art made tongue-tied 66 9
And fully, doctor-like, controlling skill 66 10
And simple truth miscall'd 66 11
And captive good attending 66 12
And with his presence 67 2
And face itself 67 4
And steal dead seeing 67 6
And, proud of many 67 12
beauty lived and died 68 2
And itself and true 68 10
And him as for a map 68 13
And that, in guess 69 10
And thou present 70 8
And mock thee with 71 14
And hang more praise 72 7
And live no more 73 12
And so should you 74 14
by and by black night 73 7
And that is this, and this with thee 74 14
And for the peace 75 3
miser and his wealth 75 4
enjoyer, and anon 75 5
And by and by 75 10
pine and surfet 75 13
methods and to compounds strange 76 4
And keep invention 76 6
birth and where they did proceed 76 8
And you and love 76 10
daily new and old 76 13
And of this book 77 4
blanks, and thou shalt find 77 14
And much enrich thy book 77 14
And found such fair 78 2
And under thee 78 4
And heavy ignorance 78 6
And given grace 78 8
thine and born of thee 78 10
And arts with thy sweet graces 78 12
art, and dost advance 78 13
And my sick Muse 79 4
He robs thee of, and pays it thee 79 8
and he stole that word 79 9
And found it in thy check 79 11
And in the praise 79 3
building and of goodly pride 80 12
thrive and I be cast away 80 8
And tongues to be 81 11
And therefore may'st 82 2
And therefore art 82 7
And do so, love 82 9
And their gross painting 82 13
And therefore to your fair 83 2
And therefore have I slept 83 5
And—give life . . . bring a tomb

And such a poor part

And precious phrase

And, like unletter'd clerk

And to the most of praise

And like enough

And for that riches

And so my patient back again

And place my merit

And prove thee virtuous

And I by this will be a gainer too

And I will comment

lamentess, and I straight will halt

strangle and look strange

and in my tongue

And haply of our old acquaintance

And do not drop in for an after-loss

And other strains of woe

hawks and hounds

And every humour

And having thee

away and me most wretched make

And life no longer

false and yet I know it not

Is writ in moods and frowns and

wrinkles strange

burt and will do none

cold and to temptation slow

And husband nature's riches

lords and owners

only live and die

sweet and lovely

And all things turn

youth and gentle sport

grace and faults are loved of more

and less

translated and for true things

Orphans and unfather'd fruit

for summer and his pleasure

And, thou away, the very birds are

laugh'd and leap'd with him

In odour and in hue

winter still and you away

And buds of marjoram

And in his robbery

and straight redeem

And gives thy pen both skill and

argument

And make Time's spoils

scythe and crooked knife

Both truth and beauty

and therein digg'd

And to be praised

was new, and then but in the spring

And stops her pipe

And sweet's grown common

and there appears a face

Dulling my lines and doing me dis-

grace

your graces and your gifts

And more, much more

and no pace perceived

Hath motion, and mine eye

songs and praises be

still such and ever so

Fair, kind, and true

Fair, kind, and true

And in this change

Son 83 12

Son 84 11

Son 85 4

Son 85 6

Son 85 10

Son 87 2

Son 87 6

Son 87 8

Son 88 2

Son 88 14

Son 88 9

Son 89 2

Son 89 3

Son 89 8

Son 89 9

Son 89 12

Son 89 14

Son 91 4

Son 91 5

Son 91 12

Son 91 14

Son 94 1

Son 94 4

Son 94 6

Son 94 7

Son 94 10

Son 95 1

Son 95 12

Son 96 2

Son 96 3

Son 96 8

Son 97 5

Son 97 10

Son 97 11

Son 97 12

Son 98 4

Son 98 6

Son 98 13

Son 99 7

Son 99 10

Son 100 5

Son 100 8

Son 100 12

Son 100 14

Son 101 3

Son 101 4

Son 101 12

Son 102 5

Son 102 8

Son 102 12

Son 103 6

Son 103 8

Son 103 12

Son 103 13

Son 104 10

Son 104 12

Son 105 3

Son 105 4

Son 105 9

Son 105 10

Son 105 11

Son 108 13

Son 108 15

Son 108 4

Son 109 11

Son 109 6

Son 109 8

Son 109 10

Son 109 13

Son 109 14

Son 109 18

Son 109 14

Son 110 1

Son 110 2

Son 110 6

Son 110 8

Son 110 14

Son 111 6

Son 111 8

Son 112 1

Son 112 5

Son 112 6

Son 113 11

Son 113 2

Son 113 3

Son 114 4

Son 114 5

Son 114 10

Son 114 12

Son 114 14

Son 115 6

Son 116 6

Son 116 9

Son 116 11

Son 116 13

Son 117 6

Son 117 8

Son 117 10

Son 117 14

Son 118 7

Son 118 11

Son 118 13

Son 119 3

Son 119 11

Son 119 12

Son 120 2

Son 120 7

Son 120 9

Son 120 11

Son 120 14

Son 121 3

Son 121 9

Son 121 14

Son 122 5

Son 123 5

Son 123 7

Son 123 9

Son 123 11

Son 123 13

Son 123 14

Son 125 6

Son 126 12

Son 127 4

Son 127 10
And—.... I am blind
Son 149 14
And—.... I am blind
Son 149 14
And swear that brightness
"  150 4
strength and warran'tise of skill
"  150 7
hear and see just cause
"  150 10
for whose dear love I rise and fall
"  151 14
and new faith torn
"  152 3
And all my honest faith
"  152 8
And, to enlighten thee
"  152 11
laid by his brand and fell asleep
"  153 1
And his love-kindling fire
"  153 3
And grew a seething bath
"  153 7
And thither hied
"  153 12
And so the general of hot desire
"  154 7
a bath and healthful remedy
"  154 11
cure, and this by that I prove
"  154 13
And down I laid
L C ..... 4
sorrow's wind and rain
"  ..... 7
beauty spent and doone
"  ..... 11
And often reading
"  ..... 19
both high and low
"  ..... 21
and nowhere fix'd
"  ..... 27
The mind and sight distractedly
"  ..... 28
pale and pined check beside
"  ..... 32
And, true to bondage
"  ..... 34
crystal, and of beaded jet
"  ..... 37
tore, and gave the flood
"  ..... 44
of pos'ded gold and bone
"  ..... 45
silk feel and affec'ted
"  ..... 48
and seal'd to curious secrecy
"  ..... 49
and often kiss'd, and often 'gan to
"  ..... 51
tear
"  ..... 51
more black and damned here
"  ..... 54
and had let go by
"  ..... 59
And, privileged by age
"  ..... 62
grounds and motives of her woe
"  ..... 63
And comely-distant sits he
"  ..... 65
and to no love beside
"  ..... 77
and made him her place
"  ..... 82
And when in his fair parts
"  ..... 83
lodged and newly deified
"  ..... 84
And every light occasion
"  ..... 85
And nice affections
"  ..... 97
maid'en-tongued he was and there-
"  ..... 100
of free
"  ..... 100
May and April is to see
"  ..... 102
and often men would say
"  ..... 106
And controversy hence
"  ..... 110
gave life and grace
"  ..... 114
To appertaining and to ornament
"  ..... 115
arguments and question deep
"  ..... 121
prompt and reason strong
"  ..... 122
did wake and sleep
"  ..... 123
dialect and different skill
"  ..... 125
and sexes both enchanted
"  ..... 128
And dialogued for him
"  ..... 132
and made their wills obey
"  ..... 133
and in it put their mind
"  ..... 135
Of lands and mansions
"  ..... 138
And labouring in mœ pleasures
"  ..... 139
And was my own fee-simple
"  ..... 144
art in youth and youth in art
"  ..... 145
and gave him all my flower
"  ..... 147
and his amorous spoil
"  ..... 154
Though Reason weep, and cry
"  ..... 158
And knew the patterns
"  ..... 170
and words merely but art
"  ..... 174
And bastards of his soul adulterate
"  ..... 175
And long upon these terms
"  ..... 176
And be not of my holy vows
"  ..... 179
And—And so much less of shame L C .... 188
And reign’d, commanding " .... 196
and rubies red as blood " .... 198
Of grief and blushes and the encrinus’d mood " .... 200
terror and dear modesty " .... 202
And, lo, behold these talents " .... 204
And deep-brain’d sonnets " .... 206
worth and quality " .... 210
It was beautiful and hard " .... 211
sandlewood and the opal blend " .... 215
Of pensive and subdued desires " .... 219
my origin and ender " .... 222
and to your audit comes " .... 230
and did thence remove " .... 237
And makes her absence " .... 245
And now she would " .... 249
And now, to tempt all " .... 252
And mine I pour " .... 256
o’er them, and you o’er me " .... 257
vows and consecrations " .... 263
thou art all, and all things " .... 296
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs forces, shocks, and fears " .... 272
... " .... 273
And supplant their sighs the imprison’d soul to that strong-bonded oath " .... 276
prefer and undertake my troth " .... 280
and chill extincture hath " .... 294
sober guards and civil fears " .... 298
and mine did him restore " .... 301
and he takes and leaves " .... 306
and wound through page she’s is both kind and tame " .... 311
And, veld in them " .... 312
and praised cold chastity " .... 315
naked and concealed fiend " .... 317
Who, young and simple " .... 320
I yet fell do question make " .... 322
And new pervert a reconciled maid " .... 329
And wherefore say not I " .... 331
P P .... 1 10
And age, in love " .... 1 12
I’ll live with love and love with me of comfort and despair " .... 1 13
and would corrupt my saint " .... 2 1
And whether that my angel " .... 2 7
and breath a vapour is " .... 2 9
lovely, fresh, and green " .... 3 9
she touch’d him here and there " .... 4 2
But smile and jest " .... 4 7
fair queen, and toward " .... 4 12
He rose and ran away " .... 4 13
bias leaves, and makes his book in " .... 4 14
is music and sweet fire " .... 5 5
and breath a dimple with " .... 5 7
lovely, fresh, and green " .... 6 2
and throws his mantle by " .... 6 9
And stood stark naked " .... 6 10
Brighter than glass and yet as glass " .... 7 3
Softer than wax, and yet as iron " .... 7 4
her tears, and all were jestings " .... 7 12
and yet she fould the framing and rubies red as blood " .... 7 15
and yet she fould the framing and rubies red as blood " .... 7 16
If music and sweet poetry agree the sister and the brother " .... 8 1
’twixt thee and me " .... 8 3
the one and I the other " .... 8 4
And I in deep delight " .... 8 11
and both in thee remain " .... 8 14
a younger proud and wild " .... 9 4
And—And with horn .... hounds P P .... 9 6
And blushing fled and left her " .... 9 14
and vaded in the spring " .... 10 2
And falls through wind " .... 10 6
and yet no cause I have " .... 10 7
And yet thou leftst me more " .... 10 9
And as he fell to her " .... 11 4
And then she clipp’d Adonis " .... 11 6
And with her lips on his " .... 11 10
And as she fetched breath " .... 11 11
And still and yet the meaning " .... 11 4
To kiss and clip me " .... 11 14
Crabbed age and youth " .... 12 1
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold " .... 12 7
and uses their wished sight " .... 15 8
and solace mix’d with sorrow " .... 15 10
and bude me come to-morrow " .... 15 12
and length thyself to-morrow " .... 15 13
And deny himself for Jove " .... 17 17
And still’d the deer " .... 19 2
And when thou comest " .... 19 7
And not thy person for to sell " .... 19 11
And then too late she will repent " .... 19 15
And twice desire, ere it be day " .... 19 17
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And to her will frame all thy ways " .... 19 25
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And we will all the pleasures prove " .... 20 2
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And all the craggy mountains yields " .... 20 4
And see the shepherd’s feed " .... 20 6
A cup of flowers, and a kittle " .... 20 11
A belt of straw and ivy buds " .... 20 13
With coral clasps and amber studs " .... 20 14
And if these pleasures " .... 20 15
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And truth in every shepherd’s " .... 20 18
To live with thee and be thy love " .... 20 20
Beasts did leap and birds did sing " .... 21 5
Trees did grow and plants did spring " .... 21 6
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Or any of these all "...... 37 6
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Appall—Applies her senses 
Appalled—Property was thus 
Appare—And puts 
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Appeal—Since my... says 
Appear—in each check appears 
Appearance—At appearances, signs 
Appearance—in him thy fair 
Appearing—homage to his new-appearance sight 
Appertaining—To appertaining and 
Appetite—With leaden.... 
Applying—April—

Apace

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Apace—downward flow’d apace 
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Apace—As interest of the dead which now appear 
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When thou art all the better part .... 39 2
temptation follows where thou art .... 41 4
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Save thou art not, though I feel thou art " .... 48 10
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That thou art blamed .... 70 1
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Thou art as fair .... 82 5
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thou art assured mine .... 92 2
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Where art thou, Muse, that thou .... 100 1
thou art my all .... 109 14
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art .... 131 1
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For thou art covetous .... 134 6
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red and hot as coals " .... 35
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Smiles as in disdain  
As from a furnace  
as if he told the steps  
As who should say  
as the dead  
She answers him as if  
proud, as females are  
As they were mad  
as desperate in his suit  
Even as a dying coal  
as lightning from the sky  
before him as he sat  
as apt as new-fall'n snow  
eyes as they had not seen them  
thou wert as I am  
all whole as thine  
Thy falchry, as he should  
my love to thee he still as much  
Even as the wind is hush'd  
Or as the wolf doth grin  
Or as the berry breaks  
lies as she were slain  
And as the bright sun  
As if from thence  
As they last  
as the fleet-foot roe  
Even as plover birds  
As those poor birds  
assay'd as much as  
As fearful of him  
beauties as he roots the mead  
As air and water do abate  
As if another chase  
As burning fevers  
As mountain snow  
As caterpillars do  
she darts, as one on shore  
amazed, as one  
'tonish'd as night wanderers  
as seeming troubled  
as thou dost lend  
And as she runs  
bleeding as they go  
as one full of despair  
As striving who  
As scorning it should pass  
When as I met the boar  
As one with treasure  
As falcons to the hare  
as murdered with the view  
Or, as the small  
As when the wind  
As if they heard  
As dry combustions matter  
know, it is as good  
my breast as in his blood  
mortal stars, as bright as heaven's  
as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
as one of which doth  
As life for honour in fell battle  
rage  
As from this cold blast I enforced this fire  
As in revenge or quittal  
But as he is my kinsman

As—First red .... roses  
Then white as lawn  
had Narcissus seen her as she stood  
As corn o'ergrown by weeds  
Both which, as servitors to the un-just  
That eye which him beholds as more divine  
as minutes fill up hours  
And as their captain  
But, as they open  
As each unwilling portal  
As who should say  
Or as those bars which stop  
As if the heavens should counte-nance his sin  
Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun  
as if between them twain  
As the grim lion  
as proud of such a dignity  
Whose ranks of blue veins as his hand did scale  
Imagine her as one in dead of night  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead  
as fowl hear falcon's bells  
A fault unknown is as a thought unacted  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended  
Look as the full-fed hound  
Wore Tarquin Night as he is but Night's child  
As palmer's chat makes short their pilgrimage  
That is as clear from this attainst  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine  
hours wait on them as their pages  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a share  
As smoke from Etna that in air consumes  
As from a mountain spring that feeds  
As from a mountain spring that feeds  
As the dank earth weeps  
These mean, as frets upon an instru-ment  
As shaming any eye  
As the poor frightened deer  
As and his due  
As winter means when sun doth  
But as the earth doth weep  
are they form'd as marble will  
as in a rough-grown grove  
to lie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the north-ern blast  
As knowing Tarquin's lust  
As heaven, it seemed  
As 'twere encouraging  
As if some mermaid  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words
As—For even .... subtle Simon here
is painted. R. L. ..... 1541
As if with grief or travail " ..... 1543
as Priam did him cherish " ..... 1546
wretched as he is he strives in vain " ..... 1665
As through an arch the violent roaring tide " ..... 1667
As bound in knighthood to her im-
position " ..... 1697
as if her heart would break " ..... 1716
and, as it left the place " ..... 1735
as pitying Lucrece’s woes " ..... 1747
starts Collatine as from a dream " ..... 1772
as if the name he bore " ..... 1787
As silly-jerking idots are with kings " ..... 3812
But as the riper should by time de-
crease Sen 1 3
Be, as thy presence is, gracious " ..... 10 11
As fast as thou shalt wane " ..... 11 1
And die as fast as they see others
grow " ..... 12 12
As truth and beauty shall together
thrive " ..... 14 11
When I perceive that men as plants
increase " ..... 15 5
As he takes from you " ..... 15 14
it is but as a tomb " ..... 17 3
So long as men can breathe " ..... 18 13
Make glad and sorry seasons as
are thou dost’st " ..... 19 5
With shifting change as is false
women’s fashion " ..... 20 4
Nature as she wrought thee " ..... 20 19
So is it not with me as with that
Muse " ..... 21 1
my love is as fair " ..... 21 10
As any mother’s child " ..... 21 11
As the gold candle " ..... 21 13
So long as youth and thou are of
one date " ..... 22 2
live as thine in me " ..... 22 7
As, I not for myself, but for thee
will " ..... 22 10
As tender nurse her babe " ..... 22 12
As an unperfect actor " ..... 23 1
But as the marigold at the sun’s eye " ..... 25 6
wit so poor as mine " ..... 26 5
pay as if not paid before " ..... 30 12
As interest of the dead " ..... 31 7
As thou being mine " ..... 36 14
As a decrepit father takes delight " ..... 37 1
As soon as think the place where
he would be " ..... 44 8
As thus; mine eye’s due " ..... 46 13
When as thy love hath cast his
utmost sum " ..... 49 3
As if by some instinct " ..... 50 7
So am I as the rich " ..... 52 1
keeps you as my chest " ..... 52 9
Or as the wardrobe " ..... 52 10
as your bounty doth appear " ..... 53 11
The camber-blooms have full as
deep a dye " ..... 54 5
As the perfumed tincture " ..... 54 6
and play as wantonly " ..... 54 7
Like as the waves make toward
no face so gracious as mine " ..... 62 5
As I all other in all worlds surmount " ..... 62 8
my love shall be, as I am now " ..... 63 1
As—This thought is .... a death Sen 64 13
As to beheld desert a beggar-born " ..... 66 2
livel and died as flowers do now " ..... 68 2
And him as for a map doth Nature
store " ..... 68 13
even so as foes commend " ..... 69 4
Do not so much as my poor name
cheare " ..... 71 11
As after sunset fadeth in the west " ..... 73 6
As the death-bed whereon it must
expire " ..... 73 11
So are you to my thoughts as food
to life " ..... 75 1
Or as sweet-season’d showers " ..... 75 2
As twist a miser and his wealth " ..... 76 4
Now proud as an enjoyer " ..... 75 5
For as the sun is daily new and old " ..... 76 13
so oft as thou wilt look " ..... 77 13
As every alien pen hath got " ..... 78 3
As high as learning my rude igno-
rance " ..... 78 14
your worth wide as the ocean is " ..... 80 5
The humble as the prouden sail " ..... 80 6
Thou art as fair in knowledge as
in hue " ..... 82 5
As victors, of my silence cannot
boast " ..... 86 11
as a dream doth flatter " ..... 87 13
As I’ll myself disgrace " ..... 89 7
as there despis’st stone " ..... 94 3
As on the finger of a throne’d queen " ..... 96 5
As thou being mine mine is thy
good report " ..... 96 14
As with your shadow I these " ..... 98 14
seem long hence as he shows now " ..... 101 14
As Philomel in summer’s front " ..... 102 7
For as you were when first " ..... 102 11
Nor my belov’d as an idol show " ..... 105 2
such a beauty as you master now " ..... 106 8
Supposed as forfeit to a confined
doom " ..... 107 4
Even as when first I hallow’d " ..... 108 8
As easy might I from myself de-
part " ..... 109 3
As to my soul which in thy breast " ..... 109 4
such cherubins as your sweet self
resemble " ..... 114 6
As fast as objects to his beams as-
semble " ..... 114 8
Like as, to make our appetites " ..... 118 1
As, to prevent our maladies " ..... 118 3
from limebeaks soul as hell within " ..... 119 2
As I by yours you’ve pass’d " ..... 120 6
And soon to you as you to me " ..... 120 11
so long as brain and heart " ..... 122 5
As subject to Time’s love " ..... 124 3
Thy lover’s withering as thy sweet
self " ..... 126 4
As thou goest onwards still will
play " ..... 126 6
hated as a swallow’d bait " ..... 129 7
I think my love as rare " ..... 130 13
As any she belied with false compare " ..... 130 14
Thou art as tyrannous so as thou art " ..... 131 1
As those whose beauties proudly
make " ..... 131 2
this slander, as I think, proceeds " ..... 131 14
and they, as pitying me " ..... 132 1
As those two mourning eyes " ..... 132 9
As—then, well becase thy heart Son 132 10

that him as fast doth bind " 134 8
Be wise as thou art cruel 140 1
As testy sick men when their death 140 7
false bonds of love as oft as mine 142 7
I love thee as thou lovest those 142 9
thine eyes woo as mine importune 142 10
as a careful housewife 143 1
That follow'd it as gentle day 145 10
My love is a fever 147 1
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are 147 11
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night " 147 14
so true as all men's 148 8
As his triumphant prize 151 10
As often shrieking L C 20
As they did battery " 23
hours, observed as they flew 60
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If best were as it was " 98
His qualities were beauteous as his form " 99
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as some my equals did 148
heart so much as warmed 191
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As compound love to physic your cold breast 259
Appear to him as he to me appears 299
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Such a space none could look P P 4
Celestial as thou art 5 13
wistly as this queen on him 6 12
but not so fair as fickle 7 1
Mild as a dove 7 2
and yet, as glass is brittle 7 3
and yet as iron rusty 7 4
as straw with firm cement 7 13
as soon as straw cut-burneth 7 14
As they must needs 8 2
As passing all conceit 8 8
When as himself to singing 8 12
god of both, as poets feign 8 13
And as he fell to her 11 4
As if the boy should use 11 8
And as she fetched breath 11 11
And as goods lost are sold or never 13 7
As vaded gloss no rubbing 13 8
As flowers dead lie wither'd 13 9
As broken glass no cement 13 10
As take the pain 14 12
as well as well might be 16 2
When as thine eye hath chose 19 1
As well as fancy 19 4
Had women been so strong as men 19 23
As it fell upon a day 21 1
poor bird, as all forlorn 21 9
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled 21 29
So they loved, as love in twain P T 25
As chorus to their tragic scene 52
A-shaking—sets every joint 423
A-shaking—sets every joint 423
Ashamed—Art thou .... to kiss V A 121
Like stars ashamed of day " 1082
Ashes—So of shame's .... shall my fame be bred R L 1188
That on the ashes of his youth Son 73 10
Ashy—

gleam'd forth their .... lights R L 1378

Ashy-pale—and anger .... V A 78
Nor ashy-pale the fear R L 1512
Aside—

sees the lurking serpent steps .... " 362
do I not glance aside Son 63 3
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Ask—and asks the weary caitiff V A 914
To ask the spotted princess R L 721
But dare not ask of her audaciously " 1232
ask to her how she fares " 1594
Askance—all .... he holds her V A 342
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes R L 637
Askance and strangely Son 110 6
Asked—Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies " 2 5
ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey L C 133
Asleep—and fell .... Son 133 1
Love-god lying once asleep " 134 1
Aspect—With pure aspects did him peculiar duties R L 14
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking " 452
graciously with fair aspect Son 56 10
Aspire—but light and will .... V A 150
in pale embers hid lurks to aspire R L 5
Aspiring—

the .... mountains biding " 548
Assail—such passion her assails " 1562
when they to assail begun L C 262
Assail'd—When shame assail'd R L 63
Assail'd by night with circum-

stances " 1352
to be assailed Son 41 6
Either not assail'd or victor " 70 10
Assault—by strong .... it is bereft R L 535
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she must herself assay L C 156
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Assistance—objects to his beams .... Son 114 8
Assign'd—thems in thought assign'd L C 138
Assist—tho they .... me in the act R L 350
Assurance—fear .... in my verse Son 78 2
Assurance—love's fire doth .... V A 354
woo doth wow assurance R L 790
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Assured—his fury was .... R A 318
Assure—I would .... thee " 371
dear friend, and I assure ye Son 111 13
Assured—come back again .... " 45 11
thou art assured mine " 92 2
now crown themselves assured " 107 7
grew to faults assured " 118 10
always with assured trust P P 19 31
Astonished—

'tonish'd as night wanderers V A 825
astonish'd with this deadly deed R L 1730
my verse astonished Son 86 8
Astronomy—methinks I have .... 14 2
Assunder—girths he breaks .... V A 265
Hearts remote, yet not asunder P T 29
At—with herself .... strive V A 11
stone at rain relenteth " 290
At this Adonis smiles " 241
Struck dead at first " 250
that smiles at thee " 252
workmanship at strife " 291
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At—Spurns ... his love
other agents aim at like delights
And at his book
at thy leisure, one by one
And yields at last
picks them all at last
trembles at his tale
having the air by advantage
Knocks at my heart
tremble at the imagination
at the timorous flying hare
Or at the fox
Or at the roe
hounds are at a bay
nought at all respecting
nought at all effecting
At appearances, signs
at these sad signs
thou shoul'dst strike at it
at random dost thou hit
at him should have fled
Even at this word
Set at this bloody view
melt at mine eyes' red fire
what his teeth at him again
at such high-prate royal
When at Catiama this proud lord arrived
ere rich at home he lands
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting
b Geschäfts at her own disgrace
hang their heads at this disdain
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart
Melt at my tears
enters at an iron gate
with at the cedar's root
Not at thy name
that spurns at right, at law, at reason
to mock at him
At his own shadow
I rail at Opportunity
At Time, at Tarquin
I spurn at my confirmed despite
why stop at thou at this decree
at least I give
Nor shall he smile at thee
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state
gives most at that would do it good
weeps at thy languishment
So I at each sad strain
frightened deer that stands at gaze
to guess at others' smarts
a press of people at a door
At last she thus begins
At Ardea to my lord
At last she calls to mind
Should he possess at Simons' banks
At last she sees a wretched image
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er
At last she takes her
At length address'd
Or, at the least
At this request, with noble disposition
all at once began to say

At—blushing ... that which is so
putridal
At last it rains, and busy winds give
to thyself at least kind-hearted
prove
at height decrease
as the marigold at the sun's eye
at a frantic they in their glory die
To the lark at break of day arising
sings hymns at heaven's gate
grieve at grievances foregone
No more be grieved at that which
are at a mortal war
From whence at pleasure
no precious time at all to spend
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave
being at your beck
Since mind at first in character
At first the very worst
wonder at the lily's white
should not at me
Grows fitter than at first
At my abises reckon up their own
Or, at the least so long as brain
Not wondering at the present
At such who, not born fair
to At the wood's boldness
At random from the truth
But at thy name
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-dread
To every place at once
To blush at speeches rank, to weep
at woes
swound at tragic shows
joy not ever at such a offer
I had my lady at this bay
Yet at my parting
To jest at my exile
Plays not at all
will yield at length
They have at commandment
Attaint—sickness, whose
frightened at the sight of mine
poison thee with my attaint
mayst without attaint or look
age shall them attaint
Attaint—wherein I am
To Attempt—
I see crosses my ... will bring
Attend—hereafter shall
these lets attend the time
tie the hearers to attend each line
This the post attends, and she delivers it
thy Lucrece now attend me
I must attend time's leisure
To attend this double voice
Attend to their former talk
To early I attended
Attendeth—Which speechless woe of his poor heart
At—Leigh ... 1764
Attending—On his golden pilgrimage
With sad attention
Attired—... in discontent
Son 7 3
shall carry me away " 74 2
on all, or all away " 75 14
and I be cast away 80 12
All this away and me 91 14
to steal thyself" 92 1
might' st thou lead away 96 11
And, thou away, the very birds 97 8
winter still, and you away 98 13
feather'd creatures broke away 143 2
to hell is flown away 145 12
't hate' from hate away she threw 145 13
He rose and ran away " 4 14
away he skips " 11 11
till I run away 11 14
that kept my rest away 14 2
And drives away " 15 3
did bear the maid away 16 14
with scorn she put away 19 18
Awe—be kept in .... " 807 12
Aesop— resistance made him fret ' 807 7
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A-work— So Lucrece set .... " 146 18
Ay—' Ay me,' quoth Venus ' 187 7
'Ay me,' she cries '/ 833 1
ay, if the fact be known " 239 2
Ay me! the bark " 1167 7
Ay me! but yet thou mightst ' 31 9
Ay, fill it full with wills 'ay, dieted in grace L C .... 261
Ay me! I fell " 321 7
Aye— antiquity for .... his page 108 12
Aure— Her .... veils " 741 12
Babe—never pleased her .... so well " 974 12
fright her crying babe with Tar- quin's name R L .... 814
Who, having two sweet babes " 1161 7
nurse her babe from faring ill " 22 12
Love is a babe " 115 13
Sets down her babe " 143 3
Whilst I thy babe chase thee " 143 10
Back— on so proud a .... " 390 7
his back, his breast " 126 13
she on her back " 594 7
On his bow-back " 619 7
on his back doth lie " 663 7
upon her back " 814 7
Then fell she on her back " 4 13
Back— ; beating reason .... " 557 7
But back retires " 906 7
I could not put him back R L .... 843
would 'st thou one hour come back " 965 7
bears back all bolt in and red " 1417 7
mindful messenger come back " 1583 7
Back to the strait " 1670 7
and back the same grief draw " 1673 7
Hold back his sorrow's tide " 1789 7
Calls back the lovely April " 3 19
not to give back again " 22 14
now come back again assured 45 11
I send them back again " 45 14
eau hold his swift foot back " 65 11
And so my patent back again is " 87 12
swerving " 87 8
still will pluck thee back " 126 7
turn back to me " 143 11
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though she put thee back $\text{"} \ 19 \ 36$

Back'd—The colt that's back'd and burden'd $V \ A$ . . . . 419
My will is back'd with resolution $R \ L$ .... 352

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and backward drew $\text{"} \ 541$
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave $\text{"} \ 1054$
O, that record could with a backward look $\text{Son} \ 59 \ 5$
such numbers seek for thee $R \ L$ .... 896
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O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad $\text{"} \ 995$
before these last so bad $\text{Son} \ 67 \ 14$
So you o'er-green my bad, my good $\text{"} \ 112 \ 4$
allow $\text{"} \ 114 \ 7$
Creating every bad a perfect best $\text{"} \ 121 \ 8$
count bad what I think good $\text{"} \ 121 \ 8$

All men are bad and in their badness reign $\text{"} \ 121 \ 14$
world is grown so bad $\text{"} \ 140 \ 11$
Till my bad angel fire my good one out $\text{"} \ 144 \ 14$
Till my bad angel fire my good one out $P \ P$ 2 14
Bad in the best $\text{"} \ 7 \ 18$

Bade—She . . . . love last $\text{"} \ 7 \ 16$
She bade good night $\text{"} \ 14 \ 2$
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Badge—A . . . . of fame $R \ L$ .... 1054
But heavy tears badges of either's woe $\text{Son} \ 44 \ 14$

Badness—in their . . . . reign $\text{"} \ 121 \ 14$

Bail—That blow did it . . . . $R \ L$ .... 1725
Without all bail $\text{Son} \ 74 \ 2$
let my poor heart ball $\text{"} \ 133 \ 10$

Bait—
She touch'd no unknown baits $R \ L$ .... 103
as a swallow'd bait $\text{Son} \ 129 \ 7$
would not touch the bait $P \ P \ 4 \ 11$

Balk—Make slow pursuit, or altogether . . . . $R \ L$ .... 696

Ball—Are balls of quenchless fire $\text{"} \ 1554$
their poor baits areield $L \ C$ .... 24
Balm—in her passion calls it . . . . $V \ A$ .... 27
And drop sweet balm $R \ L$ .... 1466
Balmy—of this most . . . . time $\text{Son} \ 107 \ 9$
Ban—And bitter words to . . . . her cruel foes $R \ L$ .... 1400
And band and brawl $P \ P \ 19 \ 20$

Band—
ermains infold him like a . . . . $V \ A$ . . . . 225
Or ivory in an alabaster hand $\text{"} \ 283$
news from the warlike hand $R \ L$ .... 255

Bane—
my body's . . . . would cure thee $V \ A$ .... 372
Banish—Everything did . . . . moan $P \ P$ 21 7

Banish'd—
the plague is . . . . by thy breath $V \ A$ .... 510

Banishment—
Tarquin's everlasting banishment $R \ L$ .... 1855
Bank—force it overflow the . . . . $V \ A$ .... 72
his primrose bank whereon I lie $\text{"} \ 153$
the bounding banks' overflows $R \ L$ .... 1119

Bank—To Simois' ready banks $R \ L$ .... 1437
Shoot their foam at Simois' banks $\text{"} \ 1442$
Come daily to the banks $\text{Son} \ 50 \ 11$

Bankrupt—But . . . . blessed . . . . $V \ A$ .... 456
bankrupt in this poor-rich gain $R \ L$ .... 140
Like to a bankrupt beggar $\text{"} \ 711$
now bare bankrupt is $\text{Son} \ 67 \ 9$

Banner—
when his gaudy . . . . is display'd $R \ L$ .... 272

Banning—Banning his boisterous unruly beast $V \ A$ .... 326

Banquet—But, O, what . . . . $\text{"} \ 445$
to the painted banquet bids $\text{Son} \ 47 \ 6$

Bars—The bars which stop the hourly dial $R \ L$ .... 327
Whilst I whom fortune of such tri

umph bars $\text{Son} \ 25 \ 3$
y my picture's sight would bar $\text{"} \ 46 \ 3$
der under trust bars to thrust $\text{"} \ 43 \ 2$

Bare—
What . . . . excuses makest thou $V \ A$ .... 188
On her bare breast $R \ L$ .... 439
Bare and unpeopled $\text{"} \ 1741$
May make seem bare $\text{Son} \ 26 \ 6$
Utering bare truth $\text{"} \ 69 \ 4$
Bare ruin'd choirs where fate the $\text{"} \ 73 \ 4$
The argument all bare $\text{"} \ 103 \ 3$
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Bare-bone'd—Shows me . . . . death $R \ L$ .... 1761
Bareness—and . . . . everywhere $\text{Son} \ 5 \ 8$
December's bareness everywhere $\text{"} \ 97 \ 4$

Bargain—
What bargains may I make $V \ A$ .... 512

Bark—though a thousand . . . . $\text{"} \ 249$
the bark was freed from the loft of pine $R \ L$ .... 1167
her bark being peel'd away $\text{"} \ 1169$
My saucy bark, inferior far to his $\text{Son} \ 80 \ 7$
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Barketh—
woof doth grim before he . . . . $V \ A$ .... 459

Barn—And useless barns the harvest $R \ L$ .... 859

Bard'd—When it is . . . . $V \ A$ .... 330
to be bard'd of rest $\text{"} \ 784$
'bard'd him from the blessed thing $R \ L$ .... 340

Barren—
,.,., lean, and lacking juice $V \ A$ .... 136
barren dearth of daughters $R \ L$ .... 754
his barren skill to show $\text{"} \ 81$
trees I see barren of leaves $\text{Son} \ 12 \ 5$
barren rage of death's eternal cold $\text{"} \ 13 \ 12$
then my barren rhyme $\text{"} \ 16 \ 4$
so barren of new pride $\text{"} \ 76 \ 1$
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Base—To bid the wind a . . . . $V \ A$ .... 305
Or laid great bases for eternity $\text{Son} \ 125 \ 3$
Base—Throwing the base thong $V \ A$ .... 395
Hiding base sin in plait of majesty $R \ L$ .... 93
digression is so vile, so base $\text{"} \ 202$
Thou nobly base, they basely dignifi

ded $\text{"} \ 669$
to the base shrub's foot $\text{"} \ 664$
Unto the base bed $\text{"} \ 671$
Base watch of woes $\text{"} \ 928$
For who so base would such an of

fice have $\text{"} \ 1000$
Baste—deathman to so ..... a slave R L ..... 1001

to let base clouds o'take me Son 34 3

Too much of thee to be remembered " 74 12

with base infection meet " 94 11

to lend base subjects light " 100 4

to base touches prone " 141 6

Basely—They ..... fly, and dare not V A ..... 894
y they basely dignified R L ..... 660

Basely with gold " ..... 1658

Baser—The baser is he, coming from a king " ..... 1002

Basest—Anon permit the ..... clouds to ride Son 33 5

The basest weed outbraves his dign- ity " 94 12

The basest jewel will be well es- teem'd " 96 6

Bashful—He burns with ..... shame V A ..... 49

with bashful innocence doth he R L ..... 1341

Bastard—This ..... graft shall never come to growth " ..... 1062

Before these bastard signs Son 68 3

For this bastard be unfather'd " 124 6

slander'd with a bastard shame " 127 4

bastards of his foul adulterate heart L C ..... 175

Bastardy—Thy issue blurr'd with nameless ..... R L ..... 522

Bat—upon his grained ..... L C ..... 64

Bat-breeding—this ..... spy V A ..... 635

Bat—This ..... edge on his keen appetite R L ..... 9

Bath—And grew a seething ..... Son 153 7

the help of bath desired " 153 11

the bath for my help lies " 153 13

Growing a bath and healthful rem- edy " 154 11

Bathe—She bathes in water V A ..... 94

The crown may bathe his coal-black wings in mire R L ..... 1009

bathes the pale fear " ..... 1775

Bathed—she in her fluvisce eyes L C ..... 50

Batter—Rude ram, to ..... such an ivory wall R L ..... 464

Battered—His batter'd shield V A ..... 104

Hit his batter'd down her corsage- created wall R L ..... 729

Her mansion batter'd by the enemy " ..... 1171

Battering—sieg e of ..... days Son 65 6

Battery—they make no ..... V A ..... 426

As they did battery L C ..... 23

To leave the battery " ..... 277

Battle—in ..... ne'er did bow V A ..... 99

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in fell battle's rage R L ..... 145

to imitate the battle sought " ..... 1438

The scars of battle L C ..... 244

Bawd—The ..... to lust's abuse V A ..... 792

fair reputation but a bawd R L ..... 623

Blind muffled bawd " ..... 768

then notorious bawd " ..... 886

Bay—the bounds are at a ..... V A ..... 877

Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride Son 137 6

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay P P ..... 11 13

Be—she would ..... thrive V A ..... 41

Till either gorse be stuffed or prey be gone " ..... 58

O, be not proud " ..... 115

mine be not so fair " ..... 116

Be—shall ..... thine own V A ..... 117

Be bold to play " ..... 124

mayst thou well be tasted " ..... 128

sweet boy, and may it be " ..... 155

be of thyself rejected " ..... 159

with thy increase be fed " ..... 170

makest thou to be gone " ..... 158

cast may to be done or else be made " ..... 245

in her arms be bound " ..... 225

Struggles to be gone " ..... 227

I'll be a park, and thou shall be my deer " ..... 231

if those hills be dry " ..... 233

Then be my deer " ..... 239

He might be buried " ..... 244

by pleasing may be brest " ..... 328

sorrow may be said " ..... 333

cold that must be cool'd " ..... 387

Though thy horse be gone " ..... 390

dares not be so bold " ..... 401

Unless it be a bear " ..... 410

be any jot diminish'd " ..... 447

should I be love " ..... 235

my love to thee be still " ..... 442

still to be sealing " ..... 512

can be well contented " ..... 513

good queen, it will not be " ..... 607

much as may be proved " ..... 608

O, be advised " ..... 615

cannot be easily harm'd " ..... 627

be ruled by me " ..... 673

may be compared well " ..... 701

nature be condemn'd of treason " ..... 729

Be prodigal: the lamp " ..... 755

to be barr'd of rest " ..... 784

er summer half be done " ..... 802

to be so curst " ..... 857

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be " ..... 937

Be wreak'd on him " ..... 1004

To be of such a weak " ..... 1010

where no breach should be " ..... 1066

The tiger would be tame " ..... 1096

should yet be light " ..... 1134

shall be waited on " ..... 1137

It shall be fickle " ..... 1138

But, and be blasted " ..... 1142

It shall be sparing " ..... 1147

it shall be raging-mad " ..... 1151

It shall be merciful " ..... 1155

Perverse it shall be " ..... 1157

shall be cause of war " ..... 1159

There shall not be " ..... 1187

and not been " ..... 1194

kings might be espoused to more fame R L ..... 20

What needeth then apologies be made " ..... 31

by our ears our hearts oft tainted be " ..... 38

between them both it should be kill'd " ..... 71

Though death be adjourn " ..... 133

So that in venturing ill we leave to be " ..... 143

if there be no self-trust " ..... 158

Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye " ..... 179

A martial man to be soft fancy's slave " ..... 200
Be—And .... an eye-sore in my golden coat

Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down

Will not my tongue be mute

If the fact be known

Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe

The coward fights, and will not be dismayed

Love and Fortune be my gods
till their effects be tried

enraged be expell'd

To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes

The blemish that will never be forgot

May the thing that cannot be amended

End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended

Be moved with my tears

and be compassionate

How will thy shame be seed in thine age

O, be remember'd

From vassal actors can be wiped away

Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay

wilt thou be the school

Wilt thou be glass

So shall these slaves be king
to be thy partner in this shameful deed

would they still in darkness be

bids her eyes hereafter still be blind

May likewise be sculpur'd

dear love be kept unspotted

If that be made a theme

Or kings be breakers

And leaves it to be master'd by his young

*When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend

his suit may be obtain'd

Be guilty of my death

To trembling clients be you mediators

by Tarquin's falcon to be slain

O no, that cannot be

still in night would cloister'd be

be you mute and dumb

Will say the other and be nurse to none

let it not be call'd impetey

Which by him tainted shall for him be spent

shall my fame be bred

My resolution, love, shall be thy boast

thou revened may'st be

How Tarquin must be used

nine honor be the knife's

My shame be his that did my fame confound

fame that lives disbur'ded be

'So be it

both shall victors be

Be—No more than wax shall .... ac-
counted evil

O, let it not be hold

If your maid may be so bold

If it should be told

that deep torture may be call'd a hell

Bill thou be ready

and it will soon be writ

the whole to be imagined

Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe

It cannot be, quoth she

It cannot be in that sense for-sook

It cannot be, I find

his wounds will not be sore

Though woe be heavy

And my laments would be drawn out too long

than this all the task

And what wrong else may be imag-
nined

By foul enforcement might be done to me

this act will be

And never be forgot

Though my gross blood be stain'd

with this abuse

Be suddenly revenged on my foe

How may this forced stain be wiped from me

If they surcease to be

And live to be revenged

And only must be wail'd by Colla-
tine

e else this glutton be

Will be a tatter'd weed

this were to be new made

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

remember'd not to be

when nature calls thee to be gone

beauty must be tomb'd with thee

Which, n'sd, lives th' executor to be

ere thou be distill'd

erie it be self-kill'd

Or ten times happier be it ten for one

Be not self-will'd

To death's conquest

The world will be thy widow

Which to repair should be thy chief desire

Shall hate be fairer lodger

Be, as thy presence is

Be scorn'd, like old men

Mine be the love

How can I then be elder

be of thyself so wary

let my books be then the eloquence

Where I may not remove nor be removed

though they be outstripp'd by every pen

No more be grieved at that

That I an necessary needs must be

Let me confess that we two must be twain

by me be borne alone
Be—mine eye may ... deceived

Son 104 12

Let not my love be call'd idolatry " 105 1

Since all alike my songs and praises be " 105 3

That it could so preposterously be stain'd " 109 11

If it be poison'd " 114 13

although his height be taken " 116 8

If this be error " 116 13

To be diseased " 118 8

would by ill be cured " 118 12

'Tis better to be vile " 121 1

When not to be receives reproach " 121 2

I may be straight through they themselves be bawd " 121 11

my deeds must not be shown " 121 12

thy record never can be miss'd " 122 8

and this shall ever be " 123 13

I will be true " 123 14

It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd " 124 2

let me be obsequious " 125 9

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be " 126 11

To be so tickled " 128 9

If snow be white " 150 3

If hairs be wires " 150 4

I dare not be so bold " 151 7

And to be sure " 151 9

and loving mourners be " 152 3

my sweet'st friend must be " 153 4

thus to be cross'd " 153 8

let my heart be his guard " 153 11

to be my comfort still " 154 4

nor he will not be free " 154 5

Though in thy stores' account I one must be " 156 10

Yet what the best is take the worst to be " 137 4

Be anchor'd in the bay " 137 6

by lies we flatt'rd be " 138 14

Be wise as thou art cruel " 140 1

As testy sick men, when their deaths be near " 140 7

by mad cars believed be " 140 12

That I may not be so " 140 13

desire to be invited " 141 7

and vassal wretch to be " 141 12

Be it lawful I love thee " 142 9

Thy pity may deserve to pitied be " 142 12

By self-example mayst thou be dcnied " 142 14

kiss me, be kind " 143 12

would corrupt my saint to be a devil " 144 7

whether that my angel be turn'd toend " 144 9

Within be fed, without be rich no more " 146 12

If that be fair " 148 5

If it be not, then love doth well denote " 148 7

O, how can Love's eye be true " 148 9

to be beloved of thee " 150 14

thy poor drudge to be " 151 11

If that from him there may be sought applied L C .... 68

unruly though they be " .... 165

To be forbid the sweet's " .... 164

And be not of my holy rows afraid " .... 179
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PP 8 4
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PP 8 4
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Bequest—
Nature's.... gives nothing Son 4 3
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Beeshe—I heartily .... thee " 401
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acceptance weeping beeshe'd L C .... 297
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deep regard beseems the sage R L .... 277
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Beside—falls an orient drop .... V A .... 951
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her pale and pined cheek beside L C .... 32
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besiege all kinds of blood " 109 10
Till thus he 'gan besiege me L C .... 177
Besieged—From the .... Ardea R L .... 1
the walls of strong-besieged Troy " 1429
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besmeared with sluttish time Son 55 4
Best—red, she loves him .... V A .... 77
Her best is better'd " 72
But then worst best " 570
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They that love best " 1164
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then do mine eyes best see " 143 7
Thou, best of dearest " 48 7
Shall Thus's best jewel " 63 10
best to be with you alone " 75 7
So all my best is dressing old words new " 76 11
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But best is best, if never internix'd I 'd 101 8
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*
Best—proved thee my best of love Som 110 8
next my heaven the best " 110 15
Creating every had a perfect best " 114 7
Now I love you best " 115 10
Yet what the best is " 137 4
my days are past the best " 138 6
O, love's best habit " 138 11
When all my best doth worship " 149 11
th' worst all best exceeds " 150 8
If best were as it was, or best
without L C .... 98
as it best deceives " .... 260
my years be past the best P P 1 6
O, love's best habit " 1 11
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Bestow'd all naked, will bestow it Som 26 8
is in pleasures to bestow them L C .... 139
Bestow'd—The kiss I gave you is be-
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O, that sad breath his spongy lungs
bestow'd L C .... 320
Bestow'st—which youngly thou ..... Son 11 5
Betakes—every one to rest themselves
betakes R L .... 127
oft betake him to retire " .... 175
to singling be betakes P P 8 12
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Betoken'd—that yet ever betoken'd " .... 455
Betray—himself confounds, betrays R L ..... 150
to betray my life be betrayed thine
eyes betray thee unto mine " .... 455
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betray the fore-betray'd L C .... 328
Betray'd—Betray'd the hours R L .... 303
Betraying—me, I do betray Son 151 5
Better—are better proof his
tempting may the better thrive " .... 1011
While thou on Tereeus descant'st
better skill R L .... 1134
which of the twain were better " .... 1154
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the better part of me " .... 74 8
Knowing a better spirit " .... 80 2
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on better judgement making " .... 87 12
these I better in one general best " .... 91 8
Thy love is better " .... 91 9
I see a better state " .... 92 7
That did not better for my life pro-
vide " .... 111 3
That better is by evil still made better " .... 119 10
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tamed " .... 121 1
Better becomes the grey cheeks " .... 132 5
teach thee wit, better it were " .... 140 5
The better angel is a man right fair " .... 144 3
Tempeth my better angel " .... 144 6
My better angel a man right fair P P 2 3
Tempeth my better angel " .... 2 6
Better'd—Her best is better'd V A .... 78
Then better'd that the world Som 75 8
Bettering—with the ... of the time Som 32 5
Bettering—stamp of the time-bettering days Som 82 8
Betumbled—from her ..... crouch R L .... 1637
Between—And, lo, I lie between that
sun and thee V A .... 194
Between this heavenly and earthly
sun " .... 198
a war of looks was then between them " .... 355
best between them both it should R L .... 71
between desire and dread " .... 171
'Twice frozen conscience and hot-
burning will " .... 247
between her chamber and his will " .... 302
Between whose hills " .... 390
As if between them twain " .... 405
Between each kiss P P 7 8
So between them love did shine P T .... 33
Betwixt—
'Twixt crimson shame and anger V A .... 76
'twixt the sun and sire " .... 1169
Betwixt mine eye and heart Som 47 1
A war to make a raiser and his wealth " .... 73 4
As oft 'twixt May and April L C .... 102
must the love be great 'twixt thee and me P P 8 3
Bevel—
though they themselves be bevel Som 121 11
Bewail'd—Lest my bewail'd guilt Som 36 10
Beware—Bid thou but bid beware V A .... 945
Beweep—beweep't our outcast state Som 29 2
Bewitch'd—bewitch'd with lust's soul charm R L .... 173
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire L C .... 131
Bewitching—Bewitching like the wanton
mermaid's song V A .... 777
Bewray'd—the hateful foe bewray'd R L .... 1098
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Beyond—Derive extremes beyond ex-
tremity R L .... 969
Beyond all date Som 122 4
Bias—Study his bias leaves P P 5 5
Bid—Bid me discourse V A .... 145
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And bid Siluester " .... 448
and bid good night " .... 534
Bids him farewell " .... 580
bid them leave quaking, bids them
fear no more " .... 899
thou but bid beware " .... 943
They bid thee crop " .... 970
bids her rejoice " .... 977
Who bids them still " .... 1014
and bids them do their liking R L .... 434
And bids her eyes hereafter still be
blind " .... 758
bids it leap from thence " .... 769
bid fair Lucrce speak " .... 1208
Bid thou be ready " .... 1292
Bid him high speed " .... 1294
And bids Lucrotius give " .... 1773
shame bids him possess his breath " .... 1777
to the painted banquet bids my heart Som 47 6
bid your servant once alien " .... 57 8
Bidding—Bidding them find their
epidiences L C .... 46
Bide—
tame to sufferance, bide each chock Som 53 7
BLEED—That beholds her bleed \textbf{R L} ..... 1722
by whom thy fair wife bleeds \textit{"} ..... 1854
A blinks in proof \textit{"} ..... 234
Bleeding—bleeding as they go \textbf{V A} ..... 924
bleeding under Pyrrhus’ proud foot \textbf{R L} ..... 1440
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To show her bleeding body \textit{"} ..... 1831
Of proofs new-bleeding \textit{"} ..... 1843
with bleeding groans they pine \textit{"} ..... 275
Heart is bleeding \textbf{P P} 18 23
Bleish—The Bleish that will nev-
er be forgot \textbf{R L} ..... 536
spied in her some bleish \textit{"} ..... 1358
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So beauty bleish’d once’s for ever lost \textbf{P P} 13 11
Bleuch—These blanches gave my heart \textit{Son} 110 7
Blend—sapphire and the opal blend \textbf{L C} ..... 215
Bless—and never did he bless \textbf{V A} ..... 1119
Naming thy name blesses an ill re-
port \textit{Son} 95 8
Blessed—But blessed bankrupt \textbf{V A} ..... 466
from the blessed thing he sought \textbf{R L} ..... 340
this blessed league to kill \textit{"} ..... 383
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune \textit{"} ..... 866
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme \textit{Son} 16 4
mine eyes be blessed made \textit{"} ..... 43 9
the rich, whose blessed key \textit{"} ..... 52 1
Blessed are you whose worthiness \textit{"} ..... 52 13
in every blessed shape we know \textit{"} ..... 53 12
it hath thought itself so blessed never \textit{"} ..... 119 6
upon that blessed wood \textit{"} ..... 128 2
Blessed-fair—But what’s so \ldots \textit{"} ..... 92 13
Blessing—blessing every book \textit{"} ..... 82 4
for your beantuous blessings add a curse \textit{"} ..... 84 13
Blest—by pleading may be blest \textbf{V A} ..... 328
more blest than living lips \textit{Son} 52 11
more blest may be the view \textit{"} ..... 56 12
some special instant special blest \textit{"} ..... 128 12
Blind—But blind they are, and keeps \textbf{R L} ..... 378
in blind concealing night \textit{"} ..... 675
her eyes hereafter still be blind \textit{"} ..... 758
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The poor, lame, blind \textit{"} ..... 902
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Thou blind fool, Love \textit{"} ..... 137 1
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thou lovest, and I am blind \textit{"} ..... 149 14
Blinded—\ldots with a greater light \textbf{R L} ..... 375
Blindfold—With blindfold fury \textbf{V A} ..... 534
Blindness—gave eyes to blindness \textit{Son} 132 11
Bliss—to want his bliss \textbf{R L} ..... 389
bliss in proof \textit{Son} 129 11
Blood—her blood doth boil \textbf{V A} ..... 555
Whose blood upon \textit{"} ..... 605
heating of the blood \textit{"} ..... 742
Like milk and blood \textit{"} ..... 902
But stole his blood \textit{"} ..... 1056
his concealed blood \textit{"} ..... 1122
his blood, that on the ground \textit{"} ..... 1167
pale checks and the blood \textit{"} ..... 1188
in my breast as in his blood \textit{"} ..... 1182
Blood—Thou art the next of blood \textbf{R L} ..... 1184
to stain the ocean of thy blood \textit{"} ..... 655
such wretched blood should spill \textit{"} ..... 999
my foul-defiled blood \textit{"} ..... 1029
My stained blood to Tarquin \textit{"} ..... 1151
My blood shall wash \textit{"} ..... 1297
Ere she with blood had stain’d \textit{"} ..... 1316
the blood his cheeks replenish \textit{"} ..... 1357
The red blood reck’d \textit{"} ..... 1377
To Simon’s ready banks the red blood ran \textit{"} ..... 1437
Her blue blood changed \textit{"} ..... 1454
Though my gross blood \textit{"} ..... 1655
Her blood in poor revenge \textit{"} ..... 1746
that the crimson blood \textit{"} ..... 1758
Some of her blood still pure and red remain’d \textit{"} ..... 1742
of that black blood \textit{"} ..... 1745
Corrupted blood some watery token shows \textit{"} ..... 1748
And blood unainted \textit{"} ..... 1749
blood so unjustly stain’d \textit{"} ..... 1856
And see thy blood warm \textit{Son} 2 14
And this fresh blood \textit{"} ..... 11 3
burn the long-lived phrenix in her blood \textit{"} ..... 19 4
When hours have drain’d his blood \textit{"} ..... 63 3
Begg’d of blood to blush through \textit{"} ..... 67 10
Where checks need blood \textit{"} ..... 52 14
besiege all kinds of blood \textit{"} ..... 109 10
my sportive blood \textit{"} ..... 121 6
sadly penn’d in blood \textbf{L C} ..... 47
O false blood, thou register of lies \textit{"} ..... 52
satisfaction to our blood \textit{"} ..... 162
Are errors of the blood \textit{"} ..... 154
and rubies red as blood \textit{"} ..... 198
Bloodless—by doubt and \ldots fear \textbf{V A} ..... 891
takes her by the bloodless hand \textbf{R L} ..... 1507
In bloodless white \textbf{L C} ..... 201
Bloody—the boar, that \ldots beast \textbf{V A} ..... 999
So, at his bloody view \textit{"} ..... 1057
In bloody death \textbf{R L} ..... 420
Herselves by friend in blood \textit{"} ..... 1487
channel lies \textit{"} ..... 1487
My bloody judge forbade \textit{"} ..... 1648
and by this bloody knife \textit{"} ..... 1840
upon this bloody tyrant, Time \textit{Son} 16 2
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on \textit{"} ..... 50 9
bloody, full of blame \textit{"} ..... 123 3
vanquish’d men in bloody fight \textbf{P P} 18 36
Bloom—The canker-blooms have full as deep \textit{Son} 54 5
Blossom—made the blossoms dote \textbf{L C} ..... 235
Spied a blossom passing fair \textbf{P P} 17 3
Blot—when they blot the sky \textbf{V A} ..... 184
die, unhallow’d thoughts, before \textit{"} ..... 1316
a slavish wipe or birth-hour’s blot \textit{"} ..... 537
To blot old books and alter their contents \textit{"} ..... 948
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter \textit{"} ..... 1322
Or blot with hell-born sin \textit{"} ..... 1519
When clouds do blot the heaven \textit{Son} 28 10
So shall those blot that do with me remain \textit{"} ..... 36 3
Blot—But what's so blessed-fair that
Tears to the blot
"  Sun 92 13
beauty's veil doth cover every blot "  95 11
Blotted—What wit sets down is blot-
ted straight with will
"  R L .... 1299
Blotting—blotting it with blame
"  V A .... 796
Blow—bear such shameless blows
"  R L .... 582
that blow did bat it "  1725
to give thyself a blow "  1223
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent
"  Son 124 7
Blow—To fan and blow them dry
"  V A .... 62
wind would blow it off "  1069
And blows the smoke
"  R L .... 312
blows these pitchy vapours "  530
From lips new-waxed pale begins
"  "  1693
till it blow up rain
"  "  1788
thy cheeks may blow
"  P P 17 9
Blow'st Thou blow'st the fire
"  R L .... 884
Blown—The tempting tune is....
"  V A .... 778
Their light blown out
"  "  826
My sighs are blown away
"  "  1671
Small lights are soon blown out
"  R L .... 447
sorrow else, being blown with wind of words
"  "  1350
Blue—Her two blue windows
"  V A .... 482
gloves circled with blue
"  R L .... 407
Whose ranks of blue veins
"  "  440
Her blue blood changed
"  "  1434
Blue circlets that circle like rainbows
"  "  1857
Blue-vein'd—These....
"  V A .... 123
Blunt—But the blunt bore
"  "  884
this blunt and
"  R L .... 1300
blunt rage and rigour roll'd
"  "  1308
with the blunt swain he goes
"  "  1504
Devouring Time, blunt thou the
Don's paws
"  Son 19 1
That one—does go my blunt invention
quite
"  "  103 7
blunt the sharpest intents
"  "  115 7
Blunter—Thy edge should blunter
be than appetite
"  "  56 2
Blunting—For.... the fine point
"  "  52 4
By blunting us to make our wits
more keen
"  L C .... 161
Blur—This blur to youth
"  R L .... 222
Blur'd—Thy issue blur'd with
nameless bastardy
"  "  52
Blush—Forgetting shame's pure blush
"  V A .... 588
beauty would blush for shame
"  R L .... 54
when beauty boasted blushes
"  "  55
the red rose blush at her own dis-
grace
"  "  479
I have no one to blush with me
"  "  728
to blush through lively veins
"  Son 67 10
Of grief and blushes
"  L C .... 290
Of burning blushes
"  "  394
To blush at speeches rank
"  "  297
Yet will she blush
"  P P 19 53
Blur'd—Who blur'd and pouted
"  V A .... 33
he blur'd to see her shame
"  R L .... 1344
She thought he blur'd
"  "  1354
Blur'd—spread upon the.... rose
"  V A .... 590
when, lo, the blushing morrow
"  R L .... 1062
And blushing she his
"  "  1633
And blushing with him
"  "  1355
That blushing red
"  "  1511
Blushing—Blushing at that
"  R L .... 1759
One blushing shame
"  Son 99 9
by thee blushing stand
"  "  128 8
And blushing fled
"  P P 9 14
Blusterer—Sometime a blusterer
"  L C .... 54
Blustering—stormy,..... weather
"  R L .... 115
Boar—Unless it be a boar
"  V A .... 419
To hunt the boar
"  "  558
"  The boar" quoted she
"  "  149
wouldst hunt the boar
"  "  614
thou didst name the boar
"  "  641
an angry-chasing boar
"  "  662
with the boar to-morrow
"  "  672
the hunting of the boar
"  "  711
But the blunt boar
"  "  884
spied the hunted boar
"  "  900
wrote the boar
"  "  946
the boar, that bloody beast
"  "  999
the boar provoked
"  "  1003
The foul boar's conquest
"  "  1039
that the boar had trench'd
"  "  1052
urchin-snouted boar
"  "  1105
He ran upon the boar
"  "  1112
destroy'd with a boar
"  P 17 9
Boast—Perchance his boast
"  R L .... 36
My resolution, love, shall be thy
boast
"  "  1193
in that my boast is true
"  L C .... 245
Boost—What cant thou boast
"  V A .... 1077
He shall not boast
"  R L .... 1063
and proud thy boast
"  Son 25 9
boast how I do love thee
"  25 13
As visiers of my silence cannot boast.
"  86 11
of all men's pride I boast
"  91 12
Time, thou shalt not boast
"  "  123 1
Boasted—When beauty.... blushes R L .... 55
Boast—I am a worthless boast
"  Son 80 11
Boding—My boding heart pangs
"  V A .... 647
wolves' death-boding cries
"  R L .... 165
Body—my body's bane would cure thee
"  V A .... 372
What is thy body but a swelling grave
"  "  757
The strongest body shall it make
most weak
"  "  1145
But with my body
"  "  1157
My body or my soul
"  "  1163
That wounds my body
"  "  1185
My soul and body
"  "  1199
through all her body spread
"  "  1296
cannot abuse a body dead
"  "  1297
imprison't in a body dead
"  "  1456
Her body's stain
"  "  1719
Himself on her self-slaughter'd
body throw
"  "  1733
Circles her body in on every side
"  "  1739
To shew her bleeding body
"  "  1851
My body is the frame
"  Son 24 3
when body's works expired
"  "  27 4
My name he buried where my body is
"  "  72 19
my body lying dead
"  "  74 19
some in their body's force
"  "  91 2
is this thy body's end
"  "  146 8
to my gross body's treason
"  "  151 6
My soul doth tell my body
"  "  151 7
Boll—her blood doth boil
"  V A .... 555
Bolsterous—.... and unruly beast
"  "  1073
Bold—Be bold to play
"  "  124
dares not be so bold
"  "  401
BOLD

Bold—with bold, stern looks
if your maid may be so bold
life and bold audacity
bold Hector, march'd to field
to flatter fools and make them bold
to give them from me was I bold
I dare not be so bold
Yea, yes, but bold
Bold-faced—like a bold-faced author
Boldness—at the wood's boldness
Bolli—one being throng'd bears back, all bolli'n and red
Bond—unloose it from their bond
My bonds in thees
Where to all bonds do tie me
Under that bond
scald'd false bonds of love
vow, bond, nor space
L C .... 264
to that strong-bonded oath
Bondage—
He held such petty ... in dishain
And, true to bondage
Bones—feathers, flesh, and bone
colour, pace, and bone
Shall curse my bones
my bones with dust shall cover
a ring of posied gold and bone
L C .... 45
Boned—
Shows me a bare-boned death
Bonnet—And with his bonnet
Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature bear
he put his bonnet on
Book—margents of such books
the school, the book
To blot old books and alter their contents
To cipher that which is writ in learned books
women's faces are their own faults' books
O, let my books be then the eloquence
Is from the book of honour razed
Is gone antique book
And of this book this learning
and much enrich thy book
blessing every book
makes his book thine eyes
P P 5 5
Book—Book both my wilfulness and errors down

BOTH

Born—who, not born fair
conscience is born of love
born—borne so hard a mind
Borne by the trustless wings
Borne on the bier with white and
by me he borne alone
Borrom—'Tis much to borrow
staring star doth borrow
tears did lend and borrow
eyes that light will borrow
thee their looks doth borrow
good day, of night now borrow
Borrow'd—
they borrow'd all their shine
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire
To see those borrow'd tears
with art's false borrow'd face
Which borrow'd from this holy fire
of love
O, all that borrow'd motion
Beauon—From his soft bosom
Within may bone's shop
of her bosom dropp'd
within her bosom
Through Night's black bosom
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
In that bosom sits
Within his bosom's shop
Thy bosom is endear'd
save which wounded bosoms fits
in thy steel bosom's ward
he did in the general bosom reign
The broken bosoms that to me belong—
Both—Both favour, favour
mingled both together
Both crystals, where they
both of them extremes
Could rule them both
They both would strive
Which of them both
lest between them both
Both which, as victors
and all the power of both
tutor both to good and bad
Kill both thyself and her
both were kept for heaven
Then dead, both die, and both shall victors be
in both their faces blaze
And both she thinks too long
Both stood, like old acquaintance
stain both moon and sun
Both find each other, and I lose both
twin
And both for my sake
cast up both sea and land
Are both with thee
Than both your poets
Both grace and faults
had stol'n of both
both skill and argument
Both truth and beauty
Both with my wilfulness and errors
down
Thy registers and thee I both defy
thou hast both him and me
Both—On both sides thus is simple
truth suppress'd  Son 138 8
But being both from me, both to
each friend  "  144 11
of all sizes both high and low  L C  21
and sexes both enchanted
Both fire from  "  123 19
nature is both kind and tame  "  311
one to both, both to each friend  P P  2 11
One god is god of both
One knight loves both, and both in
thee remain  "  8 14
to turn them both to gain  "  8 19
This and I were both beguiled  "  21 30

Bottom—
the bottom poison, and the top  V A  1143
search the bottom of annoy  R L  1169
Bottom-grass—Sweet bottom-grass  V A  236

Bottleneck—
O, deeper sin than .... conceit  R L  701
Bough—on a ragged bough  V A  37
Upon those boughs  "  39 3
music bathed in every bough  "  102 11
Bought—thy interest was not ....  R L  1007
Bounced—He, speying her, in ....  P P  6 13
Bound—The sea hath bounds  V A  359
What rounds, what bounds  L C  109
Bound—thou art bound to breed  V A  171
that other bond  "  228 26
he neighs, he bound  "  265
bound him to her breast  "  812
a wretched image bound  R L  1501
As bound in knighthood  "  1697
bound to stay your leisure  Son 58 4
Bound for the prize  "  86 2
Bounded—Yet in the eddy ...  R L  1669
Bounding—the .... banks overflows  "  1119
Boundless—
there falls into thy boundless field  "  653
nor earth, nor boundless sea  Son 65 1
Bounteous—
The bounders largess given thee  "  3 6
which bounteous gift  "  11 12
Bountiful—
Bountiful they will him call  P P  21 49
Bountiful—shouldst in bounty cherish Son 11 12
as your bounty doth appear  "  53 11
that lets not bounty fail  L C  41
Bow—to the saddle-bow  V A  14
by Cupid's bow she doth protest  "  381
that death and his bow  R L  580
Bows—in battle ne'er did bow  V A  99
Joints forget to bow  "  1061
She bows her head  "  1171
to the ground their knees they bow  R L  1846
make me bow  Son 90 3
under my transgression bow  "  129 3
Bow—on his bow-back  V A  619
Bowed—to thee like osiers bowed  P P  5 4
As heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bow'd  R L  1372
Bower—hath no name, no holy ....  Son 127 7
Boy—was the tender boy  V A  32
cry, flint-hearted boy  "  95
In love so light, sweet boy  "  155
to the wayward boy  "  344
excuse thy courser, gentle boy  "  463
silly boy, believing she is dead  "  467
'Sweet boy,' she says  "  353

Boyar—sweet boy, ere this  V A  633
By this the boy  "  1165
Nothing, sweet boy  Son 108 5
O thou, my lovely boy  "  126 1
The boy for trial  "  153 10
Forbade the boy  "  11 9
As if the boy should use  "  492
Brag—brag not of thy might  V A  113
Nor shall Death brag  Son 18 11
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she  "  63
Bragg'd—When virtue brag'd  R L  54
Those bare out-brag'd the web  L C  95
Braid'd—his .... hanging name  V A  271
braided in loose negligence  L C  35

Brain—
proceedings of a drunken brain  V A  910
disposing of her troubled brain  "  1040
the brain being troubled  "  1068
the weak brain's forgeries  R L  450
how are our brains beguiled  Son 59 2
deliver'd from thy brain  "  77 11
in my brain's house  "  83 3
What's in the brain  "  108 1
thy tables are within my brain  "  122 1
so long as brain and heart  "  122 5
Brain'd—And deep-brain'd sonnets  L C  299
Brain-sick—by .... rude desire  R L  173
Brake—brakes obscure and rough  V A  257
break off his late intent  "  876
fawn hid in some brake  "  876
Here kennel'd in a brake  "  913
Here in these brakes  P P  9 10
Bramble—The thorny brambles  V A  629

Branch—
the branches of another root  R L  823
Branch—my name receives a brand  Son 112 1
Cupid laid by his brand  "  153 1
Love's brand new-fried  "  153 9
his heart-inflaming brand  "  154 2
This brand she quenched  "  154 9
Brand—Brand not my forehead  R L  1061
Brass—And brass eternal slave to mortal rage  Son 64 4
Brass—brass, nor stone  "  65 1
tombs of brass are spent  "  107 14
Unless my nerves were brass  "  129 4
Brave—When their brave hope  R L  1490
And see the brave day  Son 12 2
Save breed, to brave him  "  12 14
And wear their brave state  "  15 8
weed out-braves his dignity  "  94 12
Youth like summer brave  P P  12 4
Bravery—Hiding thy bravery  Son 34 4
Braving—Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  R L  40
Bravet—And ban and brawl  P P  19 20
Bravny—his bravny sides  V A  655
Break—What no breach should be ....  1095
in the breach appear  "  1375
To make the breach  "  469
The impious breach  "  869
why of two oaths' breach  Son 132 5
Break—her intentions break  V A  222
girths he breaks asunder  "  266
The client breaks  "  336
the berry breaks before  "  576
love breaks through  "  950
breaks the silver rain  "  950
breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes  R L  446
BREATH

Breathe—so her accent breaks

or break their hearts

on what occasion break

stirring ere the break of day

to break upon the galled shore

as if her heart would break

at break of day arising

through the cloud thou break

to break a twofold truth

When I break twenty

would not break from thence

Feeling it break

To break an oath

Breath—Or listen to breakers

Breatheth—Breatheth his rein

breatheth from the sweet embrace

She wildly breatheth

Breathing—breathing rings a-twain

so breaking their contents

Breast—Broad breast, full eye

his back, his breast

incaed in his breast

shakes thee on my breast

closure of my breast

bound him to her breast

from whose silver breast

In my breast as in his blood

her breasts, like ivory globes

On her bare breast

remains upon her breast

by beating on her breast

lurk in gentle breasts

hollow-swelling feather'd breasts

beaten from her breast

she laid her breast in her harmless breast

and babbling from her breast

he struck his hand upon his breast

Which in thy breast doth live

of my speaking breast

Are windows to my breast

Within the gentle closure of my breast

which in thy breast doth lie

and most most loving breast

then her breasts are dun

needs would touch my breast

of thy cold breast

What breast so cold

Leant her breast up-till a thorn

And the turtle's loyal breast

Breath—'I'll sigh celestial breath

all but with a breath

comes breath perfumed

his breast breatheth

Banished by thy breath

draws up her breath

to steal his breath

his breath and beauty set

to her Adonis' breath

A dream, a breath

play'd with her breath

unwholesome breaths make sick

for passage of her breath

made me stop my breath

Thin winding breath

his breath drinks up again

bids him possess his breath

When summer's breath

Breath—summer's honey breath

Where breath most breathes

Then others for the breath of words

respect

If not from my love's breath

had an old thy breath

Than in the breath

O, that sad breath

My vow was breath, and breath a

vapour is

as she fetched breath

age's breath is short

With the breath thou givest and

takest

Breathe—

breathes she forth her spite

What he breathes out

So long as men can breathe

While thou dost breathe

breatheth most breathes

When winds breathe sweet

Breath'd—

on thy well-breath'd horse

Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves

Breathed forth the sound

prison where it breathed

Breatheth—When all the breathers

Breatheth—breatheth in her face

his breath breatheth life in her

Breathing—Untimely breathings

Breathing-white—in a ...

Breathless—Till .... he disjoin'd

Bred—Which bred more beauty

but of no woman bred

than civil home-bre'd strife

in Tarquin new ambition bred

By thy bright beauty was it newly

bred

errors by opinion bred

shall my fame be bred

conceit of love there bred

as my purpose bred

Breed—thou art bound to breed

breeds by beating of the blood

would breed a scarcity

what sorrow I shall breed

joy breeds months of pain

What virtue breeds

while her flight breeds

breeds the fat earth's store

That's for thyself to breed another

thee

Sue 6 7

Save breed to brave him

which public manners breeds

My eyes breed not

Breeders—O the fair breeder

uncheck'd breeder, full of fear

Breedeth—beauty bredeth beauty

breatheth love by smelling

Breeding—A breeding Jeanet

this state-breeding spy

Bribed—hath she ... the Destinies

Brilieu—The studlied bridle

Brief—This brief abridgement

though my words are brief

Nor can I fortune to brief minutes

tell

with his brief hours and weeks
BROOK—Vows for thee broke  PP 3 4
If by me broke  " 3 13
Broken—with useful language  VA 47
Poor broken glass  RL 1738
my slumbers should be broken Son 61 3
The broken bonasons  L C 654
If broken, then it is no fault  PP 3 12
that's broken presently  " 13 4
broken dead within an hour  " 13 6
As broken glass no cement can re-dress  " 13 10

Brother—
were ever brothers to defiling  L C 173
Brood—all that brood to kill  R L 627
devoir her own sweet brood Son 19 2
Brook—his shadow in the brook  VA 162
his shadow in the brook  " 1099
sitting by a brook  PP 4 1
growing by a brook  " 6 5
A brook where Adon  " 6 6
on the brook's green brim  " 6 10
Brook—brooks not merry guests  R L 1125
Brother—death-worthy in thy  " 635
the sister and the brother  PP 8 2

Brought—
She had not brought forth thee  VA 204
brought unto his bed  R L 120
fault brought in subjection  " 134
of her own grief brought  " 1578
than this his love had brought Son 32 11
I would be brought  " 44 3
And brought to medicine  " 118 11
which brought me to her eye  L C 247

Brow—Even so she kiss'd his brow  VA 69
one wrinkle in my brow  " 139
His hunting brows  " 123
hide's his angry brow  " 339
with his brows repine  " 490
With heavy eye, knot brow  RL 709
with a cunning brow  " 749
To mask their brows  " 724
character'd in my brow  " 867
A brow unsung  " 1508
shall besiege thy brow Son 2 3
my love's fair brow  " 19 9
splendour on my brow  " 33 10
delves the parallels in beauty's brow " 60 10
drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow  " 63 3
inhabit on a living brow  " 68 4
d of lip, of eye, of brow  " 106 6
stamp'd upon my brow  " 112 2
her frowning brows be bent  PP 19 13
Browny—His browny locks did hang L C 85

Bruised—
With bruised arms and wreaths  RL 119
Brutus—from the purple fountain
Brutus drew  " 1734
Brutus, who pluck'd the knife  " 1937
which Brutus made before  " 1547
Bubbling—And  from her breast
Bud—Who plucks the bud  VA 416
Intrude the maiden bud  RL 848
Within thin eye  Sun 1 11
the darling buds of May  " 18 3
loathsome canker lives in sweetest
bud  " 35 4
t heir masked buds disclose  " 54 8
For canker vice the sweetest buds
doth love " 70 7
Bud—And buds of marjoram  
Sun 99 7

Finck'd tu the bud  
P 19 2

A belt of straw and try buds  
29 13

Bud—bud and be blasted  
VA 1142

bud before thy spring  
RL 604

when first it 'gis to bud  
P 13 3

Budding—of thy budding name  
Son 95 3

Bulk—Healing her bulk  
RL 467

Bullet—deadly bullet of a gun  
VA 461

The golden bullet beats it down  
P 19 30

Bulwarks—  
for me many bulwarks builded  
L C 152

Bulwalled—bulwalled far from accident  
Son 124 5

for me many bulwarks builded  
L C 152

Building—  
To ruinate proud buildings  
RL 944

He of tall building  
Son 80 12

Build—Though weak-built hopes per-  
auge  
RL 139

Of rich-built Iion  
" 1524

when it is built anew  
Son 119 11

built up with newer might  
" 123 2

Buredn'd—  
back'd and burden'd being young  
VA 419

Buredn-wise—For ... I'll hum  
RL 1153

Buried—He might be buried  
VA 244

their pride lies buried  
Son 25 7

which I thought buried  
" 31 4

where buried love doth live  
" 31 9

cost of outworn buried age  
" 64 2

My name be buried  
" 72 11

Truth and beauty buried be  
PT 64

Burial—Within thine own bud bur-  
liest content  
Son 1 11

Burn—  
He burns with bashful shame  
VA 49

her fire must burn  
" 94

the sun doth burn my face  
" 186

If they burn too  
" 122

lament that burns by night  
" 755

Do burn themselves  
" 810

Fair torch, burn out thy light  
RL 190

To burn the guiltless casket  
" 1057

quench Troy that burns so long  
" 1408

fire to burn thy city  
" 1554

to burn his Troy with water  
" 1561

burn the long-lived phainix  
Son 19 4

war's quick fire shall burn  
" 58 7

full flame should afterwards burn  
clearer  
" 115 4

Burn'd—in three hot Junes burn'd  
" 104 7

When he most burn'd  
L C 314

She burn'd with love  
P 7 13

She burn't out love  
" 7 14

Burneth—the fire that burneth me  
VA 196

Burneth more hotly  
" 392

does that burneth here  
RL 1475

as soon as straw out-burneth  
P 7 14

Burning—  
maiden burning of his cheeks  
VA 50

my narrow burning  
" 142

With burning eye  
" 178

As burning fevers  
" 729

conscience and hot-burning will  
RL 247

cheers up his burning eye  
" 435

burning Troy doth bear  
" 1474

Lifts up his burning head  
Son 7 2

that burning lungs did raise  
L C 228

Of burning bushes  
" 304

Burnish'd—hills seem ... gold  
VA 858

Burnt—two lamps, burnt out, in  
darkness lie  
" 1128

burnt out in tedious nights  
RL 1279

burnt the shining glory  
" 1523

Burthen—he  
the he burneth of a guilty mind  
" 735

burthen of mine own love's night  
Son 23 8

The second burneth of a former  
child  
" 59 4

wanting burneth of the prime  
" 97 2

wild music burneth every bough  
" 102 11

Bury—to bury that posterity  
VA 708

Burying—  
Burying in Lucrceo' wound  
RL 1810

Bush—  
brambles and embracing bushes  
VA 629

the bushes in the way  
" 571

no secret buses fear  
RL 88

shape every bush a hideous shape-  
less devil  
" 973

Busy—my thought, my busy care  
VA 383

Busy yourselves in skill-contending  
schools  
RL 1018

busy winds give o'er  
" 1790

But—  
but love he laugh'd to scorn  
VA 4

But rather famish  
" 20

seem an hour but short  
" 23

but frosty in desire  
" 36

but soon she stops  
" 46

but never to obey  
" 61

cannot choose but love  
" 79

But when her lips  
" 39

But help she cannot get  
" 93

'Tis but a kiss I beg  
" 96

Touch but my lips  
" 115

there are but twain  
" 123

But having no defects  
" 138

but light, and will aspire  
" 150

shines but warm  
" 193

did unstind  
" 294

but speak fair words  
" 268

but the eye alone  
" 213

but of no woman bred  
" 214

But, lo, from forth  
" 259

But when the heart's attorney  
" 335

But now her cheek  
" 493

bod my body's bano  
" 372

dep desire hath none  
" 389

But when he saw  
" 393

But, when his gluton  
" 399

the lesson is but plain  
" 407

love but to disgrace it  
" 412

all but with a breath  
" 414

Had I no eyes but ears  
" 438

that were but sensible  
" 436

nothing but the very small  
" 441

But, O, what banquet  
" 445

But blessed bankrupt  
" 466

But hers, which through  
" 491

But now I lived  
" 497

But I died  
" 483

But for thy piteous lips  
" 504

but the ungrown fry  
" 526

but dissolves with tempering  
" 565

But then woos best  
" 570

But all in vain  
" 607

But that thou toldst me  
" 614
But—But having thee at vantage  

| VA | 635 |
|-----|
| But like an earthquake | 648 |
| But if thou needs wilt hunt | 673 |
| But if thou fall | 721 |
| all is but to rob thee | 723 |
| But in one minute's fight | 746 |
| Thy body but a swallowing grave | 757 |
| But gold that's put to use | 788 |
| But soundly sleeps | 786 |
| But your device in love | 789 |
| But Lust's effect | 800 |
| But more I dare not say | 805 |
| But idle sounds | 848 |
| But the blunt bear | 854 |
| But back retirest | 906 |
| But hatefully at random | 940 |
| But thy false dart | 941 |
| thou but bid beware | 943 |
| But through the flood-gates | 979 |
| But like a stormy day | 965 |
| But none is best | 971 |
| Who is but drunken | 984 |
| I did but jest | 997 |
| but is still severe | 1000 |
| I did but act | 1006 |
| was but late forlorn | 1026 |
| But stole his blood | 1056 |
| But true-sweet beauty | 1080 |
| But when Adonis liv'd | 1083 |
| But this foul, grim | 1105 |
| But by a kiss | 1114 |
| But he is dead | 1119 |
| but unsavory end | 1138 |
| but high or low | 1139 |
| but know, it is as good | 1181 |
| But king nor peer  
| RL | 21 |
| O happiness, enjoy'd but of a few | 43 |
| But some untimely thought | 57 |
| But, poorly rich | 93 |
| But she, that never coped | 99 |
| they have but less | 137 |
| Is but to surfeit | 139 |
| is but to nurse the life | 141 |
| No noise but hawks and wolves' | 155 |
| death-blooming cries | 155 |
| But honest fear, bewitch'd | 173 |
| Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown | 216 |
| But coward-like with trembling | 251 |
| But as he is my kinsman | 237 |
| but she is not her own | 241 |
| The worst is but denial | 242 |
| But with a pure appeal | 232 |
| But, as they open, they all rate | 304 |
| But his hot heart, which | 314 |
| But all these poor forbiddings | 323 |
| But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer | 344 |
| Thoughts are but dreams | 353 |
| But she, sound sleeping | 363 |
| But blind they are | 378 |
| But they must ope | 383 |
| But that life lived in death | 406 |
| But mightily he noted | 414 |
| But strongly he desired | 415 |
| But she, in worser taking | 453 |
| But she with vehement prayers | 475 |
| But as reproof and reason | 489 |

But—But will is deaf  

| RL | 495 |
|-----|
| But nothing can perfection's course control | 500 |
| But if thou yield | 525 |
| but his faut appetite | 546 |
| But when a black-faced cloud | 547 |
| he doth but daily | 554 |
| but his heart graneth | 558 |
| But happy monarchs still are fear'd | 611 |
| If but for fear of this | 614 |
| fair reputation but a bawd | 623 |
| Think but how vile | 631 |
| but swells the higher by this let | 646 |
| but alter not his taste | 651 |
| But low shrubs wither | 665 |
| But she hath lost | 687 |
| But her foresight could not forestall | 728 |
| but that every eye can see | 750 |
| as he is but Night's child | 783 |
| But I alone alone must sit | 793 |
| but he that gives | 833 |
| But rob'd and ransack'd | 839 |
| But no perfection is so absolute | 839 |
| But like still-pining Tantalus | 858 |
| But torment that it cannot cure | 861 |
| But ill-annexed Opportunity | 874 |
| But they ne'er meet with Opportunity | 893 |
| But Sin never gives a fee | 913 |
| but he was stay'd by thee | 917 |
| but pity not his means | 977 |
| But little stars may hide them | 1068 |
| But if the like the snow-white swan desire | 1011 |
| But cagles gazed upon | 1015 |
| But if I live | 1033 |
| But this not slaughterhouse | 1033 |
| But when I fear'd | 1048 |
| But thou shalt know | 1067 |
| but stol'n from forth thy gate | 1068 |
| But cloudy Lucrece | 1084 |
| No object but her passion's strength | 1103 |
| But with my body | 1157 |
| but stoutly say, 'So be it' | 1209 |
| But burst the task of her | 1235 |
| But as the earth doth weep | 1226 |
| No cause, but company | 1236 |
| But chide rough winter | 1255 |
| But that devour'd, but that which | 1266 |
| doth devour | 1266 |
| But tell me, girl, when went | 1275 |
| 'But, lady, if your maid | 1282 |
| but not her grief's true quality | 1313 |
| 'Tis but a part of sorrow | 1324 |
| but dull and slow she deems | 1336 |
| But they whose guilt | 1342 |
| but do it leisurely | 1349 |
| but laid no words to gage | 1351 |
| But long she thinks | 1359 |
| But the mild glances | 1359 |
| listening, but with several graces | 1410 |
| As, but for loss | 1429 |
| But none where all distress | 1446 |
| Who nothing wants to answer her but cries | 1459 |
| red nor pale, but mingled so | 1511 |
| But, like a constant and confirmed devil | 1513 |
| But Tarquin's shape came | 1538 |
But—But such a face should bear R L ..... 1540
honesty, but yet defiled " ..... 1545
But now the mindful messenger " ..... 1581
yieldings, but still bare " ..... 1588
But, wratched as he is " ..... 1593
But, ere I name him " ..... 1588
But she, that yet her sad task " ..... 1599
But more than 'he " ..... 1718
But now that fair fresh mirror " ..... 1709
but through his lips do throng " ..... 1783
But through his teeth " ..... 1787
But now he throws that shallow habit by " ..... 1814
But kneel with me and help " ..... 1830
But as the riper should by time de- cease Son 1 3
But thou, contracted to thine own " ..... 1 5
But if thou live " ..... 5 13
gives nothing, but doth lend " ..... 4 3
But flowers distil'd " ..... 5 15
Lease but their show " ..... 5 14
But when from highest pitch " ..... 7 9
They do but sweetly chide thee " ..... 8 7
Shifts but his place " ..... 9 10
But beauty's waste hath in the world " ..... 9 11
But that thou never lovest " ..... 10 4
but, love, you are " ..... 13 1
q, none but unfortunates " ..... 13 13
But not to tell " ..... 14 3
But from thine eyes " ..... 14 9
but a little moment " ..... 15 2
presenteth nought but shows " ..... 15 3
But wherefore do you not " ..... 16 1
It is but as a tomb " ..... 17 3
But the same child of yours " ..... 17 13
But thy eternal summer " ..... 18 9
But I forbid thee " ..... 19 8
but not acquainted " ..... 20 3
But since she prick'd me out " ..... 20 13
true in love, but truly write " ..... 21 9
But when in thee " ..... 22 3
Is but the seamy raiment " ..... 22 15
but for thee will " ..... 22 10
They draw but what they see " ..... 24 14
But as the marigold " ..... 25 6
But that I hope " ..... 26 7
But then begin a journey " ..... 27 3
But day by night " ..... 28 4
But day doth daily draw " ..... 28 13
But if the while I think on thee " ..... 30 13
But things removed " ..... 31 8
but this loving thought " ..... 32 9
But since he died " ..... 32 13
But, out, alack, he was but one hour mine " ..... 33 11
sorrow lends but weak relief " ..... 34 11
Ah, but those tears are pearl " ..... 34 13
there is but one respect " ..... 36 5
But do not so " ..... 36 13
but thine shall be the praise " ..... 38 14
what is't but mine own " ..... 39 4
But yet be blamed " ..... 40 7
but yet thou might'st my seat " ..... 41 9
But, here's the joy " ..... 42 12
then she loves but me alone " ..... 42 14
But when I sleep " ..... 43 3
But, ah, thought kills me " ..... 44 9
But that, so much of earth " ..... 44 11
But heavy tears, badges of " ..... 44 14

But—Who even but now come back again Son 45 11
but then no longer glad " ..... 45 13
But the defendant doth that plea deny " ..... 46 7
Be thou, to whom my jewels " ..... 48 6
swift extremity can soon but slow " ..... 51 6
But love, for love " ..... 51 12
And you, but one " ..... 53 4
But you like none " ..... 53 14
but fairer we it deem " ..... 54 3
But, for their virtue " ..... 54 9
But you shall shine more bright " ..... 55 3
Which but to-day " ..... 56 3
what should I do but tend " ..... 57 1
But, like a sad slave " ..... 57 11
but that which is " ..... 59 1
stands but for his scythe to now " ..... 60 12
But when my glass " ..... 62 9
But weep to have " ..... 64 14
But best becomes it " ..... 65 2
but Time decays " ..... 65 8
no exchequer now but his " ..... 67 11
But those same tongues " ..... 69 6
But why thy odour " ..... 69 13
slander doth but approve " ..... 70 5
But let your love " ..... 71 12
But be contental " ..... 74 1
The earth can have but earth " ..... 74 7
thou hast but lost the dregs of Life " ..... 74 9
thou dost but medl the style " ..... 75 11
But thou art all my art " ..... 78 13
But now my gracious numbers " ..... 79 3
No praise to thee but what in thee Son " ..... 79 12
But since your worth " ..... 80 5
can yield me but a common grave " ..... 81 7
But be that writes of you " ..... 84 7
Let him but copy " ..... 84 9
But that is in my thought " ..... 85 11
But when your countenance " ..... 86 13
but by thy granting " ..... 87 5
but walking to such matter " ..... 87 14
But in the onset came " ..... 90 11
But these particulars " ..... 91 7
But do thy worst " ..... 92 1
But what's so blessed-fair " ..... 92 13
But heaven in thy creation " ..... 93 9
nothing thence but sweetness tell " ..... 93 12
Others but stewards " ..... 94 3
But if that flower " ..... 94 11
but in a kind of praise " ..... 95 7
But do not so " ..... 96 13
But hope of orphans " ..... 97 10
They were but sweet, but figures of delight " ..... 98 11
But, for his theft " ..... 99 12
But sweet or colour " ..... 99 15
But best is best " ..... 101 8
then but in the spring " ..... 102 5
But that wild music " ..... 102 11
their praises are but prophecies " ..... 106 9
they look'd but with divining eyes " ..... 106 11
but lack tongues to praise " ..... 108 14
but yet, like prayers divine " ..... 108 5
But makes antiquity " ..... 108 12
but, by all above " ..... 110 6
but effectually is out " ..... 113 4
But reckoning Time " ..... 115 5
But—Beauty is but a vain beauty. *P P P* 18 1

—beauty is but a vain beauty. *P P P* 18 1

But the pain the but cannot pluck the self

—now are minutes

But one must be refused

But alas! my hand hath sworn

June but an Ethiope were

Play not at all, but seems afraid

But plainly say thou lovest

But, soft! enough

But if store of crowns be scant

Pitty but he were a king

But if Fortune once do frown

But thou shrailing harbinger

Had the essence but in one

But in them it were a wonder

Truth may seem, but cannot be

Beauty brag, but 'tis not she

Butcher—Like a mortal butcher *V A* 618

Buy—So thou wilt buy

Buys a minutes' wirth *P L* 213

They buy thy help

Buy my divine

By—eagle, sharp by fast *V A* 55

By her fair immortal hand

By the stern and direful

By law of nature

By this, the love-sick queen

By and Venus' side

Even by their own direction

Copes that neighbours by

That is standing by

By pleading may be blest

And by and by

Takes him by the hand

By touching thee

Breathèd love by smelling

By his stealing is

Love by looks reviveth

That by love so thriveth

She, by her good will

seen by night

banish'd by thy breath

at thy leisure, one by one

by Cupid's bow

still hanging by his neck

Do surfeit by the eye

his danger by thy will

be ruled by me

lives by subtlety

By this, poor Wat

trodlen on by many

relieffd by any

To shame the sun by day and her

by night

Disorder breeds by beating

lamp that bursts by night

Which by the rights

by this black-faced night

catch her by the neck

By this she bears

Who, overcome by doubt

By this, far off

By their suggestion

shall I die by drops

shall I die by drops
By—When he was by

But by a kiss

takes him by the hand

By this thy boy that by her side lay kill'd

rest from her by death

By whose swift aid

Borne by the trustless wings

For by our ears

welcomed by the Roman dame

Argued by beauty's red

ador'd by this devil

made glorious by his manly chivalry

And so, by hoping more

Make something nothing by augmenting it

Beaton away by brain-sick rude desire

Shall by a painted cloth

She took me kindly by the hand

As corn o'ergrown by weeds

Is almost choked by unresisted lust

defier'd by their leader's jocund show

By expatiate desire

Each one by him enforced

By the light he spies

By their high treason

by Lucrece's side

him by oath they truly honoured

hunger by the conquest satisfied

lust by gazing qualified

forced by her side

Are by his burning torch dimm'd

From forth droll sleep by dreadful fancy waking

by dumb demeanour seeks to show

By thy bright beauty

And sung by children

by this dividing

She conjures him by high almighty Jove

By knighthood, gentry

By her untimely tears

By holy human law

By heaven and earth

by him that gave it thee

When, pattern'd by thy fault

swells the higher by this let

by heaven, I will not bear thee

wherein by nature they delight

lived by foul devouring

And by their mortal fault

wakes her heart by beating on her breast

by him defiled

From me by strong assault

ransack'd by injurious theft

master'd by his young

souls that wander by him

he was stay'd by thee

As this thy by thine inclination,

errors by opinion bred

doth live by slaughter

that by alms doth live

I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion

clear this spot by death

By this, lamenting Thilomel

By—what's done by night

batter'd by the enemy

Which by him taint'd

by whose example

enforced by sympathy

by force, by fraud or skill

Assail'd by night

By that her death to do her husband wrong

By this, mild patience bid fair to

crown the speak

he ready by and by

by this short schedule

when he is by to hear her

She for the slaught'red' husband

by the wife

shadow'd by his neighbour's ear

Here friend by friend

By deep surprise of others' detri-

ment

takes her by the bloodless hand

ta'en prisoner by the foe

By foul enforcement might be done

no flood by raining slaketh

Knights, by their oaths

By my excuse shall claim

death by time outworn

By this starts Collatine

And only must be wail'd by Colla-
tine

throws that shallow habit by

by whom thy fair wife bleeds

By our strong arms

Now, by the Capitol

And by this chaste blood

By heaven's fair sun

By all our country rights

And by chaste Lucrece's seal

and by this bloody knife

should by time decease

Son 1 3

To the world's due, by the grave and thee

Proving his beauty by succession thine

By unions married

strikes each in each by mutual or-

dering

By children's eyes

By oft predict that I in heaven find

check'd even by the self-same sky

drawn by your own sweet skill

By chance or nature's changing course

And by addition me of thee defeated

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing

Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse

by day my limbs, by night my mind

not eas'd by night

But by day by night and night by day

Then, by tell, the other to complain

Which I by lacking

And shalt by fortune

outstripp'd by every pen

Exceeded by the height

by me be borne alone
By—made lame by fortune's dearest
spite
And by a part of all thy glory
That by this separation I may give
By praising him here
By wishful taste of what myself re-
的基础
Hers, by thy beauty
Thine, by thy beauty
By looking on thee
Receiving nought by elements so slow
By those swift messengers
And by their verdict is determined
either by thy picture or my love
Cal'd to that audit by advised re-
spects
As if by some instinct the wretch
knew
By new unfolding
By that sweet ornament
my verse distills your truth
Which but to-day by feeling is al-
lay'd
by Time's fell hand defaced
strength by limping sway disabled
art made tongue-tied by authority
That sin by him advantage should achieve
By seeing farther than the eye hath
shown
they measure by thy deeds
past'd by the ambush
shamed by that which I bring forth
Which by and by black night doth take
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by
And by and by clean starved
surfet day by day
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth
by thy true-telling friend
phrase by all the Muses fold
spirit, by spirits taught
he nor his companions by night
I behold but by thy granting
And I by this will be a gainer too
turn sorest by their deeds
but, by all above
bonds do tie me day by day
would by ill be cured
better is by evil still made better
gain by ill thrice more than I have spent
you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing
By their rank thoughts
have faculty by nature to subsist
Ma'de more or less by thy continual haste
by paying too much rent
Who hast by wan'sing grown
by thee blushing stand
And yet, by heaven, I think
eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
by lies we flatt'ring'd be
slay me not by art

By—Mad slanderers by mad ears believ'd he
Son 149
By self-example mayst thou be declar'd
Cmd by the motion of thine eyes
fall by thy side
Cupid laid by his brand
Laid by his side
Came tripping by
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd
This brand she quench'd in a cool well by
this by that I prove
Which one by one L C.....38
Of course, of city, and had let go by
And, privileged by age
sits he by her side
by nature's outwards so commended
by that cost more dear
by noble by the way
by him became his deed
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed
far rer by their place
all were grace by him
who ever shunn'd by precedent
By blunting us to make our wits more keen
By how much of me
by spirits of richest cost
'scopeath by the flight
If by me broke
P P 3
sitting by a brook
growing by a brook
throws his mantle by
kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting
Adonis sitting by her
Which by a gift of learning
By ringing in thy lady's ear
There is no heaven, by holy then
By shallov rivers, by whose falls
'Taren, Tercan?' by and by
By-past—To put the by-past perils L C.....135
Cabin—keep his loathsome cabin V A.....637
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head
Cabinet—From his moist cabinet V A.....554
They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
R L.....412
Caged—she would the caged cloister fly
L C.....249
Caitiff—asks the weary caitiff V A.....914
Call—tapsters answering every call
Call—in her passion, calls it balm
calls it hevenly moisture
Doubt call himself
'Call it not love
Even in the moment that we call
them ours
she hoarsely calls her maid
call them not the authors
At last she calls to mind
The one doth call her his
Calls back the lovely April Son 3 10
CALL—nature calls thee to be gone 4 11
Thou mayst call thine 11 4
And he that calls on thee 38 11
that thou mayst true love call 49 3
Or call it winter 56 13
I alone did call upon thy aid 79 1
For nothing this wide universe I call 109 13
who calls me well or ill 112 3
upon your dearer love to call 117 3
Where tho' inviting time our fashion calls 124 8
To this I witness call the fools of time 124 13
O, will not I pronounce the wrong 129 1
that I do call my friend 149 5
No want of conscience hold that it I call 151 13
Bountiful they will him call 21 40
Called—call'd him all to nought V A . . . . 993
call'd it then their shield E L . . . . 61
let it not be call'd impley may be call'd a hell 1174
Call'd to that audit S o m 49 4
Let not my love be call'd idolatry 105 1
I have been call'd unto L C . . . . 181
Neither two nor one was called P T . . . . 40
Calm—to calm contending kings R L . . . . 939
calm looks, eye waiting still 1568
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night 19 14
Came—if there he came to lie V A . . . . 245
How she came stealing 344
came in her mind the while R L . . . . 1536
To me came Tarquin armed 1544
A stranger came 1629
In my chamber came 1626
came evidence to swear 1650
those that came with Collatine 1689
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake Som 134 11
Came tripping by 154 4
Came there for cure 154 13
Came for additions L C . . . . 118
Which in his level came 339
Can—Look how he can V A . . . . 79
Never can blab 126
Can thy right hand 158
sighs can never grave it 376
that can so well defend her 472
I can be well contented 513
she takes all she can 564
she can no more 577
spear's point can enter 626
For love can comment 714
can my invention make R L . . . . 225
fear can neither fright nor fly 239
How can they then assist me 359
nothing can affright his course con

Can comprehend in still imagination 702
For he can see his own abomination 704
Can curb his heat 796
that every eye can see 750
no good that we can say is ours 873

Can—Thy violent vanities can never last R L . . . . 894
Though men can cover crimes 1232
I thus far can dispense 1279
than I can well express 1285
'can lurk in such a look' 1553
'can lurk' from 'cannot' took 1557
Eye once she can discharge 1695
no excuse can give the fault amend

Can see what once I was 1614
And nothing 'gainst Time's seythe can make defence Som 12 13
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell 14 5
Can make you live 16 12
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see 18 13
How can I then be elder 22 8
How can I then return 28 1
Then can I drown an eye 39 5
Then can I grieve 39 9
of such a salve can speak 34 7
Nor can thy shame give physic 34 9
How can my Muse want subject 38 1
What can mine own praise 39 3
thought can jump both sea and land 44 7
I can allege no cause 49 14
Thus can my love 51 1
swift extremity can seem but slow 51 6
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace 51 9
Can bring him to his sweet up
locked treasure 52 2
And you, but one, can every shadow lend 53 4
What strong hand can hold his swift foot back 65 11
who his spoil of beauty can forbid 65 12
that the thought of hearts can mend 69 2
in me can nothing worthy prove 72 4
The earth can have but earth 74 7
he can afford 79 11
The earth can yield 81 7
What strained tongues rhetoric can lend 82 10
poets can in praise devise 83 14
which can say more 84 1
if he can tell 84 7
I can set down a story 88 6
For there can live no hatred 93 5
that eyes can see 95 12
if I no more can write 105 5
much more than in my verse can sit 103 13
you never can be old 104 1
Can yet the lease of my true love control 107 3
thy record never can be miss'd 122 8
my spotless defence can hide 123 8
my five senses can 114 9
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true 148 9
Those that can see thou lovest 149 14
that art can comprehend P P 5 6
that well can thee commend 5 8
no cement can redress 13 10
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal 18 27
A cripple soon can find a halt 19 10
Can—That definitive music can
If what parts can so remain
Canceller'd—date, cancell'd ere well begun
Canell'd my fortunes
date from cancell'd destiny
love's long since cancell'd wo'
Candle—As those gold candles
Canker—This canker that eats up
And leathesome canker lives in
sweetest bud
canker vice the sweetest buds doth love
a canker in the fragrant rose
A vengeful canker eat him up
Canker-blooms—The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
Canker-king—Foul-canker rusts the hidden treasure frets
Cannon—from discharged cannon's fumes
Cannibal—she cannot choose but love
help she cannot get
she cannot right her cause
cannot be easily harm'd
that I cannot reprieve
O no, it cannot
cannot express my grief
the thing that cannot be amended
kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay
It cannot cure his pain
when he cannot use it
O no, that cannot be
That cannot tread the way
cannot abuse a body dead
The repetition cannot make it less
The weary time she cannot entertain
'If it cannot be, quoth she
'Can lurk from 'cannot' took
'To it cannot be, she in that sense forsook
'There cannot be, I find
that cannot write to thee
I cannot blame thee
cannot provoke him on
death, which cannot choose
thy praise cannot be so thy praise
thy memory cannot retain
your memory death cannot take
of my silence cannot boast
I cannot know thy change
Cannot dispaire but in a kind of praise
Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
but cannot, aek the pelf
Sensless trees they cannot hear thee
If thou wake, he cannot sleep
Truth may seem, but cannot be
Canopied—And ... in darkness
Canker—from heat did ... the herd
I bore the canopy
Canst—Thou canst not see
and canst not feel
What I canst thou talk
what canst thou boast
Canst—how canst thou fulfil
yet canst not live
audit canst thou leave
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst more
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me
Thou canst not vex me
Thou canst not then use rigour
Canst thou, O cruel
Cap—A cap of flowers
Caprison—For rich caprison
Capitol—by the Capitol that we adore
Captain—when their captain once
doth yield
Affection is my captain
And as their captain
captain jewels in the carcanet
captive good attending captain ill
Capitalize—to capitalize the eye
my captive vaunting
The coward captive vanquished
A captive victor that hath lost
captive good attending captain ill
Car—from highmost pitch with weary car
car
Carapace—captain jewels in the ...
Carass—The carass of a beauty
Care—my thought, my busy care
and with what care
Save thieves and cares
To whose weak ruins musters troops
of cares
carrier of grisly care
deep-drenched in a sea of care
where cares have careered some
and grim care's reign
His face, though full of cares
kill'd with deadly cares
dearest and mine only care
winter, which, being full of care
I throw all care
her whose busy care is bent
now reason is past care
age is full of care
to a cabin hang'd with care
Care—What cares he now
Now Nature cares not
For what care I who calls me
Careful—How careful was I
Lo, as a careful housewife
careless—careless lust stirs up
a careless hand of pride
Carless—of thy sorrowing
Carriage—her level'd eyes their carriage ride
Carrier—carrier of grisly care
Carry—He carries thence nosegay
with speed prepare to carry it
Without all bail shall carry me away
Carry-tale—This carry-tale, dissen-
tions Jealousy
Carve—O, carve not with thy hours
Carved—what cares have ... some
Carved in it with tears
She carved thee for her seal
Case—his conduct in this case
beggar wails his case
my case is past the help of law
Case—love in love's fresh case
not in his case
L C .... 116
Cusket—To burn the guiltless .... R L .... 1057
Cast—cast into eternal sleeping
V A .... 931
love hast cast his utmost sun
Son 49 3
and I be cast away
" 89 13
Cast-away—a hopeless cast-away
R L .... 744
Castle—The strongest castle
P P 19 29
Cat—Yet foul night-waking cat
R L .... 554
Catch—Some catch her by the neck
V A .... 872
that this night-owl will catch
Son 113 8
holds what it doth catch
" 143 1
housewife runs to catch
" 143 6
But if thou catch thy hope
" 143 11
Catching—Jealous of catching
V A .... 321
Catching all passions
L C .... 126
Caterpillar—As caterpillars do the
leaves
V A .... 798
Cattle—that grazed his cattle nigh
L C .... 57
Caught—yielding prey
P R .... 547
Cause—she cannot right her cause
" 229
where is no cause of fear
" 1153
It shall be cause of war
" 1159
give the snaped birds more cause to
sing
R L .... 333
the cause of my unlative death
" 1178
No cause, but company
" 1236
The cause craves base
" 1255
I can allege no cause
Son 49 14
The cause of this fair gift
" 87 7
and see just cause of hate
" 150 10
and yet cause have
P P 10 7
the cause of all my morn
" 15 51
Causeless—its a causeless fantasy
V A .... 897
Causer—Causer of this
P P 18 8
Cautel—Applied to cautels
L C .... 393
Care—These lovely caves
V A .... 247
all the neighbour caves
" 830
in his shelly cave with pain
" 1004
Gruvicave of death
R L .... 729
Care-keeping—Cave-keeping evils
" 1259
Cavi—Cavi with mine everything
" 1025
Thus caivis she with everything
" 1093
Cease—O time, cease thou thy course
" 1763
the times should cease
Son 11 7
Ceased—When he hath ceased
V A .... 919
Causeless—Thou causeless lackey
R L .... 967
Ceasing—.... their clamorous cry
V A .... 693
Cedar—The cedar stoops not
R L .... 664
wither at the cedar's roots
" 665
Cedar-tops—That cedar-tops and hills
seem barren'd gold
V A .... 888
Celestial—I'll sigh celestial breath
" 489
on his celestial face
Son 33 6
Celestial as thou art
P P 5 13
Cell—And in thy shady cell
R L .... 881
Cement—no cement can redress
P P 13 10
Censure—That censures falsely
Son 148 4
Centre—the of my sinful earth
" 146 1
Ceremony—ceremony of love's rite
" 23 6
Certain—Sith certain of his friends
V A .... 588
Her certain sorrow writ
R L .... 1511
dirge of her certain ending
" 1612
When I was certain
Son 115 11
These are certain signs to know
P P 21 57
Chafe—He chafes her lips
V A .... 477
Chafing—All swain with chafing
of an angry-chafing boar
" 325
CHARM—In a red-rose chain
V A .... 110
Chained—which wretchedness hath
chaired
R L .... 900
Challenges—both ... that fair field
" 58
Chamber—The locks between her
" 392
unto the chamber door
" 337
with shining falchion in my cham-
her case
" 1026
Changeling—like a goodly .... plain
" 1247
Champion—Her champion mounted
for the
V A .... 596
Change—wondering each other's chance
R L .... 1596
acquit me from this change
" 1706
By chance or nature's changing
course
Son 18 8
Change—With shifting change
" 20 4
variation or quick change
" 76 2
upon desired change
" 89 6
I cannot know thy change
" 93 6
And in this change
" 165 11
Change—shall change thy good
R L .... 656
to change their kinds
" 1147
O change thy thought that I may
change my mind
Son 10 9
To change your day of youth
" 15 12
To change my state with kings
" 29 14
That my steel's sense or changes
right or wrong
" 112 8
and change decrees of kings
115 6
thou shalt not boast that I do change
" 109 3
they would change their state
" 128 9
Changed—blue blood .... to black
R L .... 1454
Sorrow changed to solace
P P 15 11
Changing—nature's .... course
Son 18 8
Each changing place
" 60 3
Channel—In the sweet channel
V A .... 558
In bloody channel lies
R L .... 1487
O, how the channel
L C .... 283
Chant—hears them chant it
V A .... 869
Clash—black clash comes again
" 1026
Vast sin-concealing clash
R L .... 767
Chap—Her cheeks with chaps
" 1452
Character—at first in .... was done
Son 59 8
Reserve their character
" 85 3
that ink may character
" 108 1
it had conceited characters
L C .... 16
Thought characters and words
merely but art
" 174
Character'd—.... in my brow
R L .... 897
Full character'd with lasting mem-
ory
Son 122 2
Charms—When thou shalt .... me
" 226
Gives the hot charm
" 484
Eat up thy charm
Son 146 8
My heart doth charge the watch
P P 15 2
Charged—or victor being charged
Son 70 10
Nature hath charged me
L C .... 220
Charging—Charging the sour-faced
ground
R L .... 1394
Charlie—in her light chariot
V A .... 1102
Charitable—no time for .... deeds
R L .... 908
Charity—in the charity of age
L C .... 70
Charm—bewitch'd with lust's foul
charm
R L .... 173
when I might charm thee so
" 1881
to charm a sacred nun
L C .... 260
Charm — should use like loving charms
Charm'd — charm'd the sight
Charms — in his charmed power
Charter — your charter is so strong
Charity — which I will keep so charity
Chase — hid him to the chase
Chaste — in your neglected cold chastity
Chaste — and then I chase it
Chaste — in the chastest tears
Chastity — despite of fruitless
Chast — Lucrece the chase
Chast — in my white stole of chastity
Chase — to check the tears
Chased — accomplishment so hotly chased
Chasing — o'er that's tired with....
Chaste — Lucrece the chase
Chaste — Haply accomplishment
Chaste — Which pale cheeks
Chaste — and patience, to sue for suffering, bide each cheek
Chaste — This bootless chat
Check'd — Priam check'd his son's desire
Check'd — sap check'd with frost
Check — doth she stroke his check
Check — maiden burning of his cheeks
Check — his brow, his check, his chin
Check — Wishing her cheeks were
Check — making her cheeks all wet
Check — Soothing her scars
Check — Red cheeks and fiery eyes
Check — which check appears
Check — a check that smiles
Check — now her check was pale
Check — his fair cheek feels
Check — his tenderer cheek
Check — Claps her pale cheek
Check — strikes her on the cheeks
Check — her two fair checks
Sighs — dry her checks
Check — Which her cheek melts
Pale checks and the blood

Chop — Their silver cheeks

Rosy lips and checks
Roses see I in her checks
Red cheeks and fiery eyes
Check — a check that smiles
Now her cheek was pale

Chief — They are

Chief — They are

Chief — They are

Chief — They are

Cherish — To dry the old oak's sap

Cherub — Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble

Cherub — Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble

Cherub — Which, like a cherubin

Cherub — Some purer chest to close

Chief — Lock'd up in any chest

Chief — Time that keeps you, as my chest

Chief — From Time's chest he hid

Chief — And child the painter

Chief — And 'gin's to chide

Chief — If thou wilt chide

Chief — Thus chides she Death

Chief — If thou mean to chide

Chief — Chides his vanish'd, bathed delight

Chief — But chide rough winter

Chief — Do they but sweetly chide thee

Chief — And chide thy beauty

Chief — Chide the world-without-end hour

Chief — The forward violet thus did I chide

Chief — Do you with Fortune chide

Chief — Chiding that tongue

Chief — The field's chief flower

Chief — Present sorrow seemeth chief

Chief — Should be thy chief desire

Chief — That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief
Chiefly—Chieflv in love whose leave
exceeds
V A .... 568
And 1 in deep delight am chiefly
drawn't
P P 8 11
Sparrow not to spend, and chiefly there
Son 19 26
Child— the old become a child
V A .... 1552
as he is but Night's child
R L .... 750
The nurse, to still her child
Son 815
the child a man, the man a child
Son 954
fond and testy as a child
Son 1694
If in the child the father's image
Son 1755
This fair child of mine
Son 2 10
Resounding sire and child
Son 8 11
some child of yours alive
Son 17 13
As any mother's child
Son 21 11
To see his active child
Son 37 2
burthen of a former child
Son 59 4
were but the child of state
Son 124 1
Whilst her neglected child
Son 472
Childish— And childish error
V A .... 898
Then, childish fear, avain
R L .... 274
Such childish humour
Son 1823
Children—Nor children's tears nor
mothers' groans
Son 431
And sung by children
Son 625
and by children's sake
Son 533
If children pre-deeace progenitors
Son 1755
By children's eyes
Son 9 8
Those children nursed
Son 77 11
Chill— and chill extinture hath
L C .... 294
Chin— his brow, his cheek, his chin
V A .... 159
did he raise his chin
Son 83
his brown-white dimpled chin
R L .... 420
peers her whiter chin
Son 472
Small show of man was yet upon his
chin
L C .... 92
Chip—with those dancing chips
Son 128 10
Chivalry— by his manly chivalry
R L .... 106
Choice— when most his choice is free
V A .... 570
Choir— still the choir of echoes
Son 840
Rare ruin'd choirs, where late
Son 73 4
Choke—chores his pleasing tongue
V A .... 217
Choked— is almost choked
R L .... 282
Choose— she cannot choose but love
V A .... 79
death, which cannot choose
Son 64 13
I press never thou to choose anew
P P 19 34
Chopp'd—Beated and chopp'd
Son 62 10
Chorus— As chorus to their tragic
scene
P T .... 52
Chorus-like—.... her eyes did raing
V A .... 390
Choice— for their habitation chose out
thoe
Son 95 10
thine eye hath chose the dame
P P 19 1
Chronicle— in the chronicle of wasted
time
Son 106 1
Churl— And tender churl
Son 12
When that churl Death
Son 32 2
Then, churs, their thoughts
Son 69 11
Churlish—Scorning his .... drum
V A .... 107
Churlish, harsh in voice
Son 194
a churlish swine to gore
Son 516
'Cause— to 'cide this title
Son 46 9
Cinder— Here enclosed in cinders lie
P T .... 55
Ciper— To cipher me how fondly I
did dote
R L .... 297
To cipher what is writ
Son 811
Cipher'd— cipher'd other's heart
Son 1396
Circle— Blue circles stream'd
R L .... 1557
Circles her body in
Son 1379
Circle—Ivory globes .... with blue
V A .... 407
Her circled eyes
Son 1229
Circle— Within the circuit
Son 250
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Son 40 12
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Cure—My body's bane would cure thee
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do please these curious days
seal'd to curious secrecy
Curious—This is too...
Curli—Sable curls all silver'd over
did hang in crooked curls
Curled—to tear his curled hair
Current—the current of her sorrow
With brinsh current
Curse—The destinies will curse thee
for this stroke
Shall curse my bones
To make him curse
Teach me to curse him
and curse my fate
blessings add a curse
Cursed—This cursed criminal night
Fortune, cursed sickle dame
Cursed—Blessed—their... fortune
Curst—Finding their enemy to be so curst
Curtain—the curtains being close
Even so, the curtain drawn
Curtal—My curtal dog
Curves—Curves and loops
Cut—Never from memory
Cynthia—Cynthia for shame ob
Cynetha—Sweet Cynetha, sitting by
a brook
Cynetha, all in love forlorn
Daff'd—My white stole of chastity I
daff'd
Daff'd me to a cabin
Daily—Streams that pay a daily debt
Doth daily draw my sorrows
Come daily to the banks
the sun is daily new and old
Dainty—Dainties to taste
Daisy—an April daisy on the grass
Dale—On mountain or in dale
mountain-spring that feeds a dale
Dallied—Grief dallied with, nor law
nor limit knows
Dally—Daily, smile, and jest
he doth but dally
Danuusk—With... dye to grace her
Danuusk'd—I have seen roses...
Dame—Peer to such a peerless dame
welcomed by the Roman dame
could not defend thy loyal dame
the dame and daughter die
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So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish .... 1547
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set of lust, and so did kill .... 1636
I did begin to start and cry .... 1639
That blow did kill it .... 1725
I often did behold .... 1738

Did—I did give that life R L .... 1800
polly did him disgrace .... 1815
at him, did his words allow .... 1845
They did conclude to bear .... 1850
Romans plausibly did give consent .... 1854
Those hours that with gentle work did frame Son 5 1
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd .... 12 6
their parts of me to the did give .... 31 11
early morn did shine .... 33 9
my foot did stand .... 44 5
the wretch did know .... 50 7
where they did proceed .... 76 8
I alone did call upon thy aid .... 79 1
you did painting need .... 83 3
you did exceed .... 83 3
you did impate .... 83 9
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse .... 86 3
heaven in thy creation did decree .... 93 9
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her mournful hymn did hush the night .... 102 10
That did not better for my life provide .... 111 3
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in her threaten fillet still did bide .... 33
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did hang in crooked curls .... 85
did enchant the mind .... 89
Did I very falseness in a pride of truth .... 105
still did wake and sleep .... 123
did in the general bosom .... 127
that did his picture get .... 134
that did in freedom stand .... 143
Yet did I not as some my equals did .... 148
Till now did ne'er invite .... 189
that so their shame did find .... 187
sonnets that did amplify .... 209
his invasid properties did tend .... 212
that burning lungs did raise .... 228
noble suit in court did shun .... 234
and did thence remove .... 257
which did no form receive .... 241
did her force subdue .... 248
his watery eyes he did dismount .... 281
and mine did him restore .... 301
did win whom he would main .... 312
from his heart did fly .... 325
did not the heavenly rhetoric P P .... 3 1
Did court the lad .... 4 3
unripe years did want conceit .... 4 9
she hotter that did look .... 6 7
did I see a fair sweet youth .... 9 9
**DID**

Did—thou leftest me more than I did
crave

how god Mars did try her

her lips on his did act the seizure

sweetly she did smile

that love with love did fight
did bear the maid away

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing

Trees did grow, and plants did spring

Everything did banish moan

between them love did shine

**DISDAIN**

Difference—leaves out difference

our drops this difference bore

Different—Of different flowers

the dialect and different skill

Dig—His snout digs sepulchres

And dig deep trenches

Digestion—in digestion souring

Digested—they basely dignified

and therein dignified

Dignify—so dignifies his story

Dignity—proud of such a dignity

The bravest weed outbraves his dignity

Disgression—disregression is so vile

Diligence—done with speedily

Dim—Dim darkness doth display

And death's dim look

in his dim mist

And wipe the dim mist

Dim register and notary

in her dim element

fair fresh mirror, dim and old

Diminish'd—Be any jot diminish'd

Dim'd—be consoled, and control'd

is his gold complexion dim'd

Dimple—appears a pretty dimple

Dimpled—her snow-white

Dint—snow takes any dint

Dire—The dire imagination

And the dire thought

war and dire events

Directed—are bright in dark

Direction—by their own direction

Directly—yet not directly tell

yet not directly tell

Direful—stern and... god of war

exclaiming on the direful night

Dirge—Begin's the sad dirge

Disabled—by limping sway disabled

Disarm'd—by a virgin hand disarm'd

Disbursed—And all my fame that

lives disbursed be

Discern—wherein it shall discern

Discharge—... one word of woe

Discharged—from... cannon fumes

Disciplined—Who... ay, dieted

Discloses—their masked buds

Discolour'd—and lean... cheek

Discontent—servile to all contents

in shows of discontent

thus attained in discontent

blow of thrall'd discontent

her poor infant's discontent

by discontent so breaking

Thy discontent thou didst bequeath

Discord—Melodious discord, heavenly tune

My restless discord loves no stops

Discourse—did me discourse

My thoughts and my discourse

Discovery—discovery of her way

She dares not therefore make discovery

Disdain—in a dull disdain

Servile to my coy disdain

smiles as in disdain

bondage in disdain
DISDAIN 76  
DIVIDE  

**Disdain**—and such disdain  
VA 501  
will hold thee in disdain  
" 761  
disdain and deadly cunty  
RL 503  
hang their heads at this disdain  
" 821  
converts to cold disdain  
" 691  
torments me with disdain  
Son 132  
with too much disdain  
140  
was wounded with disdain  
P P 111  
**Disdain**—dismour to disdain him  
RL 844  
Disdain him to disdained scars  
" 987  
disdains the tillage  
Son 3 6  
**Disdained**—eyes disdain'd the woon-  
RL 358  
ging disdained scarfs to give  
RL 957  
**Disdaineth**—my love no whit  
Son 35 10  
**Disdainfully**—to disturb disdained  
RL 47  
**Disease**—longer nurseth the disease  
Son 147 2  
Diseased—To be disdaced  
" 118 8  
For men disdaced  
" 154 12  
**Disgrace**—love but to disgrace it  
RL 412  
grance me half so ill  
Son 89 5  
As I'll myself disgrace  
" 89 7  
May my time disgrace  
" 139 8  
**Disgrace**—blush at her own disgrace  
RL 479  
The same disgrace which they  
themselves behold  
" 751  
ils martyr'd with disgrace  
" 892  
O unseen shame! Invisible disgrace  
" 827  
Of her disgrace  
1320  
When, in disgrace with fortune  
Son 29 1 
...  
and cures not the disgrace  
" 34 8  
and doing me disgrace  
" 103 8  
If not lives in disgrace  
" 127 8  
cures all disgrace in me  
P P 3 8  
**Disgraced**—he stands disgraced  
RL 718  
In them doth stand disgraced  
" 1323  
**Disguise**—policy did him disguise  
RL 1815  
**Disguised**—with chaps and wrinkles  
were disguised  
" 1432  
**Dishevel'd**—with long... hair  
VA 147  
in my dishevell'd...  
RL 1129  
**Dishonour**—O foul honour to my  
homelie's...  
" 128  
To privilege dishonour  
" 621  
Black lust, dishonour, shame  
" 654  
For it had been dishonour  
" 844  
**Dishonoured**—my body so...  
1185  
to deprive dishonour'd life  
" 1185  
**Disjoin'd**—tilt breathless the...  
VA 541  
**Disliking**—dark, disliking eye  
" 183  
**Dismalt**—This dismal cry  
" 389  
**Dismay'd**—her senses all dismay'd  
" 896  
and will not be dismay'd  
RL 273  
**Dismiss**—Dismiss your vows  
VA 425  
**Dismount**—his watery eyes he did  
dismount  
LC 261  
**Disorder**—Disorder breeds by heat-  
RL 742  
**Dispatch**—and makes all swift...  
Son 143 3  
**Dispensation**—with good thoughts  
RL 248  
Dispense—never will dispence  
" 1070  
I thus far can dispence  
" 1279  
with the soul act dispence  
1704  
with the soul act dispence  
dispense  
Son 112 12  
Dispense—under thee their poesy  
" 78 4  
**Dispersed**—in thy sea dispersed  
RL 558  
The dispersed  
" 825  
Displace—and displesc dead  
" 887  
Display—din darkness doth display  
" 113  
Display'd—his gaudy banner is...  
" 127  
Dispased,—... to set me light  
Son 88 1  
Dispasing—To the dispensing  
VA 1049  
Dispasion—with noble disposition  
RL 1635  
Disparsity—Cannot dispasse but in a  
kind  
Son 95 7  
**Disputation**—graceless holds he dis- 
puation  
RL 246  
made a theme for disputation  
" 822  
Holds disputation with each thing  
" 1101  
**Dissemble—**the boar, not to...  
VA 641  
**Dissemble**—the boar, not to...  
VA 641  
**Dissembled**—He and my...  
P P 16  
Dissembled with an outward show  
" 18 8  
**Dissension**—And set dissension  
VA 1160  
**Dissentious**—Dissentious Jealousy  
" 657  
**Dissolve**—Would in thy palm dissolve  
" 144  
dissolves with tempering  
" 565  
**Dissolved**—For stones... to water  
RL 592  
**Dissolved**—For stones... to water  
RL 592  
**Disswade**—... one foolish heart  
Son 111 10  
**Distain**—silver-shining queen he  
would distain  
RL 786  
**Distained**—her tear-distained...  
" 1386  
**Distance**—Injurious distance should  
not stop  
Son 44 2  
**Distance**—Injurious distance should  
not stop  
Son 44 2  
With distant distance  
LC 151  
But kept cold distance  
**Distant**—and set dissension  
RL 1635  
**Distempered**—... gentle love  
VA 653  
**Distill**—by verse distills your truths  
Son 54 14  
**Distillation**—summer's distillation  
" 5 9  
**Distilled**—your distress  
" 5 13  
ere thou be distill'd  
" 6 2  
Distill'd from limbeckes  
" 119 2  
**Distilling**—with such... showers  
VA 65  
**Distinct**—Two distinct, division  
none  
P P 27  
**Distinguish**—... what he said  
RL 1783  
**Distract**—distress'd his right  
orders  
" 1273  
**Distractedly**—sight... commix'd  
" 23 8  
**Distraction**—In the distraction  
Son 119 3  
**Distress**—Distress likes...  
RL 1127  
where all distress is stell'd  
" 1444  
dissolve and displace stell'd  
" 1446  
**Distress'd**—upon her back deeply  
distress'd  
VA 814  
hert, poor citizen! distress'd...  
RL 465  
**Disturb**—stealing in... the feast  
VA 450  
**Disturb**—stealing in... the feast  
VA 450  
**Disturb**—Steel your hopes...  
RL 974  
**Disturb**—with disturb'd mind  
VA 340  
**Disturbance**—where love reigns, dis- 
turbance Jealousy  
VA 649  
**Ditty**—a dainty ditty  
" 835  
Language with her ditty  
PP 15 7  
there sung the doppelst ditty  
" 21 11  
**Dive-dapper**—Like a dive-dapper  
VA 86  
**Divert**—Divert strong minds  
Son 115 8  
**Diverted**—Sometime diverted their  
poor hails  
LC 24  
**Divide**—from her breast it doth...  
RL 1737  
**Divide**—from her breast it doth...  
RL 1737  
**How to divide the conquest**  
Son 46 2  
with his hearing to divide  
LC 67
Divided—let us divided live

Dividing—their present fall by this

dividing

Divination—fear doth teach It... V.A...

Divine—that were divine

do as more divine

the other made divine

but yet like prayers divine

Buy terms divine

Divining—look'd but with... eyes

Be the death-divining swan

Division—Two distincts... none

Saw division grow together

Divorce—Hateful divorce of love V.A.

Do—to do a goddess good

do her intentions break

this I do to captivate

hard heart do steel it

Do I delight to die

Do summon us to part

Here arms do lead

Do surfeit by the eye

do with such soul fiends

air and water do abate

What should I do

Then do they spend

Nay, do not struggle

saw, to fly lips

doth make themselves do slay

You do it for increase

As caterpillars do

Do burn themselves

Swelling dugs do ache

thoughts do seldom dream

so then we do neglect

sparks of fire do fly

bids them do their liking

Do tell her she is dreadfully beset

do I mean to place him

do not then ensnare me

do not receive me

stones dissolved to water do convert

put on his shape to do him shame

doest do such outrage

eyes do learn, do read, do look

Men's faults do seldom to them- selves appear

do presently abuse it

have to do with thee

do to me good

hath sought to do

would do it good

husband, do thou take

do to her husband wrong

would do me good

do it I beseech

These contraries such unity do hold

If thou my love's desire do contra- dict

through his lips do throng

do not take away

Do wounds help wounds

do not steep thy heart

beholds as more divine

what could death do

do offend thine ear

They do but sweetly chide thee

All in one, one pleasing note do sing

When I do count the clock

Divide—of thy beauty do I question make Son 39 5

Do—of thy beauty do I question make Son 12 9

beauties do themselves forsake

from the stars do I my judgement

pluck

wherefore do not you a mightier

way

rough winds do shake the darling

buds

do whatever thou wilt

Him in thy course untainted do allow

Yet do thy worst, old Time

how I do love thee

which the blind do see

Do in consent shake hands

when clouds do blot the heaven

blobs that do with me remain

my bewailed guilt should do thee

shame

But do not so

To see his active child do deeds of youth

Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit

If my slight Muse do please these

curious days

I do forgive thy robbery

then do mine eyes best see

when dreams do show thee me

that time do I ensonce me

How heavy do I journey

Sweet roses do not so

and do not kill

what should I do but tend

Nor services to do

Though you do any thing

So do our minutes hasten

all forwards do contend

shadows like to thee do mock my

sight

for myself mine own worth do

define

do I now fortify

as flowers do now

accents do this praise confound

Do not so much as my poor name

rehearse

to do more for me

or none, or few, do hang

Thus do I pine

do I not glance aside

when I of you do write

And do so, love

For how do I hold thee

The injuries that to myself I do

should do it wrong

And do not drop in for

Ah, do not, when

do not leave me last

But do thy worst

what a happy title do I find

will do none

That do not do the thing they

most do show

They rightfully do inherit

But do not so

Then do thine office

Q, for my sake do you with Fortune

child

111 1
Do—With my neglect I do dispense Son 112 12

Those lines that I before have writ

To lie all bonds do tie me Son 117 4

that I do change That 123 1

This I do vow 113 1

Do I err those 128 5

do witness bear 131 11

I do believe her 138 2

Yet do not so 159 13

do not press 140 1

I do not love thee 141 1

Or, if it do, not from those lips 142 5

two spirits do suggest me 144 2

Do I not think on thee 119 3

I do call my friend 149 5

that I do fawn upon 149 6

do I not spend 149 7

merit do I in myself 149 9

what others do abhor 150 11

I do betray 151 5

do words thee 152 5

sometimes they do extend L C 25

What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find

their sickly radiance do amend 214

do that on mine depend 274

and yet do question make 321

What I should do again 322

I do believe her P P 1 2

two spirits do suggest me still 2 2

O do not love that wrong 5 13

Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee 12 9

Age, I do defy thee 12 10

All thy fellow birds do sing 21 25

if Fortune once do frown 21 47

Doctor-like—foolly, doctor-like, controlling skill Son 66 19

Doe—Like a milch doe V A 875

a poor unreasonable doe R L 581

Dog—No dog shall rouse thee V A 240

the dogs exclaim aloud R L 736

He, like a thievish dog L C 112

My curtail dog, that wont have play'd P P 18 29

Dolge—pardon of self-doing crime Son 58 12

Doing thee vantage 88 12

and doing me disgrace 103 6

by the well-doing steed L C 112

Doleful—rings out the doleful knell R L 1495

wether's bell rings doleful knell P P 18 28

to see my doleful plight 18 33

Dolefullst—sung the ... ditty 21 11

Doleour—distress and dolour dwell'd R L 1446

To think their dolour 1582

Done—life were done V A 197

Her words are done 234

done me double wrong 459

wasted, thaw'd, and done 749

er ever summer half be done 892

and are never done 846

hath done thee wrong 1005

as soon decay'd and done R L 25

hath done her beauty wrong 80

That done, some worthless slave 315

A little harm done 328

'Have done,' quoth he 645

That done, despitefully 670

Done—to do what's done by night R L 1092

that hath done him wrong L R 1167

might be done to me R L 1162

done with speedy diligence R L 1854

what good turn eyes for eyes have done Son 37 9

at that which thou hast done 59 8

first in character was done 90 10

griefs have done their spite Now 110 9

Now all is done L C 11

of a beauty spent and done Harm have I done to thee 198

Doom—in this shameful doom R L 717

himself be wounds this doom to the general doom R L 924

to this advised doom 1849

and beauty's doom and date Son 14 14

to out the ending doom 55 12

forfeit to a confined doom 107 4

even to the edge of doom 116 12

In giving gentle doom 145 7

Door—double-lock the door V A 448

The threshold grates the door R L 306

The doors, the wind, the glove The 325

unto the chamber door the 337

the door he opens wide the 359

a press of people at a door the 1301

Dost—why dost abhor me V A 136

thou dost survive dost 173

why dost thou feel it 373

whereon thou dost lie 646

as thou dost lend 864

what dost thou mean 933

at random dost thou hit 949

Dost thou drink tears 978

If thou dost weep for grief R L 1272

that thou dost trembling stand dost 1509

suppose thou dost defend me dost 1684

Thou dost beguile the world Son 3 4

why dost thou spend dost 4 1

why dost thou abuse dost 4 5

why dost thou use dost 4 7

Thou of thyself thy sweetest self dost devise a ditty dost 4 10

And dost him grace dost 23 10

While thou dost breathe dost 38 2

thou thyself dost give invention dost 38 8

light dost 87

Thou dost love her dost 42 6

where thou dost stay dost 47 4

thou in him dost lie dost 46 5

Dost thou desire dost 61 3

thou dost wake elsewhere dost 61 13

thou dost common grow dost 69 14

dost thou review dost 74 5

dost thou but mend the style dost 78 11

and dost advance dost 78 13

thou thyself dost pay dost 79 14

whom thou dost hate dost 89 14

How sweet and lovely dost thou dost make the shame dost 95 5

to dost thou thy sins inclose dost 95 4

So dost thou dost 101 4

What thou dost foist upon us that dost dost 123 5

Dost bold Time's taskle glass dost dost 123 5

what dost thou to mine eyes dost 137 1

If thou dost seek to have what dost thou dost hide dost 142 13
Dost—Why dost thou pine within
Dost thou upon thy fading man-
sions spend
witness dost thou bear
Dot—old men dot
how fondly I did dot
And dots on what he looks
is pleased to dot
made the blossoms dot
Doted—on that he firmly doted
Doteth—frantically she doteth
Doth—desire doth lend her force
Now doth she stroke his cheek,
now doth he frown
Doth quench the maiden
she doth anew begin
As the spring dot yearly grow
The sun dot burn my face
doth little harm
dothe provoke a pause
doth she now for wits
doeth urge releasing
courser doth espy
vapours doth he send
swiftly doth forsake him
Love's fire doth assauage
she doth wolf dot of
The mellow plum dot fall
doth pitch the price
Her face dot cheek and smoke, her
blood dot boil
She doth protest
she doth prove
when he doth frett
Doth call himself
doth cry 'Kill, kill
Sometimes false dot brings
on his back dot lie
Doth make them droop
doth make my faint heart
fear dot teach it
shames he dot hear
brrier his weary legs dot scratch
doth always fresh remain
Who dot the world
shining star dot borrow
doth make him shake
captain once dot yield
doth labour to expel
cone dot flattet thee
she doth extenuate
humbly doth insinuate
In shade dot sit
doth men's minds confound
doth so surprise
doth she hang her head
The sun dot scorn you, and the
dwind dot hiss
death dot my love destroy
Beauty itself dot of itself per-
suade
doth challenge that fair field
The coward captive vanquished

doth yield
the praise which Collatine dot
e
e she doth express
Doth yet in his fair welkin

Doth—dim darkness dot display
with life's strength dot fight
dothe Tarquin lie revolving
Despair to gain dot traffic oft
oft that wealth dot cost
Doth too oft
he doth premeditate
he doth debate
he doth despise
the fear dot still exceed
doth confound and kill
doth so far proceed
so their pride dot grow
with fond desire dot scorch
his course dot let
to pray he doth begin
o'er this sleeping soul dot Tar-
quin stay
heedfully dot view
doth his tongue begin
the world dot threat
some gentle gust dot get
he dot but daily
she dot begin
that dot bend his bow
then most dot tyrannize
This forced league dot force
Self-will dot himself dot tire
Desire dot fight with Grace
her flesh dot tear
doth open lay
water that dot eat in steel
fellowship in woe dot woe assauage
impurity dot not pollute
the tiger that dot live by slaughter
one that by alms dot live
doth me no right
all sorrow dot compare
For mirth dot search
the salve dot make the wound
ache more
sun dot melt their snow
she dot give demote good-morrow
the earth dot weep
that which dot devour
that it dot behold
a part of woe dot bear
with bashful innocence dot his
a little while dot stay
burning Troy dot bear
sad tales dot tell
she their looks dot borrow
she dot lament
dothe quake with cold
hot-burning fire dot dwell
Simon's tears dot flatter
And time dot weary time
Dot in her poison'd closet yet
endure
the eye that dot behold his haste
and through her wound dot fly from
her breast, it dot divide
still dot red abide
The one dot call her his
in them dot stand disgraced
dot again repeat
gives nothing but dot lend
where every eye dot dwell
fairly dot excel
DOTH—Doth homage to his new-ap
pearing sight
in the world doth spend for ornament doth use his fair doth rehearse that doth cover thee
Which in thy breast doth live But day doth daily draw And night doth nightly make buried love doth live Yet doth it steal sweet hours that this shadow doth such sub-
stance give
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive who doth hence remain even so doth she abuse me shadows doth make bright sleep in sightless eyes doth stay My heart heart plead doth that plea deny each doth good turns with sighs himself doth smother then my eye doth feast in his thoughts of love doth share a part
doth teach that case same groan doth put this in my mind which the robe doth hide The one doth shadow bounty doth appear much more doth beauty that sweet ornament which truth doth give sweet odour which doth in it live to you it doth belong
Time that gave doth now his gift confound Time doth transfix the flourish that doth my rest defeat may doth Nature store world's eye doth view slander doth but prove vice the sweetest buds doth love night doth take away on the ashes of his youth doth lie every word doth almost sick June doth give thy poet doth invent beauty doth he give what in thee doth live which he doth say spirit doth use your name proudest sail doth bear doth withally appear be upon your soundless deep doth ride modern quill doth come too short what worth in you doth grow penury within that pen doth dwell as a dream doth flatter on thy human doth depend my life on thy revolt doth lie doth thy beauty grow Doth spot the beauty beauty's veil doth cover knife ill used doth lose his edge ear that doth thy lays esteem
DOTH—owner's tongue doth publish Son 102
Phanuel in summer's front doth sing
Ah, yet doth beauty like a which methinks still doth stand in thy breast doth lie doth the impression fill Doth part his function which it doth latch holds what it doth catch Or whether doth my mind paleth doth prepare and doth first begin that which still doth grow what we see doth lie Doth half that glory mourning doth thee grace bond that he as fast doth bind Doth follow night which doth preserve the ill love doth well denote my best doth worship brightness doth not grace the day My soul doth tell my body at thy name doth point out landlord which doth owe them that on earth doth shine doth ravish human sense My heart doth charge the watch Doth cite each moving sense For she doth welcome daylight A woman's day doth stand for sought
He doth the doth bear a part the anthem doth commence to eternity doth rest
Doting—now must doting Tarquin make E L ..... 155 from thy doting eye doing father of his fruit had doting Priam check'd that on this earth doth shine P P ..... 10 doth ravish human sense 6 My heart doth charge the watch 15 Dote cite each moving sense 15 For she doth welcome daylight 17 A woman's day doth stand for sought 19 He doth the doth bear a part 21 the anthem doth commence 21 To eternity doth rest 58 Doting—now must doting Tarquin make E L ..... 155 from thy doting eye doing father of his fruit had doting Priam check'd that on this earth doth shine P P ..... 10 doth ravish human sense 6 My heart doth charge the watch 15 Dote cite each moving sense 15 For she doth welcome daylight 17 A woman's day doth stand for sought 19 He doth the doth bear a part 21 the anthem doth commence 21 To eternity doth rest 58
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The dove asleep fast * P L ..... 38
The crow or dove, it shapes them Son 113 12
Mild as a dove * P P 7 2
than her milk-white dove R R 9 3
To the phoenix and the dove P T ..... 50
Downland—Downland to thee is dear * P P 8 5
Down—o’er the downs * V A ..... 677
The stane upon his silver down * R L 1012
His phoenix down began L C ..... 93
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down Adonis sits * 325
down she kneels * 336
she flatly falleth down * 463
She sinketh down * 593
Pluck down the rich straight be strucken down * R L 217
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What wit sets down * 1299
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Sinks down to death Son 45 8
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Book both my wilfulness and errors down * 117 9
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They draw but what they see * 24 14
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is drawn the power of Greece * 1368
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Drawn after you, you pattern * 98 12
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Durst—But durst not ask of her Son 1223

Durst—Or durst inhabit on a living
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dwell'd R L 1446
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Dye—dyed to grace her P 5 2
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Each—Son 146 14
Dust—Son 32 2
Duty—R L 14
Duty—Son 7 11
Duty—Son 26 5
Dwell—R L 130
Dwell—Son 5 2
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Dye—Son 99 5
Dye—Son 101 2
Dye—Son 117 7
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EACH

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.... 39 5

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.... 41 11

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bears out even to the edge of doom
Even so, being full
Beyond all date, even to eternity
Even there resolved
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'Even thus,' quoth she
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azon upon with every eye
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with every thing she sees
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Circles her body in on every side

every eye doth dwell
bareness every where
When every private widow
consider every thing
And every fair from fair
And every fair with his fair
outstrip'd by every pen
For every vulgar paper
prey of every vulgar thief

every hour survey
Since every one hath, every one,
one shade
can every shadow lend
in every blessed shape
take every part
That every word
As every alien pen
blessing every book
admired every where
To every hynm
And every humour

doth cover every blot
December's bareness every where
of youth in every thing
desped every where
publish every where
hurthens every bough
Creating every bad
to every wandering bark
That every tongue
like in every part
To every place at once
And every light occasion

jest at every gentle offer


truth in every shepherd's tongue


every thing did banish moan
Every one that anathen
Every man will be thy friend
Thus of every grief in heart
Every fowl of tyrant wing

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Evil—do seldom dream on evil


O, look'd-for evil
thought of his committed evil
shall be accounted evil
evils that obscurely sleep
ensconced his secret evil
good of evil or evil luck
by evil still made better
Unless this general evil
my female evil
my female evil

Example—By whose example

Which should example where your
equall grew
by self-example masty thou
Or forced examples
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<td>whose leave exceeds commission</td>
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<td>far exceeds his barren skill</td>
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<td>the fear doth still exceed</td>
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<td>I found you did exceed</td>
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<td>thy worst all best exceeds</td>
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<td>Excelled—Exceeded by the height</td>
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<td>Excel—So did this horse excel</td>
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<td>which fairly doth excel</td>
<td>Son</td>
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<td>Excel'd—wherein they late excel'd</td>
<td>V A</td>
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<td>Excellences—steadfast of their</td>
<td>Son</td>
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<td>in a wondrous excellence</td>
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<td>105 6</td>
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<td>Excellent—sweet argument, too</td>
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<td>38 3</td>
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<td>for such heretofore neither</td>
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<td>7 19</td>
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<td>Except—which physic did except</td>
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<td>inheritors of this excess</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>146 7</td>
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<td>but where excess begs all</td>
<td>L C</td>
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<td>Excelled—not with the time</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>199 7</td>
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<td>Exclequer—no...now but his</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>67 11</td>
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<td>Exclam—in the dogs exclam aloud</td>
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<td>exclam'd on Death</td>
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<td>exclam'd against repose</td>
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<td>O what excuse</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>finds no excuse nor end</td>
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<td>for colour for excuses</td>
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<td>263</td>
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<td>in cleanly-coin'd excuses</td>
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<td>1073</td>
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<td>had stain'd her stain'd excuse</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>1316</td>
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<td>Where no excuse can give</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>1614</td>
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<td>to make mine own excuse</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>By my excuse shall claim excuse's</td>
<td>giving</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>and make my old excuse</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>2 11</td>
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<td>O, what excuse</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>Excuse—Let me excuse thy courser</td>
<td>V A</td>
<td>403</td>
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<tr>
<td>thus I will excuse ye</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>42 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>excuse the slow offence</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>51 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>thus shall excuse my jade</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>51 12</td>
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<td>Excuse not silence so</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>101 10</td>
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<tr>
<td>let me excuse these</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>139 9</td>
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<td>Excusing—Excusing thy sins more</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>35 8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Executest—executest the traitor's treason R L</td>
<td>877</td>
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<td>Executor—Here's th' executor to be</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>4 14</td>
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<td>Exhale—Exhale this vapour vow</td>
<td>P P</td>
<td>3 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Exhaled—their exhaled unwooldsome breaths R L</td>
<td>779</td>
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<td>Exile—she joy'd to jest at my exile</td>
<td>P P</td>
<td>14 9</td>
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<td>Exiled—for exiled majesty's repeal</td>
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<td>Expel—dost labour to expel</td>
<td>V A</td>
<td>976</td>
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<td>Expense—And make the expense</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>30 8</td>
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<tr>
<td>husband nature's riches from expense</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>94 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>The expense of spirit</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>129 1</td>
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<td>L C</td>
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**EYE**

<p>| Experienced—Now set thy long-experienced wit to school | R L | 1820 |
| Explicate—death my day should... | Son | 22 4 |
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| than I can well express | &quot; | 1285 |
| That may express my love | Son | 108 4 |
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| pen would have express'd | &quot; | 106 7 |
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| And extreme fear can neither fight | R L | 230 |
| extremes beyond extremity | &quot; | 909 |
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| Had I no eyes | &quot; | 483 |
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| illumine with her eye | &quot; | 486 |
| Thy eyes shrewd tutor | &quot; | 500 |
| And these mine eyes | &quot; | 503 |
| mine eyes to watch | &quot; | 584 |
| surfeit by the eye | &quot; | 692 |
| His eyes, like glow-worms | &quot; | 621 |</p>
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<th>EYE—From her bright eyes ( R.L. )</th>
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<td>presenteth to mine eye</td>
<td>And then they drown their eyes</td>
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<td>from Venus' eye</td>
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<td>with a steadfast eye</td>
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<td>Imagine every eye</td>
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<td>Her earnest eye</td>
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<td>O, how her eyes</td>
<td>And dying eyes</td>
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<td>Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye</td>
<td>The very eyes of men</td>
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<td>prison'd in her eye</td>
<td>those far-off eyes look sad</td>
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<td>with eye or ear</td>
<td>In Ajax's eyes</td>
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<td>Which seen, her eyes</td>
<td>save to the eye</td>
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<td>her eyes are fled</td>
<td>with her old eyes</td>
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<td>once more leap her eyes</td>
<td>Lucrece spends her eyes</td>
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<td>her mangling eye</td>
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<td>oft the eye mistakes</td>
<td>for trespass of thine eye</td>
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<td>Mine eyes are turn'd</td>
<td>She throws her eyes about</td>
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<td>mine eyes' red fire</td>
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<td>his traitor eye compasses</td>
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<td>Outruns the eye</td>
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<td>coped with stranger eyes</td>
<td>one pair of weeping eyes</td>
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<td>tears in Collatinus' eyes</td>
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<tr>
<td>closed up mortal eyes</td>
<td>thine own bright eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his lustful eye</td>
<td>own deep-stunken eyes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mine eyes forgo their light</td>
<td>every eye doth dwell</td>
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<td>in my eager eyes</td>
<td>each under eye</td>
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<tr>
<td>countermand mine eye</td>
<td>The eyes, 'fore duteous</td>
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<tr>
<td>That eye which looks</td>
<td>to wet a widow's eye</td>
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<td>That eye which him beholds</td>
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<tr>
<td>The eye of heaven</td>
<td>By children's eyes</td>
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<td>his eyes beguin</td>
<td>But from thine eyes</td>
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<td>her palest eyes</td>
<td>in eyes of men</td>
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<td>his wilful eye</td>
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<td>or eyes can see</td>
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<td>An eye more bright</td>
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<td>His eye commends</td>
<td>steals men's eyes</td>
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<td>To bear with eyes</td>
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<td>ugly in her eyes</td>
<td>Mine eye hath play'd</td>
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<td>that the eyes fly</td>
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<td>what good turn eyes for eyes have done</td>
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<td>Only he hath an eye</td>
<td>Mine eyes have drawn thy shape</td>
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<td>every open eye</td>
<td>Ye't eyes this cunning</td>
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<td>cockatrice' dead-killing eye</td>
<td>at the sun's eye</td>
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<td>Her pity-pleading eye</td>
<td>fortune and men's eyes</td>
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<td>Where subjects' eyes do learn</td>
<td>can I draw an eye</td>
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<tr>
<td>askance their eyes</td>
<td>strif from mine eye</td>
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<td>That ever modest eyes</td>
<td>with sovereign eye</td>
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<td>With heavy eye</td>
<td>mine eyes best see</td>
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<td>43 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>46 9</td>
<td>The clear eye's sanity</td>
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<tr>
<td>46 12</td>
<td>mine eyes' due</td>
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<tr>
<td>46 13</td>
<td>Betwixt mine eye and heart</td>
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<tr>
<td>46 11</td>
<td>mine eye is famish'd</td>
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<tr>
<td>46 5</td>
<td>my eye doth feast</td>
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<tr>
<td>47 7</td>
<td>mine eye is my heart's guest</td>
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from many a several fair
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showing fair nature
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with her fair pride
Then, thou fair sun
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fickle
Fair was the morn when the fair
queen of love
did I see fair youth
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Fair creature, kill’d too soon
Spied a blossom passing fair
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shall hate be fairer lodged
but fairer pride it found enter’d there
Grows fairer than at first
made fairer by their place
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mortal round
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Thy black is fairer
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the fairest one of three
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And all my honest faith
O never faith could hold
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Faith’s defying
Where her faith was firmly fix’d
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Faithful friend from flattering foe
As fowl hear falcon’s bells
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not in suiting pump, nor falls
And falls through wind before the
fall should be
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fall to the earth
He on his belly falls
and going I shall fall
But if thou fall
you will fall again
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falls into thy boundless flood
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Falleth — she fairly falloath down
With this, she falloath in the place
Falling — like a falling phume
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sometime false doth bring
false, and false
false, and false
false, and false
false, and false
true, and false
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triumph in so false a foe
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Unto a view so false
will prison false desire
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fear that false hearts have
false Sinon’s tears
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Far from the purpose
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So far from home
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FAUST


FAVOUR—Feast


FEASTING


FEAR—If but for fear of this


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FEAR'ed—Fear'd thy fate


FEAR'eth—Fear'eth other fear'ed harm


FEAR'ful—If fear'd thy fate


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


FEAR'ly—Feast finding


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FEAR'ly—Feast finding
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Feast the Dearest R L .... 710
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" 20 6
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Son 154 14
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Son 294
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Son 324
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" 7 13
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Son 144 14
fire my good one out
PP 2 14
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" 64 7
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VA 209
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Son 888
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Son 1118
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RL 258
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" 470
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" 1297
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Son 20 9
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Son 58 1
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Son 59 8
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Son 104 8
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VA 1100
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" 526
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" 327
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RL 856
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" 1613
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Son 117 7
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Son 141 9
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RL 1138
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VA 457
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" 1965
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Son 21 12
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LC 27
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RL 6
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" 189 7

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Son 1 6
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" 109 2
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LC 191
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PP 21
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LC 287
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RL 448
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" 1627
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VA 1053
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" 929
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" 348
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" 403
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" 929
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RL 172
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" 1061
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" 1359
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" 1569
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" 33 2
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" 37 13
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RL 296
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112 11
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" 21 53
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" 793
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" 947
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" 1037
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" 18 47
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PT 23
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19 5
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VA 561
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RL 212
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VA 56
My flesh is soft and plump
" 142
The flesh being proud
RL 712
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" 739
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Son 64
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh
" 51 11
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" 151 8
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" 968
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" 244
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As from this cold flint
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Flinty—flinty, hard as steel
Flies—among a flock of sheep
To the flock she feels not
Flocks all sleeping
shepherds feed their flocks
Flood—jewel in the flood
drown'd him in the flood
into thy boundless flood
forward like a gentle flood
not to be with a flock of slake's
in this fearful flood
and gave the flood
why was not I a flood
Flourish—the flourish on youth
Flow—And to his flow
These obes and flows
an eye, unused to flow
Flow'd—downward flow'd a space
Flow—The field's chief flower
gardens full of flowers
Fair flowers that are not
These forceless flowers
fresh flowers being shed
those pluck'st a flower
No flower was nigh
The flowers are sweet
A purple flower sprung up
the new-sprung flower
'Poor flower,' quoth she
my sweet love's flower
take root with precious flowers
Each flower moisten'd
against the wither'd flower
that the flower hath kill'd
But flowers distill'd
would bear your living flowers
With April's first-born flowers
is no stronger than a flower
and died, that do not now
To thy fair flower
The summer's flower
But if that flower
Of different flowers
More flowers I noted
Of bird, of flower, of shape
or flowers with flowers gather'd
have been a spreading flower
and gave him all my flower
Sweet rose, fair flower
A flower that dies
a gloss, a glass, a flower
As flowers dead lie wither'd
sh ripen to succour flowers
A cap of flowers
Fly—fly he know not whither
strive to over-fly them
They basely fly
away she flies
sparks of fire do fly
can neither flight nor fly

Fly—-the eyes fly from their lights
fly with the thit away
whereas'er they fly
determining which way to fly
with thought's feathers flies
and from his lips did fly
and through her wounds doth fly
A crow that flies
ignorance aloft to fly
which flies before her face
that which flies from thee
the caged cloister fly
from his heart did fly
Fly—poor flies in his flame
Fly—-The timorous flying hare

Fon—They join and shoot their foam
Foe—so white a foe
that ever threat his foes
to amuse his foes
If his foes pursue him
triumph in so false a foe
a parley to his heartless foe
to fine the hate of foes
to see his friends his foes
to scratch her wicked foe
will kill myself, thy foe
to ban her cruel foes
'ta prisoner by the foe
revenged on my foe
the hateful foe bewray'd
that should have slain her foe
Thyself thy foe
yet we must not be foes
even so as foes commend
in my face she turns my foes
Faithful friend from flattering foe

Foggy—vaporous and foggy
Fowl—which remain'd the fowl
Foil'd—foul'd the god of flight
victories once foul'd
she foul'd the framing
Fool—spring and flower of the year
Foist—What thou dost foist upon me
Fold—The sheepe are gone to fold
Wreathed up in fatal folds
in her lips' sweet fold
Fold—Fold in the object
Nord nor my fault
Here folds she up
Folded—Shame folded up
Of folded schedules
Follow—What follows more
immagination she did follow
shame that follows sweet delight
temptation follows where thou art
To follow that which follows
Doth follow night
Follow'd—That.... It as gentle day
Following—What following sorrow
following where he haunted
Folly—love is wise in folly
feeds his vulture folly
foly lurk in gentle breasts
His time of folly
wound his folly's show
foly, age, and cold decay
Folly—And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill

Son 65 10

Fond—Fie, fie, fond love
are with gain so fond
Or what fond beggar
and full of fond mistrust
which fond desire doth search
True grief is fond
The heart of lust, fond Paris
Or who is he so fond
Being fond on praise

Son 75 1

Fondling—Fondling,' she saith
Fondly—
how fondly I did dote
Food—that pines beholding food
my thoughts as food to life
Fool—The poor fool prays her
how much a fool was I

Son 105 1

and teach the fool
merry fools to mock him
servants to shallow fools
Only to flatter fools
‘Fool, fool!' quoth she
my unsounded self, supposed a fool
So true a fool is love

Son 6 98

Love's not Time's fool's
I witness call the fools of time
Then blind fool, Love

Son 124 1

fools that in the imagination set
what fool is not so wise
ah, fool too froward

Son 3 16

Foolish—and uttering ... things

Son 121 10

Dissade one foolish heart

Son 110 10

Foolish-witty—love is wise in folly, foolish-witty
Fool—or as the fleet-foot roe
when thou hast on foot

Son 561

While in his hold-fast foot

to the base shrub's foot
he sets his foot upon the light
A hand, a foot, a face

Son 773

under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies
although my foot did stand

can hold his swift foot back

Son 6 5

Of hand, of foot, of lip

Son 106 6

Footed—what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time
Footing—and yet no footing seen

Son 148 6

The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips

Son 722

For—this favour for thy need
He, red for shame
For a pretty car
ready for his pay

Son 102 6

More thirst for drink than she for this good turn

Son 92

And begg'd for that
for my sake hath learn'd
For mastering her
for then I were not for thee
beauty for the use
Here for their smell
For, where they lay
make a shadow for thee
for stone at rain relenteth
for one poor kiss
And one for interest
For men will kiss
how doth she now for wits
What cares he now for curb

Son 105 6

For—For rich cacarpions

VA 286

For nothing else
For through his mane
For lovers say, the heart
For all askance
For one sweet look
For shame,' he cries
For all my mind
For I have heard
For where a heart
For from the stillitory
For looks kill love
For sharply he did think
For on the grass
But for thy pious lips
Kiss each other, for this cure
for fear of slips
Say, for non-payment
For pitiful she can
For my sick heart
mounted for the hot encounter
For where Love reigns
For there his smell
For misery is trodden on
for thou shalt not rise
For love can comment
Cynthia for shame
For stealing moulds
for framing thee so fair
For, by this black-faced night
For know, my heart
You do it for increase
For love to heaven is fled
for having so offended
For lovers' hours are long
For who hath she
She heartenks for his hounds and
for his heart
For new she knows
rate the boar for murther
asks the warty caitiff for his master
curse thee for this stroke
for thy mortal vigour
consulting for foul weather
For new reviving joy
and grave for kings
For he be dead
Struggling for passage
For oft the eye mistakes
my grief for one
still looketh for a grave
For every little grief
For be the night before

Son 99 6

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Honour for wealth " ..... 146
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all for want of wit " ..... 153
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For one sweet grape " ..... 215
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Is no friend in misery
Faithful friends are hard to find
Every man will he thy friend
He that is thy friend indeed
Faithful friend from flattering foe

Friendly—Sorrow that friendly sighs
sought still to dry

Friendship—and sweet friendship's oath
Brother or friendship

Fright—fright the silly lamb
They fright him

Fright—and fright her with confusion
fright her crying babe
Frightened—As the poor frightened deer
From—pluck him from his horse
From his soft bosom
From mourn till night
Seeds sprouting from seeds
shines from heaven
The heat I have from thence
And when from thence
tempest and from rain
And from her twining arms
from forth a cope
As from a furnance
lightning from the sky
my palefey from the mare
from his bending crest
from my unyielding heart
For from the stillitory
As if from thence
from the dangerous year
buys my heart from me
nectar from his lips
stealing mounds from heaven
Yet from mine ear
from the sweet embrace
shooteth from the sky
from Venus's eye
From his loft cabinet mounts up
from whose silver breast
From whom each lamp
from their strict embrace
from her two cheeks fair
from their dark beds
like a vapour from her sight
reft from her by death
From the besieged Ardea
fortress'd from a world of harms
From thievish cars
From Venus's doves doth challenge
virtue claims from beauty beauty's red
Proving from world's minority their right
pick no meaning from their parling looks
Far from the purpose of his coming
unloose it from their bond
leap'd from his bed
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly
'As from this cold flint I enforced
hard news from the warlike band
beats these from the stage
He takes it from the rushes
That shuts him from the heaven
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing
So from himself impiety hath wrought
Rushing from forth a cloud
From this fair throne to heave
From forth dull sleep
From sleep disturbed
the eyes fly from their lights
shame that from them no device can take
From—From earth's dark womb
some gentle gust doth get
blows these pitchy vapours from
their hiding
" " 550
She puts the period often from his
place
" " 565
From vassal actors can be wiped
away
" " 608
From a pure heart command
" " 625
That from their own misdeeds
askance
" " 637
wipe the dim mists from thy dot-
ing eye
" " 643
bids it leap from thence as
eight from this attain't
" " 823
From me by strong assault it is
bereft
" " 835
Coming from thee
" " 843
keep them from thy aid
" " 912
From the creation to the general
doom
" " 924
To pluck the quills from ancient
ravens' wings
" " 949
coming from a king
" " 1002
from her bo-tumbled couch she
started
" " 1037
As snakeo from Ætna that in air
consumes
" " 1042
which from discharged cannon
fouces
" " 1043
stol'n from forth thy gate
" " 1068
As from a mountain-pring that
feeds
desert, seated from the way
" " 1077
bark peel'd from the lofty pins
" " 1144
wiped the brinsh pearl from her
bright eyes
" " 1213
Those tears from thee
" " 1271
'Tarquin from hence
" " 1276
I commend me from our house in
grief
" " 1308
From that suspicion
" " 1321
And from the towers of Troy
" " 1382
and from his lips did fly
" " 1406
And from the walls of strong-be-
sieged Troy
" " 1429
And from the strand of Dardan
be freed from guilty woe
" " 1482
stars shot from their fixed places
" " 1525
from her tongue 'can lurk' from
'cannot' took
" " 1537
steal effects from lightless hell
" " 1555
beaten from her breast
" " 1563
Being from the feeling of her own
grief brought
" " 1578
Met far from home
" " 1596
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not
free
" " 1244
From lips new-waxen pale begins
to blow
" " 1903
From what is past
" " 1655
stain be wiped from me
" " 1701
acquit me from this chance
" " 1706
I from this compelled stain
" " 1708
did vail it from the deep unrest
due from cancel'd destiny
" " 1725
And from the purple fountain Brus-
tus drew
" " 1734
And bubbling from her breast
" " 1737
From—to this end from me derived
R L .... 1735
Q, from thy cheeks my image thou
hast torn
" " 1762
starts Collatine as from a dream
" " 1772
keep him from heart-easing words
" " 1782
pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side
" " 1807
childish humour from weak minds
prompts
" " 1853
from forth her fair streets chased
" " 1834
From fairest creatures we desire
increase
Son 1 1
twhen from highmost pitch
it
he reeleth from the day
" " 7 9
From his low tract and look
" " 7 10
From that which thou departest
" " 11 2
when thou from youth convertest
" " 11 4
Which erst from heat did canopy
" " 12 6
Not from the stars do I my judg-ment
pluck
" " 14 1
But from thine eyes my knowledge
I derive
" " 14 9
If from thyself to store thou
wouldst convert
" " 14 12
As he takes from you
" " 15 14
fair from fair sometime declines
" " 13 7
Pluck the keen tooth from the
fierce tiger's jaws
" " 19 3
her bate from faring ill
" " 22 12
Is from the book of honour razed
" " 25 11
my thoughts, from far where I
abide
" " 27 5
I toll, still farther off from thee
" " 28 8
From sullen earth, sings hymns
" " 29 12
heavily from woe to woe
" " 30 10
stol'n from mine eye
" " 31 6
And from the forlorn world his
vain lie
" " 33 7
hath mask'd him from me now
" " 33 12
which sourly robs from me
" " 35 14
steal sweet hours from love's delight
" " 36 8
take that honour from thy name
" " 36 12
abstain from thy heart
" " 41 2
From limits far remote
" " 44 4
removed from thee
" " 44 6
return'd from thee
" " 45 10
From hands of falsehood
" " 48 4
From whence at pleasure thou
mayst come
" " 48 12
converted from the thing it was
" " 49 7
measured from thy friend
" " 50 4
being made from thee
" " 53 8
when from thee I speeded
" " 51 2
From where thou art
" " 51 3
Since from thee going
" " 51 13
send'st from thee
" " 61 5
So far from home into my deeds
to pry
" " 61 6
From me far off with others
" " 61 14
never cut from memory
" " 61 14
jewel from Time's chest lie hid
" " 65 10
from these would I be gone
" " 66 13
From this vile world
" " 71 4
must from you be took
" " 75 12
So far from variation or quick
change
" " 76 2
delve from thy brain
" " 77 11
From thy behaviou; beaty
" " 79 10
From hence your memory death
cannot take
" " 81 3
FROM—Your name from hence im-

momental Sun 81 5
any fear from thence " 86 12
Be absent from thy walks " 89 9
husband nature's riches from ex-

pense " 94 6
From thee, the pleasure " 97 2
From you have I been absent " 98 1
Or from their proud lap pluck them " 98 8
If not from my love's breath " 99 3
had stol'n from thee " 99 15
Have from the forests shook " 104 4
Steal from his figure " 104 10
I from myself depart " 109 3
As from my soul, which " 109 4
praises from your tongue " 122 6
farthest from your sight " 117 8
Distill'd from iuubeals foul " 119 2
give them from me " 122 11
built far from accident " 124 5
breath that from my mistress reeks " 130 8
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath

taken " 133 5
therefrom from my face she turns

my foes " 130 11
health from their physicians know " 140 8
Dissuade one foolish heart from

serving thee " 141 10
not from those lips of thine

that which flies from thee " 142 5
Tempeath my better angel from

my side " 144 6
being both from me " 144 11
From heaven to hell is flown " 145 12
'I hate' from hate away she threw " 145 13
random from the truth " 147 12
O, from what power hast thou this

borrow'd from this holy fire of Love " 150 1
Which from Love's fire took heat

perpetual " 154 10
From off a hill L C ..... 1
from a sistering vale " ..... 2
fortified her visage from the sun 

would not break from thence " 54
from a maiden she drew " 55
If that from him there may be

his mettle from his rider takes " 68
from judgement stand aloof " 107
from many a several fair " 296
was sent me from a nun " 252
a river running from a fount " 283
Both fire from hence " 294
thunder from his heart " 325
Tempeath my better angel from

my side P P 2 6
each moving sense from idle rest " 15 3
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn " 17 12
All our evening sport from us is fled " 18 47
Scarce I could from tears refrain " 21 16
Faithful friend from flattering foe " 21 28
From this session interdict P T 2
In a mutual flame from hence " ..... 24
Front—in summer's front doth sing Son 102 7
Frost—Sap check'd with frost " 5 7
Like little frosts R L ..... 301
fear's frost hath dissolution " ..... 353
Frosty—but frosty in desire V A 36
Frost—a froth of deceiving joy R L 212

From-Frosty Whose frothy mouth V A ..... 901
Froward—the froward infant still'd " 562
when most his choice is froward " 570
ah, fool too froward P P 4 14
Frown—wounding of a frown V A ..... 465
Foul words and frowns " ..... 573
For at a frown they in their glory 

die Son 23 8
frowns and wrinkles strange " 93 8
within the level of your frown " 117 11
Frown—now doth he frown V A ..... 45
When he did frown " ..... 571
see thee frown on my defects Son 49 2
But if Fortune once do frown P P 21 47
Frown'st—On whom frown'st thou Son 149 8
Frowning—O frowning Fortune P P 18 54
her frowning brows be bent " 19 13
Frozen—What wax so frozen V A ..... 565
'Twixt frozen conscience R L ..... 247
Fruit—doting father of his fruit " ..... 1064
and unfather'd fruit Son 97 10
Fruited—Won in the fields of fruit-

ful Italy R L ..... 107
Fructless—despite of , . . , chastity V A ..... 731
Fry—the ungrowth fry forbears " ..... 525
Fuel—with self-substantial fuel Son 1 6
Fulfil—how canst thou fulfil R L ..... 628
where you did fulfil " ..... 1635
My love-suit, sweet, fulfil Son 136 4
' Will' will fulfil the pleasure

Fulfil'd—that they are so fulfilled R L ..... 1258
Full—gardens full of flowers V A ..... 65
Brood breast, full eye " ..... 296
breeder, full of fear " ..... 333
full gently now she takes him " ..... 361
eye so full hath fed " ..... 399
Whose full perfection " ..... 634
Last full of folly lies " ..... 704
My face is full of shame " ..... 894
Full of respects " ..... 911
as one full of despair " ..... 955
thou art so full of fear " ..... 1021
false and full of fraud " ..... 1141
and too full of riot " ..... 1147
Full of foe hope and full of fond

mistress R L ..... 284
gives the watch-word to his hand

full soon " ..... 370
His face, though full of cares " ..... 1503
Full many a glorious morning Son 33 1
thyr years full well behits " ..... 41 3
have full as deep a dye " ..... 54 5
winter, which being full of care " ..... 56 13
Sometimes all full with feasting " ..... 75 9
Was it the proud full sail " ..... 86 1
My most full flame " ..... 115 4
To give full growth " ..... 115 14
Even so, being full " ..... 118 5
Full character'd with lasting

memories " ..... 122 2
murderous, bloody, full of blame " ..... 129 3
Nor that full star " ..... 132 7
Ay, fill it full with wills " ..... 136 6
espid a fickle maid full pale L C ..... 5
Youth is full of pleasance, age is

full of care P P 12 9
Youth is full of sport " ..... 12 5
heard it said full oft " ..... 19 41

Full-fed—Look, as the ... bound R L ..... 694
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GAN—Till thus he 'gan beseech me, L.C. 177
All unseen 'gan passage end, P.P. 6
GAOL—in a gaol of snow, V.A. 362
use rigour in my gaol, Son. 133 12
GAPPING—a press of gaping faces, R.L. 1408
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And many maiden gardens, Son. 16 6
GARMENT—Who wears a garment, V.A. 415
Some in this garment, Son. 91 10
poorer than garments cost,
with the garment of a grace, L.C. 316
GASH—that makes more gashes, V.A. 1066
GATE—it will not ope the gate, L.C. 424
But through the flood-gates, L.C. 959
soft pity enters at an iron gate, R.L. 506
but sto'fn from forth thy gate, Son. 1068
Sings hymns at heaven's gate, Son. 124 2
Nor gates of steel so strong, L.C. 68
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Or flowers with flowers gather'd, Son. 124 4
GAUDY—the gaudy sun would peep, V.A. 1088
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herald to the gaudy spring, Son. 8 10
GAVE—crystal tears gave light, V.A. 491
O, had she then gave over, Son. 571
Manhood gave the golden age, R.L. 60
fountain that gave drink, Lan. 577
by him that gave it thee, Son. 91 9
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no guilty instance gave, Son. 1511
whom she best endow'd she gave
the more, Son. 11 11
thy sour leisure gave sweet leave, Son. 39 19
And Time that gave doth now, L.C. 69 8
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GARE—All the hours thou gavest me,
to repose, R.L. 933
Thou gavest me thine, Son. 22 14
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GAY—caparisons or trapping gay, V.A. 286
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tyward outward walls so costly gay, L.C. 4
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Gaze—eyes pay tributary gazes, V.A. 682
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deer, that stands at gaze, Son. 1149
The lovely gaze where every eye, L.C. 65
5 2
to gaze therein on thee, Son. 24 12
anon those gazes lend, L.C. 155
mine eyes throw gazes to the east, P.P. 15 1
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wistly on him gazed, Son. 1035
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Gazer—How many gazers might
thou lead
Son 96 11

Gazet—Now gazeth she on him
V A .... 224
gazeth on her yet unstained bed
R L .... 366
object whereupon it gazeth
Son 29 6

Gazing—.... upon a late-enamelled
V A .... 818
where of his gall-gazing eyes
R L .... 84
rage of lust by gazing qualified
" .... 424
Gazing upon the Greeks
" .... 1384
on him she gazed, and gazing still
" .... 1531
In their gazing spent
Son 125 8

Gen—with earth and seas rich gens
" .... 21 6
With annexions of rich gens
L C .... 298

Geniture—this thy stately .... makest
V A .... 18

General—to the general doom
R L .... 924
a private sin in general
" .... 1454
I better in one general best
Son 91 8
this general evil they maintain
" .... 121 13
the general of hot desire
" .... 154 7
did in the general bosom reign
L C .... 127

Gentle—whose gentle wind
V A .... 81
With gentle Majesty
" .... 278
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" .... 403
Distempering gentle Love
" .... 653
Love's gentle spring
" .... 801
Lo, here the gentle lark
" .... 853
It is no gentle chase
" .... 883
Then, gentle shadow
" .... 1001
beat of knowledge gentle right
R L .... 545
some gentle gust doth get
" .... 549
foolish lark in gentle breasts
" .... 851
roll forward like a gentle flood
" .... 1118
let beasts hear gentle minds
" .... 1148
Their gentle sex to weep
" .... 1247
Know, gentle wench
" .... 1273
With gentle hue in thy frame
P T .... 5 13
fairer lodged than gentle love
" .... 10 10
A woman's gentle heart
" .... 29 3
thy robbery, gentle thief
" .... 40 9
Gentle thou art, and therefore
" .... 41 5
Within the gentle closure
" .... 48 11
had all thy gentle grace
" .... 79 2
shall be my gentle verse
V C .... 8 9
youth and gentle sport
" .... 96 2
In gentle numbers
" .... 106 6
fingers walk with gentle gait
" .... 128 11
used in giving gentle doom
" .... 145 7
that follow'd it as gentle day
" .... 145 10
Then, gentle cheater
" .... 151 3
he can besiege me: "Gentle maid
" .... 177
Un, gentle, gentle
L C .... 127

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Son 113 9

Gently—Full gently now
V A .... 361
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" .... 1096
when thou gently sway'st
Son 128 3

Gently—By knighthood, gentry
R L .... 569

Get—Help she cannot get
to get is thy duty
V A .... 93
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" .... 168
Or sells eternity to get a toy
" .... 384
some gentle gust doth get
" .... 549
where he the lamb may get
" .... 878
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" .... 1289
unless thou get a son
Son 7 14
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" .... 194

Ghastly—behold some .... sprite
R L .... 451
Let ghastly shadows
" .... 971

a jewel hung in ghastly night
Son 27 11

Ghost—Grin-grinning ghost
V A .... 933

Ghost—that affable familiar ghost
Son 86 9

Gidly—and turn the gidly round
R L .... 922

Gift—Which bonnenteous gift
Son 11 12
doth now his gift confound
" .... 69 8
The cause of this fair gift
" .... 87 7
So thy great gift
" .... 111
and your gift to tell
" .... 108 12
Thy gift, thy tables
" .... 121 1
Which by a gift of learning
P P .... 10 14
Gild—the golden age to gild
R L .... 69
Gild—nor the gilded monuments
Son 55 1
And gilded honour shamefully
" .... 66 5
much outlive a gilded tomb
" .... 101 11
were gilding his smiling
L C .... 172
Gild'st—thou gild'st the even
Son 28 12
Gilding—Gilding the object
" .... 29 6
Gilding pale streams
" .... 33 4
Gills—their golden gills
V A .... 1190

'Gin—saitor 'gins to woo him
" .... 6
And 'gins to chide
" .... 46
when first it 'gins to bud
P P .... 13 3

Girded—all girded up in sheaves
Son 12 7

Girdle—.... with embracing flames
R L .... 6

Girl—My girl,' quoth she
" .... 1270
But tell me, girl, when went
" .... 1275
Girth—now his woven girths
V A .... 296

Giv—So offers he to give
" .... 88
Give me one kiss, I'll give
" .... 209
'Give may I know,' saith he
" .... 373
'Give me my heart,' saith she
" .... 374
O, give it me
" .... 375
Gives false alarms
" .... 651
gives a deadly groan
" .... 1044
she securely gives good cheer
R L .... 89
And give the snapp'd birds
" .... 353
Which gives the heart-woe
" .... 495
Gives the hot charge
" .... 434
but he that gives them knows
" .... 833
Give physic to the sick
" .... 901
but sin ne'er gives a frown
" .... 913
dissembled scraps to give
" .... 957
at least I give
" .... 1053
she doth give demure good-morrow
" .... 1219
To give her so much grief
" .... 1463
And friend to friend gives
" .... 1485
and give the harasse show
" .... 1507
smilingly with this gives o'er
" .... 1567
that we may give redress
" .... 1603
she gives her sorrow fire
" .... 1694
can give the fault amending
" .... 1614
to give this wound to me
" .... 1722
give his sorrow place
" .... 1773
and busy words give o'er
" .... 1790
I did give that life
" .... 1800
to give thyself a blow
" .... 1823
plausibly did give consent
" .... 1854
Nature's bequest gives nothing
Son 4 3
larges given thee to give
" .... 4 6
your sweetest semblance to some
other give
" .... 13 4
To give away yourself
" .... 16 13
this gives life to thee
" .... 18 14
not to give back again
" .... 22 14
of me to thee did give
" .... 31 11
give physic to my grief
" .... 34 9
the shadow doth such substance
give
" .... 37 10
O, give thyself the thanks
" .... 38 5
dost give invention
" .... 38 8
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Give—by this separation I may give Son 39 7
and give him leave " 51 14
worthiness gives scope " 52 13
which truth doth give " 54 2
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give thee so thine own " 69 6
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or give thee memory " 77 6
doth give another place " 79 4
beauty doth he give " 79 10
others would give life " 83 12
charter of thy worth gives thee releasing " 87 3
Give not a windy night which gives thee all " 90 2
and gives thy pen " 100 8
Give my love fame " 100 13
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles " 108 11
Then give me welcome " 110 13
To give full growth " 115 14
Give salvation to my sportive blood " 121 6
Therefore to give them " 122 11
Give them thy fingers " 128 14
it gives my friend and me " 133 2
give the lie to my true sight " 150 3
Nor gives it satisfaction L C .... 162
Given—largess given thee to give Son 4 6
have given admiring praise " 59 14
And given grace a double majesty " 78 8
And given to time " 117 6
Givest—With the brood thine givest and takest P T .... 19
Giving—shall claim excuse's giving R L .... 1715
Giving him aid, my verse Son 86 8
in giving gentle doom " 114 7
consecrating giving place L C .... 263
Glad—Mocking glad and sorry seasons Son 19 5
but then no longer glad " 45 13
Gladly—which thou receivedst not gladly " 8 3
Glance—But the mild glance R L .... 1399
do I not glance aside Son 76 3
forbear to glance thine eye aside " 139 6
Glass—like pearls in glass V A .... 980
Two glasses, where herself " 1129
For princes are the glass R L .... 615
Wilt thou be glass " 619
While their glass fell " 1726
Poor broken glass " 1758
all the beauty of my glass " 1763
Look in thy glass Son 3 1
Thou art thy mother's glass " 3 9
pent in walls of glass " 5 10
My glass shall not persuade me " 22 1
my glass shows me myself " 62 9
Thy glass will show thee " 77 1
which thy glass will truly show " 77 5
Look in your glass " 103 6
Yet your own glass shows you " 103 14
Deost hold Time's flicker glass " 126 2
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle P P 7 3
A brittle glass " 13 4
a glass, a glass, a flower " 13 5
As broken glass " 13 10
Glassy—Writ in the glassy margents of such books R L .... 102
Glazed—glazed with thine eyes Son 24 8
Who glazed with crystal gate L C .... 286
Glam'd—glam'd forth their ashy lights R L .... 1378
Glide—So glides he in the night V A .... 816
Glister—scornfully glister like fire " 275
Glittering—their ... golden towers R L .... 945
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Glossey—possession of thy ... place " 803
Most right sun glorifies the day A .... 455
Glorious—glorious by his manly chivalry R L .... 109
kings glorious day " 1013
Full many a glorious morning Son 33 1
look'd on the world with glorious eye P P 6 11
Gloriously—so gloriously beheld V A .... 857
his triumph and his glories " 1014
Glory—Time's glory is to calm R L .... 939
burnt the shining glory " 1523
they in their glory die Son 25 8
a part of all thy glory live " 32 12
'gainst his glory fight " 60 7
shall be most notable " 83 9
lends not some small glory " 84 6
losing me shall win much glory " 88 8
Doth half that glory " 132 8
Glory—Some glory in their sight " 91 1
Glass—Glass on the rose V A .... 956
A shining glass that vadeth P P 13 2
a glass, a glass, a flower " 15 5
As vaded glass no rubbining " 13 11
Glove—Lucretia's glove, wherein R L .... 317
This glove to wanton tricks " 320
The doors, the wind, the glove " 325
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which in his liver grows R L .... 47
Glow'd—which in his cheek so ... L C .... 324
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Gnade—Their lips together glued " 546
Glutton—when his glutton eye " 399
Lust like most glutton dies " 803
or else this glutton be Son 13
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Gluton-like—And ... she feeds V A .... 548
Gnat— Gnats are unnoticed R L .... 1014
Go—to her straight goes he V A .... 264
His tastey master goeth about " 319
let go, and let me go " 379
you crushe me; let me go " 611
where'er he goes " 622
through the which he goes " 658
bleeding as they go " 924
that would let him go " 76
yet ere he go to bed " 776
to show how slow time goes " 1511
Go, get me hither paper " 1289
which shall go before " 1302
with his own weight goes " 1494
with the blunt swains he goes " 1504
a watery rigid goes " 1745
among the wastes of time must go Son 12 10
if it shall go well " 14 7
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with that which goes before " 60 3
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Thou art the grave " ..... 31 3
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Gravity—reasons find of settled... " ..... 49 8
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blinded with a greater light R L ..... 375
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till meeting greater ranks " ..... 1141
it is a greater grief Son 49 11
Thy worth the greater " ..... 70 6
more strong, far greater " ..... 119 12
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growth.  
Of all the Greeks
trip upon the green
the green sticks fast
the orator too green
On the green of
And summer's green all girded
with golden face the meadows green
and he in them still green
summer of another's green
which yet are green
The deep-green emerald
lovely, fresh, and green
evil brook's green brim
Like a green plum
Green plants bring not
Green—drooping—Green—drooping
sup, which she compares to tears
Greet—wordless, so greets heaven
And scarcely greet me
To greet it with my pays
Thus anew to greet
Greeteth—wise that greeteth thee
Grew—grew kinder, and his fury
Grew I not faint
where your equal grew
the womb wherein they grew
pluck them more they grew
grow to faults assured
And grew a seething bath
in others' orchards grew
Grey—Mine eyes are grey, and bright VA
the grey checks of the east
Grief—make them droop with grief VA
And now his grief
Grief and days despair
best become her grief
Grief hath two tongues
express my grief
For every little grief
and such griefs sustain
Frantic with grief
may grief with my days
turns to gall, thy joy to grief
True grief is fond
sometime her grief is dumb
Grief best is pleased with grief's society
Grief—great griefs most
Grief daintied with, nor law nor
limit knows
for grief of my sustaining
Conceit and grief
from our house in grief
Her grief, but not her grief's true
quality
much grief and not a tongue
As with grief or travail he had
fainted
feeling of her own grief
And tell thy grief
The grief away that stops his answer
To push grief on, and back the sign of grief drawn
or grief help grievous deeds
night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger
Grief—give physic to my grief
it is a greater grief
it is not all my grief
now my greatest grief
My grief lies onward
When other petty griefs
Of grief and blushing
For her griefs so lively shown
Thus of every grief in heart
Grievance—grieve at grievances gone
Her grievance with his hearing
Grieve—Thy coward heart with false
b uthinking ives VA
Great grief grieves most at that
would it do good
Grieve at grievances gone
Grieved—No more be grieved at
Grieving—Grieving themselves to
guess at others' smarts
Grievous—or grief help...deeds
grim—mourner, black and grim
grim and archia-snouted boar
As the grim lion fawnceth
Whose grim aspect
Grim cove of death
and grim care's reign
Grievin—grievin—... ghost
Grim—Or as the wolf doth grin
Griev—I never more will grieve
Grievin—grievin—grievin ghost
Gripe—hind under the gripe's sharp
claws
Gripped—Gripped in an armed hand
Gripping—and gripping it, the needle
Grievly—carrier of grievly care
Groan—Then love's deep groans
heavy groan advantage thee
gives a deadly groan
nor mother's groans respecting
my tears, my sighs, my groans
my grief with groans
in his bed with bedrid groans
and with deep groans
Till after a deep groan
When sighs and groans
he answers with a groan
For that same groan
A thousand groans
with bleeding groans they pine
Groans—my heart lones not to groan VA
her heart, whereas it groans
to sigh, to weep, and groan
power to make love groan
that makes my heart to groan
Groin—the tusk in his soft groin
Groom—bed of some rascal groom
her heart, whereas it groans
to sigh, to weep, and groan
power to make love groan
that makes my heart to groan
Gross—Not gross to stink
hold it own gross abuse
Though my gross blood
And their gross painting
to my gross body's treason
Grossly—Grossly engirt with daring
infamy
Grossly—thou hast too grossly dyed. Son 99 5

Ground—What see'st thou in the ground
now on the ground
of the sluttish ground
imprison'd in the ground
on the ground lay spill'd
My sable ground of sin
to the skies and ground
Then jointly to the ground
showers are to the ground
on the ground
valley—fountain of that ground
In brief the grounds and motives
he should not pass those grounds
lie wither'd on the ground
Through heartless ground

Grounded—. . . . on sinful loving
It is so grounded inward
Sure division grow together
Make thy sad grove
in men, in a rough—grown grove
Which a grove of myrtles made
Grow—spring doth yearly grow
face grows to face
To grow unto himself
still blys'hs, and never grows old
so their pride doth grow
as they see others grow
consider every thing that grows
and straight grow sad
that thou dost common grow
what worth in you doth grow
doth thy beauty grow
to that which still doth grow
Grows fairer than at first
That it nor grows with heat
black wires grow on her head
I should grow mad
that, when it grows
Trees did grow and plants
Grown—so fast thou grow'st
to time thou grow'st
as thy sweet self grow'st
Growing—Things . . . to themselves
the growing rose defends
grown with this growing age
upper division growing
Growing a bath and healthful
an other growing by a brook
Grown—as in a rough—grown grove
with this growing common
And sweet'ss grown common
Who hast by vowing grove
world is grown so bad
Growth—are growth'ss abuse
shall never come to growth
in pride of all his growth
in growth of ripen days
To give full growth to that
Guard—thy sword to . . . Iniquity
To guard the lawful reasons
let my heart be his guard
Shook off my sober guards
Guarded—the honey guided with a sting
Guess—to guess at others' smart

Guess—And that, in guess, thy measure
I guess one angel
I guess one angel
Guest—that sour, unwelcome guest
welcome to her princely guest
brooks not merry guests
they had not seen
mine eye is my heart's guest
a sad distemper'd guest
Guide—had his team to guide
Fortune be my gods, my guide

That guides this hand
so that guides me moving
Gull—so much a gull
The wiles and gulls that women work

Gull—The guilt being great
This guilt would seem
For they their guilt with weeping
Of the guilt of my guilt is great
But they whose guilt
Lest my bewailed guilt
Guiltless—So . . . she securely gives
To burn the guiltless casket
Let guiltless souls be freed

Gusty—his guilty hand pluck'd up

The guilty rebel for remission
the burren of a guilty mind
sweating with guilty fear
Since thou art guilty
guilty of thy honour's wrack
Guilty thou art of murder
Guilty of perfury and subornation
Guilty of treason
Guilty of inexc
Be guilty of my death
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woes
no guilty instance gave
The guilty goddess of my harmful
Gulge—this was thy father's guise
Gulf—A swallowing gulf
Gulf—Which nightly guls him
Gum—deadly bullet of a gun
Gush—Shall gush pure streams
Gust—Gusts and foul flaws
Gust—Gusts and foul flaws
Against the stormy gusts
what with his gust is greeving
Gyres—sports in unconstrained . . .

Habit—throws that shallow . . . by R L
O love's best habit
O longest that habit
Habitation—Which for their . . .
Habitude—. . . gave life and grace
Had—Had ta'en his last leave
the shadow had forsak
Adonis had his team to guide
O, had thy mother borne
She had not brought
they had not seen
had his acts made plain
or I had no hearing
I had my load before
I had no eyes
Hair—signs and golden hairs
Hail—could 'scape the hall
Hand—her fair immortal hand
HAND

Happy—some happy man to end

sire, and child, and happy mother

on the top of happy hours

Then happy I, that love

return in happy plight

then ten times happy me

shadow's form form happy show

how happy you make those

O, what a happy thing

Happy to have thy love, happy to die

saucy jacks so happy are in this

Happy—which happens those that pay

Harbinger—But thou shrinking

Harbour—dark harbour for defiance

Hardesty, hard as steel

borne so hard a mind

with his hard hoof he wounds

lest thy hard heart

hath made mine hard

where a heart is hard

holds her pulses hard

That thou held heart of thine

with her hard embracing

Fearing some hard news

Of hard misfortune

how hard true sorrow hits

why 'twa beautiful and hard

Faithful friends are hard to find

Hard-believing—O hard-believing

love, how strange

Harden—Tears harden lust

Harden'd—Stone him with harden'd

hearts

Harder—O, if no harder than a stone

hearts, harder than stones

thou harder than engrossed

Harder—The hardest knife ill used

Hard-favour'd—Were I hard-fa-

vour'd, foul

Hard-favour'd tyrant

some hard-favour'd groom

Hare—at the timorous flying hare

on foot the parbling hare

Harm—there's such little harm

fortress'd from a world of harms

no outward harm express'd

th'other fearful harm

including all foul harms

A little harm done

should right poor ladies' harms

For fear of harms

Harm have I done to them

Harm'd—cannot be easily harmed

but ne'er was harmed

Harmful—A harmful knife

of my harmful deeds

Harmless—Harmless Laecritia

marking what he tells

Such harmless creatures

and give the harmless show

shathed in her harmless breast

Harmony—Lest the deceiving har-

mony should run

Harrow—churlish, harsh in voice

Harrow, featureless, and rude

Harsh-speaking—heavenly tune

harsh-speaking
Harvest—the harvest of his wits \( R_L \) ..... 859
should that harvest reap \( S_n \) 128 7
Hat—hast thou a tongue \( V_A \) ..... 427
when thou hast on foot the purblind hare
thou hast no eyes to see
Why hast thou cast
what treasure hast thou lost
as thou hast pretended \( R_L \) ..... 376
Hast thou put on his shape
Hast thou consumed
which thou hast here deprived
my image thou hast torn
no form of thee hast left behind \( S_n \) 9 6
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion
hast all the all of me
at that which thou hast done
What hast thou then
That thou hast her
thou hast the strength of laws
thou hast pass'd by the ambush
thou hast but lost the dregs of life
thou hast too grossly dyed
Who hast by waning gown
thou harder hast engross'd
thou hast both him and me
thou hast thy 'Will
hast thou forged hooks
hast thou this powerful might
Whence hast thou this becoming
Whilst hast thou wherewith to spend
Haste—devouring all in haste \( V_A \) ..... 57
And all in haste
Her more than haste
And in her haste
return again in haste \( R_L \) ..... 321
So his unhallow'd haste
with their fresh falls' haste
The waste of their waste
To my lord with more than haste
that doth behold his haste
by thy continual haste \( S_n \) 123 11
Haste—I haste me to my bed
why should I haste me thence
Hasten—minutes hasten to their end
Hasteth—and hasteth to his horse \( V_A \) ..... 228
hasteth to a myrtle grove
Hasting—Hasting to feed her fawn
Hasty—Thy hasty spring still blasts \( R_L \) ..... 49
Hat—she heaveth up his hat \( V_A \) ..... 301
some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat \( L_C \) ..... 31
Hatch—cuckoos hatch in sparrow's nests \( R_L \) ..... 849
Hate—To make thee hate \( V_A \) ..... 711
there is no hate in loving \( R_L \) ..... 249
if not, enforced hate
to fine the hate of foes
or begats him hate
possessed with murderous hate \( S_n \) 10 5
Shalt the fairest lodged
is in my love and hate
than hate's known injury
in your waken'd hate
Time's love or to Time's hate
and thy dear virtue hate
Hate of my sin
Hate—and see just cause of hate \( S_n \) 150 10
In vowing new hate \( V_A \) ..... 152 4
Hate—I hate not love, but your hate himself for his offence \( R_L \) ..... 738
him whom thou dost hate
Then hate me when thou wilt
the sound that said 'I hate'
'I hate' she alter'd with an end
'I hate' from hate
But, love, hate on
Hated—Past reason hated \( S_n \) 129 7
Hateful—Hateful divorce of love \( V_A \) ..... 382
to his hateful name
and wretched hateful days \( R_L \) ..... 161
Hateful it is; there is no hate
'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night'
Hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrow's nests
the hateful foe bewray'd
Hateful—But hatefully at random \( V_A \) ..... 949
Hateth—Who hateth thee that I do call my friend \( S_n \) 149 5
Hath—the world hath ending \( V_A \) ..... 12
yet hath he been my captive
hath he hung his lance
for my sake hath learn'd
the heart hath trouble wrong
hath made mine hard
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none
eye so full hath fed
hath done me double wrong
Hath taught them
hath ended in the west
hath caught the yielding prey
She hath assay'd as much
hath deserved a greater fee
he hath a battle set
Beauty hath nought to do
hath she bribed the Destinies
sombance he hath fed
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel
For who hath she to spend
When he hath ceased
web that she hath wrought
that hath done thee wrong
Grief! two tongues
when he hath snugg'd
and hath kill'd him so
hath done her beauty wrong \( R_L \) ..... 80
that hath engirt
Hath bar'd him
impiety hath wrought
fear's frost hath dissolution
That thinks she hath beheld
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee
Only he hath an eye to gaze
The wolf hath seized
But she hath lost
And he hath won
that hath lost in gain
a wandering wasp hath crept
and seizes the wolf's eyes
'So then he hath it
which wretchedness hath chained
what he hath said
Why hath thy servant opportuni-
ties
hath Tarquin rived me
Hath—
HATH—For day hath nought... " 118

grief is dumb and hath no words... " 1195
winter, that the power hath kill'd... " 1558
one hath power to tell... " 1258
So woe hath weared woe... " 1366
that hath done him wrong... " 1467
that hath transgressed so... " 1481
Whose deed hath made herself... " 1566
that he overslip'd her thought... " 1576
when painted hath spent... " 1577
He hath no power... " 1594
Hath thee befall'n... " 1599
what spite hath thy fair colour spent... " 1600
It hath to say... " 1618
sad task hath not said... " 1699
Hath served a dumb arrest... " 1788
and too late hath spill'd... " 1800
that she hath kill'd... " 1803
hath in the world an end... " 9 11
Nature hath not made... " 11 9
hath all too short a date... " 18 4
that more hath more express'd... " 23 12
what silent love hath writ... " 23 13
Mine eye hath play'd the painter... " 574
and hath staid... " 24 1
That hath his windows glazed... " 24 8
Thy merit hath thy duty strongly... " 25 2
knit... " 25 5
Hath dear religious love... " 31 6
region cloud hath mask'd him... " 33 12
That she hath thee... " 42 3
my friend hath found... " 42 10
thy love hath cast... " 49 3
Since every one hath, every one, one shade... " 53 3
Hath been before... " 59 2
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night... " 63 5
Rutin hath taught... " 64 8
For she hath no exchequer... " 67 11
the eye hath shown... " 69 8
hath in this line some interest... " 74 3
every alien pen hath got my use... " 78 3
such virtue hath my pen... " 81 13
my heart hath 'scaped... " 90 5
humour hath its adjunct... " 94 5
my life hath end... " 92 6
a winter hath my absence been... " 97 1
Hath put a spirit of youth... " 98 3
it hath my added praise... " 103 4
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived... " 104 12
moon hath her eclipse... " 107 5
Which hath not figured... " 108 2
hath the mind no part... " 113 7
errors hath my heart committed... " 119 5
Whilst it hath thought... " 119 6
hand hath put on nature's power... " 127 5
beauty hath no name... " 127 7
music hath a far more pleasing sound... " 130 10
Thy face hath not the power... " 133 6
eruel eye hath taken... " 133 5
Whoever hath her wish... " 135 1
Hath left me, and I desparate... " 147 7
what eyes hath Love... " 148 1
over me hath power... " 1594
The one a paleate hath... " 1597
Nature hath charged me... " 220

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and chill extincture hath... " 294
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to please me hath she colored... " 7 9
Heart hath his hope... " 15 10
learned man hath got the lady... " 16 15
my hand hath sworn... " 17 11
Love hath forborn me... " 18 21
thine eye hath chose the dame... " 19 3
hath taught her thus to say... " 19 27
Love hath reason, reason none... " 19 47

Hatred—no hatred in thine eye... " 93 5

Haunted—following where he... " 130

Have—Which long have rain'd... " 83
I have been woor'd... " 97
thou unmask'd shalt have... " 102
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since I have henn'd thee here... " 229
what a horse should have... " 299
and thou shalt have it... " 374
For I have heard... " 413
That they have murder'd... " 502
you shall have a kiss... " 536
though ye have prickles... " 612
You have no reason... " 693
till they have singled... " 693
time thou needs must have... " 759
If love have lent you... " 775
what have you urged... " 787
have seen him no more... " 819
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at him should have fled... " 917
they have wept till now... " 1062
That what they have not... " 135
by hoping more, they have but less... " 137
Of that we have... " 152
The thing we have... " 153
true repentance should have... " 201
Might have excuse... " 235
Poor wretches have remorse... " 269
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might have reposed still... " 382
'I have debated... " 493
Shall have thy trespass... " 624
'Have done,' quoth he... " 645
Have batter'd down her conse-... " 723
crated wall... " 723
tru eyes have never practised... " 743
To have their unseen sin remain... " 753
So should I have... " 789
I have no one to blush... " 792
Have no perfection of my summer... " 837
left... " 873
We have no good that we can say... " 873
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Let him have time... " 981
Let me have time... " 981
Let him have time... " 984
Let him have time... " 985
'Let him have time... " 985
Let him have time... " 999
Have time to wait... " 994
such an office have... " 1000
Have heard the cause... " 1178
that dear jewel I have lost... " 1191
Have—For men have marble, wo-
men waxen minds

I have them here
creatures have a true respect
where cares have carried some
the fear that false hearts have
She would have said
dour others have endured
should have shine her foe
I have astronomy

eyes for eyes have done
eys have drawn
have supposed dead
morning have I seen
yet I have still the loss
Roses have thorns
griefs wish I have

till she have prevailed

Thee have I not
you have some part
canker-blooms have full as deep
I have no precious time

When you have blust
sighs worse have been given
hours have drained
When I have seen
When I have seen
have seen such interchange
But weep to have that

unless this miracle have might
cannot have the earth
So oft have I invoked thee

have added feathers
Your name from hence immortal

life shall have
yet when they have devised
therefore have I slept
Thus have I had thee

griefs have done their spite
Happy to have thy love
Thy that have power
what a mansion have those vices got
what freelings have I felt
From you I have been absent
If Time have any wrinkle

Into from the forests shook
seasons have I seen
have often lived alone
pen would have express'd
Have eyes to wonder
if I have ranged
'tis true I have gone here and there

that I have look'd on truth
done, have what shall have no end
lines that I before have writ
that I have scanted all
That I have frequent been
That I have hoist sail
potions have I drunk

How often into their spheres been fitt
thrice more than I have spent
You've past'd a hell of time
have no leisure taken
might have remember'd
Have faculty by nature to subsist
before have been
who have lived for crime

I have not seen

Have—and in quest to have

I have seen roses
Have put on black
now I have confess'd
Him have I lost
heart and eyes have erred
to have years told
looks have been mine enemies
That have profused
If thou dost seek to have
the thing she would have stay
mayst have thy 'Will
Two loves I have of comfort
For I have sworn thee fair
Which have no correspondence
Or, if they have

For I have sworn deep oaths
I have sworn thee fair

Ink would have seem'd
have been a spreading flower
core he desire have granted
'So many have, that never
Have of my suffering youth
I have been call'd unto
that mine eyes have seen
Harm have I done to them
I have received from many
The thing we have not

Have emptied all their fountains
loves not to have years told
Two loves I have of comfort
yet and no cause I have

that want to have play'd
Have you not heard it said
They have at commandment

Haring—But haveing no defects

having writ on death
And having felt the sweetness
But having thee at vantage
for having so offended
Having lost the fair discovery
Having no fair to lose
Which haveing all

In having much, torments us
Having solicited the eternal power
Having no other pleasure
Who, having two sweet babes
For having traffic with thyself
And having climb'd
And having thee

That having such a scope
Had, having, and in quest to have
having so short a lease

Hawings—Whose rarest havings

Hawk—full-fed hound or gorged

Some in their hawks

Of more delight than hawks

Hazard—Such hazard now must dot-
ing Tarquin make

He—Hunting he loved, but love he
laugh'd to scorn
He red for shame
as he was down
now doth he frown
he burns with bashful
He saith she is immodest
Pasting he lea and breatheth
Still is he sullen, still he lours and
frets
He—Look how he can

VA...... 79
he take truce with her
**...... 52
did he raise his chin
**...... 85
so offers he to give
**...... 88
He winks and turns
**...... 90
conquers where he comes
**...... 100
yet hath he been
**...... 104
Hath he sung his lance
**...... 222
he that overruled
**...... 109
Yet was he servile
**...... 112
So were like him
**...... 180
he will not in her arms
**...... 226
he struggles to be gone
**...... 227
He might be buried
**...... 244
there he came to lie
**...... 245
he could not die
**...... 246
away he springs
**...... 258
to her straight goes he
**...... 264
he leaps, he neighs, he bounds
**...... 265
he breaks asunder
**...... 266
his hard hoof he wounds
**...... 267
The iron bit he crusheth
**...... 269
where he was controll'd with
**...... 270
vapours doth he send
**...... 274
trot's, as if he told the steps
**...... 277
Anon he bears upright
**...... 279
What recketh he
**...... 283
What cares he now
**...... 285
He sees his love, and nothing else
**...... 287
he sees
**...... 297
he did not lack
**...... 299
he scuds far off, and there he stares
**...... 301
Anon he starts
**...... 302
he now prepares
**...... 303
And whether he run or fly
**...... 304
He looks upon his love
**...... 307
Scarce he the heat he feels
**...... 311
he vaults his tall
**...... 314
he stamps and bites
**...... 316
how he is enraged
**...... 317
He sees her coming
**...... 337
He holds her in his eye
**...... 342
just before him as he sat
**...... 349
my hand,' saith he
**...... 373
'For shame,' he cries
**...... 378
Thy palfrey as he should
**...... 385
like a jade he stood
**...... 391
But when he saw
**...... 393
He held such petty bondage
**...... 394
'I know not love,' quoth he
**...... 400
before he barketh
**...... 459
For sharply he did think
**...... 470
He wrings her nose, he strikes her on
**...... 475
He bends her fingers
**...... 476
He changes his lips; a thousand ways he seeks
**...... 477
He kisses her; and she
**...... 479
so he will kiss her
**...... 480
He mothers the morn
**...... 484
'Fair queen,' quoth he
**...... 523
and ere he says 'Adieu
**...... 537
Till breathless he
**...... 541
He with her plant
**...... 545
He now obeys
**...... 563
When he did crown
**...... 571
he prays her that he may
**...... 578
He carries thence
**...... 582
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
**...... 597
He—He on her belly falls

VA...... 594
He will not manage her, although
**...... 598
he mount her
**...... 599
Fie, fie, he says
**...... 611
he whetteth still
**...... 617
he hath a battle set
**...... 619
when he doth fret
**...... 621
where'er he goes
**...... 622
Being moved, he strikes
**...... 623
on the lion he will venture
**...... 625
through whom he rushes
**...... 630
Alas, he nourth estesms
**...... 631
as he roots the mead
**...... 636
How he outruns the wind
**...... 681
He cranketh and chasses
**...... 682
through the which he goes
**...... 688
Sometimes he runs
**...... 685
alarums he doth hear
**...... 690
'No matter where,' quoth he
**...... 715
'I am,' quoth he
**...... 718
He hath fed
**...... 795
With this, he breaketh
**...... 811
So he it did in the night
**...... 815
He replies with howling
**...... 918
When he hath ceased
**...... 919
when he lived
**...... 935
if he be dead
**...... 937
Then he had spoke
**...... 943
'Tis he, foul creature
**...... 994
he's author of thy slander
**...... 996
For he being dead
**...... 1019
He could not die, he is not dead
**...... 1060
he put his bonnet on
**...... 1087
he would not fear him
**...... 1094
when he hath sung
**...... 1095
If he had spoke
**...... 1097
When he beheld his shadow
**...... 1099
when he was by
**...... 1101
He fed them with
**...... 1104
livery that he wore
**...... 1107
entertainment that he gave
**...... 1108
If he did see his face
**...... 1109
He thought to kiss him
**...... 1110
He ran upon the bow
**...... 1112
But he is dead, and never did he bless
**...... 1119
he himself is rest
**...... 1174
for he the night before
**...... 127
he should keep unknown
**...... 134
with swift intent he goes
**...... 146
Well he was wounded
**...... 151
Now thinks he that his husband's shallow tongue
**...... 78
For that he colour'd
**...... 92
he pineth still for more
**...... 98
He stories to her ears
**...... 106
He makes excuses
**...... 114
long he questioned
**...... 122
himself he must forsake
**...... 134
When shall he think
**...... 159
When he himself himself confounds
**...... 160
on a flint he softly smiteth
**...... 176
forthwith he lighteth
**...... 178
he doth premeditate
**...... 183
he doth debate
**...... 185
he doth despise
**...... 187
Will he not wake
**...... 219
Or were he not
**...... 234
But as he is my kinsman
**...... 237
He—holds he disputations
Quoth he, "She took me my captain, and he leadeth Away he steals
That now he rolls he still pursues his fear by the light he spies He takes it from the rushes He in the worst sense construes He in the present for accidental things 'So, so,' quoth he ere rich at home he lands Now is he come the blessed thing he sought to pray he doth begin Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower the door he opens wide wickedly he stalks about he walks What could he see but mightily he noted What did he note but strongly he desired What he beheld, on that he firmly doted his wilful eye he tired admiration he admired Which he by dumb demeanour seeks he commits this ill Thus he replies Only he hath an eye dots on what he looks he shakes aloft if he mount he dies marking what he tells 'Lucrece,' quoth he He rouseth up himself he doth he Rally to his borrow'd bed he make retire He is no woodman Must he in thee he learnt to sin 'I have done,' quoth he 'No more,' quoth he he hath his hand upon the light he pens her pious Flaunters and he hath won what he would lose again Ere he can see he sounds this doom he stands disgraced through the dark night he stealtheth he left behind And he the burthen of a guilty mind He like a thievish dog creeps He scowls, and hates himself He faintly flies He runs, and chides He his face upon he looketh He in his speed looks for the morning light ere he go to bed Ere he arrive as he is but Night's child he would distress How he in peace is wounded

He—he that gives them he did complain him like still-pining Tantalus he sits 'So then he hath it when he cannot use it where the lamb may get He gratis comes what he hath said but he was stay'd till he remember right 'The baser is he He shall not boast 'Nor shall he smile He ten times pines That he may vow Lest he should hold it when he is by though he blush'd She thought he blush'd she thought he spied till he return again he saw them quake swears he did her wrong with the blut swains he goes He entertain'd a show he had fainted For every tear he falls That he finds means In her sad face he stares He hath no power At last he takes her groom of things' quoth he he set his sword But wretched as he is, he strives in vain What he breathes out 'He, he,' she says But more than he 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he He falls, and bathes what he said as if the name he tore He weeps for her He with the Romans But now he throws quoth he, 'Arise! This said, he struck his hand He doth again repeat Or who is he so fond he reclineth from the day when he takes thee hence As he takes from you forgot for which he told But since he died he was but one hour mine And he that calls on thee where he would be he answers with a groan he went wilful-slow he will not every hour survey he thinks no ill whereof now he's king That he shall never eat and he in them still green with infection should he live Why should he live he robs thee of, and pays He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word

HE 121 HE
He—beauty doth he give
he can afford
that which he doth say
Since what he owes
he upon your soundless deep doth ride
He of tall building and of goodly pride
Then if he thrive
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
No, neither he, nor his compere
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
he could his looks translate
Because he needs no praise
hence as he shows now
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes
come that he is thine
nor he will not be free
and he is kind
He learned but surety-like to write
He pays the whole
tell my body that he may
He is contented
So slides he down upon his grained bat
L C .... 64
sit he by her side
When he again desires her
For maiden-tongued he was
was he such a storm
Well could he ride
what stop he makes
Or he his manage
He had the dialect
That he did in the general
following where he haunted
bewitch'd, ere he desire
for him what he would say
Till thus he 'gan besiege me
eye he did dismount
as he to appear
and he takes and leaves
whom he would maim
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim
When he most burn'd
He preach'd pure me
concealed kind he cover'd
Or he refused to take
He rose and ran away
Anon he comes
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas
he stood
fro singing he betakes
the boy he should not pass
he saw more wounds than one
And as he fell to her
he seized on my lips
fetched breath, away he skips
'Air,' quoth he
King Pandion he is dead
Pity but he were a king
If he be addict to vice
If to women he be bent
He that is thy friend indeed
he will help thee in thy need
If thou sorrow, he will weep
If thou wake, he cannot sleep

He—He with thee doth bear a part
P P .... 21
Head—and rein his proud head
hold up thy head
she removes her head
small head and nostril wide
and hang the head
cabin's of her head
doth she hang her head
She bows her head
greedy eyeballs in his head
head and rump is
Thy kinmen hang their heads
clamours in her head
about his golden head
and hang their heads with mine
'leand on another's head
a face, a leg, a head
Upon his head that hath
rest thy weary head
With head declined
Lifts up his burning head
S om 7 2
Till then not show my head
begins a journey in my head
second life on second head
black wires grow on her head
hath Love put in my head
Upon her head a platted hive
L C .... 8
Take counsel of some wiser head
P P .... 19 5
Headlong—.... fury of his speed
R L .... 501
Heal—that heals the wounds
S om 24 8
Health—the wound that nothing health
R L .... 731
Health—health to thy person
Of thy fair health
No news but health
Healthful—to medicine a... state
a bath and healthful remedy
Hear—nor ears to hear nor see
not see, nor hear, nor touch
alarums doth he hear
hears the passing-bell
and hear a little more
she hears no tidings
she heard them chant it
By this she hears
she hears some huntsman holla
she hears a merry horn
and gently hear him
husband's welfare did she hear
and hears no heedful friends
as fowl hear falcon's bells
by heaven, I will not hear thee
As well to hear as grant
O, hear me then
when he be to hear her
more than hear them told
of sorrow that we hear
long to hear her words
to hear the hateful foe
Music to hear, why hear'st thou
To hear with eyes
Than you shall hear the surly
hear this, thou age unbrid
I love to hear her speak
The more I hear and see
O, hear me tell
Thou lovest to hear
Least that my mistress hear my song
To hear her secrets
Heart—The heart of all her hand 

May feel her heart, poor citizen
but his heart granite
and wreck-threatening heart
From a pure heart
She wakes her heart
Stone him with harden'd hearts
against my heart
Faint not, faint heart
drown their eyes or break their hearts
either elphid's either's heart
the fear that false hearts have
And then against my heart
as if her heart would break
so thick come in his poor heart's aid

do not steep thy heart
A woman's gentle heart
rament of my heart
Bearing thy heart
Presume not on thy heart
weaksens his own heart
table of my heart
know not the heart
endured with all hearts
absent from thy heart
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight
My heart mine eye the freedom of
My heart doth plead
tenants to the heart
dear heart's part
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart
Betwixt mine eye and heart
Or heart in love
bids my heart
mine eye is my heart's guest
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight
But you like none, you for constant heart
It is so grounded inward in my heart
the thought of hearts can mend
kingdom of hearts shouldst owe
when my heart hath 'scaped
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place
false heart's history
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be
Take heed, dear heart
never say that I was false of heart
gave my heart another youth
it no form delivers to the heart
What wretched errors hath my heart committed
so long as brain and heart
let me be obsequious in thy heart
my dear doting heart
thy heart torments me with disdain
let it then as well beseech thy heart
Beshrew that heart which makes my heart to groan
Prison my heart

Heart—That to hear it was great pity
That to hear her
they cannot hear thee
Heard—For I have heard
As if they heard
The threshold grates the door to have heard
Have heard the cause
that we before have heard them told
Heard where his plants
Have you not heard it
Heard'st—thou hear'st me moralize
why hear'st thou music sadly
Hearer—Will tie the hearers
Hearing—or I had no hearing
And hearing him
And in my hearing
Hearing you publish
with his hearing to divide
Hearken—to hearken if his foes
She hearkens for his hounds
Hearsay—Let them say more that like hearsay well
Heard—within a puddle's womb
is he heard
Heart—is thine own heart
the heart hath treble wrong
the heart's attorney
'Give me my heart'
thy heart do steel it
Because Adonis' heart
set the heart on fire
from my unsyielding heart
where a heart is hard
heart's deep-sore wounding
that hard heart of thine
this poor heart of mine
buys my heart from me
look well to her heart
For my sick heart
My boiling heart pants
Knocks at my heart
make my faint heart bleed
my heart stands armed
And then my little heart
my heart longs not
my heart of teen
now she beats her heart
enters to surprise her heart
leaves an infant's heart
Thy coward heart
never wound the heart
my heart to lead
Heart's heavy lead
My throbbing heart
our hearts oft tainted be
my false heart bleed
the heart that shadows dreadeth
My heart shall never countermand
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart
But his hot heart, which fond desire
is his heart misled
Anon his beating heart, alarums striking
His drumming heart cheers up
Heart—But then my friend's heart
let my poor heart hail Son 123 10
Heart, heart, be his guard A 138 11
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That thy unkindness lays upon
my heart 139 2
Dear heart, forbear " 139 6
Though thy proud heart go wide " 140 14
'tis my heart that loves 141 3
Dissuade one foolish heart 141 10
thy proud heart's slave 141 12
Root pity in thy heart 142 11
Straight in her heart did mercy
come 145 5
With insufficiency my heart to sway" 150 2
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supposed them mistress of his
heart LC .... 142
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will not wear ..... 29
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came " ..... 399
that forced thunder from his heart
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My heart doth charge the watch " 15 2
Heart hath his hope " 15 10
Heart's reying " 18 7
Heart is bleeding " 18 23
Thus of every grief in heart " 21 55
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Hearten—And therein heartens up
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well resemble " ..... 1392
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dure hems " ..... 21 8
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Her help she sees
yet her fire must burn
mastering her that fold'd the god
her pleading tongue
blaze forth her wrong
cannot right her cause
her skills to her intentions break
she shakes her head
Sometimes her arms infold him
he will not in her arms
She locks her silly fingers
Her words are done, her woes the more
her object will away
from her twining arms
to her straight goes he
and neighs unto her
to see him woo her
embracements with her heels
With her the horse
He sees her coming
her hands in his eye
conflict of her hue
now her cheek was pale
her other tender hand
her soft hand's print
Her eyes petitioner's to his eyes
His eyes saw her eyes
Her eyes would still
her eyes did rain
engine of her thoughts
in her naked bed
His meaning struck her
Claps her pale cheeks
think to reprehend her
that can so well defend her
breatheth life in her
He wrings her nose, he strikes her
on the cheeks
He bends her fingers, holds her
pulses hard
He chafes her lips
He kisses her; and she, by her
good will
so he will kiss her
Her two blue windows
her face illumined with her eye
Her arms do lend
her thirsty lips
He with her plenty
Her lips are conquerors
Her face doth reek and smoke,
her blood doth boil
her hard embracing
prays her that he may
look well to her heart
He tells her, no
Unequal her check
her yoking arms
He on her belly falls, she on her
back
Her champion mounted
He will not manage her, although
he mount her
worse than Tantalus' is her annoy
and to lack her joy
languisheth in her mishaps
Her pleading hath

Her—obsures her silver shine
the sun by day and her by night
bound him to her breast
Love upon her back
did feed her sight
discovery of her way
She beats her heart
repetition of her songs
Her heavy anthem
Her song was tedious
would say after her
no tidings of her love
catch her by the neck, some kiss
her face
twist about her thigh to make
her stay
Hasting to feed her fawn
Applas her senses and her spirit
confounds
Sadly in her ear
to surprise her heart
cheering up her senses
through all her sinews
which madly hurries her
bear her a thousand ways
Her more than haste
draws up her breath
Since her best work
She vail'd her eyelids
two her cheeks fair
of her bosom drop'd

O, how her eyes
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears
in her eye
Sighs dry her cheeks
throng her constant woe
best become her grief
pleased her babe
bids her rejoice
flatters her it is
Whereat her tears began
prison'd in her eye
which her cheek melts
Him she suspect
and in her haste
on her fair delight
her eyes as murder'd
her eyes are fled
cabins of her head
her troubled brain
once more leap her eyes
doth she hang her head
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints
forget

Her eyes are mad
her sight dazzling
her mending eye
her face with his
by her side lay kill'd
like a vapour from her sight
She bows her head
to her Adonis' breath
within her bosom
refr from her by death
yokes her silver doves
in her light chariot
should underprop her fame
in her fair face's field
Now thinks he that his husband's
Her—prodigal that praised her so
hath done her beauty wrong
welcome to her princely guest
Her stories to her ears her husband's fame
Her joy with heaved-up hand
And in her vaulty prison
To darken her whose light
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own
Where her beloved Collatinus lies
O, how her fear did make her colour rise
And how her hand
With her loyal fear
Which struck her sad, and then
Until her husband's welfare
had Nareissus seen her as she stood
her heavenly image sits
That eye which looks on her
The looks between her chamber
wherein her needle sticks
gazeth on her yet unstained bed
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight
Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under
her head entombed is
her other fair hand was
Her eyes, like marigolds
Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath
Each in her sleep
Her breasts, like ivory globes
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin
Her coral lips, her snow-white diaphanous chin
for standing by her side
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset
And fright her with confusion
breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes
Imagine her as one in dead of night
ugly in her eyes
remains upon her breast
May feel her heart
Beating her bulk
o'er the white sheet peers her whitier chin
at her own disgrace
his unhallow'd haste her words delays
Her sad behaviour
His ear her prayers admits
entrance to her plain ing
Her pity-pleading eyes
Her modest eloquence
Which to her secretary adds
so her accent breaks
By her untimely tears, her husband's love
Till with her own white fleeces her voice control'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold
He pens her piteous clamours in her head
Her tears should drop

Her—rifled of her store
She says, her subjects
her consecrated wall
Her immortality, and made her thrill
Which in her presence
But her foresight
with her nalls her flesh doth tear
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast
breathes she forth her spito
Her twinkling handmaids
to still her rash
And fright her crying babe
vestal violate her oath
daughters of her daughter
scratch her wicked foe
Kill both thyself and her
from her he-tumbled couch
passage of her breath
thronging through her lips
her nightly sorrow
seems to point her out
but her passion's strength
Sometimes her grief is dumb
Make her mouns mad with their sweet melody
her bark being peeld
Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted
Her mansion batter'd
Her sacred temple spotted
from her bright eyes
calls her maid
to her mistress bies
unto her maid seen so
Her mistress she doth give
to her lady's sorrow
For why her face
ask of her audaciously
Why her two sons
Nor why her fair cheeks
Her circled eye
in her mistress' sky
of her drops spilling
By that her death, to do her husband wrong
through all her body spread
of her complaining
Her maid is gone
with her quill
Thron her inventions
the temour of her woe
Her certain sorrow
Her grief, but not her grief's
her own gross abuse
her stain'd excuse
feeling of her passion
when he is to hear her
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
the world might hear her
Her letter now is seal'd
within court'sies to her low
And blushing on her
he blush'd to see her shame
kindled her mistrust
HER—Her earnest eye
in her some blemish
That she her plaints
With her old eyes
in her the painter had anatomized
Her cheeks with checks
Her blue blood changed
Laurence spends her eyes
And shapes her sorrow
answer her but cries
to ban her cruel foes
to tend her those
swears he did her wrong
To give her so sore
her beauty I may tear
She throws her eyes
came in her mind
And from her tongue
such passion her assailts
beaten from her breast
with her nails
the current of her sorrow
with her complaining
too long with her remaining
hath oversipp'd her thought
of her own grief brought
Losing her voice
their test-divided eye
in her dim element
her sad-beholding husband
in her sad face
Her eyes, though sad in tears
Her lively colour kille'd
Miss her how she fares
At last he takes her
she gives her sorrow fire
Her honour is ta'en prisoner
long to hear her words
in her watery nest
of her certain ending
Laurence and her groom
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure
to her imposition
that yet her sad task
Her body's stain her mind untainted clear's
as if her heart would break
her poor tongue could not speak
In her harmless breast
that thence her soul unsheathed
Her contrite sighs
Her winged spright, and through her wounds
father, that beholds her blood
on her self-slaughter'd body
Her blood, in poor revenge
And hubbling from her breast
Circles her body in
Some of her blood
to die with her
revenge on her death
The one doth call her his
Replies her husband
He weeps for her
I owed her, and 'tis mine
that should have slain her foe
forth her fair streets chased
Her wrongs to us

HER—To show her bleeding body

April of her prime
her husband's shape
cheated thee for her seal
devour her own sweet brood
phoenix in her blood
and all her falling sweets
her babe from faring ill
and her old face new
Will sorely leave her
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her
to thee
That thou hast her
I loved her dearly
Thou dost love her, because thou knowst I love her
for my sake to approve her
And losing her, my friend
in manners holds her still
And stops her pipe
Than when her mournful hymns
Therefore, like her I sometime
a scope to show her pride
moon hath her eclipse ended
this purpose, that her skill
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure
still keep, her treasure
Her audit, though delay'd
her quietus is to render thee
Her eyes so suited
more red than her lips red
her breasts are dun
black wires grow on her head
see I in her cheeks
I love to hear her speak
Whoever hath her wish
I do believe her
her false-speaking tongue
Therefore I lie with her
Her pretty looks
One of her feather'd creatures
Sets down her babe
her neglected child holds her in chase
Cries to catch her
flies before her face
her poor infant's discontent
with her pride
Janguish'd for her sake
Straight in her heart
her 'love' for whose dear love
but in her maiden hand
Storming her world
Upon her head
Which forfied her visage
did she heave her napkin to her eye
Sometimes her levell'd eyes
Her hair, nor loose nor tied
Proclaim'd in her
descended sheaved hat
Hanging her pale and pined cheek
Some in her threaden fillet
bathed she in her fluxive eyes
and motives of her woe
sits he by her side
When he again desires her
Her grievance with his hearing
Which may her suffering
Here—Here overcame, as one  
HV A ..... 955
here I prophesy  
" ..... 1135
Here was thy father's bed, here  
" ..... 1135
Here pale with fear  
RL ..... 183
Here with a cockatrice's dead-kill- 
ing eye  
" ..... 540
Here she exclaims against  
" ..... 1297
for I have them here  
" ..... 1299
Here folds she up  
" ..... 1310
And here and there the painter  
interlaces  
" ..... 1390
Here one man's hand leant'd  
" ..... 1415
Here one being throng'd  
" ..... 1417
the fire that burnedth here  
" ..... 1475
And here in Troy  
" ..... 1476
here weeps Helen, here Priam  
" ..... 1483
Here manly Hector saith, here  
Troilus  
" ..... 1486
Here friend by friend  
" ..... 1487
Here feelingly she weeps  
" ..... 1492
Simon here is painted  
" ..... 1511
Here all enraged, such passion  
" ..... 1562
here the hopeless merchant  
" ..... 1567
Here with a sigh  
" ..... 1716
Even here she sheathed  
" ..... 1723
which thou hast here deprived  
" ..... 1732
than you yourself here live  
Son 13 2
By praising him here  
" ..... 30 14
But here's the joy  
" ..... 42 15
do I enounce me here  
" ..... 90 9
I have gone here and there  
" ..... 110 1
more black and damned here  
LC ..... 54
Look here, what tributes  
" ..... 197
that is not warned here  
" ..... 292
she touch'd him here and there  
P P ..... 4 7
Here in these brakes  
" ..... 9 10
here was the sore  
" ..... 9 12
here be it said  
" ..... 19 53
Here the anthem doth commence PT ..... 21
Here enclosed in tyderne lie  
" ..... 55
Hereafter—hereafter shall attend  
VA ..... 1136
hereafter still be blind  
RL ..... 758
no dame hereafter living  
" ..... 1714
Herein—Herein lives wisdom, beauty  
Son 11 5
Heretic—It fears not policy, that  
heretic  
" ..... 124 9
Hers—But hers, which through the  
crystal tears gave light  
VA ..... 491
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her  
to thee  
Son 41 13
She showed hers; he saw  
P P ..... 9 13
Herself—with herself at strife  
VA ..... 11
where herself herself beheld  
" ..... 1129
Means to immure herself  
" ..... 1194
Lucrece shame herself to see  
RL ..... 1084
And to herself all sorrow  
" ..... 1192
So with herself is she  
" ..... 1153
made herself herself detest  
" ..... 1566
say herself, that should have slain  
" ..... 1827
Since Rome herself in them  
" ..... 1853
beauty herself is black  
Son 132 12
The destined ill she must herself  
assay  
LC ..... 156
so to herself contrives  
" ..... 243
Hid—hid in some brake  
VA ..... 876
Which in pale embers hid  
RL ..... 5
cannot be hid in clay  
" ..... 699
of many, almost hid behind  
" ..... 1413
and arm'd his long-hid wits  
" ..... 1816
HID—hld in death's duteless night  sun 30  6
from Time's cheat lie hld...

Hidden—rust the . . . treasure frets  VA .... 767
that hidden in thee lie

Hide—broad buttlock, tender hide
Hides into his hide  sun 50  10

Hide—hides his angry brow
that hides the silver moon
should not the greater hide
and hide their infancy
may hide them when they list
To hide the truth
To hide deceit and give the harm-
less show
Which hides your life
his visage hide
which the robe doth hide
to hide my will in thine
to have what thou dost hide

Hidens—A hideous shapeless devil  R L .... 975
To hideous winter  sun 5  6
Sunk in hideous night

Hidden—hiding base sin in plats  R L .... 95
the aspiring mountains hiding
thy black all-hiding cloak
Hiding thy bravery in their rot-
ten smoke

Hie—unto the wood they hie them  VA .... 323
away she hies
to her mistress his  R L .... 1215
sour-faced groom to hie as fast
with bashful innocence doth hie
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee

Hied—hied him to the chase  VA .... 3
And thither hied  sun 153  12

High—high delightful plain  VA .... 236
and his high desire
High-curse short ears
the high wind sings
pitch the price so high
in high heaven's despite
mounts upon high
but high or low
In that high task  R L .... 80
colour'd with his high estate
Collatine's high name

Huge rocks, high winds
By their high treason
by high almighty Jove
Some high, some low
with your most high deserts
the dumb on high to slang
As high as learning
better than high birth to me
of all size, both high and low

Higher—the higher by this let  R L .... 646
To jump up higher seem'd

Highest—But when from high-
hundred

High-pitch'd—His . . . thoughts  R L .... 41
High-pround—at such . . . rate

Hild—0, let it not be hild

Hill—if those hills be dry
far off upon a hill
hills seem bornish'd gold
Between whose hills
the steep-up heavenly hill
From off a hill
upon a steep-up hill

Hill—That hills and valleys  PP .... 20  3

Hillock—Round rising hillocks  VA .... 227

Him—hied him to the chase
makes amain unto him
'gins to woo him
pluck him from his horse
Backward she push'd him
government in the earth
resistance made him fret
Being red, she loves him
Leading him prisoner
So he were like him
gazoth she on him
inifold him like a band
She answers him
to see him woo her
about to take him
swiftly doth forsake him
just before him as he sat
takes him by the hand
I am bereft him so
And learn of him
more doth maintain him
no longer to restrain him
Bids him farewell
in him finds missing
As fearful of him
let him keep his loutsome cabin
his faces pursue him still
makes him stop
bound him to her breast
after him she darts
have him seen no more
Venus salutes him
that makes him bright
doth make him shake
who shall cope him
another answer him
And, hearing him
at him should have fled
To strike him dead
call'd him all to nought
cleps him king of graves
Be wreak'd on him
Tell'd of his trophies
with him is beauty
seem'd with him to bleed
to rob him of his fair
would not fear him
and gently hear him
bring him mulberries
they him with berries
He thought to kiss him, and hath
killed him
what his teeth at him
to persuade him there
been tooth'd like him

With kissing him I should have
killed him

Hill of—Hill of

Hir—hired

Ho—ho

Hob—hob

Had—had

Hath—hath

Haste—haste

Hast—hast

Half—half

Hallowed—hallowed

Hallow—hallow

Hall—hall

Hallow'd—hallow'd

He—he

Hence—hence

Hale—hale
Him—That eye which him beholds R L ... 291
Each one by him enforced " " 303
to have him heard " " 306
to see him there " " 307
They fright him " " 308
portal yields him way " " 309
to make him stay " " 311
could not stay him " " 323
that did delay him " " 325
shuts him from the heaven " " 338
Hath hard' him " " 340
And him by oath " " 410
This moves in him " " 468
I mean to place him " " 517
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him " " 518
She conjures him " " 568
to do him shame " " 597
by him that gave it thee " " 624
Let him return " " 641
by him defied " " 757
reach to him allotted " " 824
did I entertain him " " 842
could not put him back " " 843
to disclaim him " " 844
he did complain him " " 845
where none may spy him " " 851
wander by him " " 852
And bring him where his suit " " 898
Lending him wit " " 964
To make him curse " " 970
Afflict him in his bed " " 975
Let there bechanche him " " 976
To make him moan " " 977
Stone him with barren'd hearts " " 978
mild women to him lose " " 979
Wilder to him " " 980
'Let him have time " " 981
Let him have time " " 982
Let him have time " " 983
Let him have time " " 984
Let him have time " " 985
Disain to him " " 987
'Let him have time " " 988
'to mock at him " " 989
Let him have time " " 990
Teach me to curse him " " 996
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate " " 1005
Revenge on him " " 1180
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent " " 1182
Did him with speed " " 1294
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed " " 1355
did make him more amazed " " 1356
About him were a press of gaping faces " " 1408
the hath done him wrong " " 1409
In him the painter " " 1596
still on him she gazed " " 1591
as Prian him did cherish " " 1546
Comparing him to that " " 1555
forced him on so fast " " 1676
But ere I name him " " 1688
bids him press his breath " " 1777
keep him from heart-easing words " " 1815
policy did him disguise " " 1815
Who, wondering at him " " 1845

Him—confounds him there Son 5 6
to brave him " " 12 14
Him in thy course untainted do allow " " 19 11
to please him thou art bright " " 28 9
And dost him grace " " 28 10
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd " " 29 6
hath mask'd him from me now " " 33 12
Yet him for this my love " " 33 13
To him that bears " " 34 12
let him bring forth " " 38 11
By praising him here " " 39 14
In him dost lie " " 46 5
And says in him " " 46 8
spur cannot provoke him on " " 50 9
and give him leave to go " " 51 14
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure " " 52 2
That sin by him " " 67 3
O, him she stores " " 67 18
In him those holy antique hours are seen " " 68 9
And him as for a map doth Nature store " " 68 13
Then thank him not " " 79 13
Let him but copy " " 84 9
Giving him aid " " 85 10
nightly guls him " " 86 10
must never love him " " 89 14
and leapt with him " " 98 4
eat him up to death " " 99 13
To make him much outlive " " 101 11
To make him seem " " 101 14
spite of him " " 107 11
Like him that travels " " 109 6
Drugs poison him " " 115 14
Of him, myself, and thee, I am for-saken " " 133 7
bond that him as fast doth bind " " 134 8
So him I lose " " 134 12
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me " " 134 13
If that from him there may be aught applied L C ..... 68
and made him her place " ..... 82
Each eye that saw him " ..... 89
Yet, if men moved him " ..... 101
by him became his deed " ..... 111
but were all grace by him " ..... 119
To dwell with him in thoughts " ..... 129
And disgloved for him " ..... 132
and gave him all my flower " ..... 147
Demand of him " ..... 149
Appear to him " ..... 299
and mine did him restore " ..... 301
In him a plenteid " ..... 302
She told him stories P 4 5
she shoul'd him favours " " 4 6
she touch'd him here and there " " 4 7
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him " " 6 12
began to woo him " " 11 2
so felt she to him " " 11 4
Other help for him " " 18 54
Bountiful they possess him call " " 24 40
Quickly him they will entice " " 21 44
They that fawn'd on him before " " 21 49

Himself—so ... himself forsook V.A ..... 161
HIMSELF

Himself—if himself were slain

 himself Affection’s sentinel
 To recreate himself
 Since he himself is reft
 To grow unto himself
 And for himself himself he must
 for sake
 When he himself himself con
 founds
 from himself impiety hath wrought
 He roseth up himself
 Show will himself doth that fire
 For now against himself
 hates himself for his offence
 against himself to rave
 Himself himself seek every hour
to kill
 in an armed hand; himself behind
 Himself on her self-slaughtered
 body
 That in himself such murderous
 with sights himself doth smother
 Accomplish’d in himself
 When as himself to singing he be
 takes
 Wished himself the heaven’s breath
 And deny himself for Love
 Hind—Like a white hind under the
 gripe’s sharp claws
 Hinder—Stands on his hinder legs
 Hinderling—Hindering their present
 fall
 Hindmost—Though words come...
 Him—Hath ta’en his last leave
 And reign his proud head
 on his sweating palm
 him from his horse
 doth she stroke his cheek
 she stops his lips
 burning of his cheeks
 she kiss’d his brow, his cheek, his
 chin
 in his angry eyes
 From his soft bosom
 did he raise his chin
 ready for his pay
 turns his lips another way
 hath he hung his lance
 His batter’d shield, his uncon
 trolled crest
 Scorning his churlish drum
 Making my arms his field, his tent
 my bed
 his stronger strength
 Love keeps his revales
 to kiss his shadow
 Adonis had his team
 His lowering brows, overwhelming
 his fair sight
 Souring his cheek
 and then his hand
 hasteth to his horse
 Breaketh his rein
 And now his woven girths
 with his hard hoof
 crusheth ’twixt his teeth
 His ears up-prick’d; his braided
 hanging mane

HIS

His—Upon his compass’d crest

 His nostrils drink the air
 His eye, which scornfully
 shows his hot courage and his
 high desire
 what recketh he his rider’s

 His flattering ’Holla’ or his ‘Stand,
 I say
 He sees his love
 with his proud sight
 His art with nature’s
 For through his mano
 He looks upon his love
 as if she knew his mind
 Spurns at his love
 Beating his kind embracements
 He vails his tall
 to his melting buttock
 the poor flies in his fune
 His love, perceiving
 his fury was assuaged
 His testy master goeth
 his boisterous and unruly
 desperate in his suit
 with his bonnet hides his angry
 brow
 he holds her in his eye
 heareth up his hat
 his fair cheek feels
 his tenderer cheek
 to his eyes singing
 his eyes saw her eyes
 his eyes disdain’d
 had he made plain
 he saw his love, his youth’s fair fee
 from his bending crest
 his mouth, his back, his breast
 Who sees his true love
 his gluton eye
 his other agents
 the poor flies in his fune
 Lesteth his pride
 by his stealing in
 which to his speech
 His meaning struck her ere his
 words begun
 And at his look
 brake off his late intent
 his breath breatheth
 that his unkindness
 when in his fresh array
 upon his harmless face
 Had not his clouded with his brow’s
 repine
 His day’s hot task
 lend his neck a sweet embrace
 his lips deny
 his lips rich treasure
 his choice is froward
 nectar from his lips
 in his breast
 certain of his friends
 she trembles at his tale
 and on his neck
 still hanging by his neck
 On his bow-back
 ever threat his foes
 His eyes like glow-worms
 His snout digs sepulchres
His—whate'er is in his way  
his crooked tushes slay  
" " 623  
VA 624  
His brawny sides  
" " 625  
His short thick neck  
" " 627  
keep his leathose cabin  
" " 637  
not within his danger  
" " 639  
gentle Love in his desire  
" " 653  
on his back doli lie  
" " 663  
to overshoot his trouble  
" " 669  
to amaze his foes  
" " 684  
For there his smell  
" " 691  
Stands on his hinder legs  
" " 698  
To hearken if his foes  
" " 699  
And now his grief  
" " 701  
his wizard legs doth scratch  
" " 705  
his oil to lend the world his light  
" " 750  
reaves his son of life  
" " 756  
In his bed-chamber  
" " 784  
usrup'd his name  
" " 794  
From his moist cabinet  
" " 854  
ariseth in his majesty  
" " 856  
heartens for his hounds and for  
" his horn 686  
just in his way  
" " 579  
for his master  
" " 914  
licking of his wound  
" " 915  
his ill-resounding noise  
" " 919  
volley's out his voice  
" " 921  
to steal his breath  
" " 924  
his breath and beauty  
" " 932  
Seeing his beauty  
" " 938  
with his strong course  
" " 990  
honours to his hateful name  
" " 994  
that his beauty may  
" " 1011  
His victories, his triumphs, and  
" his glories 1014  
To his death  
" " 1017  
in his shelly cave  
" " 1034  
at his bloody view  
" " 1037  
perplexed in his throne  
" " 1043  
that his wound wept  
" " 1053  
In his soft flank  
" " 1054  
But stolc his blood  
" " 1056  
upon his hurt she looks  
" " 1063  
His face seems twain  
" " 1067  
to rob him of his fair  
" " 1068  
he put his bonnet on  
" " 1087  
Play with his locks  
" " 1690  
of his tender years  
" " 1091  
first should dry his tears  
" " 1092  
To see his face  
" " 1093  
wolf would leave his prey  
" " 1097  
When he beheld his shadow  
" " 1099  
then with his sight  
" " 1104  
if he did see his face  
" " 1109  
with his sharp spear  
" " 1112  
whet his teeth at him  
" " 1113  
nuzzling in his flank  
" " 1115  
in his soft groin  
" " 1116  
My youth with his  
" " 1129  
his face with his  
" " 1122  
looks upon his lips  
" " 1123  
whispers in his ears  
" " 1125  
that close his eyes  
" " 1127  
robbled of his effect  
" " 1132  
not match his woe  
" " 1149  
Sith in his prime  
" " 1163  
And in his blood  
" " 1167  
resembling well his pale  
" " 1169  
His—to wet his eyes  
" " 1179  
was his desire  
" " 1180  
beast as in his blood  
" " 1182  
on his keen appetite  
" " 1188  
in that sky of his delight  
" " 12  
treasure of his happy state  
" " 16  
his beauteous mate  
" " 19  
Reckoning his fortune  
" " 35  
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" " 39  
Perchance his boast  
" " 41  
His high-pitch'd thoughts  
" " 44  
His all-too timeless speed  
" " 44  
His honour, his affairs, his friends,  
" his state 45  
which in his liver glows  
" " 47  
his traitor eye encloses  
" " 73  
his barren skill to show  
" " 81  
with his high estate  
" " 92  
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" " 95  
so wanteth in his store  
" " 97  
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" " 104  
More than his eyes were open  
" " 105  
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" " 109  
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" " 113  
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" " 114  
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" " 116  
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" " 120  
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" " 129  
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" " 129  
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" " 136  
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" " 176  
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" " 179  
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" " 184  
And in his inward mind  
" " 185  
His naked armour  
" " 188  
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" " 188  
that hath engird his marriage  
" " 191  
to work upon his wife  
" " 235  
And when his gaudy banner  
" " 272  
Within his thought her heavenly  
" " 288  
image sets  
" " 290  
confounds his wits  
" " 290  
heartens up his servile powers  
" " 295  
Staff up his lust  
" " 297  
between her chamber and his will  
" " 302  
Each one by him enforced, retires  
" " 303  
his ward  
" " 303  
they all rate his ill  
" " 304  
he still pursues his fear  
" " 308  
The wind wars with his torch  
" " 311  
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" " 312  
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" " 313  
But his hot heart  
" " 314  
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" " 319  
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" " 328  
pays the hour his debt  
" " 329  
from the heaven of his thought  
" " 338  
That for his prey  
" " 342  
contemnance his sin  
" " 343  
of his unfruitful prayer  
" " 344  
That his foul thoughts might com-  
" " 346  
pass his fair fair
His—his guilty hand

and with his knee

at the mercy of his mortal sting

Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his

head

is his heart misled

to his head full soon

the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

In his clear head

to want his bliss

And in his will his wilful eye be

tired

the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey

His rage of lust

His eye, which late

tempta his veins

Anon his beating heart

His drumming heart cheers up his

burning eye

His eye commends the leading to

his hand

smoking with pride, march'd on

to make his stand

as his hand did scale

Are by his flaming torch

His hand, that yet remains

his hand shah o'withal

doth his tongue begin

to his heartless foe

stop the headlong fury of his speed

shakes afoft his Roman blade

coucheth the fowl below with his

wings' shade

Sheeter his insulting falcon lie

his foul appetite

In his dim mist

So his hollow'd haste

While in his hold-fast foot

feeds his vulture folly

His ear her prayers admits, but

his heart graneth

wrinkles of his face

She puts the period from his place

That to his borrow'd bed

He is no woodman that doth bend

his bow

for his sake spare me

Haste thou put on his shape

Thou wrongst his honour, wound'st

his princely name

His true respect

Add to his show, but alter not his

taste

he sets his foot

The wolf hath seized his prey

Cooling his hot face

His taste delicious

Devours his will

must vomit his receipt

see his own abomination

While Lust is in his pride

Can curb his heat or rein his rash

desire

bankrupt beggar wails his case

his soul's fair temple

Leaving his spoil

hates himself for his offence

His—chicks his vanish'd loathed de-
light

He in his speed

His wonted height

about his golden head

his wearing noon-tide prick

his smoother'd light

to deck his oratory

coffers up his gold

his treasure to behold

the harvest of his wits

pleasure of his gain

cannot curc his pain

master'd by his young

Or kills his life or else his quality

where his suit may be obtained

Tarquin in his flight

his low'd eyes aflight

of his committed evil

'Disturb his hours of rest

his burning heart

but pity not his moons

to tear his curled hair

see his friends his foes

His time of folly and his time of

sport

let his unreckling crime

the ening of his time

At his own shadow

To shame his hope

bathe his coal-black wings

the stain upon his silver down

father of his fruit

laugh with his companions

his mood with wounding agrees

His eyes will wither and his sap

decay

and as his due writ in my testament

My shame be his

His kindled duty

the blood his cheeks replenish

such sober action with his hand

his heart all silver white

from his lips did dry

his sound advice

His nose being shadow'd by his

neighbour's ear

That for Achilles' image stood his

spear

Uphold his head

Priam check'd his son's desire

Once set on ringing, with his own

weight goes

His face, though full of cares

to scorn his woes

the painter labour'd with his skill

ensnared his secret evil

for his wondrous skill

in his plain face

Priam wets his eyes

His eye drops fire

clear pearls of his that move thy

pity

For minion in his fire

to burn his Troy

'his wounds will not be sore

Brings home his lord

Who finds his Lucrece

to answer his desire
His—his consort's lords | R L | 1690

against my heart he set his sword | 1690
His scarlet lust | 1690
had purblind his eyes | 1690
stops his answer so | 1690
his breath drinks up again | 1690
that doth behold his haste | 1690
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride | 1690
his sighs, his sorrows | 1690
Which speechless woe of his poor she attended | 1690
And his untimely frenzy | 1690
Thine, mine, his own | 1690
all his lordly crew | 1690
give his sorrow place | 1690
pole fear in his face | 1690
possess his breath | 1690
of his inward soul | 1690
arrest upon his tongue | 1690
sorrow should his use control | 1690
through his lips do throng | 1690
In that poor heart's aid | 1690
But through his teeth | 1690
Hold back his sorrow's tide | 1690
The one doth call her his, the other his | 1690
to clothe his wit | 1690
his folly's show | 1690
his long-wit's wits | 1690
For his soul act | 1690
he struck his hand upon his breast | 1690
to end his vow | 1690
And to his protestation | 1690
did his words allow | 1690
His tender heer might bear his memory | Son | 1695
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Of his self-love | 1695
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adore his beauty still | 1695
on his golden pilgrimage | 1695
From his low tract | 1695
Shifts but his place | 1695
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wander'st in his shade | 1695
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling | 1695
Stir'd by a painted beauty to his verse | 1695
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Who with his fear is put besides his part | 1695
weaken'ss his own heart | 1695
you see his skill | 1695
This has his windows | 1695
than this his love had brought | 1695
his for his love | 1695
on his celestial face | 1695
his visage hide | 1695
To see his active child | 1695
And in his thoughts | 1695
cast his utmost sun | 1695
His rider loved not speed | 1695
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hold his swift foot back | 1695
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that to his subjects | 1695
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How much of a blasting hour...  
How much within an hour...  
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were I hard-favour'd  "  133
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I am such a park  "  229
And this I do  "  251
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I would assure thee  "  371
I never shall regard  "  377
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and I will not owe it  "  411
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Had I no eyes  "  433
Or were I deaf
should I be in love
And that I could not see
'Q, where am I? quoth she
Do I delight to die
But now I live
But now I died
bargains may I make
I can be well contented
Before I know myself
I fear'd thy fortune
Grew I not faint? and fell I not;
if I love thee, I thy death should fear
What should I do
I prophesy thy death
'Where did I leave
'I am,' quoth he
going I shall fall
I perceive the reason
The kiss I gave you
that I cannot reprove
I hate not love
More I could tell, but more I dare not
now I will away
Death, I did but jest
I felt a kind of fear
as I met the bear
truth I must confess
I railed on thee
I did but act
how much a fool was I
So shall I die
why then I know
Had I been tooth'd like him, I
must confess
more am I accurst
here I prophesy
Wherein I will not kiss
I enforced this fire
So Lucrece must I force
'You though I die
how fondly I did dote
that I their father had not been
'What win I, if I gain the thing
I seek
Why hunt I then
quoth he, 'I must deflower that thy pray
am I come to scale
'Thus I forestall thee
Which I to conquer sought
'I see what crosses
I know what thorns
I think the honey guarded
I have debate
what sorrow I shall breed
I know repentant tears
yet strive I to embrace
I must enjoy thee
I purpose to destroy thee
I mean to place him
Swearing I slew him
I met thy secret friend
I did entertain thee
I complain mee
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal
I—when I praise thee
by this separation I may give
I cannot blame thee
I do forgive thy robbery
When I am sometime absent
thus I will excuse ye
I thou'west I love her
If I lose thee
and I lose both twin
my friend and I are one
When most I wink
but when I sleep
How would, I say, my eyes
to see till I see thee
I would be brought
that I am not thought
I must attend time's leisure
wherever I abide
This told, I joy
I send them back again
And I am still with them
How careful was I, when I took
my way
I thee I not look'd up
to see me thou art
thou wilt be stol'n, I fear
When I shall see thee frown
I do ensconce me here
I can allege no cause
How heavy do I journey
When what I seek
from thee I speed
should I haste me thence
Till I return
Then should I spur
motion shall I know
So am I as the rich
what should I do but tend
I have no precious time
Nor dare I chide
Whilst, I, my sovereign, watch the
clock
Nor dare I question
I should in thought control
I am to wait
That I might see
O, sure I am
For thee I watch
I as all other
quite contrary I read
that for myself I praise
shall be, as I am now
I do now forfry
When I have seen by Time's
towers I see down-razed
When I have seen the hungry
When I have seen such
for restful death I cry
from these would I be gone
I leave my love alone
for me when I am dead
world that I am fond
for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts
O, if, I say, you look
When I perhaps compounded am
with clay
with me after I am gone
praise upon deceased
I—For I am shamed by that which
I bring forth Son 72 13
I hold such strife " 75 3
Thus do I pine " 75 13
I do not glance aside " 76 3
Why write I still all one " 75 5
I always write of you " 76 9
So oft have I invoked thee of that which I compile " 78 9
Whilst I alone did call " 79 1
I grant, sweet love " 79 5
O, how I faint when I of you do write " 80 1
I am a worthless boat " 80 11
and I cast away " 80 13
Or I shall live your epitaph to make when I am earth am rotten " 81 2
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die " 81 6
I grant thou wert " 82 1
I never saw that you " 83 1
I found or thought I found " 83 3
have I slept in your report " 83 5
For I impair not beauty " 83 11
I think I good thoughts " 83 5
I say 'Tis so, 'tis true " 85 9
I was not sick " 86 12
Then lack'd I matter " 86 14
For how do I hold thee " 87 5
Thus have I had thee " 87 13
I can set down a story " 88 6
wherein I am attained " 88 7
And by this will be that to myself I do " 88 9
to thee I so belong " 88 13
And I will comment " 89 2
and I straight will halt " 89 3
I will acquaintance strange " 89 8
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong " 89 11
For I must never love him " 89 14
so shall I taste " 90 11
I better in one general best " 91 8
of all men's pride I boast " 91 12
need I not to fear " 92 5
I see a better state " 92 7
happy title do I find " 92 11
and yet I know it not " 92 14
So shall I live " 93 8
I cannot know thy change " 93 6
I love thee in such sort " 95 13
What freezings have I felt " 97 3
have I been absent " 98 1
Nor did I wonder " 98 11
I with these did play " 98 14
violet thus did I chide " 99 1
The lily I condemned " 99 6
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see " 99 14
I teach thee how " 101 13
I love not less " 102 2
When I was wont to greet it I sometimes held my tongue " 102 5
Because I would not dulle you " 102 14
if I no more can write " 103 5
first your eye I eyed " 104 2
of the seasons have I seen " 104 6
Since first I saw you fresh " 104 8
I—I see descriptions Son 105 2
I see their antique pen " 106 7
I'll live in this poor rhyme " 107 11
I must each day say o'er " 108 6
thou mine, I thine " 108 7
I hallow'd thy fair name " 108 8
that was false of heart " 109 1
might I from myself depart " 109 3
If have I ranged " 109 5
I return again " 109 6
when universe I call I have gone here and there " 110 1
that I have look'd on truth " 110 5
I never more will grind " 110 10
to whom I am confin'd " 110 12
and wish I were renew'd " 111 8
like a willing patient, I will drink " 111 9
that I will bitter think " 112 5
and I assure ye " 111 13
For what care I who calls " 112 3
and I must strive " 112 5
nor I to none alive " 112 7
In so profound abyss I throw all care " 112 9
my neglect I do dispense " 112 12
Since I left you " 113 1
Or whether shall I say " 114 3
Those lines that I before have writ " 115 1
I could not love you dearer " 115 2
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best " 115 10
When I was certain " 115 13
then might I not say so " 115 13
I never writ " 116 14
that I have scanted all " 117 1
I should your great deserts repay " 117 2
That I have frequent been " 117 5
That I have hoist sail " 117 7
says I did strive to prove " 117 13
did I frame my feeling " 118 6
But thence I learn " 118 13
What potions have I drunk " 119 1
when I saw myself to win " 119 4
now I find true " 119 9
So I return rebaked " 119 13
more than I have spent " 119 14
which I then did feel " 120 2
I under my transgression bow " 120 3
As I by yours, you've pass'd " 120 6
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken " 120 7
once I suffer'd in your crime " 120 8
count had what I think good " 121 6
No, I am that I am " 121 9
I may be straight " 121 11
Nor need I tarry " 122 10
to give them from me was I bold " 122 11
boast that I do change " 123 1
and thee I both defy " 123 9
This I do vow " 123 13
I will be true " 123 14
Thus I witness call " 124 12
I bore the canopy " 125 1
Have I not seen dwellers " 125 5
Do I envy these Jacks " 128 5
I have seen roses " 130 5
roses see I in her cheeks " 130 6
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know " 130 9
I—Grant I never saw
I think my love as rare
I dare not be so bold
Although I swear to it myself
that is not false I swear
as I think, proceeds
Thine eyes I love
Then will I swear beauty
and truth, I am not then
for I, being pent in thee
So, now I have confessed
And myself am mortgaged
So him I lose
Him have I lost
and yet am I not free
am I that vex thee still
that was thy Will
account I one must be
I do believe her, though I know
she lies
Simply I credit her false-speaking
tongue
say not I that I am old
Therefore I lie with her
since I am near slain
If I might teach thee wit
If I should despair, I should grow
mad
That I may not be so
I do not love thee
thus far I count my gain
Be it lawful I love thee
Whilst I thy babe chase thee
So will I pray
Two loves I have of comfort
Suspect I may
I guess one angel
Yet this shall I never know
the sound that said 'I hate'
'I hate!' she alter'd
'I hate!' from hate away
and I desperate now approve
Past cure I am
For I have sworn thee fair
Say I love thee not
I am against myself
Do I not think on thee when I forgot
that I do call my friend
that I do fawn upon
do I not spend
do I in myself respect
now I know thy mind
and I am blind
The more I hear
O, though I love
worthy I to be beloved
betraying me, I do betray
hold it what I call
for whose dear love I rise and fall
know'd I am forsworn
do I accuse thee
When I break twenty? I am permitted
most
For I have sworn
For I have sworn thee fair; more
perjured I
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired

I—but I, my mistress' thrall
and this by that I prove
And down I laid
tell your judgement I am old
I might as yet have been
If I had self-applied
too early I attended
Yet did I not
I mine honour shielded
For further I could say
upon these terms I held my city
I have been call'd unto
Harm have I done to them
I have received from many
that I heard them not
I myself must render
Since one and the other
And mine I pour
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me
white stole of chastity I daff'd
Ay me! I fell
What I should do again
I do believe her, though I know
she lies
Simply I credit her false-speaking
tongue
wherefore say not I that I am old
Two loves I have
Suspect I may
I guess one angel
truth I shall not know
A woman I forswore; but I will prove
I smiling credit her false-speaking
tongue
wherefore say not I that I am old
how shall I swear to love
that I thy parts admire
why was not I a flood
the one and the other
And I in deep delight am chiefly
drown'd
did I see a fair sweet youth
I weep for thee, and yet no cause
I have
more than I did crave
For why I crave nothing
I pardon crave of thee
Ah, that I had my lady
clip me till I run away
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee
Age, I do defy thee
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd
with sorrow
nill I construe whether
I sit and mark
I post unto my pretty
were I with her
Air, would I might triumph so
For now I see
In black mourn I
All fears scorn I
I see that there is none
too much I fear
There will I make
Scour I could from tears refrain
Ah, though I frown
Then and I were both beguil'd
-

Idiot—As silly-jerking idiots
Idle—leave this idle theme

Idle over-handled theme

But idle sounds

Out, idle words, servants

shames and idle hours in me

above that idle rank remain

each moving sense from idle rest

Idly—time so idly spent

Idol—Well-painted idol, image dull

and dead

my beloved as an idol show

Idolatry—my love becall'd idolatry

If thou wilt decline

If thou wilt chide

If they burn too

If thou wilt have twain

and if those hills be dry

if himself were slain

If there he came to lie

as if he told the steps

As if the dead the living should exceed

as if she knew his mind

If springing things be

As if from thence they borrow'd

purchase if thou make

If any love you owe me

If you will say so

If thou encounter

If thou needs will hunt

As if another chase were

To hearken if his foes pursue

But if thou fall

If thou destroy them not

If they be so

If love have lent you

If pleased themselves

If she said 'No

If he be dead

If he had spoke

If he did see his face

As if they heard

And, if possess'd

if none of these

If there be self-trust

If I gain the thing I seek

'If Collatinus dream

ay, if the fact be known

As if the heavens should countenance

As if between them twain there were no strife

If thou mean to chide

if he mount he dies

If thou deny

'But if thou yield

If ever man were moved

O, if no harder than a stone thou art

and if the same

If in thy hope thou darest do

If but for fear of this, thy will remove

If all those petty ills shall change

if not, enforced hate

Or if thou wilt permit

If that be made a theme

If, Collatinus, thine honour lay in me

But if the like the snow-white

swan desire

If—For if I die

But if I live

Who, if it wink

If in this blench'd fort I make

If thou dost weep

If tears could help

But, lady, if thy maid may be

'if it should be told

If ever, love, thy Lucrece

As if some mermaid did their ears entice

As if with grief or travail he had

If thou my love's desire do contradict

as if her heart would break

If in the child the father's image lies

If children pre-decease progenitors

If they surcease to be

as if the name he bore

If their couldst answer

If thou now not renewest

But if thou live

If ten of thine ten times refigured thee

If thou shouldst depart

If the true concord of well tuned sounds

If thou issueless shalt hap to die

Grant, if thou wilt

If all were minded so

If it shall go well

If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert

If it went ill

If I could write

as if not paid before

But if the while I think on thee

If thou survive

If aught in me

If my sight Muse do please

if for my love thou my love respect

if thou thyself descontest

If I lose thee

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought

Or, if they sleep

If ever that time come

As if by some instinct the wretch did know

If there be nothing new

If some suspect or skill mask'd not thy show

Nay, if you read this line

If thicking on them

O, if I may see you look upon

Then if he throve

of you, if he can tell

thou wilt; if ever now

If thou will leave me

If thy sweet virtue answer not

But if that flower with base infection meet

If like a lamb he could his looks translate

If thou wouldst use

Or, if they sing

If not from my love's breath
If—If time have any wrinkle graven 
Son 100 10
If any, be a satire to decay 
" 100 11
If never intermix'd 
" 101 8
If I no more can write 
" 103 5
If I have ranged 
" 109 5
For if it see the rudest 
" 113 9
If it be poison'd 
" 114 13
If this be error 
" 115 12
For slender 
" 120 5
If my dear love were but the child 
" 124 1
If Nature, sovereign mistress 
" 126 5
Or if it were 
" 127 2
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace 
" 127 8
If snow be white 
" 130 3
If lights be wires 
" 130 4
If thy soul check thee 
" 136 1
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks 
" 137 5
If I might teach thee 
" 140 5
For if I should despair 
" 140 9
Or, if it do, not from those lips 
" 142 5
If thou dost seek 
" 143 11
But if thou catch 
" 143 11
If thou turn back 
" 143 14
Or, if they have 
" 148 3
If that be fair whereon 
" 148 5
If it be not, then love 
" 148 7
If thou lour'st on me 
" 149 7
If thy unworthiness raised love in me 
" 150 13
If that from him there may be 
L C ..... 68
If I had self-applied 
" ..... 76
If best were as it was 
" ..... 98
Yet, if men moved him 
" ..... 101
If broken then it is no fault 
P P 3 12
If by me broke 
" 3 13
If he be none forsaken 
" 5 1
If not to beauty vowed 
" 5 2
If knowledge be the mark 
" 5 7
If music and sweet poetry agree 
" 8 1
As if the boy should use 
" 11 8
And if these pleasures may thee move 
" 20 15
If that the world and love were gay 
" 20 17
But if store of crowns be scant 
" 21 37
If that one be prodigal 
" 21 39
If he be addict to vice 
" 21 43
If to women he be bent 
" 21 45
But if Fortune once do frown 
" 21 47
If thou sorrow, he will weep 
" 21 53
If thou wake, he cannot sleep 
" 21 54
If what parts can so remain 
P T ..... 48
Ignorance—Ignorance alost to fly 
Son 78 6
my rude ignorance 
" 78 14
Ignorant—All ignorant that soul 
P P 5 9
Ill—This ill presage 
V A ..... 457
Whose inward ill no outward 
" 90 6
were expressed 
R L ..... 91
So that in venturing ill 
" 148
they all rate his ill 
" 301
had they seen the period of their ill 
" 380
he commits this ill 
" 476
End thy ill aim 
" 579
If all these petty ills 
" 656
that thou tastest of this ill 
" 706
the slander of mine ill 
" 1207
not the authors of their ill 
" 1244
III—this blunt and ill 
R L ..... 1308
lodged not a mind so ill 
" ..... 1030
What uncooth ill event 
" ..... 1093
her babe from faring ill 
Son 22 12
and ransom all ill deeds 
" 34 14
in whom all ill well shows 
" 40 13
any thing, he thinks no ill 
" 57 14
be it ill or well 
" 58 14
captive good attending captain ill 
" 66 12
If some suspect of ill 
" 70 13
disgrace me half so ill 
" 89 5
though new-fangled ill 
" 91 3
blesses an ill report 
" 95 8
The hardest knife ill used 
" 85 14
who calls me well or ill 
" 112 3
The ills that were not 
" 118 10
would by ill be cured 
" 118 12
O benefit of ill 
" 119 9
gain by ill thrice more 
" 119 14
might speak ill of thee 
" 140 10
a woman coloured ill 
" 144 4
which doth preserve the ill 
" 145 13
this becoming of things ill 
" 150 5
The destined ill she must 
L C ..... 156
faults in love with love's ill rest 
P P 1 8
a woman coloured ill 
" 2 4
I'll—I'll smoother thee with kisses 
V A ..... 18
I'll sigh celestial breath 
" ..... 188
I'll make a shadow 
" ..... 191
I'll quench them 
" ..... 192
I'll give it thee again 
" ..... 209
I'll be a park 
" ..... 231
this night I'll waste 
" ..... 583
I'll beg her love 
R L ..... 241
worthless slave of thine I'll slay 
" ..... 515
I'll hum on Tarquin still 
" ..... 1133
to Tarquin I'll bequeath 
" ..... 1181
I'll bequeath unto the knife 
" ..... 1184
I'll tune thy woes 
" ..... 1405
I'll murder straight, and then I'll 
slaughter thee 
" ..... 1634
for their style I'll read 
Son 32 14
Towards thee I'll run 
" ..... 51 14
against myself I'll fight 
" 88 3
As I'll myself disgrace 
" 89 13
against myself I'll yow debate 
" 89 13
Myself I'll forfeit 
" 134 3
Therefore I'll lie with love 
P P 1 13
to thee I'll constant prove 
" 5 3
Ill-annexed—But—.... Opportunity R L ..... 874
Ill—cloud-kissing illon with anony 
" ..... 1579
Of rich-built Illon 
" ..... 1524
Iliterate—Yea, the Iliterate that 
know not how 
" 510
Ill-nurtured—Ill-nurtured, crooked V A ..... 134
Ill-resounding—his .... noise 
" ..... 391
Illumined—illumined with her eye 
" ..... 486
Ill-wresting—Now this .... world 
Son 140 11
Image—image dull and dead 
V A ..... 212
An image like myself 
" 764
her heavenly image sits 
R L ..... 258
image of hell 
" ..... 764
That for Achilles' image 
" 1424
a wretched image bound 
" ..... 1501
this mild image drew 
" ..... 1629
That she with painted images 
" 1577
the father's image lies 
" 1753
my image thou hast torn 
" 1762
This image dies with thee 
Son 3 14
Image—your true image pictured
lies
Son 24 6
Their images I loved
" 31 13
Show me your image
" 59 7
thy image should keep open
" 61 1
Imaginary—All is imaginary
VA 697
For much imaginary work
my soul's imaginary sight
Son 27 9
Imagination—tremble at the . . .
VA 668
The dire imagination
" 75 8
in still imagination
RL 702
that in the imagination set
LC 136
Imagine—O, then imagine this
VA 721
Imagine her as one
RL 449
" 1343
Imagined—for the whole to be . . .
" 1428
close may be imagined
" 1622
Imagine—to imagine thee well
in to imagine the battle
" 1348
painting imagine his cheek
Son 67 5
Imitated—Is poorly . . . after you
" 53 6
Immaculate . . . and spotless
RL 1655
Immodest—she is unmodest
VA 53
Immodestly—lies martyr'd
RL 802
Immodesty—by her fair . . . hand
VA 80
And were I not immortal
" 197
Immortal life shall have
Son 81 5
Immortality—her immortality, and
made her thrill
RL 725
Immoral—Means to immure herself
Son 1194
Immured—immured is the store
Son 84 3
would she be immured
LC 254
Impair—For I impair not beauty
Son 83 11
Impanneled—To 'cide this title is . . .
46 9
Impart—truth would willingly . . .
72 8
Imparteth—no tool imparteth
RL 1093
Impassable—What in the . . . gazer
VA 748
Impatience—This said. . . . chokes
" 217
Impeach'd—When most impeach'd
Son 125 14
Impediment—Admit impediments
" 116 2
those impediments stand forth
LC 269
Imperfect—thy fair imperfect shade
Son 43 11
Imperious—imperious supreme of
all
VA 996
Imperiously—imperiously he leaps
" 265
Impetuous—impetuous hath wrought
RL 341
not be call'd impetuous
" 1174
with his presence grace impetuous
Son 67 2
Impious—O impious act
RL 199
The impious breach
" 869
Impleck'd—metal amorously . . .
LC 265
Import—Were to forgetfulness Son 122 14
Importune—Whom thine eyes woe
as mine importune thee
" 142 10
Imposition—in knighthood to her
imposition
RL 1697
Imposition—Surfeits . . . grief
VA 743
Impracticable—When rocks . . .
Son 65 7
Impressible—When thou impressible
LC 267
Impression—In every light . . .
VA 566
the impression of strange kinds
RL 1242
which deep impression bears
" 1712
doth the impression fill
Son 112 1
Imprint—thy mind's . . . will bear
" 77 3
Imprinted—my soft lips imprinted
VA 511
Imprison'd—. . . in the ground
RL 1046
imprison'd in a holy dead
" 1456
unfolding his imprison'd pride
Son 52 12
The imprison'd absence
" 58 6
Impure—with impure defecture
VA 736
to purge my impure tale
RL 1078
Impurity—that some impurity
" 854
Impute—for my sin thou didst son 83 9
In—In such time-beguiling
VA 24
trembling in her passion
" 27
in a dull disdain
" 36
but frothy in desire
govern'd him in strength, though
not in lust
" 42
devoiling all in haste
" 57
breatheth in her face '
" 62
tangled is a net
" 67
fasten'd in her arms
" 68
in his angry eyes
" 79
ducks as a quick in
" 87
in summer's heat
" 91
She bastes in water
" 94
in battle ne'er did bow
in every jar
100
in a red-rose chain
110
see'st thou in the ground
118
Look at her eyes and
" 115
Since eyes in eyes
" 120
sport is not in sight
" 124
in their prime
" 131
in little time
" 132
churlish, harsh in voice
" 134
one wrinkle in my brow
139
quick in time
" 140
Would in thy palm
" 144
his shadow in the brook
" 162
And so, in spite of death
" 173
In that thy likeness
" 174
tired in the mid-day heat
" 177
Being judge in love
" 220
in her arms be bound
" 225
fingers in time
" 176
mountain or in dale
" 222
smiles as in disdain
" 241
That in each check
" 242
in a tomb so simple
" 244
in thine own law
" 251
smiles at thee in scorn
" 252
In living death
" 260
In shape, in courage
" 294
poor flies in his fame
" 316
desperate in his suit
" 336
holds her in his eye
" 342
in a gaol of snow
" 352
ivory in an alabaster band
" 363
bondage in disdain
" 367
in her naked bed
" 397
it is a life in death
" 413
wither in their prime
" 418
Each part in me
" 436
should I be in love
" 438
stealing in disturb the feast
" 450
breatheth life in her
" 474
When in a fresh array
" 508
in water seen by night
" 492
in earth or heaven
" 493
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the
fire
" 494
In my soft lips
" 511
hath ended in the west
" 530
Childly in love
" 582
incaged in his breast
" 582
I'll waste in sorrow
" 583
In she in the very lists

VA .... 595

her mishaps

VA .... 603

in him finds missing

VA .... 605

but in vain

VA .... 607

what'oe'er is in his way

VA .... 623

lurk in mine eye

VA .... 644

in a peaceful hour

VA .... 652

gentle Love in his desire

VA .... 653

whispers in mine ear

VA .... 639

pursuers in their yell

VA .... 688

where in the streets

VA .... 696

In night, qoth she

VA .... 720

The earth in love

VA .... 722

in high heaven's despite

VA .... 731

But in one minute's flight

VA .... 746

in dark obscurity

VA .... 760

will hold thee in disdain

VA .... 764

Sing in thy pride

VA .... 792

So in thyself

VA .... 763

is bestow'd in vain

VA .... 771

all in vain you strive

VA .... 772

armed in mine ear

VA .... 779

In his bedchamber

VA .... 784

your device in love

VA .... 789

Therefore in sadness

VA .... 797

glides he in the night

VA .... 816

Fold in the object

VA .... 822

jewel in the flood

VA .... 824

in some mistrustful

VA .... 825

in the dark she lay

VA .... 827

wise in folly, foolish-witty

VA .... 838

Still concludes in weo

VA .... 899

In such-like circumstance

VA .... 844

arise in his majesty

VA .... 856

And all in haste

VA .... 870

The bushes in the way

VA .... 871

hid in some brake

VA .... 876

up in fatal folds just in his way

VA .... 879

remaineth in one place

VA .... 885

rang in her ear

VA .... 892

in a trembling ecstasy

VA .... 895

In hand with all

VA .... 912

kennell'd in a brake

VA .... 913

In the sweet channel

VA .... 958

seen in the tears, tears in her eye

VA .... 902

prison'd in her eye like pearls in

glass

VA .... 980

In thoughts unlikely

VA .... 989

In likely thoughts

VA .... 990

And in her haste

VA .... 1029

in his shelly cage

VA .... 1034

up in shade doth sit

VA .... 1065

perplexed in his throne

VA .... 1043

In his soft flank

VA .... 1053

And straight, in pity

VA .... 1061

his shadow in the brook

VA .... 1099

some other in their bills

VA .... 1102

And nuzzling in his flank

VA .... 1115

in his soft groin

VA .... 1115

in the place she stood

VA .... 1121

she whispers in his ear

VA .... 1125

in darkness lies

VA .... 1126

in a breathing while

VA .... 1142

Sith in his prime

VA .... 1163

And in his blood

VA .... 1167

Which in round drops

VA .... 1170

and in the breach appears

VA .... 1173

To wither in my breast as in his

VA .... 1182

In—here in my breast

RA .... 1183

Lo, in this hollow cradle

RA .... 1185

one minute in an hour

RA .... 1187

In her light chariot

RA .... 1191

all in post

RA .... 61

in pale embers hid

RA .... 5

Which triumph'd in that sky

RA .... 12

in Tarquin's tent

RA .... 15

in the possession

RA .... 18

in the owner's arms

RA .... 27

which in his liver glows

RA .... 45

jewel'd in repentant cold

RA .... 48

boasted blushes, in despite

RA .... 55

in that white intuited

RA .... 57

use it in the fight

RA .... 62

in Lucrece' face was seen

RA .... 64

in her fair face's field

RA .... 72

In their pure ranks

RA .... 73

triumph in so false a foe

RA .... 77

In that high task

RA .... 80

In silent wonder

RA .... 84

In plats of majesty

RA .... 93

That nothing in him seem'd

RA .... 94

so wanteth in his store

RA .... 97

Write in the glassy margents

RA .... 102

Won in the fields

RA .... 107

Doth yet in his fair welkin once

RA .... 115

appear

RA .... 116

And in her vaulty prison stows

RA .... 119

in this poor-rich gain

RA .... 140

in waning age

RA .... 142

And in this aim there is

RA .... 143

in fell battle's rage

RA .... 145

So that in venturing

RA .... 148

In having much

RA .... 151

And in his inward mind

RA .... 185

engraven in my face

RA .... 203

in my golden coat

RA .... 205

and in a desperate rage

RA .... 219

Or him in ambush

RA .... 232

As in revenge

RA .... 256

there is no hate in loving

RA .... 240

be kept in awe

RA .... 245

Which in a moment

RA .... 250

in my eager eyes

RA .... 254

in my hand being lock'd

RA .... 260

him in the flood

RA .... 266

remorse in poor abuses

RA .... 269

Love thrives not in the heart

RA .... 270

And in the self-same seat

RA .... 289

extinguishing his conduct in this

case

RA .... 313

return again in haste

RA .... 321

He in the worst sense

RA .... 324

But in the midst

RA .... 344

assist me in the act

RA .... 350

Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his

head

RA .... 368

in that darksome prison

RA .... 379

in his clear boi

RA .... 382

seems to part in sunder

RA .... 388

And canopied in darkness

RA .... 389

in the map of death

RA .... 402

in life's mortality

RA .... 403

Each in her sleep

RA .... 404

He lived in death and death in life

RA .... 406

These worlds in Tarquin now ambi-
bition bred

RA .... 411

And in his will

RA .... 417
In—In bloody death
Swell in their pride
one in dead of night
but she in worser taking
in a thousand fears
ugly in her eyes
In darkness daunts them
This moves in him more rage
'The colour in thy face
even in my soul
towering in the skies
For in thy bed
And in thy dead arms
cited up in rhymes
in succeeding times
In a pure compound
His venom in effect
in men's nativity
Plead, in a wilderness
In his dim mist
While in his hold-fast foot
even in plenty wanteth
In the remorseless wrinkles
'Tarquin's likeness
be seeded in thine age
In thy hope
If cannot be hid in clay
When they in thee the like of

foences prove
Must he in thee read
dishonour in thy name
trespass in another
deadly worthy in thy brother
wrap'd in with infamies
in greater fury fret
in thy sea dispersed
Then look'd in their shame, they
in thy pride
in this shamefull doom
one in dead of night
in her lips' sweet fold
He pens her pitious charms in
her head

Cooling his hot face in the chasteest
tears
in digestion souring
comprising in still imagination
Lust is in thy pride
brought in subjection
Which in her presence she con-
trolleth
Even in this thought
bath lost in gain
perplex'd in greater pain
He in his speed
still in darkness be
that doth eat in steel
That in their smoky ranks
co-partners in my pain
And fellowship in wo
which in thy reign are made
some dreadful in thy shadow
character'd in my brow
write in learned books
in my looks

stamp'd in Collatinus' face
How he in peace is wounded, not
in war
honour lay in me

In—In thy weak hive a wandering
wasp had crept
profaned in such a devil
hatch in sparrows' nests
lurk in gentle breasts
Who in their pride
Even in the moment
And in thy shady cell
To stamp the seal of time in aged
things
in themselves beguiled
in thy pilgrimage
minute in an age
Tarquin in his flight
Afflict him in his bed
tigers in their wildness
In time of sorrow
bath his coal-black wings in mire
in skill-contending schools
"'In vain I call
In vain I call
In vain I spurn
my honour lives in thee
thou livest in my defame
that our consumes
"'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and
seek in vain
in secret thought
in cleanly-coin'd excuses
Still in night
in a sea of care
in merry company
And in my heart's repine you dumb
drown'd in ken of shore
in my dishewell hair
sing'st not in the day
is she in mutiny
swallow'd in confusion
If in this blinmiss'd fort
in his blood
writ in my testament
For in my death
read it in me
set in her mistress' sky
Who in a salt-waved ocean
the other makes in hand
in his hand
In men, as in a rough-grown grove
The precedent whereof in Lucrece
view
from our house in grief
To talk in deeds
in both their faces
spied in her some blemish
in scorn of nature
burnt out in tedious nights
observance in this work was had
In great commanders
triumphing in their faces
In youth, quick bearing
In Ajax and Ulysses
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and
rigour roll'd
In speech, it seem'd
And in their rage
Griped in an armed hand
In her the painter had anatomized
changed to black in every vein
imprison'd in a body dead
In—In Priam's painted wound

E. L. 1466

And here in Troy

1467

a private sin in general

1484

In bloody channel lies

1487

some sin in Simon's was abused

1506

in his plain face

1529

can lurk in such a look

1535

came in his mind

1536

she in that sense forsook

1588

For Simon his fire doth quake

1556

And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell

1557

in sorrow's sharp sustaining

1573

in shows of discontent

1589

clad in mourning black

1585

like rainbows in the sky

1587

water-galls in her dim element

1588

Amazely in her sad face

1591

though sod in tears

1592

in a trance

1595

attired in discontent

1601

swan in her watery nest

1611

In me woes

1615

In the interest of thy bed

1619

Yet in the dreadful dead of dark midnight

1625

in my chamber came

1626

The lechers in their deed

1637

he forgot in mighty Rome

1644

Doth in her poison'd closet

1659

he strives in vain

1665

Yet in the eddy, boundeth in his pride

1669

In rage sent out, recall'd in rage

1671

As bound in knighthood

1697

carved in it with tears

1713

in her harmless breast

1723

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase

1736

In two slow rivers

1738

Circles her body in

1739

In this fearful flood

1741

If in the child

1753

In thy sweet semblance

1759

And then in key-cold Lucrece's bleeding stream

1774

pale fear in his face

1775

come in his poor heart's aid

1784

emulation in their woe

1808

his wit in state

1809

Burrying in Lucrece's wound

1810

in Collatinius' eyes

1817

In such relenting dew

1829

In them doth stand

1833

country rights in Rome maintained

1838

makes waste in niggarling

Som 1 12

in thy beauty's field

2 2

Look in thy glass

3 1

and she in thee

3 9

pent in walls of glass

5 10

In thee thy summer

5 12

Letting thee living in posterity

6 12

Lo, in the orient

7 1

youth in his middle age

7 6

out-going in thy noon

7 13

joy delights in joy

8 2

In singleness the parts

8 8

Strikes each in each

8 10

In—Who all in one

Som 8 12

consumest thyself in single life

9 2

husband's shape in mind

9 9

in the world doth spend

9 9

bath in the world an end

9 11

in that bosom sits

9 13

come in thine or thee

10 14

in one of thine

11 2

shouldst in bounty cherish

11 12

sunk in hideous night

12 2

girded up in his shade

12 12

which you hold in lease

13 5

in honour might uphold

13 10

that I in heaven find

14 8

in them I read such art

14 10

Holds in perfection

15 2

Vaunt in their youthful sap

15 7

in youth before my sight

15 10

And all in war with Time

15 13

fortify yourself in your decay

16 3

neither in inward worth

16 11

live yourself in eyes of men

16 12

in time to come

17 1

And in fresh numbers

17 6

live twice, in it and in my rhyme

18 11

wander'st in his shade

18 11

When in eternal lines

18 12

phoenix in her blood

19 4

Him in thy course

19 11

love shall in my verse

19 14

less false in rolling

20 5

A man in hue, all 'haes' in his

20 7

controlling

20 7

in this huge rondeau hems

21 8

O, let me, true in love

21 9

fix'd in heaven's air

21 12

in thee time's furrows I behold

22 3

Which in thy breast doth live, as

22 4

thine in me

22 7

And in mine own love's strength

23 7

in table of my heart

24 2

Which in thy bosom's shop

24 7

who are in favour

25 1

joy in that I honour

25 4

And in themselves their pride lies buried

25 6

in their glory die

25 8

to whom in vassalage

26 1

in wanting words to show it

26 6

In thy soul's thought

26 8

a journey in my head

27 3

hung in glistingly night

27 11

return in happy plight

28 1

in consent shanks hands

28 6

When, in disgrace

29 1

more rich in hope

29 5

Yet in these thoughts

29 9

hid in death's datless night

30 6

hidden in thee lie

31 8

I view in thee

31 13

To march in ranks

32 12

o'ertake me in my way

34 3

Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke

34 4

lives in sweetest bud

35 4

evenly in this

35 5

I bring in sense

35 9

war is in my love

36 12

In our two loves there is

36 5
I love thee in such sort
Enthralled in thy parts
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
that best I wish in thee
if mighth in me
ten times more in worth
in whom all ill
leech out their
A loss in love
in dreams they look
are bright in dark directed
in the living day
When in dead night
In tender embassy of love
thou in him dost lie
And this in him
Or heart in love
And in his thoughts
thy picture in my sight
in sure wards of trust
lock'd up in any chest
that weight in me
past thy mind
In winged speed
in his fiery race
in the long year set
jewels in the carcanet
you in Grecian tires
in every blessed shape
in all externals grace
which doth in it live
bright in those contents
Even in the eyes
You live in this, and dwell in
lovers' eyes
in his former might
that in your will
should in thought control
in some antique book
in character was done
in sequent toll
in the main of light
in beauty's brow
in hope my verse shall stand
and idle hours in me
inward in my heart
in all worth surmounts
stall in these black lines be seen
ke in them still green
That in black ink
trimm'd in jollity
in days long since
in him those holy antique hours
are seen
In other accents
And that, in guess
that flies in heaven's sweetest air
in your sweet thoughts
merit lived in me
For you in me
seem false in this
mayst in me behold
In me thou seest
fadeth in the west
seals up all in rest
In me thou seest
Hath in this line some interest
in a noted weed

In—assistance in my verse
It in these words thou dost but mend
found it in thy cheek
what in thee doth live
And in the praise thereof spends
when I in earth am rotten
in me each part will be forgotten
entombed in men's eyes
in the months of men
Thou art as fair in knowledge as
in hue
In true plain words
in thee it is abused
slept in your report
what worth in you doth grow
in one of your fair eyes
posts can in praise devise
in whose confine immured
what in you is writ
Muse in manners holds her still
In polished form
that is in my thought
speaking in effect
thoughts in my brain
My bonds in thee
gift in me is wanting
In sleep a king
in the eye of scorn
thou in losing me
and in my tongue
do the drop in for an after-loss
Come in the rearward
But in the onst come
Some glory in their birth, some in
their skill
Some in their wealth, some in
their body's force
Some in their garments
Some in their hawks and hounds,
some in their horse
I better in one general best
Wretched in this alone
When in the least
heart in other place
no hatred in thine eye
In it I cannot know
In many's looks
Is writ in moods
heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face
canker in the fragrant rose
O, in what sweets dost thou thy
sins include
but in a kind of praise
that in thee are seen
I love thee in such sort
been absent in the spring
dress'd in all his trim
youth in every thing
flowers in colour and in hue
vermilion in the rose
in my love's veins
in pride of all his growth
In gentle numbers
truth in beauty dyed
for't lies in thee
more weak in seeming
but in the spring
in summer's front doth sing
In—stays her pipe in growth of ripen'd days

Son 102 8

Look in your glass
‘tis in your glass
in my verse can sit
when you look in it
in process of the seasons have I seen
in three hot Junes burn'd
in your generous excellence
And in this change
Three themes in one
never kept seat in one
When in the chronicle
In praise of ladies dead
Then, in the blazon
I'll live in this poor rhyme
in this shall find thy monument
What's in the brain
in love's fresh cause
in thy breast doth lie
in my nature reign'd
in it thou art my all
A god in love
To what it works in
In so profound abyss I throw
in my purpose bred
mine eye is in my mind
'tis flattery in my seeing
Creep in 'twixt vows
in your waken'd hate
Thus policy in love
In the distraction of this madding fever
I suffer'd in your crime
Which in their wills
in their badness reign
forgetfulness in me
in a waste of shame
Is but in action
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so
and in quest to have
A bliss in proof
see I in her cheeks
And in some perfumes
Than in the breath
Yet, in good faith
In my judgement's place
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds
that ushers in the even
like in every part
in thy steel bosom's ward
nurse over in my soul
for I, being pent in thee
and all that is in me
and 'Will,' in overplus
hide my will in thine
Shall will in others seem
And in my will
And in abundance
So thou, being rich in 'Will'

Son 135 14

In— and me in that one 'Will
in things of great receipt
Then in the number
Though in thy store's account
Be anchor'd in the bay
In things right true
in the world's false subtleties
is in seeming trust
And age in love
And in our faults
but in my sight
And in my madness
In faith, I do not love thee
they in thee a thousand errors note
in despite of view
Root pity in thy heart
In pursuit of the thing
child holds her in chase
one angel in another's hell
but live in doubt
Straight in her heart
in giving gentle dooms
in sailing hours of dross
Love put in my head
do I in myself respect
That in the very refuse
That, in my mind, thy worst
raised love in me
Triumph in love
To stand in thy affairs
In loving thee
In act thy bed-row broke
In vowing new hate
faith in thee is lost
In a cold valley-fountain
but in her maiden hand
in a cool well by
silken figures in the brine
had pelleted a tear
in clamours of all size
nor tied in formal plat
in her a careless hand of pride
Some in her threaden fillet
bradled in loose negligence
she in a river threw
find their sepulchres in mud
sadly pear'd in blood
she in her fluxive eyes
This said, in top of rage
in brief the grounds and motives
in the charity of age
though in me you behold
And when in his fair parts
did hang in crooked curls
was in little drawn
thinks in Paradise was swnn
waving stood in doubt
falseness in a pride of truth
in himself, not in his case
catching all passions in his craft of will
in the general bosom reign
dwell with him in thoughts
in personal duty, following
and in it put their mind
that in the imagination set
theirs in thought assign'd
and labouring in rose pleasures
That did in freedom stand

IN

IN 151
In—fee-simple, not in part
art in youth and youth in art
in his charmed power
myself in honour so forbid
To put the by-past perils in her way
that preach in our behalf
in others' orchards grew
were gilded in his smiling
of shame in me remains
Kept hearts in liverys
commanding in his monarchy
in bloodless white
Encamp'd in hearts
in whose fresh regard
parcels in combined sums
now, in the sun did shun
her living in eternal love
sports in unconstraining gyres
in that my boast is true
their fountains in my well
ay, dieted in grace
In thee hath neither sting
in the suffering things it bears
In the small orb of one
In him a plenty of subtle matter
In either's aptness
which in his level came
And, vell'd in them, did win
burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury
which in his check so good
in the world's false forgeries
P P 1 4
in love with love's ill rest
And age, in love
in love thus mother'd be
one angel in another's hell
but live in doubt
cures all disgrace in me
very, in thee it is
all in love forlon
bounced in, whereas be stood
Yet in the midst of all
Bad in the best, though excellent
in neither
And I in deep delight
and both in thee remain
Here in these brakes
Deep in the thigh
See, in my thigh
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in
the spring
cloth'd Adonis in her arms
In spite of physic
In scorn or friendship
To put in practice either
Playing in the wanton air
firmly fix'd in love
More in women than in men remain
in black morn'd I
Living in thrall
In howling wise, to see
men in bloody fight
in faith, you had not
ringing in thy lady's ear
And in thy suit be humble
toys that in them lurk
kisses all the joys in bed
of love in every shepherd's tongue
In the merry month

In—sitting in a pleasant shade
then mournst in vain
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead
Is no friend in misery
help thee in thy need
Thus of every grief in heart
priest in surplice white
In a mutual flame
loved, as love in twain
essence but in one
there in love was slain
But in them it were a wonder
Flaming in the phoenix's sight
Reason, in itself confounded
Grace in all simplicity
enclosed in embers lie
Incaged—inca'ded in his breast
VA ...
Incapable—Incapable of more
Incense—Offer pure incense
Inconstancy—Inconstancy
Inconstant—of this inconstant stay
Incorporate—Incorporate then they
see
increase—Upon the earth's increase
with thy increase be fed
You do it for increase
we desire increase
wisdom, beauty, and increase
big with rich increase
Increases—that men as plants increase
Increase—ploughman with increaseful crops
Increasing—her woes the more
Increasing store with less
Incurn—fond Paris, did incurn
Indeed—seeing thee so indeed
indeed to do me good
showing me myself indeed
He that is thy friend indeed
Indenting—indenting with the way
Indiggest—monsters and things
Infamy—to embrace mine infamy
not their own infamy
wrapped in with infamies
and in their infamy
I cavil with mine infamy
A dying life to living infamy
engirt with daring infamy
and thy perpetual infamy
Infant—Or like the frivolous infant
indeed
leaves an infant's heart
Odd, leaves not infant sorrows
Infant's heart so sore
her poor infant's discontent
Infected—Or toads infect fair fountains
Infected—Q, that infected moisture

IN

152

INFECTED

PP 21 3
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IN

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Inward—That inward beauty and invisible

Whose inward ill

And in his inward mind

With inward vice

Vexation of his inward soul

Neither in inward worth

Dine in inward lore of heart

Grounded inward in my heart

To kiss the tender inward

Ireful—Being irreful, on the lion

Iron—the iron bit he crusheth enters at an iron gate

and yet as iron rusty

Is—O, how quick is love

The steel is staked up

saith she is modest

River that is rank

Still is he stol'n

Her best is better'd

'Tis but a kiss I beg

Sport is not in sight

My flesh is soft

Love is a spirit all compact

Is love so light, sweet boy

Is thine own heart

to get it is thy duty

Still is left alive

What 'tis to love

What's this to relief

The time is spent

Thus my strength is tried

Brother that is standing by

how he is enraged

When it is barr'd

An oven that is stopp'd

Attorney once is mute

that she is so nigh

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone

And 'tis your fault

Is how to get my palfrey

Affection is a coal

Who is so faint

lesson is but plain

'Tis much to borrow

is love but to disgrace it

For I have heard it is

The colt that's back'd

where a heart is hard

Is hush'd before it runneth

believing she is dead

now is turnd to day

So is her face illumined

What hour is this

the plague is banish'd

What is ten hundred

Is twenty hundred

is some to taste

shrieks,—'tis very late

fee of parting tender'd is

roe that's tired with chasing

IS—his choice is froward

yet 'tis pluck'd

She is resolved

is she in the very lists

All is imaginary

is her annoy

She's in love, she loves, and yet she is not loved

know'st not what it is

what'er is in his way

is trodden on by many

The night is spent

and now 'tis dark

all is but to rob tho

What is thy body

so fair a hope is slain

Gold that's put to use

The kiss I gave you is bestow'd

tempting tune is blown

The path is smooth

When reason is the bawd

Love to heaven is held

is tempest after sun

Love is all truth

The text is old

My face is full of shame

deeply is redoubled

How love is wise

'tis so; they answer all, 'tis so

morning is so much o'erworn

it is no gentle chase

'tis a causeless fantasy

is mated with delays

Thy mark is feeble age

her best work is ruin'd

But none is best

it is Adonis' voice

Who is but drunken

Death is not to blame

but is still severe

'tis not my fault

'Tis he, foul creature

that Adonis is alive

with him is beauty slain

he is not dead

Her voice is stopp'd

several limb is doubled

Whose tongue in music now

What face remains alive that's worth

'tis true, 'tis true

But he is dead

and that is cold

this is my spite

where is no cause

matter is to fire

is rest from her by death

And so 'tis thine; but know, it is

And 'tis thy right

quickly is convey'd

As is the morning's silver-melting
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because it is his own

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his soul's fair temple is defaced
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  " ..... 1368
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  " ..... 1624
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  " ..... 1652
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  " ..... 1556
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  " ..... 1695
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  " ..... 1685
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  " ..... 1692
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  " ..... 1702
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  " ..... 1721
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  " ..... 1750
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  " ..... 1754
'She's mine,' 'O, mine she is
  " ..... 1793
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  " ..... 1803
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  " ..... 1821
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
  " ..... 1825
Now is the time
  " ..... 3
For where is she so fair
  " ..... 3
Or who is he so fond
  " ..... 3
That use is not forbidden
  " ..... 6
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
  " ..... 9
But that thou none least is most evident
  " ..... 10
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind
  " ..... 11
Thy end is truth's
  " ..... 14
it is but as a touch
  " ..... 13
And often is his gold
  " ..... 18
as is false women's fashion
  " ..... 29
Is—So is it not with me
my love is as fair
Is but the seemly raiment
when mine is slain
Who with his fear is put besides
his part
My bold is the frame wherein 'tis held
It is best painter's art
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still
Is from the book of honour razed quite
day's oppression is not eased by night
Thy bosom is endeared
That due of many now is thine alone
'Tis not enough that through
Thy adverse party is thy advocate
civil war is in my love
there is but one respect
mine is thy good report
Look, what is best
For who's so dumb
And what is't but my own
It is a greater grief
It is not all my grief
That thou hast thee, is of my wailing chief
my loss is my love's gain
But here's the joy
this title is impanned
verdict is determined
mine eye's due is thine outward part
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took
mine eye is famish'd for a look
mine eye is my heart's guest
of posting is no need
So is the time
What is your substance
Is poorly imitated
virtue only is their show
by feeding is alway'd
So true a fool is love
your charter is so strong
but that which is
Is it thy will
Is it thy spirit
thy love, though much, is not so great
 folly
It is my love
there is no remedy
It is so grounded
no grace so gracious is as mine
'Tis thee, myself, that
This thought is as a death
Whose action is no stronger
since his rose is true
now Nature bankrupt is
Thus is his chock the map
with outward praise is crown'd
The soul is this
The ornament of beauty is suspect
where my body is
which is his due
My spirit is thine
Is—is that which it contains
And that is this
and his wealth is found
Save what is bad
Why is my verse so barren
all my best is dressing old words
now
what is already spent
the sun is daily new
So is my love still telling what is told
whose influence is thine
wide as the ocean is
in thee it is abused
Who is it that says most
immured is the store
what in you is writ
I say, 'tis so, 'tis true
But that is in my thought
where is my deserving
The cause of this fair gift in me is
my patent back again is swerving
Such is my love
while the world is bent
Thy love is better
Is writ in moods
flower is to the summer sweet
thy face is youth
thy grace is youth
mine is thy good report
'tis with so dull a cheer
But best is best
My love is strengthen'd
That love is merchandized
the summer is less pleasant now
argument, all bare, is of more worth
Kind is my love to-day
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument
in this change is my invention spent
What's in the brain
What's new to speak
That is my home of love
Alas, 'tis true
sold cheap what is most dear
ture it is that I have look'd
Now all is done
my nature is subdued
your pity is enough to cure
mine eye is in my mind
and is partly blind
but effectually is out
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery
what with his gust is 'greening
'tis the lesser sin
Love is a babe
Love is not love
It is an ever-fixed mark
and is never shaken
It is the star
Whose worth's unknown
Love's not Time's fool
That better is by evil
when it is built anew
'tis better to be vile
which is so deemed
IS—foist upon us that is old  
Which is not mix'd  
her quietus is to render thee  
But now is black beauty's success'ive heir  
But is profused  
Is jest in action  
is perfused, murderous  
Coral is far more red  
is there more delight  
that is not false I swear  
Thy black is fairest  
beauty herself is black  
Let us enough  
and all that is in me  
confess'd that he is thine  
art covetous and he is kind  
whose will is large and spacious  
And wilt, thy soul knows, is ad- 
mitted there  
Among a number one is rockon'd  
none  
for my name is 'Will  
They know what beauty is  
what the best is take the worst to be  
Where to the judgement of my  
heart is tied  
say this is not  
thus she is made of truth  
thus is simple truth supprest  
But wherefore says she not she is  
unjust  
love's best habit is in seeming trust  
is more than my ever-press'd  
world is grown so bad  
But is this heart that loves  
Who, in despit of desire, is pleased to dote  
Love is my sin  
whose busy care is spent  
The better angel is a man right fair  
From heaven to hell is flown away  
Is this thy body's end  
My love is as a fever  
Desire is death  
now reason is past care  
where is my judgement fled  
to say it is not so  
Love's eye is not so true  
That is so vex'd  
That is so proud  
There is such strength  
Love is too young to know what conscience is  
conscience is born of love  
He is contented  
faith in thee is lost  
'Tis promised in the charit ye  
But, woe is me  
What's sweet to do  
'twixt May and April is to see  
advice is often seen  
' It is thy last  
This man's untr'ue  
That's to thy sorrow  
neither party is nor true nor kind  
That is, to you my origin and ender  
what labour isn't to leave  
in that my boast is true  

IS—What breast so cold that is not warmed here  
nature is both kind and tame  
that she is made of truth  
my love that she is young  
love's best habit is a soothing tongue  
My better angel is a man right fair  
breath a vapour is  
in thee it is  
it is no fault of mine  
what fool is not so wise  
Well learned is that tongue  
Which to me some praise  
Which, not to anger bent, is music  
and sweet fire  
Fair is my love  
and yet, as glass is, brittle  
Dowland to thee is dear  
whose deep conciet is such  
One god is god of both  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short  
Youth is nimble, age is lame  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak  
and cold  
Youth is wild, and age is tame  
my love is young  
Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good  
A brittle glass that's broken presently  
blessed is that once's for ever lost  
now my song is ended  
All is amis't  
All my lady's love is lost  
There a nay is placed without rest  
anove  
Heart is bleeding  
sport from us is fled  
our love is lost, for Love is dead  
I see that there is none  
There is no heaven  
King Pandion he is dead  
Is no friend in misery  
That he is thy friend  
constancy is dead  
Death is now the phoenix' nest  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she  
Island—Who, like a late-sack'd  
Issue—Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire  
This proud issue of a king  
Thy issue bluss'd  
When your sweet issue  
This abundant issue  
Isness—Alas! if thou issueless  
It—in her passion, calls it balm  
And calls it heavenly  
Perforce will force it  
'Tis but a kiss I beg  
were it with thy hand felt  
sweet boy, and may it be  
that shouldst think it  
to get it is thy duty  
What 'tis to love  
I'll give it thee again  
When it is barr'd
And 'tis thy right
because it is his own

call'd it then their shield
thou mayest use it

it should be kill'd
unloose it from their bond

by augmenting it
and lend it not

That it will live
hold it for no sin

'shameful it is
Hateful it is

Forced it it tremble
then it faster rock'd

blows the smoke of it
He takes it from the rushes where

it lies

And griping it
Whether it is that she reflects
What terror 'tis

behold it
was it newly bred

To soften it
wherein it shall discern
him that gave it thee

For it was lent thee
how vile a spectacle it were
For there it Revels

So fares it
And bids it leap from thence,
where it may and

it is bereft
For it had been dishonour
that it cannot cure

'tis so, 'tis but a blow when he can-
not use it

And leaves it to be master'd
presently abuse it

'Tis thou that executest
'Tis thou that spur'st

How comes it then
where it lay

'So ready 'tis mad
with like semblance it is sympa-

thized

'Tis double death to drown
would do it good

Who, if it wink

'mack, what were it
with greater patience bear it

Then let it not be call'd
'shame to honour to deprive
read it in me

thou shalt see it
'life's fair end shall free it

'so be it

O, let it not be hid
it small avails my mood

if it should be told
cannot make it less

For more it is
prepare to carry it

it will soon be writ

Let he should hold it

that it doth behold

'Tis but a part of sorrow
and on it writ

and she delivers it

God wot, it was defect
It—but do it leisurely

For now 'tis stale to sigh
As heaven it seem'd
That it beguiled attention
In speech, it seem'd
It seem'd they would debate
'It cannot be,' quoth she
'It cannot be,' she in that sense
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be,
I find
Yet it seldom sleeps
How slow it creeps
It caseth some, though none it ever cured
All the task it hath to say
Let it then suffice!
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
carved in it with tears
'tHie, he, fair lord, 'tis he
That blow did halt it
Whereupon it breathed
And, as it left the place
Revenge, hold it in chase
From her breast, it doth divide
till it blow up rain
At last it rains
'tis mine that she hath kill'd
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow?
Thou feel'st it cold

Nor it, nor no remembrance what
It was
ere it be self-kill'd
be it ten for one
Is it for fear
the world enjoys it
user so destroys it
if it shall go well
if it were still
it is but as a tomb
in it and in my rhyme
'Canst thou, it gait it
So is it not with me
the frame wherein 'tis held
it is best painter's art
words to show it
all naked, will bestow it
'tis not enough that through
though it alter not
doth it steal sweet hours
And what is't but mine own
Were it not thy sour leisure
It is a greater grief
It is not all my grief
yet it may be said
recounting it to me
It might uncase stay
from the thing it was
but fairer we it deem
which doth in it live
be it not said
Or call it winter
to you it doth belong
be it not ill
Is it thy will
Is it thy spirit
It is my love
It is so grounded
'Tis thee, myself, that

It—which it fears to lose
The hand that writ it
whereon it must expire
which it was nourish'd by
that which it contains
and pays it true and
And found it in thy check
In thee it is abused
Who is it that says most
I say 'Tis so, 'tis true
Was it the proud full sail
Was it his spirit
gavest it, she mistaking
should do it wrong
Wherein it finds a joy
For it depends upon
and yet I know it not
Though to itself it only live
'Tis with so dull a cheer
Yet seem'd it winter up
or colour it had stol'n
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee
greet it with my lays
when it hath my added praise
Were it not sinful then
when you look in it
would show it dead
it could so preposterously be stain'd
in it thou art my all
Alas, 'tis true
Most true it is
Thence comes it that
To what it works in
For it no form delivers
which it doth latch
holds what it doth catch
For if it see the rudest
it shapes them to your feature
taught it this alchemy
O, 'tis the first, 'tis flattery
most kindly drinks it up
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it
when it alteration finds
it is an ever-fixed mark
It is the star
But bears it out even
Whilst it hath thought
when it is built anew
'Tis better to be vile
It might for Fortune's bastard
No, it was builded
It suffers not in smiling
It fears not policy
That it nor grows
were 't ought to me I bore
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name
I swear it to myself alone
O, let it then as well
deep wound it gives
Is't not to torture me
fill it full with wild
so it please thee hold
see where it lies
If I might teach thee wit, better it were
But 'tis my heart that loves
It—It merits not reproving
Or, if it do, not from those lips
Be it lawful I love thee
that, when it grows
taught it thus anew
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to say it is not so
If it be not, then love
How can it? O, how can
hold it that I call
think sometime it saw
Which on it had
what contents it bears
'Tis promised In the charity
Let it not tell your judgement
it was to gain my grace
the web it seem'd to wear
If best were as it was
in it put their mind
"Nor gives it satisfaction
That we must curb it
and cry "It is thy last
why, 'twas beautiful and hard
what labour 'tis to leave
the suffering pangs it bears
Feeling it break
as it best descives
vapour row; in thee it is
then it is no fault of mine
when first it 'gins to bud
'T may be, she joy'd
'T may be, again to make me
It was a lording's daughter
alas, it was a splice
should help it
ere it be day
had not had it then
bullet beats it down
heard it said full oft
here be it said
it fell upon a day
it to hear it was great pity
in them it was a wonder
That it cried, How true
Whereupon it made
'Twas not their infirmity
It was married chastity
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she
Italy—In the streets of fruitful Italy R L
Itself—Beauty within itself
Beauty itself doth of itself
Wounding itself to death
That jealousy itself
fountain clears itself again
Who heaven itself for ornament
doth use
Or state itself confounded
lace itself with his society
Without all ornament, itself and true
to itself it only live and die
thought itself so blessed never
The sun itself sees not
Reason in itself confounded
Ivy—Of this ivy pale
ivy in an alabaster band
Her breasts, like ivy globes
To batter such an ivy wall
Like ivy conduits

Jack—Do I envy those jacks
Since saucy jacks so happy are
Jade—How like a jade he stood
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Jewels to wear
Jewel in the flood
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Or captain jewels in the carcanet
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Of this false jewel
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They Join and shoot their flam
Join with the sprite of fortune
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Joint—my joints did tremble
had they its flag forged to how
my frail joints shake
sets every joint a-shaking
Joined—Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, ed, fetlocks shag
Jointly—All jointly listening
Then jointly to the ground
Jollity—now nothing trimm'd in jollity
Jot—be any jot diminish'd
Journey—a journey in my head
How heavy do I journey
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by high almighty Jove
Thine eye Jove's lightening seems
'O Jove,' quoth she
Thou for whom Jove would swear
And deny himself for Jove
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and death was lively joy
and to lack her joy
Joy—joy bids her rejoice
Her joy with heaved-up hand
A froth of fleeting joy
Must sell her joy
Joy breeds months of pain
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that tune their memory's joy
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a joy above the rest
Before, a joy proposed
Woe! all my joys in bed
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This told I joy; but then no longer glad
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And when the judge is robb'd
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So, till the judgement
on better judgement making
Then yet my judgement
In my judgement's place
the judgement of my heart
where is my judgement fled
Let it not tell your judgement
from judgement stand aloof
Juice—han and lacking juice
Jump—To jump up higher seem'd
Can jump both sea and land
We can three hot Junes burn'd
Juno—Juno but an Ethiop were
Just—Was now she just before him
fatal folds just in his way
when it seems most just
and a stranger just
a show so seeming just
Just to the time
And just as just please
And the just pleasure lost
and see just cause of hate
Justice—Justice is feasting
might plead for justice there
For sparing justice feeds iniquity
Justice—O call me not to justify the wrong
Justly—And justly thus controls
One justly weeps
Keen—edge on his keen appetite
Pick the keen teeth
he that the keen appetite
Keep—Love keeps his revels
keep his loathsome cabin
keep with thy hounds
earth-deliving conies keep
shall it keep in quiet
he should keep unknown
and keep themselves enclosed
Keep still possession
keep th'yon from thy aid
To keep thy sharp woes waking
Keep—keep him from heart-easing words
private widow well may keep
yourself keeps yourself still
which I will keep so chary
keep my drooping eyelids
with my desire keep pace
that keeps a drowsy man
thy image should keep open
that keeps mine eye awake
And keep invention
To keep an adjunct
She keeps thee to this purpose
but not still keep, her treasure
Who'er keeps it, his joy's
that vow'd chaste life to keep
Keep the obscure so strict
Keep'st—with tears thou keepst me blind
Keeping—Cave-keeping evils that
obscurely sleep
Keen—to drown in ken of shore
Kennell'd—kennell'd in a brake
Kept—twenty locks kept fast
by a painted cloth be kept in aw
Dear love be kept unspotted
which thy chaste bee kept
when time is kept with tears
both were kept for heaven
and kept unused
still now never keep set in one
his prescriptions are not kept
kept hearts in livers
But kept cold distance
that kept my rest away
Key—as the rich, whose blessed key
Key—and in—are the cold Lcacres'
bleeding stream
Kill—for looks kill love
thy didst kill me; kill me once again
butcher, bent to kill
doth cry 'Kill, kill!
the other kills thee quickly
murder wakes to stain and kill
both condone and kill
this blessed league to kill
To thine honour
all that brood to kill
Or kills his life
seek every hour to kill
Kill both thyself and her
'To kill myself,' quoth she
will kill myself, thy foe
act of lust, and so did kill
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To-morrow see again and do not kill
and wretched minutes kill
no fair beaschers kill
Kill me outright with looks
or kill the gallant knight
Kill'd—and hath kill'd him so
I should have kill'd him
by her side lay kill'd
between them both it should be kill'd
kill'd my son or sire

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A harmful knife
The murderous knife
Brutus, who pluck'd the knife
And thus be bloody knife
And kiss'd the fatal knife
confoundling age's cruel knife
conquest of a wretch's knife
The hardest knife ill used
his scythe and crooked knife

Knighthood—

By knighthood, gentry
As bound in knighthood

Knit—

With heavy eye, knit brow
Knit poisonous clouds

Knock—

Knock at my heart

Knot—

As knot, nor con-

Know—

nor know not what we mean
they know not whether
't know love, quoth he, 'nor
will not it know myself, seek not to know
For my heart, know
For now she knows
she knows not whither
Which knows no pity
who know'st not
but know, it is as good
of this rash alarm to know
I know what thorns
I know repentant tears
that knows no gentle right
that know not how
but he that gives them knows
I know shall not know
But thou shalt know
nor law, nor limit knows
That knows not parching heat
Know, gentle wrench
to know your heaviness
Collatine may know
prepare to let them know
I know not the heart
Thou know, dear love, thou know'st
Though yet, heaven knows
They draw but what they see, know not the heart
And yet, love knows
'th' wretch did know
no motion shall I know
even that blessed shape we know
O, know, sweet love
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth
mayst know
and yet I know it not
I cannot know thy change
To know my shames
mine eye well knows
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art

Know—

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
yet well I know
And will, thy soul knows
They know what beauty is
Which my heart knows
though I know she lies
although she knows the pioner, ah, my love well knows
from their physicians know
this shall I never know
now I know thy mind
Love is too young to know
Yet who knows not
by age, desires to know
though I know she lies
Although I know my years
The truth I shall not know
The cock that treats them shall not know

These are certain signs to know
Knowing—As....Tarquin's last
Knowing a better spirit
thy own worth then not knowing
knowing thy will
Knowing thy heart torment me

Knowledge—

my knowledge I derive
Within the knowledge of mine
own desert
Thou art as fair in knowledge
If knowledge be the mark
than hate's known injury
known to us poor swains
not what it is
because thou know'st I love her
thou know'st thy estimate
For well thou know'st to my dear
doting heart
thou know'st I am forsworn

Labour—

each passion labours so
doth labour to expel
labour hence to beare thee
With too much labour
Yet save that labour
what labour is 't to leave

Labour'd—the painter laboured with his skill

Laundering—you see the...pioneer
Which, laundering for invention
And labouring in more pleasures

Labyrinth—Are like a labyrinth

Lace—

And lace itself with his society
Lack—he did not lack
and to lack her joy
but lack tongues to praise
not born fair, no beauty lack
they foule that th' complexion lack
Lost the requiem lack his right
Lack—I sigh the lack of many a thing
Lack'd—being lack'd, to hope
Then lack'd I matter
Love lack'd a dwelling
Lackey—Thou careless lackey to
Lacking—lean, and lacking juice
Love-lacking vestals
LACKING—Which I by lacking
Lad—Did court the lad
Laden—one with treasure laden
Lady—No, lady, no! my heart
their dear governness and lady lies
a sad look to her lady's sorrow
But, lady, if your maid may be
should right poor ladies' harms
In praise of ladies dead
Ah, that I had my lady
learned man hath got the lady gay
All my lady's love is lost
By ringing in thy lady's ear
Unless thy lady prove unjust
Laid—when safely she had laid
but laid not words to gage
laid great bases for eternity
On purpose laid to make the taker
mad
Cupid laid by his brand
Laid by his side
And down I laid
Laid—Or lain in ambush
Lagging—As lagging foals before
the northern blast
Lamb—never fright the silly lamb
The silly lambs: pure thoughts
the poor lamb cries
She like a wearied lamb
where the lamb may get
How many lambs might the stern
wolf betray
If like a lamb he could his looks
translate
Lame—The poor, lame, blind, halt,
crump, cry out for thee
So I, made lame by fortune's dear-
So then I am not lame
Youth is nimble, age is lame
Lameness—Speak of my lameness
Lament—she finds forlorn, she doth
lament
And my laments would be
Lamentable—If a thousand lamentable
objects
Lamentation—relenting dew of la-
mentations
Lamenting—lamenting Philemon
had ended
with my lamenting tongue
Lamp—Were never four such lamps
the lamp that burns
each lamp and shining star
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in
darkness lies
Lance—hath he hung his lance
Land—ere rich at home he lands
the heart of all her land
can jump both sea and land
Of lands and mansions
Landlord—Then the true Gentry
landlord
Language—with lustful language
Lantas'd—To me that languish'd
for her sake
Lanquish'ed—Even so she ....
Languishment—Weeps at thy ....
heartstrings to true languishment
Leaf—His leaves will wither R.L. 1168
and lusty leaves quite gone Son 5 7
trees I see barren of leaves " 12 5
their fair leaves spread " 25 5
When yellow leaves, or none " 73 2
The vacant leaves " 77 3
That leaves look pale " 11 4
Study his bias leaves P.P. 5 5
Through the velvet leaves " 17 5
all with leaves of myrtle " 20 12
League—That now he vows a .... R.L. 287
this blessed league to kill " 383 3
This forced league doth force " 689 5
a league is too

Lean—whereon we lean V.A. 125
lean, and lacking juice " 136 4
ugly, meagre, lean " 931 4
and lean discolor'd cheek R.L. 708
Lean penury within that pen Son 84 5

Lean'd—lean'd on another's head R.L. 145
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn P.P. 21 10

Leaning—leaning on their elbows V.A. 44
Leap—Imperiously he leaps " 265 4
curvets and leaps " 279 4
Whereat she leaps " 1026 5
once more leap her eyes " 1050 6
And bids it leap from thence R.L. 760 6
To leap large lengths Son 44 10
those jacks that nimbly leap " 128 5
Beasts did leap and birds did sing P.P. 21 5

Leap'd—lustful lord leap'd from his bed R.L. 169

Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him Son 98 4

Learn—And learn of him V.A. 404
O, learn to love " 407 4
Where subject's eyes do learn R.S. 67 1
the school where Lust shall learn " 617 4
O, learn to read what silent love Son 23 13
But thence I learn " 118 13

Learned—learn'd to sport and dance V.A. 105
He learn'd to sin R.L. 659
what is writ in learned books " 811 4
feathers to the learned's wings Son 78 5
He learn'd but surely like " 134 7
Well learned is that tongue P.P. 5 8
the learned man hath got the lady gay " 16 15

Learning—this .... mayst thou taste Son 77 4
As high as learning " 78 14
Which by a gift of learning P.P. 16 14

Lease—Which you hold in lease Son 13 5
summer's lease hath all too short a date " 14 8
Can yet the lease of my true love control " 107 3
leases of short-number'd hours " 124 10
having so short a lease " 146 5

Least—And not the least V.A. 745
by death, at least, I give R.L. 1033 8
Or, at the least, this refuge " 1634 5
at least kind-hearted prove Son 10 12
With what I most enjoy contented least " 29 8
When in the least of them my life hath end " 93 6
Or, at the least " 122 5
stands least in thy control " 125 14

Leather—with a leathern rein V.A. 392

Leave—I had ta'en his last leave " 2 4
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Leaves—thou left'st me in my power

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O, lest your true love may seem " ..... 72 9
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Lest sorrow bend me words " ..... 140 2
Lest eyes well seeing thy foul fault should find " ..... 148 14
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove " ..... 151 4
Lest she some subl'nt practices smell P P 19 9
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Let me excuse thy courser with wringing; let us part " ..... 403 421
Let their crimson livers " ..... 506
Now let me say " ..... 555
you crush me; let me go " ..... 611
5, let him keep " ..... 657
will not let a false sound " ..... 780
that would let him go R L ..... 76
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Let him have time " ..... 984
Let him have time " ..... 985
Let him have time " ..... 988
Let him have time " ..... 990
And ever let his unrecalling crime " ..... 993
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Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood " ..... 1029 1069
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Then let it not be called impiety " ..... 1174
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Let sin, alone committed, light alone " ..... 1450
Let guiltless souls be free " ..... 1482
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yet let the traitor die " ..... 1686
let no mourner say " ..... 1797
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool " ..... 1819
let not winter's ragged hand deface Son 6 1
Let those whom Nature hath not " ..... 11 9
not let that copy die " ..... 11 14
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay " ..... 13 9

Let—let your son say so Son 13 14
O, let me, true in love, but truly write " ..... 21 9
Let them say more " ..... 21 13
O, let my books be then the clo-
" ..... 23 9
Let those who are in favour with their stars " ..... 25 1
To let base clouds o'take me " ..... 34 3
Let me confess " ..... 36 1
Let him bring forth " ..... 58 11
let us divided live " ..... 39 5
Let this sad intermit like the ocean be " ..... 56 9
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let me be obsequious " ..... 125 9
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let me pass untold " ..... 139 9
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VA 663

Lie quietly, and hear
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lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies
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RL 127

her beloved Colossus lies
RA 256

where each treasure lies
VA 283

from the rushes where it lies
VA 318

Lies at the mercy
VA 364

her rosy cheek lies under
VA 369

like a virtuous monument, she lies
VA 394

their dear governor and lady lies
VA 443

shameful lies
VA 503

under his resting falchion lies
VA 569

trailed lies panting there
VA 737

Immodestly lies martyr'd
VA 832

whose guilt within their bosoms lie
VA 1342

under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies
VA 1488

in bloody channel lies
VA 1487

the father's image lies
VA 1753

where all thy beauty lies
Som 1 7

your true image pictured lies
Som 2 5

their pride lies buried
Som 25 7

that hidden in thee lie
Som 31 8

that thou in him dost lie
Som 46 5

thy face lies
Som 46 8

My grief lies toward
Som 50 14

from Thee's chest lie hid
Som 65 10

on the ashes of his youth doth lie
Som 73 10

When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie
Som 81 8

my life on thy revolting doth lie
Som 92 10

for't lies in thee
Som 101 10

which in thy breast doth lie
Som 109 4

who scarce it lies
Som 137 3

Therefore I lie with her
Som 138 13

the bath for my help lies
Som 153 13

what a hell of witchcraft lies
LC 288

Therefore I'll lie with love
PP 1 13

I lie with'd on the ground
PP 13 9

Here enclosed in cinders lie
PT 55

Life—on his back doth lie
VA 864

devie some virtuous life
Som 72 5

by lies we flatter'd be
Som 138 14

give the lie to my true sight
Som 150 3

against the truth so foul a lie
Som 152 14

thou register of lies
LC 52

Life, e., would say this poet lies
Som 17 7

Those lines that I before have writ
do lie
Som 115 1

For thy records and what we see
doth lie
Som 123 11

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Som 138 2

though I know she lies
PP 1 2

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VA 12

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VA 197

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VA 289

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VA 413

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VA 474

or life desire
VA 496

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with life's strength doth fight
RL 124

is but to nurse the life
VA 142

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VA 145

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VA 383

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VA 402

death's dim look in life's mortality
VA 456

Life—but that life lived in death and
deed in life
RL 406

with thy life's decay
RL 516

Thou their fair life
RL 661

lost to their life's than life
RL 687

The life of purity
RL 780

Or kills his life
RL 875

to end a hapless life
RL 1045

A dying life to living infancy
RL 1055

Till life to death acquitt
RL 1071

When life is shamed
RL 1155

to deceive dishonour'd life
RL 1196

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RL 1207

Besides, the life and feeling
RL 1317

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RL 1346

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RL 1374

Sho'ld life imprison'd
RL 1456

one man's last these many lives confounds
RL 1489

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RL 1729

That life was mine
RL 1752

I did give that life
RL 1800

who holding Lucerne's life
RL 1805

consumnest thyself in single life
Som 9 2

the lines of life that life repair
Som 18 1

Which hides your life
Som 17 4

gives life to thee
Som 18 14

Though in our lives
Som 36 6

My life, being made of four, with two alone
Som 45 7

Until life's composition
Som 45 9

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Som 63 12

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Som 65 7

Even with my life decay
Som 71 12

My life hath in this life
Som 74 3

lost the dregs of life
Som 74 9

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Som 75 1

immortal life shall have
Som 81 5

others would give life
Som 83 12

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Som 83 13

For term of life
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And life no longer
Som 92 3

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Som 92 6

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Som 92 10

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LC 114

Lifeless—Fie, lifeless picture
VA 211

gave lifeless life
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Som 7

Light, a,—the crystal tears gave
VA 491

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RL 105

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| stood, like old acquaintance | " | 1705 |
| Who, like a late-sack'd city | " | 1740 |
| Like the idle age | Son | 7 10 |
| like a naked wife | " | 9 4 |
| Be scorn'd like old men | " | 17 10 |
| Which, like a jewel | " | 27 11 |
| wishing me like to one | " | 29 5 |
| Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd | " | 29 6 |
| Like to the lark | " | 29 11 |
| Like stones of worth | " | 32 7 |
| interin like the ocean be | " | 56 9 |
| But like a sad slave | " | 57 11 |
| Like as the waves make towards | " | 60 1 |
| shadows like to thee | " | 61 4 |
| And, like utter'd clerk | " | 85 6 |
| like enough thou know'st | " | 87 2 |
| Like a deceived husband | " | 93 2 |
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| Like him that travels | " | 109 6 |
| like the dyer's hand | " | 111 7 |
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| Like as to make our appetites | " | 115 8 |
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| Like usury, apply'd to wet | L.C | 40 |
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| Thy like no'er was | " | 18 50 |
| Even so, poor bird, like thee | " | 21 27 |
| Words are easy, like the wind | " | 21 33 |
| Like—like you worse and worse | V.A | 77 4 |
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| Limb—each several limb is doubled | V.A | 1067 |
| limbs with travel tirol | Son | 27 2 |
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| nor law, nor limit knows | R.L | 1120 |
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| Nor draw no lines there | " | 19 10 |
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| in those black lines be seen | " | 63 13 |
| Nay, if you read this line | " | 71 5 |
| My life hath in this line | " | 74 3 |
| your countenance fill'd up his line | " | 86 13 |
| Dulling my lines | " | 103 8 |
| Thes lines that I before have writ | " | 115 1 |
| in top of rage the lines she rents | L.C | 55 |
| Linen—the nightly linen that she wears | R.L | 680 |
| Linger—to linger out a purposed overthrow | Son | 99 8 |
| Linger-er—who, with a . . . stay | R.L | 328 |
| Lion—on the lion he will venture | V.A | 628 |
| rough bear, or lion proud | " | 63 4 |
| the lion walk'd along | " | 1093 |
| As the grim lion fawneth | R.L | 421 |
| the unicorn and lion wild | " | 956 |
| Time, blunt thou the lion's paws | Son | 19 1 |
| Lip—-lips with loathed satiety | V.A | 19 |
| but soon she stops his lips | " | 46 |
| thy lips shall never open | " | 48 |
| her lips were ready | " | 89 |
| turns his lips another way | " | 90 |
| Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine | " | 115 |
| why not lips on lips | " | 120 |
| upon thy tempting lip | " | 137 |
| thy lips the worse out | " | 207 |
| Graze on my lips | " | 234 |
| He chafes her lips | " | 477 |
| for thy piteous lips | " | 504 |
| Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted | " | 511 |
| on my wax-red lips | " | 514 |
LIP—thirsty lips well knew
their lips together glued
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey
his lips rich treasure
nectar from his lips
sweet lips and crystal eye
so do thy lips
looks upon his lips
Her coral lips
in her lips' sweet fold
through her lips, so vanisheth
and from his lips did fly
From lips new-waxed pale
through his lips do throng
Of hand, of foot, of lip
though rosy lips and cheeks
Whilst my poor lips
more blest than living lips
my thy lips to kiss
more red than her lips' red
not from those lips of thine
Those lips that love's own hand did make
Upon his lips their silken parcels
burls
Her lips to mine
he seized on my lips
And with her lips on his

Lip—thirsty lips well knew
their lips together glued
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey
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nectar from his lips
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Upon his lips their silken parcels
burls
Her lips to mine
he seized on my lips
And with her lips on his

Liquid—A liquid prisoner pent in
walls of glass

Lust—where I list to sport me
in the very lists of love
hide them when they list
Be where you list
to list the seduced tale

Listening—with listening ear
with open listening ear
All jointly listening
listening Pram wets his eyes

Listeth—not all she listeth

Little—themselves in little time
thence doth little harm
hear a little more
And then my little heart
For every little grief

Little suspecteth the false worshipper
through little vents and crannies
Like little frosts
A little harm done
huge stones with little water-drops
But little stars may hide
The little birds that tune
the little worms that creep
each little mote will peep
a little while doth stay
the Greeks with little lust
Then little strength rings out
And little stars shot
but a little moment
The Little Love-god
on his visage was in little drawn

Lived—when time may live
which lives by subllest
There lives a son
Adonis lives, and Death
lives and must not die
That it will live engraven

Live—that doth live by slaughter
Let him have time to live
one that by alms doth live
my honour lives in thee
But if I live thou livest in my de-

life died in death
LIVED

Loathsome—Some loathsome oath
the herald will contrive R L .... 206
write my loathsome trespass " .... 812
The loathsome act of lust " .... 1636
And loathsome canker lives Son 35 4
Lock—under lively locks V A .... 575
Play with his locks " .... 1900
The locks between her chamber R L .... 302
his brownly locks old hang L C .... 85
Lock—locks her lily fingers V A .... 228
bid Suspicion double-lock the door " .... 418
Locked—in my hand being lock'd R L .... 200
break open her lock'd-up eyes " .... 446
lock'd up in any chest Son 48 9
his sweet up-looked treasure " .... 52 2
Lode-star—to his lustful eye R L .... 179
Lodged—lodged not a mind so ill Son 10 10
be fairer lodged than gentle love Son 10 10
She was new lodged L C .... 84
Lofty work peal'd from the lofty
pine R L .... 1107
When lofty trees I see Son 12 5
 sometime lofty towers I see " .... 64 3
Long—one long as twenty V A .... 22
Which long have rain'd" " .... 83
with long dishelv'd hair " .... 147
fell long and loathsome " .... 293
Long may they kiss " .... 505
lovers' hours are long " .... 842
they long have gazed " .... 927
Long after fearing to creep forth " .... 1066
Of things long since, or " .... 1073
after supper long he questioned R L .... 122
To hold their cursed-blessed for-
time long " .... 856
But long she thinks " .... 1359
quench Troy that burns so long " .... 1463
too long with her remaining " .... 1572
Short time seems long " .... 1573
would be drawn out too long " .... 1616
from heart-eyesing words so long " .... 1782
So long as men can breathe Son 18 13
So long lives this " .... 18 14
So long as youth and thou " .... 22 2
weep ares love's long-since-cancer-
cell'd we " .... 30 7
Loathed—to outlive long date " .... 38 12
in the long year set " .... 62 6
In the long since " .... 1485
then must leave er long " .... 73 14
that thou forget'st so long " .... 100 1
make him seem long hence " .... 101 4
so long as brain and heart " .... 122 5
Ere long espied a hickle maid L C .... 5
And long upon these terms " .... 176
methinks they stay't too long P P 12 12
Long was the combat doubtful " .... 16 5
my tongue to be so long " .... 19 82
Long—my heart longs not to groan V A .... 785
and then she longs for sorrow R L .... 1571
long to hear her words " .... 1610
Longer—no longer to restrain him V A .... 579
cease thy course and last no longer R L .... 1755
No longer yours than you yourself live here Son 13 2
draw my sorrows longer " .... 28 13
but then no longer glad " .... 45 13
No longer mourn for me " .... 71 1
Longer—And life no longer than thy love

Look—no meaning from their parted looks

Look, Look, how a bird flies

Look, how he can, she cannot choose

Look, in mine eyesball

Look, when a painter

Look, what a horse should have

Look, upon his love

Look, upon the dull earth

Look, the world's comforter

Look, and look well to her heart

Look, how a bright star

Look, how the world's poor people

Look, so steadfastly

Look upon his lips

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun

She darest not look

And dotes on what he looks

eyes do learn, do read, do look

Look, as the full-fed hound

Look, for the morning light

Look to her lady's sorrow

Those far-off eyes look sad

Look, look, how listening Priam

She looks for night

Look in thy glass

and look another way

Look, what an unthrift

Look, when thou endow'd

Then look I death

and look for recompense

And look upon myself

Look, what is best

in dreams they look on thee

The rose looks fair

They look into the beauty

you look upon this verse

should look into your moon

Look, what thy memory

so oft as thou wilt look

strange and look strange

That leaves look pale

in your glass

Your own glass shows you when you look in it

My love looks fresh

That looks on tempests

says beauty should look so

Look here, what tributes

she hotter that did look

Look, or what a wave of looks

For one sweet look

And at his look

looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth

with looks again

LONGER

LOSE
| Love—what he would lose again | R. L ..... 688 |
| to him lose their mildness | " ..... 979 |
| They that lose half | " ..... 1158 |
| Nor lose possession of that fair | Son 18 10 |
| lose one by single one | " ..... 39 6 |
| If I lose thee | " ..... 42 9 |
| and I lose both twin | " ..... 42 11 |
| which it fears to lose | " ..... 64 14 |
| knife ill used doth lose his edge | " ..... 97 14 |
| lose their dear delight | " ..... 102 12 |
| Lose all and more | " ..... 125 6 |
| Sun and his | " ..... 154 12 |
| Loseth—Loseth his pride | V. A ..... 420 |
| Losing—Losing her woes in shows | R. L ..... 1580 |
| And losing her, my friend | Son 42 10 |
| That thou in losing me | " ..... 88 8 |
| Still losing when I saw myself | " ..... 119 4 |
| Loss—for loss of Nestor's golden words | R. L ..... 1280 |
| the hopeless merchant of this loss | " ..... 1500 |
| All losses are restored | Son 30 14 |
| yet I have still the loss | " ..... 34 10 |
| A loss in love | " ..... 42 4 |
| my love is my love's gain | " ..... 42 9 |
| my friend hath found that loss | " ..... 42 10 |
| store with love, loss with store | " ..... 64 8 |
| drop for my of iron and loss | " ..... 90 4 |
| Compared with loss of thee | " ..... 90 14 |
| live thou upon thy servant's loss | " ..... 146 9 |
| the loss thereof still fearing | P P 7 10 |
| Wrought all my loss | " ..... 18 14 |
| Lost—perfect, never lost again | V. A ..... 468 |
| lost the fair discovery | " ..... 828 |
| had lost a lover | " ..... 944 |
| what treasure hast thou lost | " ..... 1075 |
| Their virtuous lost | " ..... 1131 |
| and all together lost | R. L ..... 147 |
| lost a dearer thing than life | " ..... 687 |
| captive victor that hath lost in gain | " ..... 730 |
| My honey lost, and I | " ..... 856 |
| that dear jewel I have lost | " ..... 1191 |
| but lose the dregs of life | Son 74 9 |
| And the just pleasure lost | " ..... 121 3 |
| Him have I lost | " ..... 134 13 |
| my honest faith in thee is lost | " ..... 152 8 |
| Lost, vailed, broken, dead | P P 13 6 |
| And as goods lost | " ..... 13 7 |
| once's for ever lost | " ..... 13 11 |
| All my Lady's love is lost | " ..... 18 10 |
| All our love is lost | " ..... 18 48 |
| Lot—bequest not to their lot | R. L ..... 534 |
| Loud—To stop the loud pursuers | V. A ..... 688 |
| Anon their loud alarms | " ..... 700 |
| and my loud crying still | Son 143 14 |
| Loudest—Let the bird of loudest lay | P T ..... 1 |
| Lour—still he lours and frets | V. A ..... 75 |
| Lour'st—Nay, if thou lour'st on me | Son 149 7 |
| Louring—His louring brows | V. A ..... 183 |
| Love—but love he laugh'd to scorn | " ..... 4 |
| O, how quick is love | " ..... 38 |
| Love keeps his revells | " ..... 123 |
| Love is a spirit | " ..... 149 |
| Love is love | " ..... 155 |
| seize love upon thy left | " ..... 158 |
| cries 'Fie, no more of love | " ..... 185 |
| What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth | " ..... 202 |
| Being judge in love | " ..... 220 |
| Love made those hollows | " ..... 243 |

Love—Why, there Love lived | V. A ..... 246 |
| Poor queen of love | " ..... 251 |
| He sees his love | " ..... 257 |
| He looks upon his love | " ..... 307 |
| Spurns at his love | " ..... 317 |
| His love, perceiving | " ..... 328 |
| Love-sick Love by pleading | " ..... 334 |
| love's fire doth assure | " ..... 377 |
| love's deep grounds | " ..... 393 |
| But when he saw his love | " ..... 397 |
| Who sees his true-love | " ..... 409 |

My love to love is love but to dis- | " ..... 412 |
| grace it | " ..... 424 |
| To love's alarms | " ..... 438 |
| should I be in love | " ..... 442 |
| Yet would my love | " ..... 444 |
| that breedeth love | " ..... 444 |

For love doth love, and love by | " ..... 454 |
| that by love so thirsteth | " ..... 466 |
| love did wittily prevent | " ..... 471 |
| if any love you owe me | " ..... 523 |
| Chieft in love | " ..... 508 |
| Yet love breaks through | " ..... 576 |
| Tell me, love's master | " ..... 555 |
| the very lute of love | " ..... 610 |
| She's Love, she loves | " ..... 649 |
| To which Love's eyes | " ..... 610 |
| For Where Love reigns | " ..... 653 |
| Distermpering gentle Love | " ..... 656 |
| eats up Love's tender spring | " ..... 714 |
| For love can comment | " ..... 722 |
| I love with thee | " ..... 775 |
| If love have lent you | " ..... 775 |

I hate not love, but your device | " ..... 789 |
| in love | " ..... 793 |
| Call it not love, for Love | " ..... 799 |
| Love comforteth like sunshine | " ..... 801 |
| Love's gentle spring | " ..... 803 |
| Love surfeits not | " ..... 811 |
| Love is all truth | " ..... 814 |
| Leaves Love upon her back | " ..... 837 |
| How love makes young | " ..... 838 |
| How love is wise | " ..... 867 |
| tidings of her love | " ..... 932 |
| Hateful divorce of love | " ..... 947 |
| Love's golden arrow | " ..... 985 |
| love, how strange it seems | " ..... 1002 |
| fear my love's decease | " ..... 1021 |
| Fie, fie, fond love | " ..... 1136 |
| Sorrow on love | " ..... 1140 |
| all love's pleasure | " ..... 1163 |
| doth my love destroy | " ..... 1164 |

They that love best their loves | " ..... 1164 |
| shall not weep | " ..... 1188 |
| kiss my sweet love's flower | " ..... 241 |
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| love's modest snow-white weed | " ..... 196 |
| I'll beg her love; but she | " ..... 246 |
| Self-love had never drown'd him | " ..... 270 |
| Love thrives not in the heart | " ..... 283 |
| Then Love and Fortune | " ..... 335 |
| Against love's fire fear's frost | " ..... 355 |
| untimely tears, her husband's love | " ..... 377 |
| still are for'd for love | " ..... 393 |
| Yield to my love | " ..... 409 |
| Instead of love's coy touch | " ..... 421 |
| For Collatine's dear love | " ..... 438 |
Love—Whose love of either

My resolution, love, shall be thy
boast
" "..... 1165
my lord, my love, my dear
" "..... 1193
If ever, love, thy Laurence
" "..... 1236
Sweet love, what spite
" "..... 1690
And entertain my love
" "..... 1629
If thou my love's desire do contra-
dict
" "..... 1631
Of his self-love, to stop posterity
Son 3 8
No love toward others
" 9 13
thine heart's desire to any
" 10 1
fairer lodgment than gentle love
for love of me
" 10 10
but, love, you are
dear my love, you know
" 13 13
Time for love of you
" 15 13
carve not with thy hours my love's
d near
" 19 9
My love shall in my verse ever
live young
" 19 14
Mine be thy love and thy love's
use
" 20 14
O, let me, true in love
" 21 9
my love is as fair
" 21 10
O, therefore, love, be of thyself
of enemy of love's rite
" 22 9
mine own love's strength
" 23 7
of mine own love's might
" 23 8
Who plead for love
" 23 11
what silent love hath writ
" 23 13
belong to love's fine wit
" 23 14
Lord of my love
" 26 1
But thy sweet love remember'd
love's long-since-cancel'd woe
" 29 13
And there reigns love and all love's
loving parts
" 31 3
Hath dear religious love stol'n
buried love doth live
" 31 6
Reserve them for my love
" 32 7
this his love had brought
" 32 11
I'll read, his for his love
" 32 14
love's true that makes it dishonori-
whence thy love sheds
" 33 13
is in my love and hate
" 34 13
united loves are one
" 36 2
In our two loves
" 36 5
alter not love's sole effect
" 35 7
hours from love's delight
" 26 8
love engraven to this store
" 37 8
And our dear love
" 39 6
with thoughts of love
" 39 11
Take all my loves, my love, yea,
take them all
" 40 1
No love, my love, that thou mayst
take true love call
" 40 2
if for my love thou mine love receivest
my love thou artest
" 40 5
And yet, love knows
" 40 11
To bear love's wrong
" 40 12
A loss in love
" 42 4
my loss is love's gain
" 42 9
embassy of love to thee
" 45 6
thine inward love of heart
" 46 14
Or heart in love
" 47 4
With my love's picture
" 47 5
thoughts of love both share
" 47 8
thy picture or my love
" 47 9
When as thy love hath cast
" 49 3

Love—When love, converted

Sun 49 7
Thus can my love
" 51 1
of perfect'st love being made
" 51 10
But love, for love, thus shall excuse
" 51 12
Sweet love, renew thy force
So, love, be thou
" 56 5
The spirit of love
" 56 8
Return of love
" 56 12
So true a fool is love
" 57 13
O, no! thy love
" 61 9
It is my love
" 61 11
sin of self-love possesseth all
My own self-love quite contrary
" 62 1
Against my love shall be
" 63 1
My sweet love's beauty
" 63 12
and take my love away
" 64 12
my love may still shine bright
" 65 14
I leave my love alone
" 65 14
But let your love
" 71 12
After my death, dear love
" 72 7
O, lest your true love
That you for love
" 72 10
makes thy love more strong
" 73 13
O, know, sweet love
" 75 9
and you love
" 75 10
So is my love still telling
" 76 15
I grant, sweet love
" 76 16
my love was my decay
" 80 14
And do so, love; yet
" 82 9
whose love to you
" 83 11
Such is my love
" 88 12
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me
" 89 5
Thy love is better
" 91 9
than thy sweet will stay
" 92 3
upon that of love
" 92 4
Happy to have thy love
" 92 12
so love's face
" 93 2
May still seem love to me
" 93 3
In thy face sweet love should ever
" 93 10
If not from my love's breath
" 99 3
In my love's veins
" 99 5
my love's sweet face survey
" 102 3
Give my love fame faster
" 100 13
on my love depends
" 101 3
My love is strengthen'd
" 102 1
That love is merchandized
" 102 3
Our love was new
" 102 5
Let not my love
" 103 1
kind is my love-to-day
" 103 5
of my true love control
" 103 2
My love looks fresh
" 107 10
That may express my love
" 108 4
So that eternal love in love's fresh
case
" 108 9
conceit of love there bred
" 108 12
That is my home of love
" 109 5
proved thee my best of love
" 110 8
A god in love
" 110 12
Your love and pity
" 112 2
And that your love
" 114 4
Love is a bane
" 115 13
Love is not love
" 115 2
Love's not love's fool
" 115 3
Love alters not with his brief hour
" 115 11
upon your dearest love
" 117 3
and virtue of your love
" 117 14
Thus policy in love
" 118 12
And ruin'd love when it is built
" 119 11
 anew
Love—thy dear love to score
If my dear love
As subject to Time's love
I think my love so rare
to make love grow
Thus far for love
fulfil the treasure of thy love
Make but my name thy love, and
love that still
Thou blind fool, Love
When my love swears
O, love's best habit
And age in love loves not to have years told
ah, my love well knows
Love is my sin
And seal'd false bonds of love
Two loves I have
that Love's own hand
My love is as a fever
the physician to my love
what eyes hath Love
then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true
O, how can Love's eye be true
O, enduring Love
But, love, hate on
raised love in me
Love is too young
conscience is born of love
Triumph in love
Her love for whose dear love
to me love swearing
after new love bearing
Oaths of thy love
this holy fire of love
Love's brand new-fried
Which from Love's fire
Love's fire heats water, watercools
not love
Love to myself and to no love beside
Love lack'd a dwelling
For feasts of love
Love made them not
living in eternal love
Religious love put out Religion's eye
As compound love to physick
O most potent love
Love's arms are peace
When my love swears
Out facing faults in love with
love's ill rest
But wherefore says my love
O, love's best habit
And age in love loves not to have years told
Therefore I'll lie with love and
love with me
in love thus smoother'd be
Two loves I have
thou a heavenly love
If love make me forsworn, how
shall I swear to love
all in love forlorn
Fair is my love
her oaths of true love swearing
Dreading my love
She burn'd with love

Love—She burn'd out love
She framed the love
She bade love last
Then must the love be great
when the fair queen of love
with more than love's good will
O, my love, my love is young
that love with love did fight
Love, whose month was ever May
Turning mortal for thy love
Love denying
All my lady's love is lost
was firmly fix'd in love
Love hath forborne me
love is lost, for Love is dead
Live with me and be my love
Live with me and be my love
If that the world and love were
To live with thee and be thy love
Love and constancy is dead
Number there in love was slain
So between them love did shine
Love hath reason, reason none
Co-supremes and stars of love
Love—She loves him best
she cannot choose but love
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth
To love a cheek that smiles
O, learn to love
my eyes would love
She's Love, she loves
That if I love thee
They that love best their loves shall not
loves no stops nor rests
that love and am beloved
how I do love thee
I love thee in such sort
Though I do love her, because thou know'st I love her
then she loves but me alone
Since why to love I can allege
For causer vice the sweetest buds
do the love
for I love you so
that you should love
for to love things nothing worth
To love that well
For I must not love him
I love thee in such sort
I love thee not less, though less the show appear
That mine eye loves it
I could not love you dearer
Now I love you best
I love to hear her speak
Thine eyes I love
Make but my name thy love, and
love that still
And age in love loves not to have years told
not to love, yet, love, to tell
I do not love thee
my heart that loves what they despise
Be it lawful I love thee
say I love thee not
Love—make me love thee more

I love what others do abhor
And age in love loves not to have
told years
If love make me forsworn, how
shall I swear to love
O do not love that wrong
One knight loves both
So they loved, as love in twain

Loved—Hunting he loved
yet she is not loved
make thee only loved for fear
their images I loved
I loved her dearly
His rider loved not speed
arc loved of more and less
nor no man ever loved
So they loved, as love in twain

Love—God—The little Love—god
Love-kindling—his love-kindling fire
Love—lacking—Love—lacking vestals
Loveless—To leave the master...

Loveliness—Unthriftly—loveliness,
why dost thou spend
Lovely—more lovely than a man
These lovely caves
Calls back the lovely April
The lovely gaze where every eye
Thou art more lovely
beauteous and lovely youth
thy lovely argument
How sweet and lovely
ladies dead and lovely knights
O thou, my lovely boy
Lover—lover's—lover's
With many a lovely look

Lover—For lovers say, the heart
And like a lovely lover
must not repel a lover
For lovers' hours are long
trophies of my lovers gone
 rude rhymes of thy deceased lover
and dwells in lovers' eyes
though my lover's life
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet
self grow' st

Was this a lover
That the lover, sick to death

Lover'd—would not be so lover'd

Lover—Lover—Lover's—Lover'd

Loved—Why loved thou that
that thou none loved
And then thou lov ed me
Tell me thou lovedst elsewhere
as thou lov ed those
Those that can see thou lovest
Because thou lovest the one
Thou lovest to hear
plainly say thou lov est her well

Loved—suit—my love—suit, sweet, full of
Loved—vestals and self—loving numm's
the loving swine
there is no hate in loving
and tell my loving tale
apparel on my tatter'd loving
and all love's loving parts
vouchsafe me but this loving

Loving—Loving offenders, thus I
will
Self so self—loving were iniquity
all my loving thoughts on me
and most most loving breast
and loving mourners be
grounded on sinful loving
in loving thee thou know'st
should use like loving charms

Low—And being love never relieved
by any
Never settled equally, but high or low
But low shrubs wither
villain court'sies to her low
Some high, some low
From his low tract
both high and low
Low—declining—... honour

Lower—Stray lower, where the
pleasant fountains lie

Lowl y—And like a lowly lover
Loyal—tremble with her loyal fear
Since thou couldst not defend thy
loved dame
when I feared I was a loyal wife
And the turtle's loyal breast

Lack—of good or evil luck

Lucrece—Lucrece the chaste
his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
in Lucrece's face was seen
with modest Lucrece
So Lucrece must I force
marcheth to Lucrece's bed
by Lucrece's side
And holy—thoughted Lucrece
'Lucrece,' quoth he
But cloudy Lucrece
Poor Lucrece's cheeks
wherein in Lucrece view
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'O, peace! quoth Lucrece
If ever, love, thy Lucrece
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Lucrece spends her eyes
And therefore Lucrece swears
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Who finds his Lucrece
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The adulterate death of Lucrece
For she that was thy Lucrece
Till Lucrece's father
as pitying Lucrece's woes
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Then live, sweet Lucrece
Lucrece's bleeding stream
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LOVE

LUcretius
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Lung—that burning lungs did raise

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Lustily—chant it lustily

Lustily coursers's rein

Lute—Upon the lute did ravish

Luxury—in heart-wish'd luxury

Lying—Love-god lying once asleep

Mad—Being mad before

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      The crow may bathe  .... 1090
      I may convey this troubled soul
      that he may vow  .... 1176
      may be so bold  .... 1179
      may be call'd a hell  .... 1297
      Collate may know  .... 1312
      may grace the fashion  .... 1319
      her beauty I may tear  .... 1472
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      may be imagined  .... 1603
      'How may this forced stain be
      wiped  .... 1622
      May my pure mind with the foul
      act dispense  .... 1794
      May any terms acquit me  .... 1795
      Yet neither may possess  .... 1794
      widow well may keep  Son 9 7
May—that I may change  Son 10 9
      beauty still may live  .... 10 14
      Where I may not remove  .... 25 14
      May make seen bare  .... 25 6
      may I dare to boast  .... 26 13
      Suns of the world may sustain
      I may not evermore acknowledge
      thee  .... 36 9
      with manners may I sing  .... 89 1
      separation I may give  .... 39 7
      yet it may be said  .... 42 2
      more blest may be the view  .... 56 12
      Where you may be  .... 57 10
      You yourself may privilege your
      time  .... 58 10
      my love may still shine bright  .... 65 14
      your true love may seem  .... 72 9
      the world may see my pleasure
      May still seem love to me  .... 93 3
      mine eye may be deceived  .... 164 12
      the may character  .... 165 9
      That may express my love
      I may be straight  .... 121 11
      May time disgrace and wretched
      minutes kill  .... 121 5
      She may detain, but not still keep
      That I may not be so  .... 140 13
      That I may deserve  .... 142 12
      Suspect I may  .... 144 10
      My soul doth tell my body that he
      may  .... 151 7
      there may be aught applied
      may her suffering ecstasy assuage
      counsel may stop awhile  .... 160
      with acture they may be  .... 185
      Suspect I may, yet not  P.P .... 84
      'T may be she joy'd to jest
      'T may be again  .... 14 9
      thee  .... 14 10
      thy cheeks may blow  .... 17 9
      Where thy desert may merit praise
      pleasures may thee move  .... 20 15
      Truth may seem, but cannot be
      mayst the darling buds of May
      off 'twixt May and April  L.C .... 102
      Love whose month was ever May
      in the merry month of May
      Mayst—mayst thou well be tasted
      thou revenged mayst be  V.A .... 128
      Thou mayst call thine  Son 11 4
      that thou mayst prove  .... 26 14
      that thou mayst true love call
      thou mayst come and part
      thou mayst in me behold
      this learning mayst thou taste
      by the dial's shady stealthy mayst
      know  .... 77 7
      mayst without attain o'erlook
      that thou mayst take
      Thou mayst be false  .... 92 14
      thou mayst be denied  .... 142 14
      thou mayst have thy 'Will
      Maze—with a winding maze  R.L .... 1154
Maze—why dost thou me
      Did me discourse
      trees support me
      draw me through the sky
      I list to sport me
      'Ay me,' quoth Venus
      fire that burneth me  V.A .... 138
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      .... 152
      .... 153
      .... 154
      .... 157
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Me—shouldst contemn me this
Give me one kiss
'Give me my hand
O give me my heart
To thee apart I give it me
and let me go
leave me here alone
Let me excuse thy courser
donc me double wrong
Each part in me
feeling were with me
very smelt were left me
O thou didst kill me, kill me once
again
buys my heart from me
if any love you owe me
seek not to know me
Now let me say
Tell me, love's master
you crush me: let me go
to withhold me so
But that thou told'st me
be ruled by me
thou hear'st me moralize
Leave me, and then
may I love you like you
'Ay me!' she cries
Yet pardon me, I felt
To ciphers me
thou shalt charge me
'She took me kindly.
assist me in the act
She gavest for me
for his sake spare me
for thine own sake leave me
do not then ensnare me
do not deceive me
I complain me
to blush with me
Make me not object to the tell-tale
Day
Tarquin wronged me
thine honour lay in me
From me by strong assault
have come to me
O, hear me then
thou gavest me to repose
and enchained me
Teach me to curse him
For me, I force not
doth me no right
to do me good
to rid me of this shame
hath Tarquin rifled me
For me, I am the mistress of my fate
Ay me! the bark peal'd
made me stop my breath
read it in me
think no shame of me
mine own would do me good
But tell me, girl, when went
Go, get me hither paper
speed come and visit me
So, I commend me
Show me the strumpet
To me came Tarquin armed
In me none woes
might be done to me
O, teach me how to make
Me—this refuge let me find
Luceée, now attend me
suppose thou dost defend me
the help that thou shalt lend me
your honourable faiths to me
stain be wiped from me
acquit me from this chance
to give this wound to me
this end from me derived
Shows me a bare-boned death
But kneel with me
for love of me
by addition me of thee defeated
So is it not with me
O, let me, true in love
And then believe me
persuade me I am old
as things in me
Thou gavest me thine
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape,
and thine for me
Points on me graciously
To show me worthy
where thou mayst prove me
I haste me to my bed
shake hands to fortune me
Wishing me like to one
parts of me to thee did give
hast all the all of me
O, then vouchsafe me
mask'd him from me now
make me travel forth
'take me in my way
sourly robs from me
Let me confess
that do with me remain
by me be borne alone
public kindness honour me
then ten times happy me
if ought me to part
all the better part of me
Kill me with spices
Aye me! but yet thou
beauty being false to me
touches me more nearly
doth she abuse me
lay on me this cross
she loves but me alone
dreams dohow thee me
thought kills me
reckoning it to me
art present still with me
And scarcely greet me
do I enonce me here
To leave poor me
The beast that bears me
to bear that weight in me
More sharp to me
should I haste me thence
made me first your slave
O, let me suffer
Show me your image
and idle hours in me
From me far off
shows me myself indeed
Ruin hath taught me
No longer mourn for me
If thinking on me
And mock you with me
Me—What merit lived in me
Son 72 2
forget me quite
" 72 3
For you in me can nothing worthy
prove
" 72 4
more for me than mine
" 72 6
speak well of me untrue
" 72 10
to shame nor me nor you
" 72 12
thou mayst in me behold
" 73 1
In me thou see'st
" 73 5
In me thou see'st
" 73 9
shall carry me away
" 74 2
the better part of me
" 74 8
To make me tongue-tied
" 80 4
will hold me up aloft
" 89 9
in me each part
" 81 4
yield me but a common grave
" 81 7
Me for my dumb thoughts
" 85 14
that struck me dead
" 86 6
gift in me is wanting
" 87 7
Or me, to whom thou gavest it
" 87 10
disposed to set me light
" 88 1
thou in losing me
" 88 8
Doing the vantage, double-vantage
me
" 88 12
for sake me for some fault
" 89 1
disgrace make half so ill
" 89 5
hate me when thou wilt
" 90 1
make me bow
" 90 3
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave
me last
" 90 9
than high birth to me
" 91 9
and me most wretched make
" 91 14
state to me belongs
" 92 7
cannot vex me
" 92 9
still seem love to me
" 93 3
thy looks with me
" 93 4
issue seem'd to me
" 97 9
make me any summer's story tell
" 98 7
O, blame me not
" 103 5
and doing me disgrace
" 103 8
To me, fair friend, you never can
be old
" 104 1
and Death to me subscribes
" 107 9
Then give me welcome
" 110 13
Pity me then
" 111 8
Pity me then, dear friend
" 111 13
is enough to cure me
" 111 14
who calls me well or ill
" 112 3
None else to me
" 112 7
governs me to go about
" 113 2
Let me not to the marriage
" 116 1
and upon me proved
" 116 13
Accuse me thus
" 117 1
do tie me day by day
" 117 4
transport me farthest from your
sight
" 117 8
Bring me within the level
" 117 11
But shoot not at me
" 117 12
you were once unkind befriended
me now
" 120 1
soon to you, as you to me
" 120 11
and yours must ransom me
" 120 14
to prove from me was I bold
" 122 11
forgetfulness in me
" 122 14
To me are nothing novel
" 123 3
Were't aught to me
" 125 1
let me be obsequious
" 125 9
render, only me for thee
" 125 12
me thy lips to kiss
" 125 14
Me—and they, as pitying me
Son 152 1
torments me with disdain
" 152 2
To mourn for me
" 152 11
It gives my friend and me
" 153 2
to torture me alone
" 153 14
Me from myself
" 153 5
Who'er keeps me
" 153 11
and all that is in me
" 153 14
sweety-like to write for me
" 154 7
lust both him and me
" 154 13
and me in that one 'Will
" 155 14
let me pass until
" 156 9
For nothing hold me
" 156 11
That nothing me, a something
" 156 12
And then thou lov'st me
" 156 14
think me some untutor'd youth
" 158 3
she thinks me young
" 158 5
with her and she with me
" 158 13
O, call not me to justify
" 170 1
Wound me not
" 170 3
and slay me not by art
" 170 4
tell me thou lov'st elsewhere
" 170 5
Let me excuse thee
" 170 9
Kill me outright with looks
" 170 14
sorrow lend me words
" 149 3
yet, love, to tell me so
" 149 6
she that makes me sin
" 149 1
turn back to me
" 149 11
kiss me, be kind
" 149 12
two spirits do suggest me still
" 149 2
To win me soon to hell
" 149 5
But being both from me
" 149 11
To me that languish'd
" 149 13
Hold me left me
" 149 1
O me, what eyes hath love
" 148 1
thou know'st me blind
" 148 13
Nay, if thou bour'st on me
" 149 7
make me give the lie
" 150 3
how to make me love thee
" 150 9
raised love in me
" 150 13
For, thou betraying me
" 151 5
to me love swearing
" 152 2
though in me you behold
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over me hath power
" ..... 74
But woe is me
" ..... 78
for me many bulwarks builded
" ..... 152
Till thus he 'gan beseech me
" ..... 177
less of shame in me remains
" ..... 188
By how much of me
" ..... 189
what tributes wounded fancies
sent me
" ..... 197
their passions likewise lent me
" ..... 199
Nature hath charged me
" ..... 220
Since in their altar, you enpatron me
" ..... 224
What me your minister
" ..... 229
was sent me from a sinner
" ..... 232
O, pardon me, in that my boast
" ..... 246
which brought me to her eye
" ..... 247
O, hear me tell
" ..... 253
that to me belong
" ..... 264
and you o'er me being strong
" ..... 257
as he to me appears
" ..... 259
His poison'd me, and mine did
" ..... 391
him restore
" ..... 414
Ay me! I fell
" ..... 421
think me some untutor'd youth
PP 1 3
thinking that she thinks me young
" 1 5
and love with me
" 1 13
two spirits do suggest me still
" 2
Me—To win me soon to hell P P 2 5
For being both to me P 2 11
cures all disgrace in me 3 8
If by me broke 3 13
If love make me forsworn 5 1
These thoughts, to me like oaks 5 4
Which is to me some praise 5 10
many tales to please me 7 9
'twixt thee and me 8 3
Spenser to me, whose deep conceal 8 7
thou left me nothing 10 8
yet thou left me more 10 9
thou dost bequeath to me 10 12
the warlike god embraced me 11 5
the warlike god unloosed me 11 7
To kiss and clip thee 11 14
And shaff'd me to a cabin 14 3
to make me wander thither 14 16
and bade me come toorrow 15 12
To spit me now 15 15
Yet not for me 15 16
Love bath forlorn me 18 21
to round me on th' ear 19 61
Love bath forlorn me 19 11
Then live with me 20 16
pleasures might me move 20 19
Made me think upon 21 18
None alive will pity me 21 28

Mead—As he roots the mead VA 636
As winter meads when sun R L 1218
Meade—He which mead, where green Son 26 3
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means to immune herself 1194
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hapless life R L 1140
These means, as frets 1140
Paining for means 1165
That he finds means 1561
With means more blessed Son 16 4
Then public means 111 4
Meant—and meant thereby 11 13
Measure—Measure my strangeness with our unripe years VA 524
to tread the measures 1145
they measure by thy deeds Son 60 10
are not my measure 91 7
Measured—Thus far the miles are ... 50 4
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Medicine—And brought to medicine Son 118 11
Mediation—O, fearful meditation V A 15
Medic—This favour, for thy need 155
is the medd proposed R L 132
Meek—all recreant, poor, and meek 74
Meet—shall we meet to-morrow VA 585
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she meet the eastern light R L 773
not meet with Opportunity 962
they with winter meet Son 5 15
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Meeting—the ... clouds contend VA 829
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only tune ... 431
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Which her cheek melts 382
melt at mids' eyes' red fire 1673
Melt at my tears R L 924
when sun doth melt 1218
Melted—Was melted like a vapour VA 1166
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morning's silver-melting dew R L 24
moisten like a melting eye 1227
All melting; though our drops L C 300
Memorial—Which for memorial still Son 4 4
Memory—might bear his memory 1 4
their brave state out of memory 15 8
living record of your memory 55 8
shall never cut from memory 63 11
will give thee memory 77 6
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From hence my memory 83 4
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the thought of hearts can mend Son 60 2
doth bust but mend the style 78 11
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And place my merit 83 2
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What merit do I in myself respect 149 9
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Merry—she hears a merry horn 1025
And merry fools R L 989
stain in merry company 1110
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All my merry jigs P P 18 9
All our merry meetings 18 46
In the merry month of May 21 2
Messenger—the mindful messenger come back R L 1583
MIND

Might—worst of fortune's might

Might—When as I met the bear

Might far from home

Metal—With twisted metal

Methinks—And yet methinks

Methinks no face so gracious

which methinks still doth stand

That all the world besides me

methinks are dead

methinks thou stay'st too long

Method—To new-found methods

Metre—And stretched metre

Mettle—That horse his mettle

Mickle—more mickle was the pain

Mid-day—dried in the mid-day heat

might with the mid-day sun

Middle—strong youth in his middle

Midnight—dead of dark midnight

Midst—But in the midst

And midst the sentence

Yet in the midst of all

Middle—Light might be buried

the feast ever last

kings might be espoused

Might have excuse to work

might compass his fair fair

might have restored still

Till they might open

and shall have that ensue

which the world might bear

might become them better

There might you see

That one might see

You might behold

might one behold

Their pleasing might you see

might be dead to me

might plead for justice there

when I might charm thee so

beauty's rose might never die

might bear his memory

in honour might uphold

It might not be stay

That I might some

might be better used

being extant, well might show

might the stern wolf betray

might I from myself depart

Might I not then say

Then might I not say so

might have remembered

It might for Fortune's bastard

That she might think me

might dart their injuries

If I might teach thee

might speak ill of thee

might think sometime it saw

I might as yet have been

That she might think me

as well as well might be

Air, would I might triumph so

pleasures might me move

Might—nor brag not of thy might

sought with all my might

of mine own love's might

shap'd in his former might

unless this miracle have might

spends all his might

Mistress—By those swift ....

Met—When as I met the bear

Met far from home

Metal—With twisted metal

Methinks—And yet methinks

Methinks no face so gracious

which methinks still doth stand

That all the world besides me

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That she might think me

as well as well might be

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pleasures might me move

Might—nor brag not of thy might

sought with all my might

of mine own love's might

shap'd in his former might

unless this miracle have might

spends all his might

Might—worst of fortune's might

gives thee all thy might

built up with newer might

with cunning, when thy might

hast thou this powerful might

her absence valiant, not her might

Mightier—The mightier man, the

mightier is the light

do not you a mightier way

Mightily—but mightily he noted

Might—Then might thou pause V A ....

thou mightest my seat forbear

mightest thou lead away

Mighty—Thyself art mighty

forgot in mighty Rome

With mighty throng you are

Milk—Like a milk doe

Mild—raging-mad and silly-mild

And let mild women

not infant sorrows, bear them mild

By this, mild patience

But the mild grace

So mild that Patience

this mild image drew

so weary and so mild

Mild as a dove

Mildness—to him lose their

Mile—To leap large lengths of miles

Thus far the miles are measured

Milk—thick and blood

Milk-white—than her . . . . P P ....

Million—That millions of strange

shadows on you tend

Million'd—Time, whose million'd

accidents

Mind—so hard a mind

if she knew his mind

her mind in mind

For all my mind

weak and silly mind

doth men's minds confound

troubled minds that wake

And in his inward mind

barth'en a guilty mind

to see so pure a mind

let beasts bear gentle minds

For men have marble, women

waxed, minds

At last she calls to mind

to mock the mind

save to the eye of mind

not a like till

came in her mind the while

should bear a wicked mind

and spotless is my mind

May my pure mind

her mind untainted clear

from weak minds proceeds

her husband's shape in mind

that I may change my mind

To work my mind

by night my mind

doth put this in my mind

Since mind at first

the beauty of thy mind

thy mind's import will bear

new acquaintance of thy mind

vex me with inconstant mind

mine eye is in my mind

118 1

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MESSENGER
MIND—bath the mind no part

Son 113 7

My best true mind
" 113 14
Or whether doth my mind
" 114 1
And my great mind
" 114 10
Divert strong minds
" 115 8
the marriage of true minds
" 116 1
been with unknown minds
" 117 5
for now I know thy mind
" 149 13
That in my mind
" 150 8
The mind and sight
" L C ..... 28
doth ensnatch me
" ..... 59
and in it put their mind
" ..... 155
none of the mind
" ..... 184

Minded—If all were minded so

Son 11 7

Mindful—But now the mindful messenger come back

R L ..... 1583

Mine—Though mine be not so fair

V A ..... 116
The kiss shall be thine own as

well as mine
" 117
Look in mine eyeballs
" 119
Mine eyes are grey
" 140
Adonis' heart hath made mine hard
" 378
this poor heart of mine
" 502
And these mine eyes
" 503
mine eyes to watch
" 584
fair thy state and city mine
" 644
whispers in mine ear
" 650
presenteth to mine eye
" 661
Mine eyes forego their light
" R L ..... 228
never countermand mine eye
" 276
thine eyes betray thee unto mine
" 453
to embrace mine infamy
" 564
so thy eyes and thine mine
" 644
hang their heads with mine
" 783
from this attest of mine
" 825
cavil with mine infamy
" 1025
mine eyes, like sluices
" 1076
to affright mine eye
" 1138
mine honour is new-born
" 1199
mine honour be the knife's
" 1201
the slander of mine ill
" 1297
mine own would do me good
" 1274
Mine enemy was strong
" 1646
make mine own excuse
" 1653
Thine, mine, his own
" 1643
v'enge this wrong of mine
" 1631
That life was mine
" 1732
'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is
" 1735
for she was only mine
" 1798
'tis mine that she hath kill'd
" 1803

This fair child of mine
Son 2 10

Mine be thy love
" 20 14
thy heart when mine is slain
" 22 13
In mine own love's strength
" 23 7
of mine own love's might
" 23 8
Mine eye hath play'd
" 24 1
Mine eyes have drawn
" 24 10
which wit so poor as mine
" 26 5
love stol'n from mine eye
" 31 6
he was but one hour mine
" 33 11
As thou being mine, mine is the

good report
" 36 14
The palm be mine
" 38 14
What can mine own praise to mine

own self bring
" 39 3
what is't but mine own
" 39 4
All mine was thine
" 49 4
then do mine eyes best see
" 43 1
mine eyes be blessed made
" 45 9

Mine—Mine eye and heart are at a

mortal war
Son 46 1
Mine eye my heart thy picture's
ight
" 46 3
My heart mine eye the freedom
" 48 4
mine eye's due is thine
" 48 13
Betwixt mine eye and heart
" 47 1
When that mine eye
" 47 3
mine eye is my heart's guest
" 47 7
dearest and mine only care
" 48 7
knowledge of mine own desert
" 10 10
that keeps mine eye awake
" 61 10
Mine own true love
" 61 11
possesseth all mine eye
" 62 1
so gracious is as mine
" 62 5
mine own worth do define
" 62 7
Mine own self-love
" 62 11
than mine own desert
" 72 7
matter; that enfeebled mine
" 86 14
With mine own weakness
" 88 5
thou art assured mine
" 92 2
As thou being mine, mine is thy

good report
" 96 14
and mine eye may be deceived
" 104 12
Not mine own fears
" 107 1
thou mine, I thine
" 108 7
Gored mine own thoughts
" 110 3
Mine appetite I never more
" 110 10
mine eye is in my mind
" 113 1
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" 113 14
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" 114 3
Mine eye well knows
" 114 11
That mine eye loves
" 115 1
How have mine eyes
" 119 7
Mine ransoms yours, and yours
" 129 14
that mine ear confounds
" 129 4
Myself I'll forego, so that other

mine
" 134 3
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" 135 12
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" 139 10
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they of my mistakes  

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And wipe the dim mist  

Muster thy mist to meet  

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our mistress' ornaments  

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My mistress' eyes  

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duty kindled her mistrust  

itself could not mistrust  

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My—butting did vanish  

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with eloquence with sighs is mixed  

Which is not mix'd  

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moved with woman's moans  

monuments of lasting moans  

To make him moan; but pity not  

his moans  

Make her moans mad  

most mourned  

of fore-bemoaned moan  

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should look into your moan  

upon myself with present moan  

smiled or made some moan  

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And moan the expense  

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Sets you most rich | || || 13 | 10
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one most heinous crime | || || 19 | 8
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Music—With me as with that Muse  

Mute—If my friend's Muse  

I was on the tenth Muse  

If my sweet Muse do please  

Mute—My tongue-ied Muse  

by all the Muse's filed  

Where art thou, Muse  

Return, forgetful Muse  

Rise, resty Muse  

O transub  

Make another Muse  

Then do thy office, Muse  

my Muse brings forth  

Music—Ear's deep-sweet music  

Whose tongue is music now  

Mute—Musing the morning  

Music!—The many musits through  

the which he goes  

Mute—yet her fire must burn  

I must remove  

that must be cool'd  

must not repel a lover  

they need must have  

truth I must confess  

lives and must not die  

like him, I must confess  

daring Tarquin make  

himself he must forsake  

Which must be kinsman  

must I force to my desire  

quoth he, 'I must deflower  

But they must ope  

must sell her joy, her life  

must my will abide  

this night I must enjoy thee  

force must work my way  

thou persifl must bear  

must be in these read lectures  

must vomit his receipt  

alone must sit and pine  

So must my soul  

How Tarquin must be used  

And only must be wail'd  

must be tomb'd with thee  

amongst the wastes of time must go  

And you must live  

must you see his skill  

an accessory needs must be  

we two must be twin  

yet we must not be foes  

I must attend thee's leisure  

where it must expire  

which thou must leave ere long  

or must from you be took  

Must—to all the world must die  

I must never love him  

I must each day say o'er  

and I must strive  

Needs must I under my transgres-

tion bow  

and yours must ransom me  

my deeds must not be shown  

though delay'd, answer must be  

my sweetest friend must be  

in thy stores' account I one must be  

she must herself assay  

That we must curb it  

where I myself must render  

must your obligations be  

Mute—For your mine  

As they must needs  

Then must the love be great  

one must be refused  

Must live alone  

Mute—must troops of cares  

Mute thy mists  

Master—... to the quiet cabinet  

Mute—ond mute  

attorney once is mute  

Will not my tongue be mute  

be you mute and dumb  

beauty being mute  

the very birds are mute  

Mute—Gives false alarms, suggest—  

this mutiny each part  

this mutiny restrains  

with herself is she in mutiny  

Mutual—Till mutual overthrow  

in each by mutual ordering  

But mutual render  

Mutual—In my captive mutiny  

My—my captive and my slave  

Over my altars  

And for my sake  

Making my arms his field, his tent  

my bed  

to my coy disdain  

Touch not my lips  

one wrinkle in my brow  

My beauty is as the spring  

My flesh is soft and plump, my  

warmth burning  

My smooth moist hand  

sun doth burn my face  

for thee of my hair  

quench them with my tears  

dwells upon my suit  

thou shalt be my dear  

Graze on my lips  

Then be my dear  

thus my strength is tried  

My heart all whole as thine, thy  

heart my wound  

my body's bane would euro  

'Give me my hand  

'Give me my heart  

My day's delight is past, my horse  

is gone  

all my mind, my thought, my busy  

care  

my palfrey from the mare  

My love to love  


My—You hurt my hand
my unyielding heart
I had my load
my ears would love
my love to thee
in my soft lips
on my wax-red lips
buys my heart from me
Measure my strangeness with my
unripe years
my sick heart commands
my joints did tremble
not youth my face
Within my bosom
My bowing heart pants
shakes thee on my breast
Knocks at my heart
my faint heart bleed
thy death, my living sorrow
expected of my friends
my heart stands arched
 closure of my breast
then my little heart
my heart longs not
My face is full of shame, my heart
of teen
fearing my love's decease
my fault; the boar provoked my
tongue
'My tongue cannot express my
grief for one
My sighs are blown away, my salt
tears gone
my heart to lead
My youth with his; the more am
I accurst
this is my spite
doth my love destroy
wither in my breast
here in my breast
My throbbing heart shall rock thee
my sweet love's flower
to my desire
My household's grave
Then my digression is so vile
engraven in my face
in my golden coat
That my postery
Shall curse my bones
dream of myotent
en my invention make
Will not my tongue be mute, my
frail joints shake
my false heart bleed
kill'd my son or sire
 to betray my life
my dear friend
he is my kinsman, my dear friend
My will is strong
in my eager eyes
in my hand being lock'd
Affection is my captain
My heart shall never countermand
My part is youth
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize
be my gods, my guide
My will is back'd
tell my loving tale
must my will abide

My—My will that marks thee for my
earth's delight
with all my might
my attempt will bring
even in my soul
force must work my way
Tender my suit
'My husband is thy friend
My sighs, like whirlwinds
with my tears, my sighs, my groans
Melt at my tears
my heaved-up hands
'my uncontrolled tide
Yield to my love
And my true eyes
Upon my cheeks
of my careless crime
coopartners in my pain
Mingling my talk with tears, my
grief with groans
character'd in my brow
my lovesome trespass in my looks
will tell my story
Will couple my reproach
tuning my defame
'Let my good name
My honey lost
no perfection of my summer left
My Collatine would else
Be guilty of my death, since of my
crime
Cancell'd my fortunes
Since that my case
my confirm'd despite
let forth my soul-delived blood
my honour lives in me
thou livest in my defame
mistress of my fate
with my trespass
acquit my forced offence
with my attain
Nor fold my fault
My sable ground
My tongue shall utter all
purge my impure tale
through my window
Brand not my forehead
And in my hearing
My restless discord
my dishevell'd hair
against my heart
But with my body my poor soul's
pollution
My body or my soul
So must my soul
 till my Collatine
of my miturity death
stop my breath
My stained blood
in my testament
'My honour I'll bequeath
my body so dishonoured
shall my fame be bred
For in my death
My shame so dead
My resolution, love
And, for my sake
abridgement of my will
My soul and body
My—My resolution, husband
that makes my wound
My shame be his that did my fame
confound
And all my fame
My blood shall wash
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end
Yield to my hand; my hand shall
conquer thee
'My girl,' quoth she
grief of my sustaining
it small avails my mood
my sluggard negligence
One of my husband's men
A letter to my lord, my love, my
dear
My woes are tedious, though my
words are brief
At Ardea to my lord
with my lamenting tongue
And may change tears
And with my knife
That with my nails
so my Troy did perish
And my laments
in my chamber came
And entertain my love
If then my love's desire
rov' to thy liking to my will
My fame, and thy
And then against my heart
So should my shame
my poor self weak
My bloody judge forbade my
tongue to speak
That properly beauty
Though my gross blood
spotless is my mind
to my sorrow lendeth
My woes too sensible
And for my sake
revenged on my foe
the quality of my offence
May my pure mind
My low-declined honour
By my excuse
my old age new born
my image thou hast torn
beauty of my glass
My sorrow's interest
'she was my wife
'My daughter' and 'my wife'
'my daughter' and 'my wife'
Let my unsounded self
Shall sum me count and make my
old expense
I may change my mind
my love, you know
do I my judgement pluck
my knowledge I derive
before my sight
than my barren rhyme
or my pupil pen
believe my verse
So should my papers
and in my rhyme
my love's fair brow
My love shall in my verse ever
live young

My—master-mistress of my passion
My—my purpose
my love is as fair
My glass shall not
my days should expiate
relish of my heart
O, let my books
of my speaking breast
in table of my heart
My body is the frame
Which in my bosom's shop
Are windows to my breast
Lord of my love
my duty strongly knit
not to show my wit
that guides my moving
on my tatter'd loving
then not show my head
haste me to my bed
a journey in my head
To wake me in my way
For then my thoughts
keep my dropping eyelids
my soul's imaginary sight
to my sightless view
by day my limbs, by night my mind
draw my sorrows longer
bewray the outlaw's state
with my bootless cries
and curse my fate
and then my state
my state with kings
my dear time's waste
of my lovers gone
my well-contented day
my bones with dust
Reserve them for my love
Had my friend's Muse
Even so my sun
splendour on my brow
for this my love
travel forth without my cloak
'to o'er take my Muse
on my storm-beaten face
physic to my grief
war is in my love
Lest my bewailed guilt
Take all my comfort
I make my love
How can my Muse
pour'st into my verse
If my slight Muse
all my loves, my love
No love, my love, that thou
If for my love thou my love receivest
for my love thou usest
thee all my poverty
mightst my heart forbear
it is not all my grief
is of my walling chief
And for my sake
Suffering my friend for my sake
my loss is my love's gain
my friend hath found
And both for my sake
my friend and I are one
my flesh were thought
not stop my way
my—my foot did stand leisur with my moan

The first my thought, the other my desire

My life, being made of four my heart thy picture's sight

My heart mine eye the freedom

My heart doth plead

And my heart's right

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast

to the painted banquet bids my heart

mine eye is my heart's guest
thy picture or my love
my thought's jealous thought thy picture in my sight

Awakes my heart when I took my way That to my use

my jewels tribes are
now my greatest grief

closure of my breast

frown on my defects
And this my hand

my weary travel's end

wondered with my woe

put this in my mind

My grief lies onward and my joy behind

Thus can my love

Of my dull bearer my poor beast then find

with my desire keep pace shall excuse my jade

keeps you as my chest

Whilst I, my sovereign

whose jealous thought my verse shall stand

My heavy eyelids desire my slumbers
do mock my sight into my deeds to pry

It is my love doth my rest defeat

all my soul and all my every part

Inward in my heart

But when my glass

Painting my age Against my love

My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life

and take my love

my love may still shine

I leave my love alone

my poor name rehearse with my life decay

After my death

My name be buried where my body is

My life hath in this

My spirit is thine

my body being dead

you to my thoughts as food

may see my pleasure

Why is my verse so barren almost tell my name

are still my argument

So all my best is

My—So is my love invoked thee for my Muse

assistance in my verse

pen hath got my use

thou art all my art

my rude ignorance

My verse alone

But now my gracious numbers

And my sick Muse

My saucy bark

my love was my decay

be my gentle verse

such virtue hath my pen

married to my Muse

a limit past my praise

silence for my sin

shall be most my glory

My tongue's tied Muse

that is in my thought

for my dumb thoughts

my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse

my verse astonished of my silence cannot boast
too dear for my possessing

My bonds in thee

where is my deserving

so my patent back

And place my merit

bending all my loving thoughts

Such is my love

Speak of my leneness

and in my tongue

my deeds to cross

my heart hath 'scape'd

are not my measure

my life hath end

Since that my life

hath my absence been

from my love's breath

In my love's veins

my love's sweet face

Give my love fame

on my love depends

My love is strengthen'd

greet it with my lays

sometime hold my tongue

dull you with my song

my Muse brings forth

my added praise beside

my blunt invention

Dulling my Lips
to no other pass my verses tend

in my verse can sit

Let not my love

Nor my beloved

all alike my songs

Kind is my love to-day

Therefore is my verse

is all my argument

is my invention spent

the lease of my true love

My love looks fresh

to thee my true spirit

That may express my love

seen'd my flame to qualify

As from my soul

That is my home

bring water for my stain
My—In my nature reign’d  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art  
my all  
my heart another youth  
thee my best of love  
next my heaven the best  
O, for my sake  
of my harmful deeds  
for my life provide  
my name receives a brand  
my nature is subdued  
'gainst my strong infection  
stamp’d upon my brow  
O'er-green my bad, my good allow  
You are my all  
To know my shames  
That my soul’d sense  
that my adder's sense  
how with my neglect  
in my purpose bred  
mine eye is in my mind  
My most true mind  
Or whether doth my mind  
'tis flattery in my seeing  
And my great mind  
Yet then my judgement  
My most full flame  
Took both my wilfulness  
Since my appeal says  
did I frame my feeling  
how my heart committed  
rebuked to my content  
under my transgression bow  
Unless my nerves were brass  
by my unkindness shaken  
My deepest sense  
to my sportive blood  
Or on frailties  
At my abuses reckon  
my deeds must not be shown  
are within my brain  
If my dear love  
With my extern  
take thou my oblivion  
O thou, my lovely boy  
Thy soul’s my mistress’ eyes  
my music, music play'st  
Whilst my poor lips  
My mistress’ eyes  
from my mistress seeks  
My mistress, when she walks  
I think my love as rare  
to my dear doting heart  
in my judgement's place  
ruth upon my pain  
makes my heart to groan  
gives my friend and me  
my sweet’st friend  
And my next self  
Prison my heart  
my friend’s heart let my poor heart bail  
my heart be his guard  
use rigour in my soul  
to be my comfort still  
debor for my sake  
my unkin’d abuse  
hide my will in thine  
And in my will  

My—My love-suit, sweet, fulfil  
and my will one  
Make but my name  
for my name is 'Will  
of my heart is tied  
Why should my heart  
Which my heart knows  
things right true my heart  
When my love swears  
she knows my days are past  
lays upon my heart  
but in my sight  
more than my o'er-press'd defence  
my love well knows  
from my face she turns my foes  
and rid my pain  
my tongue-tied patience  
of my pity-wanting pain  
And in my madness  
But my five wits nor my five senses  
can  
But 'tis my heart  
Only my plague thus far I count  
my grief  
Love is my sin  
Hate of my sin  
and my loud crying  
my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from  
my side  
would corrupt my saint  
my angel be turn’d fiend  
Till my bad angel fire my good  
one out  
saw my woeful state  
And saved my life  
centre of my sinful earth  
My soul is as a fever  
My reason, the physician to my love  
My thoughts and my discourse  
Love put in my head  
is my judgement flied  
my false eyes dote  
I mistake my view  
I call my friend  
all my best doth worship  
my heart to sway  
the lie to my true sight  
That, in my mind  
not abhor my state  
urge not my amiss  
guilty of my faults  
My holier part to my gross body's  
treason  
My soul doth tell my body  
For all my vows  
And all my honest faith  
But at my mistress' eye  
would touch my breast  
the bath for my soul lies  
my mistress' eyes  
but I, my mistress' thrall  
My spirits to attend  
it was to gain my grace  
My woeful self  
and was my own foe-simple  
gave him all my flower  
as some my equals did
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Persuade my heart ..... 3 3
My vow was earthy ..... 3 7
My vow was breath ..... 3 9
Fair is my love ..... 7 1
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Saw, in my thigh, 'quoth she ..... 9 12
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my lady at this bay ..... 11 13
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Yet at my parting ..... 14 7
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My ewes breed not ..... 18 2
My rams spend not ..... 18 3
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All my lady's love ..... 18 10
Wrought all my loss ..... 18 14
My shepherd's pipe can sound ..... 18 27
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Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ..... 29 9
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myself almost corrupting ..... 35 3
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And for myself ..... 62 7
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that to myself I do ..... 88 11
myself will bear all wrong ..... 88 14
As I'll myself disgrace ..... 89 7
For thee against myself ..... 89 13
night I from myself depart ..... 109 3
So that myself bring water ..... 109 8
And made myself a motley ..... 110 2
when I saw myself to win ..... 114 5
I swear it to myself alone ..... 131 8
Me from myself ..... 133 5
Of him, myself, and thee ..... 133 7
I myself am mortgaged ..... 134 2
Myself I'll forfeit ..... 134 3
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that honour from thy name ..... Son 36 12
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as my poor name receive ..... 71 11
My name be buried ..... 72 11
doth almost tell my name ..... 76 7
NAME—spirit doth use thy name
Your name from hence
Thy sweet beloved name
of thy budding name
Naming thy name
I had thy fair name
my name receives a brand
it bore not beauty's love
Sweet beauty hath no name
Make but my name thy love
for my name is 'Will'
But rising at thy name
Single nature's double name

Name—thou didst name the bower
But ere I name him

Nameless—blur'd with nameless bastardy
Naming—Naming thy name
Napkin—her napkin to her eye
Narcissus—Narcissus himself
had Narcissus seen her
Nativity—described in men's nativity
Nativity, once in the main

Nature—Nature that made thee
By law of nature
with nature's workmanship
Till forging Nature
workmanship of nature
Swear Nature's death
Now Nature cares not
Are nature's faults
by nature they delight
In scorn of nature
Nature's bequest gives nothing
nature's thing to be gone
Nature hath not made
nature's changing course
with Nature's own hand
Nature as she wrought thee
rarities of nature's truth
now Nature bankrupt is
for want of both Nature store
what nature made so clear
husband nature's riches
though in my nature reign'd
my nature is subdued
by nature to subsist
Nature, sovereign mistress
hath put on nature's power
of one by nature's outwits
Each stone's dear nature
Nature hath charged me
Showing fair nature

Single nature's double name

Nay—Nay, more than flint
Nay, do not struggle
'Nay, then,' quoth Adon
Nay, if you read this line
Nay, if thou lour'st on me
There a nap is placed
and say thee nay
A woman's nay doth stand
Near—with others all too near
dressing the winter's near
that I come so near
since I am near shin
when their deaths be near
come thou not near

Nearer—to myself was nearer

Nearly—touches me more nearly
Nearly—gives to . . . wrinkles
Neck—Whose sinewy neck
his neck a sweet embrace
And on his neck
slinging by his neck
His short thick neck
some catch her by the neck
One on another's neck
Neck'd—The strong-neck'd steed
Nectar—Such nectar from his lips
Need—what needs a second striking
if thou needs wilt hunt
thou needs must have
you need not fear
I need not to die
an necessary needs must be
of posting is no need
Where checks need blood
that you did need need
Then need I not to fear
Truth needs no colour
Because he needs no praise
Needs must I under my transgres-
sion bow
Nor need I tallow
need I touch my breast
that needs will taste
As they must needs
conceit needs no defence
He will help thee in thy need
Need'st—What need'st thou wound
Needeth—needeth then apologies

Needling—ere that there was true

All help needling
Needle—within her needle sticks
the needle his finger pricks
Needy—And needly nothing
Ne'er—In battle ne'er did bow
ne'er pleased her babe
Ne'er saw the bounteous livery
ne'er settled equally
still blasts and ne'er grows old
But they ne'er meet
sin ne'er gives a fee
ne'er touch'd earthly faces
I must ne'er love him
this shall ne'er know
Till now did ne'er invite
but ne'er was harmed
Ne'er to pluck thee
Thy like ne'er was
Ne'er-cloying—your . . . sweetness
Neglect—so then we do neglect
For thy neglect of truth
Mark how with my neglect
Neglected—Neglected all, with swift intent
Whilst her neglected child
Negligence—blame my shaggy . . . droll
braided in loose negligence
Neigh—snorts and neighs aloud
he neighs, he bounds
and neighs unto her
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh

Neighbour—from forth a cope that
neighbours by
Neighbour—shadow'd by his neigh-
bour's ear... R. L. ..... 148

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Neither in inward worth... Son 16 11
neither he nor his companions... " ..... 86 7
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neither sting, knot, nor confine... " ..... 263
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though excellent in neither... " ..... 7 18
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Neither too young... " ..... 19 6
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Never did passenger... " ..... 91
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I never more will grind... " ..... 110 19
and is never shaken... " ..... 116 6
I never writ, nor no man... " ..... 116 14
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itself so blessed never... " ..... 119 6
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I never saw a goddess go... " ..... 130 11
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Which I new pay... " ..... 30 12
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in Grecian tires are painted new... " ..... 53 8
where two contracted new... " ..... 56 10
If there be nothing new... " ..... 59 11
to dress his beauty new... " ..... 68 12
so barren of new pride... " ..... 76 1
dressing old words new... " ..... 76 11
sun is daily new and old... " ..... 76 13
To take a new acquaintance... " ..... 77 12
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Our love was new... " ..... 102 5
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Cupid got new fire... " ..... 153 14
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Newer—to mourn some newer way... " ..... 1365
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New-fire—Love's brand new-fir'd... " ..... 153 9
New-found—To new-found methods... " ..... 76 4
New-child—Like to a... bird... R. L. ..... 457
Newly—was it newly bred... " ..... 490
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News—That sometime true news... V. A. ..... 658
No—now no more resisteth
she can no more detain him
no longer to restrain him
He tells her, no; to-morrow
You have no reason
and takes no rest
which no encounter dare
No matter where
No, lady, no; my heart
have him seen no more
if she said 'No'
no tidings of her love
it is no gentle chase
bids them fear no more
she will no further
O no, it cannot be
thou hast no eyes
'No, no,' quoth she
Which knows no pity
No flower was nigh, no grass
where no bough should be
henceforth no creature wear
Having no fair to lose
now no more reflect
is no cause of fear
no secret bashful fear
Inward ill no outward harm
Could pick no meaning
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks
No cloudy show
there's no death supposed
if there be no self-trust
no comfortable star did lend
nothing but owls' and wolves'
hold it for no sin
finds no excuse nor end
no hate in loving
with no more
fearing no such thing
there were no strife
this is the breaking yoke
and bears no heedful friends
no device can take
wilderness where are no laws
that knows no gentle right
No penetrable entrance
He is no woodman
O, if no harder
no outrageous thing
'No more,' quoth he
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
I have no one to blush
Have no perfection
But no perfection is so absolute
Having no other pleasure
We have no good
Thou gran'tst no time
doth me no right
But this no slaughterhouse
O no, that cannot be
No object but her passion's strength
and hath no bearing
loves no stops
tink no shame of me
No cause, but company
No more than wax
No man liveth

No—without or yea or no
but laid no words
no semblance did remain
The painter was no god
no guilty instance gave
no water thence proceeds
He hath no power
Where no excuse can give
No rightful plea
no flood by raising skæth

'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame here—after living
That I no more can see
and last no longer
That no man could distinguish
let no mourner say
nor no remembrance
That thou no form
No love toward others
No longer yours
Find no determination
Nor draw no lines
for myself no quiet sad
no whit disdaineth
For no man
No more be grieved
No love, say love
No matter then although
but then no longer glad
I can allege no cause
of posting is no need
no motion shall I know
Then can no horse
no dull flesh
I have no precious time
he thinks no ill
O, no! thy love
there is no remedy
no face so gracious
No shape so true, no truth of such account
is no stronger than a flower
no exchequer now but his
Making no summer
Robbing no old to dress
No longer mourn for me
And live no more to shame
pursuing no delight
no praise to thee
your fair no painting set
No, neither he
but waking no such matter
making no defence
no more shall dwell
And life no longer
that fears no blot
no hatred in thine eye
'Truth needs no colour
Beauty no pencil
Because he needs no praise
if I no more can write
For to no other pass
and no pace perceived
Counting no old thing old
what shall have no end
No bitterness that I will bitter think
For it no form delivers
hath the mind no part
knew no reason why
No—O, not! It is an ever-fixed mark   Son 116 5
nor no man ever loved "     116 14
have no leisure taken "     120 7
No, I am that I am "     121 9
No, Time, thou shalt not "     123 1
No, it was builded far "     124 5
No, let me be obsequious "     125 9
knows no art "     125 11
beauty hath no name, no holy bower "     127 7
no beauty lack "     127 11
Enjoy'd no sooner "     129 5
and no sooner had "     129 6
but no such roses "     130 6
no fair acceptance shine "     135 8
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There is no heaven "     19 45
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Use his company no more "     21 50
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But none where all distress "     1146
though none it ever cured "     1151
and they none of ours "     1157
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O, none but unhurths "     13 13
But you like none, none you "     53 14
O, none, unless this miracle "     65 13
When yellow leaves, or none "     73 2
power to hurt and will do none "     94 1
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None else to me, nor I to none "     112 7
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Among a number one is reckon'd none "     136 8
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NOT

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now Lucrece is unliv'd
But now that fair fresh mirror
But now he throws
now set thy long-experienced wit
now, by the Capitol

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livery, so gazed on now
Now is the time
If now thou not renewest
now converted are
Now stand you on the top
Now see what good turns
which now appear
now is thine alone
mask'd him from me now
but now come back again
turns now unto the other
now my greatest grief
doth now his gift confound
as I am now
whereof now he's king
do I now fortify
now Nature bankrupt is
no exchequer now but his
died as flowers do now
Now stood as an enjoyer
Now counting best
But now my gracious numbers
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Now, while the world
which now seem woe
hence as he shows now
is less pleasant now
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as you master now
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Incertainties now crown themselves
Now with the drops
Now all is done
Now I love you best
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sive heir
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Now this ill-wrestling world
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Till now did never invite
And now she would
And now, to tempt all
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But now are minutes added
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In fresh numbers number all
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But now my gracious numbers
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Among a number one is
Then in the number
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Number'd—leaves of short-number'd
hours
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to charm a sacred nun
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desire's foul nurse
A nurse's song ne'er pleased
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The nurse, to still her child
and be nurse to none
As tender nurse
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O, learn to love
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O impious art
'O what excuse
O, how her fear
O, had they
O—O modest wanton
O, if no harder
O, be remember'd
O, how are they wrap'd
O, that prone lust
O, deeper sin
O, comfort-killing Night
O, hateful, vapidous, and foggy
O Night, thou furnace
O unseen shame
O, unfelt sore
O, unknot'd-for evil
O Opportunity, thy guilt
O, hear me then
O, this dread night
O Time, thou tutor
O no, that cannot be
O, that is gone
she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes
O, let it not be hild
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece
Ursas, O, what art
'O, teach me how to make
'O, speak,' quoth she
O, from thy checks
O Time, cease thou thy course
'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is
'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give
O, change thy thought
O, that you were
O, none but unprofit
O, care not with thy hours
O, let me, true in love
O, therefore, love
O, let my books
O, learn to read
O, trueỆvolve
O, give thyself
O, how thy worth
O absence, what a torment
O, what excuse
O, how much more
O, let me suffer
O, that receiv
O, sure I am
O, no! thy love
O, how shall summer's
O fearful meditation
O, none, unless this
O, him she stores
O, if, I say
O, lest the world
O, lest your true love
O, know, sweet love
O, how I faint
O, what a happy title
O, in what sweets
O, what a mansion
O, true Distin
O, blame me not
O, never say that I
O, for my sake
'O, 'tis the first
O, no! It is an ever-fixed
O benefit of ill
O, that misgirt
O, thou, my lovely boy
O thou minion of her pleasure
O let it then as well
O—O, love's best habit
O, call not me
O, but with mine compare
O me, what eyes
O, how can love's eye
O cunning Love
O cast thou, O cruel
O, from what power
O, though I love
Cried, 'O false blood
O appetite, from judgement
O, then, advance
But, O my sweet
O, pardon me
O, hear me tell
O most potential love
O, how the channel
O father, what a hell
O except
O, that infected moisture
O, that false fire
O, that forced thunders
O, that sad breath
O, all that borrow'd motion
O, love's best habit
O never faith could hold
O do not love that wrong
'O, Jove!' quoth she
O, dear friend
O, my love, my love
O, sweet shepherd, his thee
O frowning Fortune
O cruel speeding
Oak—To dry the old oak's sap
those thoughts to me like oaks
Oath—And him by oath
and sweet friendship's oath
the vestal violate her oath
with an infringed oath
Knights, by their oaths
why of two oaths' breach
For all my vows are oaths
For I have sworn deep oaths
Oaths of this love
unto that strong-bonded oath
To break an oath
her oaths of true love
Her faith, her oaths, her tears
Obdurate—Art thou obdurate
Obdurate vassals fall exploit
Obedience—Whose swift obedience
Obey—But never to obey
conquerors, his lips obey
He now obeys
Nor sought obeys
and made their wills obey
your minister, for you obeys
To whose sound chaste wings obey
Obedient—his stronger strength
Object—her object will away
Fold in the object
Make not me object to the tell-tale
day
No object but her passion's strength
thousand lamentable objects
Gilding the object
Of his quick objects
As fast as objects
The goodly objects
Object—With objects manifold

Objection—And take thou my . . .

must your oblations be

Obliquity—Planting obliquity, beating

reason back

To feed obliquity

Till each to razed obliquity

Obliquity—Against death and all-

obliquities cunning

Oblique—The author of their . . .

Obscure—brakes obscure and rough

obscures her silver shine

Obscurely—Evils that . . .

obscurely—O'erlook

Obstruct—Whit in darkness and all-

obstructious cunning

Oblique—Keep the . . .

Observe—Such sweet observance

Observe—observed as they flew

Obtain—Yet ever to obtain

to obtain his lust

Obtained—hissault may be obtained

Obligation—dangers of his will's . . .

Obligation—on what occasion

And every light occasion

Ocean—Or in the ocean drench'd

like a troubled ocean

to stain the ocean of thy blood

Who in a salt-water ocean

in this sad intern in like the ocean

be

I have seen the hungry ocean

wide as the ocean is

I pour your ocean

Odd—they such odd action yield

Odour—For that sweet odour

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest

odours made

But why thy odour matcheth not

in odour and in hue

O'er—o'er the downs

stain that o'er with silver white

rudey o'er his arm

Honfawney o'er his prey

So o'er this sleeping soul

Who o'er the white sheet

First hovering o'er the paper

with this gives o'er

and busy winds give o'er

all silver'd o'er with white

from we to we o'er tell o'er

o'er dull and speechless tribes

say o'er the very same

I was certain o'er in certainty

O'er whom th' fingers walk

I strong o'er them, and you o'er

me being strong

O'ercharged—. . . with burthen

O'er—o'er the bounding bank o'er-

flows

O'er—So you . . . my bad

O'er—As corn . . . by weeds

O'er—myst without attainment

O'er—press'd—my . . . defence

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control your times of pleasure
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Even of five hundred courses of
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the wits of former days
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tenour of thy jealousy
Sin of self-love
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or vanished out of sight
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cost of outworn buried age
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And, proud of many
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The prey of worms
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Too base of thee
The worth of that is that
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And of this book this learning
Of mouthed graces will give
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I proud of all that I Compile
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Yet what of thee
He robs thee of, and pays it
when I of you do write
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even in the mouths of men
Of their fair subject
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But he that writes of you
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And to the most of praise
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I was not sick of any fear
The charter of thy worth
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Of faults conceal'd
Speak of my lameness
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And other strains of woe
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Of more delight
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For term of life
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pleasure of the fleeting year
burthen of the prince
But hope of orphans
spirit of youth in every thing
OF—Yet nor the lays of birds
Of different flowers
but figures of delight
pattern of all those
And buds of marjoram
had sto'd of both
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lease of my true love control
olives of endless age
drops of this most balmy time
Since, spite of him
touch'd are spent
and injury of age
conceit of love there bred
I was false of heart
That is my home of love
besiege all kinds of blood
all thy sum of good
Made old offences of affections new
the myriads of love
guilty goddess of my harmful deeds
Potions of eisel
Of others' voices
Of bird, of flower
Of his quick objects
incapable of more
To make of monsters
change decrees of kings
course of altering things
fearing of Time's tyranny
doubting of the rest
marriage of true minds
to the edge of doom
the level of your frown
virtue of your love
full of your me'er-cloying sweetness
And sick of welfare found a kind
Of meanness
Which rank of goodness
so fell sick of you
drank of Siren tears
out of their spheres
distraction of this madding fever
O benefit of ill
pass'd a hell of time
our night of woe
reproach of being
Of thee, thy record
on taste of a former sight
but the child of state
blow of thrilled discontent
of short-number'd hours
OF—call the foods of time
mition of her pleasure
becoming of their woe
inward of thy hand
The expense of spirit in a waste
of shame
bloody, full of blame
morning sun of heaven
grey checks of the east
Of him, myself, and thee
The statute of thy beauty
One will of mine
the treasure of thy love
In things of great receipt
Why of eyes' blood hast thou
judgment of my heart is tied
that she is made of truth
The manner of my pity-wanting
pain
might speak ill of thee
Who, in despite of view
the likeness of a man
Hate of my sin
from those lips of thine
bonds of love as oft as mine
revenues of their rents
One of her feather'd creatures
In pursuit of the thing
Twice I have of comfort
the centre of my sinful earth
inhabiters of this excess
selling hours of dross
Am of myself, all tyrant
the motion of thine eyes
becoming of things ill
very refuse of thy deeds
and ensue of skill
see just cause of hate
to be beloved of thee
conscience is born of love
Lost guilty of my faults
Proud of this pride
No want of conscience
why of two oxen's breach
oaths of thy deep kindness
Oaths of thy love
A maid of Dian's
valley-fountain of that ground
holy fire of love
help of bath desired
many legions of true hearts
the general of hot desire
Tearing of papers
L C
a platted hive of straw
The carcase of a beauty
spite of heaven'seil rage
through lattice of seard age
In charmers of all size
a careless hand of pride
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet
Of folded schedules
ring of pos'd gold
thou register of lies
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That oft they interchanged
doth traffic oft for gaining
and oft that wealth doth cost
oft betake him to retire
By oft prefert that I in heaven
find
so oft as thou wilt look
So oft have I invoced thee
How oft, when thou
of love as oft as mine
Oft did she heave
As oft in May and April
Have you not heard it said full oft

Often—as night-wanderers .... are
often from his place
To weep are often willing
I often did behold
often is his gold complexion

dim'd
have often lived alone
And often reading
As often shrieking
These often bathed she
And often kis'd and often 'gan
to fear
and often men would say
advice is often seen
that often there had been
how often hath she joined

Oftentimes—stories .... begun

Oil—Dries up his oil

Old—fool or wrinkled-old
That is old
and old men dote
Make the young old, the old be a child
blasts and no' er grows old
or an old man's saw
To blot old books
To dry the old oak's sap
Old woes, not infant sorrows
with her old eyes
The crouselous old Priam
Priam, why art thou old
like old acquaintance in a trance
dear daughter, old Lucretius cries
my old age new born
fresh mirror dim and old
The old bees die
and make my old excuse
when thou art old
Be scorn'd like old men
do thy worst, old Time
persuade me I am old
and her old face new
And with old woes new wall
Than those old nine
what the old world could say
Rabbling no old to dress his beauty
new
dressing old words new
such is dally new and old
of our old acquaintance tell
What old December's barreness
you never could be old
making beautiful old rhyme
Counting no old thing old

Old—Made old offences of affections
new
foist upon us that is old
In the old age
say not I that I am old
tell, by your judgement I am old
Of young, of old
say not I that I am old

Older—on newer proof to try an older friend

Olive—olives of endless age

On—on his swelling palm

on a reared bough

leaning on their elbows

Tires with her hand on feathers,

Tires with her hand on feathers,

feedeth on the steam as on a prey

Who, being look'd on

Why not lips on lips

On the sands

and complain on theft

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground

on mountain or in dale

Grace on my lips

now stand on end

so he roll a buck

puts out outward strangeness

Looks on the dull earth

mover on this mortal round

it will set the heart on fire

take advantage on presented joy

For on the grass she lies

strikes her on the checks

having writ on death

Set thy seal-manual on my wax-

red lips

yet complain on drooth

And on his neck

He on her belly falls, she on her back

On his bow-back

on the lion he will venture

shakes thee on my breast

on his back doth lie

And on thy well-breath'd

And when thou hast on foot

wit waits on fear

Stands on his hinder legs

trodden on by many

Are on the sudden wasted

That on the earth

leadeth on to danger

on earth usurp'd his name

as one on shore

Passion on passion

mounts up on high

excels on Death

Gloss on the rose

I rai'd on thee

Be wreak'd on him

she treads on it so light

conquest on her fair delight

would he put his honnest on

The fishes spread on it

Sorrow on love hereafter

waited on with jealousy

on the ground lay spill'd

baseless edge on his keen appetite
Son 38
lay on me this cross
" 43
" dreams they look on thee
43
By looking on thee
10
sleep on sightless eyes doth stay
12
frown on my defects
9
reasons on thy part
12
I journey on the way
1
Plais daily on
6
cannot provoke him on
9
mounted on the wind
7
shadows on you tend
3
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set
5
Hang on such thorns
4
the flourish set on youth
9
Feeds on the rarities
9
travel’d on to age’s sleepless night
5
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore
4
inhabit on a living brow
6
live a second life on second head
5
If thinking on me
7
That on the ashes of his youth
doth lie
3
feasting on your sight
5
Or gluttoning on all
14
the dumb on high to sing
8
On your broad main
4
B eing fond on praise, which makes
8
Comes home again on better Judge-ment making
12
bending all my loving thoughts
8
that which on thy humour doth depend
10
my life on thy revolt doth lie
9
comments on thy sport
5
As on the finger of a throned queen
6
pleasures wait on thee
7
which on thy soft cheek for com-
plexion dwells
9
on thorns did stand
9
Spend’st thou thy fury on some
worthless song
10
beauty on my love depends
1
dreaming on things to come
7
I have look’d on truth
5
On newer proof, to try
11
That looks on tempests
6
And on just proof surprize accumu-
late
17
Or on my frailties why are pillar-
spies
12
Which works on leases
12
dwellers on form and favour
13
put on nature’s power
5
On purpose laid
9
wires grow on her head
3
treads on the ground
4
but thinking on thy face
10
One on another’s neck
1
Have put on black
3
On both sides thus
8
grounded on sinful loving
2
slait thou feed on Death, that
feeds on men
14
Feeding on that which doth pre-
serve the ill
14
I not think on thee
3
On—On whom from'st thou  
Son 149 6
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" 149 7
But, love, hate on  
" 149 13
Which on it had  
L C ..... 16
Their view right on  
" ..... 26
For on his visage  
" 746 94
velvet, on that termless skin  
on this side the verdict went  
" ..... 113
So on the tip  
" ..... 120
that do on mine depend  
" ..... 274
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" ..... 282
that on this earth doth shine  
P P 3 10
Then fell she on her back  
" 4 13
on the brooks' green brim  
" 6 10
The sun look'd on the world  
" 6 11
as this queen on him  
" 6 12
he seiz'd on my lips  
" 11 9
And with her lips on his  
" 11 10
He wither'd on the ground  
" 13 9
descent on the doubts of my decay  
" 14 4
This looking in an Englishman  
" 16 3
On a plain, aback the day  
" 17 1
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" 18 46
to round me on't ear  
" 19 51
None takes pity on thy pain  
" 21 20
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" 21 49
On the sole Arabian tree  
P T ..... 2
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" 335
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" 367
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" 408
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" 451
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" 499
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" 883
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" 1858
In his fair velvets once appear  
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Which once corrupted  
" 294
ere once she speaks  
" 567
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" 606
Who wayward one  
" 1095
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" 1494
Ere once she can discharge  
" 1605
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" 1760
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" 1764
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" 32 3
bid your servant once adieu  
" 57 8
once in the main of light  
" 60 5
Though I, once gone  
" 81 6
There you were once unkind  
" 120 1
how once I suffer'd  
" 128 9
Not once vouche'd  
" 135 6
And Death once dead  
" 146 14
Love-god lying once asleep  
" 154 1
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" 11 11
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" 21 47
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" ..... 31
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Among a number one is reckon'd none " 136 8
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And only herald to the gaudy spring Son 10
dearest and mine only care " 48 7
their virtue only is their show " 54 9
Though to itself it only live and die " 94 10
render, only me for thee " 125 12
Only my plague thus far " 141 13
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" 1035

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" 1073

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" 1139

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" 144

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" 216

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" 292

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" 293

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" 234

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" 236

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" 241

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" 267

Or as these bars
" 327

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" 377

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" 407

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" 501

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" 537

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" 694

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" 695

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" 696
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" 706

Or if thou wilt permit
" 775

Or hateful cuckoo
" 849

Or toads infect fair founts
" 850

Or tyrant folly luck
" 851

Or kings be breakers
" 882

Or kills his life or else his quality
" 875

Or free that soul
" 900

makes him honour’d or begets him hate
" 1005

Or that which from discharged cannon fumes
" 1043

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" 1151

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" 1154

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" 1168

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" 1239

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" 1243

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" 1340

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" 1319

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" 1345

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" 1554

Or keep him from heart-easing
" 1782

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" 1792

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" 1822

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" 3 7

Or ten times happier
" 6 8

Or else receivest with pleasure
" 8 4

Or to thyself at least
" 10 12

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" 10 14

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" 11 3

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" 11 4

Or say with princes
" 14 7

Or else of thee
" 14 13

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" 16 10

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" 18 8

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" 18 13

Or some fierce thing
" 23 3

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" 37 5

Or the family, or all, or all, or more
" 37 6

Or heart in love
" 47 4

Or—thy picture or my love

Som 47 9

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" 47 13

Or captain jewels in the carcanet
" 52 8

Or the wardrobe
" 52 10

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" 56 13

Where you may be, or your affairs suppose
" 57 10

Or at your hand
" 58 3

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" 58 14

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" 59 11

Or whether revolution
" 59 12

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" 63 7

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" 64 10

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" 65 11

Or who his spoil
" 65 12

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" 68 4

Either not assail’d or victor being charged
" 70 10

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" 73 2

Or as sweet-season’d showers
" 75 2

Possessing or pursuing
" 75 11

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" 75 12

Glutonning on all, or all away
" 75 14

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" 76 2

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" 80 11

Or I shall live
" 81 1

Or you survive
" 81 2

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" 83 3

Or me, whom thou gavest it
" 87 10

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" 91 11

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" 97 13

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" 98 8

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" 99 15

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" 105 4

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" 112 9

or wrong
" 112 8

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" 113 6

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" 113 9

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" 113 10

The mountain or the sea, the day or night
" 116 9

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" 116 11

Or whether doth my mind
" 114 4

Or whether shall I say
" 114 3

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" 115 4

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" 129 4

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" 121 7

Or, at the least
" 122 5

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" 123 12

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" 124 3

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" 124 4

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" 125 2

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" 125 4

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" 127 2

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" 127 11

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" 142 5

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" 148 3

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" 152 12

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" 98

Or he his manage
" 112

in thoughts, or to remain
" 129

Or forced examples
" 157
Or—Or my affection put  

Or any of my pleasures  

soiled or made some morn  

Or sister sanctified  

blushes, or of weeping water  

Or swarming paleness  

Or to turn white  

Or he refused to take  

a lover, or a lecher whether  

in scorn or friendship  

or kill the gallant knight  

That are either true or fair  

Orator—the orator too green  

of men without an orator  

All orators are dumb  

The orator, to deck his oratory  

Oratory—to her... adorns more grace  

The orator, to deck his oratory  

Orb—in the small orb  

Orbed—To the orb'd earth  

Orchard—in others' orchards grew  

Ordering—in each by mutual...  

Or—An orbit circumscribe beside  

in the orbit when the gracious light  

Bright orient pearl  

Origin—my origin and ender  

Ornament—our mistress' ornaments  

are chaste  

the world's fresh ornament  

for ornament doth use  

By that sweet ornament  

Without all ornament  

The ornament of beauty  

profaned their scarlet ornaments  

appertainings and to ornament  

Orphans—The orphan cries while  

the oppressor feeds  

But hope of orphans  

Orph-Phoebus winks while Orpheus plays  

Orts—a beggar's orts to crave  

Osier—to thee like osiers bowed  

as an osier growing by a brook  

Other—Under her other was  

each other did destroy  

Her other tender hand  

His other agents aim  

feeder of the other four  

may they kiss each other  

with others being mingled  

others, they think  

as thou dost lend to other  

all other eyes to see  

view'd each other's sorrow  

The other kills thee quickly  

some other in their bills  

was the other queen  

In the change each other's seat  

th' other feareth harm  

her other fair hand was  

no other pleasure of his gain  

tames the one; the other wild  

Will say the other  

the other made divine  

the other being dead  

the other takes in hand  

to guess at others' smart  

Other—while others sanctify  

surmise of others' defects  

their doleful others have endured  

his lord and other company  

wondering each other's chance  

call her his, the other his  

love towards others  

they see others grow  

to some other give  

the other to complain  

Both find each other  

The other two  

The other my desire  

doth good turns now unto the other  

The other as your bounty  

with others all too near  

As I all other  

In other accounts  

In others' works  

When others would give  

whilst others write good words  

Then others for the breath  

When other petty griefs  

And other strains of woe  

thy heart in other place  

Who, moving others  

Others but stewards  

For to no other pass  

varying to other words  

Of others' voices  

but by others' seeing  

should others' false adulterate eye  

forfeited, so that other mine  

Shall will in others  

Robb'd others' beds' revenues  

what others do abhor  

With others thou shouldest  

must curb it upon others' proof  

in others' orchards grew  

thou lov'st the one and I the other  

other help for him  

Either was the other's mine  

Our—our sport is not in sight  

by our ears our hearts oft tainted  

be  

our mistress' ornaments are chaste  

from before a cloud, bereaves our sight  

that we call them ours  

that we can say is ours  

Shall tune our heart-strings  

from our house in grief  

and they are none of ours  

To rouse our Roman gods  

By our strong arms  

By all our country rights  

Our undivided loves are one  

Though in our lives  

And our dear love  

how are our brains beguiled  

So do our minutes hasten  

of our old acquaintance tell  

Our love was new  

Of this our time  

to make our appetites more keen  

we their patiate urge  

to prevent our maladies
Out—O, that our night of woe Son 120 9
Not by our feeling " 121 4
Our dates are brief " 123 5
make them born to our desire " 123 7
Inviting time our fashion calls " 124 8
And in our faults " 131 14
to make our wits more keen L C ..... 161
satisfaction to our blood " ..... 162
that preach in our behalf " ..... 165
our drops this difference bore " ..... 390
Since that our faults P P 1 14
All our pleasure known " 18 45
All our country noises " 18 156
All our evening sport " 18 47
All our love is lost " 18 48
Mongst our mourners P T ..... 29
Out—In limning out VA ..... 290
Things out of hope " ..... 567
the cold fault cleanly out " ..... 594
Their light blown out " ..... 828
volleys out his voice " ..... 921
lo, two lamps burn out " ..... 1129
and wore out the night R L ..... 1233
Fair torch, burn out thy light " ..... 190
The eye of heaven is out " ..... 356
heaven the owner out " ..... 343
Small lights are soon blown out " ..... 647
half, crep, cry out for thee " ..... 902
Out, idle words, servants to shal- low fools " ..... 1010
And seems to point her out " ..... 1037
Will we find out " ..... 1146
tread the way out readily " ..... 1153
pattern of the worm-out age " ..... 1356
burn of fortune blazes " ..... 1373
scratch out the angry eyes " ..... 1499
rings out the doleful knell " ..... 1495
would be drawn out too long " ..... 1616
What he breathes out " ..... 1665
In rage sent out " ..... 1671
wear their brave state out Son 15 8
prick'd thee out for women's pleasure " 20 12
But, out, slack! he was but one hour mine " 33 11
root out the work of masonry " 55 6
wear this world out " 55 12
To find out shames " 61 7
or vanish'd out of sight " 63 7
summer's honey breath hold out " 65 3
To linger out a purposed overth " 90 8
habitation chose out thee " 95 10
leaves out difference " 105 8
but effectually is out " 113 4
But bears it out even to the edge " 116 12
out of their spheres been fitted " 119 7
fire my good one out " 144 14
doth point out thee " 151 9
love put out Religion's eye L C ..... 250
fire my good one out " 2 14
She burned out love " 7 14
Out—brage'd—Whose bare .... the web it seem'd to wear L C ..... 35
Out—brave out—save his dignity Son 24 8
Out—burnth—As soon as straw .... P P 7 14
Outcast—beweep our ousted state Son 29 2
Outcry—Entombs her outcry R L ..... 679
Outfacing—Outfacing faults in love P P 1 8
Out-going—out-going in thine noon Son 7 13
Out—live—to outlive long date Son 38 12
outlive this powerful rhyme " 55 2
much outlive a gilded tomb " 101 11
Outrage—darkest do such outrage R L ..... 605
Outrages—no outrageous thing " 607
Outright—Kill me ..... with looks Son 123 14
Outrun—How he outruns the wind V A ..... 681
'Outruns the eye R L ..... 1667
Out—stripped—They be out—stripped by every pen Son 32 6
Out—stripping—Out—stripping crows V A ..... 324
Outward—puts on ....... strangeness " ..... 310
thy outward parts would move " 410
no outward harm express'd R L ..... 91
With outward honesty " ..... 1545
inward worth nor outward fair Son 16 11
mine eye's due is thine outward part " ..... 46 13
outward thus with outward praise " 59 5
Where time and outward form " 193 14
the outworn honouring " 125 2
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outwards so commended L C ..... 89
with an outward show P P 19 38
Outwardly—But fighting outwardly C L ..... 203
Outwore—and outwore the night V A ..... 841
Outworn—Death by time outworn R L ..... 1761
of outworn buried age Son 64 2
the map of days outworn " 68 1
Over—An oven that is stopp'd V A ..... 331
Over—Over one arm the lusty " ..... 31
Over my altars hath he " ..... 103
O, had she then gave over " ..... 371
Over one shoulder doth she " ..... 1658
Hold over in their track Son 126 2
sorrow over me hath power L C ..... 74
eyes stuck over all his face " ..... 81
Overcome—Who, .... by doubt V A ..... 801
Overcome, as one " ..... 905
Overflow—will force it overflow " ..... 72
Over—fly—strike to overfly them " ..... 324
Over—That over—goes my blunt invention Son 193 7
Over— handled—your idle over- handled theme V A ..... 779
Overlook—did lothly overlook them " ..... 178
Over—partial—corrupt by .... looks Son 137 5
Overplus—and 'Will' in overplus " ..... 135 2
Overruled—Thus he that ..... V A ..... 109
Overseas—shall oversee this will R L ..... 1295
Overseen—How was I overseen " ..... 1296
Over—shoot—To .... his troubles V A ..... 680
Over—slipp'd—hath over—slipp'd her thought R L ..... 1576
Oversway'd—overruled I ..... V A ..... 109
Overthrow—Till mutual overthrow " ..... 1918
a purposed overthrow Son 90 8
Overturn—war shall statues overturn " 55 5
Over—wash'd—checks .... with woe R L ..... 1255
Owe—and I will not owe it V A ..... 411
if any love you owe me " 523
which Collatieth doth owe R L ..... 82
more slavish tribute than they owe " 290
Kingdom's—no hearts shouldest owe Son 29 14
Since what he owes thee " 79 14
 landlord which doth owe them L C ..... 140
Ovew—I owed her, and 'tis mine R L ..... 1803
borrow'd motion seeming owed L C ..... 327
Owest—of that fair thou owest Son 13 10
OWL

-The owl, night's herald

No noise but owls' and wolves' 

that this night-owl will catch 

own—The kiss shall be thine own

Is thine own heart to thine own 

face 

Steal thine own freedom 

by their own direction 

in thine own hand torn 

more moving than your own 

because it is his own 

but she is not her own 

blush at her own disgrace 

not their own infamy 

for thine own sake leave me 

Their own transgressions 

That from thine own misdeeds 

Till with her own white fleece 

can see his own abomination 

breakers of their own behests 

At his own shadow 

are their own faults' books 

mine own would do me good 

her own gross abuse 

with his own weight goes 

the feeling of her own grief 

to make mine own excuse 

Thine, mine, his own 

thine own bright eyes 

Within thine own bud 

their own deep-seek'd eyes 

by your own sweet skill 

her own sweet brood 

Nature's own hand 

weaks his own heart 

mine own love's strength 

mine own love's might 

Their own transgression 

mine own praise to mine own self 

bring 

mine own when I praise 

of mine own desert 

Mine own true love 

mine own worth do define 

me thine own dear 

give thee so thine own 

than mine own desert 

thy own worth then not knowing 

With mine own weakness 

Your own glass shows 

Not mine own fears 

Mock their own presence 

Gored mine own thoughts 

his own vision holds 

your own dear-purchased right 

reckon up their own 

thou thine own state 

Love's own hand did make 

Ask'd their own wills 

was my own friend 

'gainst her own content 

but mine own was free 

to your own command 

Made me think upon mine own 

Owner—beauty, In the owners' arms 

From this fair throne to have 

the owner of 

and owners of their faces 

The owner's tongue doth publish 

Pace—colour, pace, and bone

knit brow and strengthless pace 

marching on with trembling paces 

with my desire keep pace 

and no pace perceived 

Pace—Shall you pace forth 

Pack—Pack night, sleep deep 

Pack'd—The night so pack'd, I rest 

Pack-horse—A pack-horse, vir 

'tis snare 

Page—wait on them as their pages 

antiquity for eye his page 

paid—as if not paid before 

Pain—in his shelly cave with pain 

Pain pays the income 

joy breasted in his pain 

living death and pain perpetual 

perplex'd in greater pain 

have co-partners in my pain 

it cannot cure his pain 

The pain be mine 

with pretty ruth upon my pain 

and rid my pain 

The manner of my pity-wanting 

pain 

she that makes me sin awards me 

pain 

painting pain and cost 

As take the pain 

more mickle was the pain 

None takes pity on thy pain 

Pained—case to the painted 

Painful—gouts and painful fits 

More feeling-painful 

The painful warrior famious 

Paint—ground of sin I will not 

Painted—Well-painted idol 

deceived by a well-painted grapes 

Shall by a painted cloth 

To this well-painted piece 

in Priam's painted wound 

she weeps Troy's painted woes 

Simon here is painted 

That she with painted images 

than your painted counterfeit 

with Nature's own hand painted 

Stirr'd by a painted beauty 

And to the painted banquet 

in Grecian tires are painted new 

Painter—Look, when a painter 

Which the conceited painter drew 

so proud 

to show the painter's strife 

and there the painter interfaces 

the painter was so nice 

In her the painter had anatomized 

The painter was no god 

In him the painter labour'd 

And chill the painter 

Mine eye hath play'd the painter 

it is best painter's art 

For through the painter 

Painting—Of skilful painting 

about the painting round 

Painting my age with beauty 

Why should false painting imitate 

And their gross painting 

that you did painting need 

to your fair no painting set 

PAINTING
PARDON—Yourself to pardon

Son 58 12

1 0, pardon me, in that my boast 

L C ... 246

1 1 pardon crave of thee 

P P 10 11

Paris—Thy heat of lust, fond Paris 

P P ... 244

1 2— I'll be a park 

V A ... 232

1 3 I am such a park 

V A ... 239

Parley—parley to his heartless foe 

R L ... 471

Pardoning—from their parting looks 

P P ... 100

Part—thy outward parts would move 

V A ... 455

Each part in me 

P P ... 436

numbs each feeling part 

V A ... 892

This mutiny each part doth so sur- 

prise 

V A ... 1049

My part is youth 

R L ... 298

corrupted takes the worse part 

P P ... 294

against a thorn thou bear'st thy part 

... 1155

every part a part of 

... 1357

To but a part of sorrow 

... 1358

help to bear thy part 

... 1350

In singleness the parts that thou 

Son 8 8

shows not half your parts 

... 17 4

put besides his part 

... 23 2

all love's loving parts 

... 31 3

all their parts of me 

... 31 11

in thy parts do crown 

... 57 7

blessed all thy glory live 

... 62 12

the better part of me 

... 89 2

eye's moeity and the dear heart's 

part 

... 46 12

mine eye's due is thine outward 

part 

... 46 13

love doth share a part 

... 47 8

To guard the lawful reasons on 

... 49 12

you have some part 

... 53 13

and all my every part 

... 62 2

Those parts of thee 

... 69 1

The very part was conscience 

... 74 6

the better part of me 

... 74 8

each part will be forgotten 

... 81 4

of 

... 6

hath the mind no part 

... 113 7

oblivion yield his part 

... 122 7

like in every part 

... 132 12

And play the mother's part 

... 143 12

My noble part to my gross body's 

treason 

... 161 6

And was in his fair parts 

... 156 10

my own fee-simple in part 

... 144 14

My parts had power to charm 

... 269 2

that I thy parts admire 

... 5 10

He with thee doth bear a part 

... 21 56

Part—with wringing; let us part 

V A ... 421

Do summon us to part 

... 534 2

As fearful of him, part; through 

... 630 2

seems to part in Sunder 

... 358 6

thou mayst come and part 

Son 48 12

Which parts the shore 

... 56 10

Doth part his function 

... 113 3

If what parts can so remain 

... 48 14

Parfait—against myself with thee 

... 149 2

Partial—corrupt by over-partial 

... 137 5

looks 

As well as fancy, partial wight 

... 19 4

Partially—partly they smother 

... 634 2

Particular—But these particulars 

Son 91 7

of one particular tear 

... 269 2

Parting—the honey fee of parting 

V A ... 538
PARTING—Yet at my parting $PP$ 14 7
Partly—and is partly blind $Son$ 113 3
Partner—To be thy partner $RL$ ... 672
Party—Thy adverse party $Son$ 35 10
Where neither party $LC$ ... 186
Passing—when it should pass when thou shalt strangely pass $Son$ 49 9
For to no other pass " 103 11
Let me pass unta'd " 136 9
he should not pass these grounds $PP$ 9 8
Passage—died honey passage yield $VA$ ... 452
Struggling for passage " ... 1547
for, lo, his of her, bath $RL$ ... 290
All unseen 'gan passage find $PP$ 17 6
Pass'd—Thou hast pass'd by $Son$ 70 9
you've pass'd a bell of time " 120 6
Passenger—... in summer's heat $VA$ ... 21
Passing—straight legs and ... strong " ... 297
As passing all conceit $PP$ 8 8
Spelt a bless'd passing fair " 17 3
Passing-bell—that hears the ... $VA$ ... 702
Passion—trembling in her passion " ... 27
swelling passion doth provoke " ... 218
Passion on passion deeply is re-doubled " ... 832
Variable passions thaw $PP$ ... 967
each passion labours so " ... 969
her passion's strength renew'd $RL$ ... 1163
life and feeling of her passion " ... 1317
such passion her assails " ... 1502
too sensible thy passion maketh "$ ... 1678
the master-mistress of my passion $Son$ 20 2
Catching all passions $LC$ ... 126
their passions likewise lent me $VP$ ... 199
her, his, my passion "$ ... 185
Passion—Dumbly she passions $VA$ ... 1059
Past—My day's delight is past " ... 380
past reason's weak removing $RL$ ... 243
To all sins past " ... 923
is past the help of law " ... 1022
recall'd in rage being past "$ ... 1671
Past—she in passion $L$ ... 1683
the violet past prime $Son$ 32 3
resemblance of things past a limit past my praise " ... 82 6
at the present nor the past "$ ... 123 10
Past reason hunted "$ ... 129 6
Past reason hated "$ ... 129 7
my days are past the best "$ ... 138 6
Past care I am, how reason is past care " ... 147 9
To put by the past perils $LC$ ... 158
my years be past the best $PP$ 1 6
Patent—so my patent back again is swerving $Son$ 87 8
Path—The path is smooth $VA$ ... 788
She treads the path "$ ... 968
Patience—Where thou with ... $RL$ ... 486
with greater patience bear it " ... 1158
By this, mild patience "$ ... 1298
Patience seem'd to scorn "$ ... 1505
That patience is quite benton "$ ... 1563
And patience, tame to suflerance $Son$ 58 7
My tongue-tied patience "$ ... 140 2
Patient—The patient dies while the physician sleeps $RL$ ... 904
Whilst, like a willing patient $Son$ 111 9
Playing patient sports $LC$ ... 242
Patiently—unless I took all ... $RL$ ... 1641

Patron—god and patron of all light $VA$ ... 899
Pattern—Even so this pattern $RL$ ... 1599
beauty's pattern to succeeding men $Son$ 19 12
you pattern of all those " ... 98 12
patterns of this foul beguiling $LC$ ... 170
Pattern'd—when ... by thy fault $RL$ ... 629
Pulse—Then might thou pause $VA$ ... 137
doth provoke a pause " ... 218
Sad pulse and deep regard $RL$ ... 277
and makes a pause " ... 541
Pausin—Paying for means to mourn "$ ... 1365
Paw'd—bent thou the lion's paw $Son$ 19 18
Paw'd—Paw'd honest looks $Son$ 1531
Pawning—Pawning his honour "$ ... 156
Pay—one sweet kiss shall pay $VA$ ... 84
So thou wilt buy, and pay "$ ... 514
pay them at thy leisure "$ ... 518
Love's eyes pay tributary gazes "$ ... 632
every minute pays the hour $RL$ ... 329
Pain pay'd the tax of care "$ ... 334
streams that pay a daily debt "$ ... 649
those that pay the willing loan $Son$ 6 6
Which I new pay as if not paid "$ ... 30 12
and pays it thee again "$ ... 79 8
thou thyself dost pay "$ ... 79 14
He pays the whole "$ ... 134 14
Pay—her—her love were ready for his pay $VA$ ...
Payment—Paying what ransom "$ ... 559
by paying too much rent $Son$ 125 6
Paying more slavish tribute $RL$ ... 229
Payment—Say, for non-payment $VA$ ... 521
With such black payment $RL$ ... 576
Peace—How he in peace is wounded "$ ... 831
O peace! what Lucrece "$ ... 1281
And for the peace of you $Son$ 73 3
And peace proclaims "$ ... 107 8
Love's arms arm. peace $LC$ ... 271
Peaceful—And in a peaceful hour $VA$ ... 652
Pearl—like pearls in glass "$ ... 930
And wiped the brink pearl $RL$ ... 1213
Those round clear pearl "$ ... 1353
Ah, but the tears are pearl "$ ... 13
Of pale pearls and rubies $LC$ ... 198
Bright orient pearl $PP$ 10 3
Pearly—With pearly sweat $RL$ ... 396
Peasant—Which heartless peasants "$ ... 1392
Pebbled—waves make towards the pebbled shore "$ ... 60 1
Peculiar—did him peculiar duties $RL$ ... 14
Peel'd—the bark peel'd from the lofty pine "$ ... 1167
her bark being peel'd away "$ ... 1169
PeeP—the gaudy sun would peep $VA$ ... 1058
should not peep again $RL$ ... 788
each little note will peep "$ ... 1251
Delights to peep "$ ... 1247
Pack night, pop day $PP$ 15 17
Peep'd—some beauty peep'd $LC$ ... 14
Peeping—leave thy peeping $RL$ ... 1089
Nymphs back peeping $PP$ 18 43
peeping forth this tumult $RL$ ... 447
Peer—peer to such a peerless dame "$ ... 21
over the white sheet peers her white chin "$ ... 1472
Peering—peering through a wave $VA$ ... 86
Peerless—peer to such a ... $Son$ 21
Pelf—but cannot pluck the pelf $PP$ 14 12
Pelleted—woe had pelleted in tears $LC$ ... 18
Pen—paper, ink, and pen &L 1259
Time's pencil, or my pupil pen Son 10 16
with thine antique pen &L 19 10
they be outstrip'd by every pen &L 32 6
as every alien pen 78 3
travail of a worthier pen &L 79 6
such virtue hath my pen &L 81 13
within that pen doth dwell &L 84 5
of well refined pen 85 8
And gives thy pen &L 100 8
I see their antique pen &L 106 7
Pen—He pens her piteous clamours &L 651
Pencill—Nor double penance, to &L 111 12
Pencill—Time's—. or my pupil pen &L 10 16
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth &L 101 7
Pencill'd—To pencill'd pensiveness &L 1497
Penetrate—No penetrable entrance &L 559
Pen'd—sally pen'd in blood LC 47
Penisued—Of pensived and subdued &L 219
Pensiveness—To pencill'd &L 1497
Pent—pent in walls of glass &L 5 10
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Penury—Lean — within that pen &L 84 5
People—poor people are amazed V A 925
a press of people at a door &L 1301
Perceive—I perceive the reason &L 727
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Perceived—and no pace perceived &L 104 10
Perceivest—This thou perceivest &L 73 13
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Perfect—and once made perfect &L 408
The perfect ceremony &L 23 6
every had a perfect best &L 114 7
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Perfect'st—of . . . love being made Son 51 10
Perfection—Whose full perfection V A 654
And pure perfection &L 736
Haste no perfection &L 837
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Holds in perfection Son 15 7
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Perforce—Perforce will force it V A 72
thou perforce must bear &L 612
'Perforce am thine Son 133 14
Perfume—Three April perfumes &L 104 7
And in some perfumes &L 130 7
Perfumed—Comes breathed perfum &L 444
As the perfumed tincture Son 54 6
Perhaps—When I perhaps compounded am with clay &L 71 10
Peril—To put the by-past perils L C 158
Periact had they seen the period of their ill R L 389
She puts the period &L 505
Perish—so my Troy did perish &L 1547
rude, barrenly perish Son 11 10
Perjurer—For perjured Simon R L 1521
is perjured, murderous Son 129 3
and perjured messiah &L 132 6
sworn thee fair; more perjured I &L 152 13
Perjury—Guilty of perjury R L 919
craft and perjury should thrust &L 1517
Perjury—to this false perjury PP 3 3
Permit—permit the sun to climb R L 775
permit the basest clouds Son 33 5
Perpetual—death and pain —&L 726
and make perpetual night &L 784
and thy perpetual infanty &L 1638
with perpetual dullness &L 56 8
took a kept perpetual Son 56 8
Perpetually—drop on them . . . &L 656
Perplexed—. . . in his throne VA 1043
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Person—Health to thy person &L 1395
And set thy person forth PP 19 12
Personal—in personal duty LC 130
Perspective—perspective it is best painter's art Son 24 4
Persuade—to persuade him there V A 1114
doth of itself persuade &L 29
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My glass shall not persuade me Son 22 1
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Persual—Worthy perusal stand Son 38 6
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Philomela—While Philomela sits and sings PP 15 5
Phoebe—That Phoebe's lute &L 18 10
Phoenix—turn the long-lived . . . Son 19 4
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the picture of true pietie &L 542
This picture she advisedly perused &L 1527
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thy picture's sight would bar Son 26 3
With my love's picture &L 47 5
by thy picture or my love &L 47 9
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Shall profit thee  
Son 77

Profitless:—Profitless usurer, why  
dost thou use  
" 4

Profound:—In so profound abyss  
" 112

Profector:—children pre-decease  
propagators  
R.L. 1756

Progeriatric:—this I progeriatric  
Son 13

Progress:—progress to eternity  
" 77

Promise:—Upon this promise  
V.A 85

Promise mere speed  
R.L. 1349

lord began to promise aid  
" 1096

Why didst thou promise  
Son 34

Promised:—Tis ... in the charity  
L.C. 78

Prompt:—All replication prompt  
" 122

Proof:—O, that ... just should stain  
R.L. 684

to base touches prone  
Son 141

Proounced:—‘Tarquin’ was pro- 
nounced plain  
R.L. 1786

Proof:—Are better proof  
V.A. 625

On newer proof, to try  
Son 110

And on just proof  
" 117

A bliss in proof, and proved  
" 129

Proof:—Of proofs new bleeding  
which remain  
L.C. 113

carb'd it upon other's proof  
" 165

Property:—his inviolate properties did  
toule  
" 212

Property:—was thus appalled  
P.T. 37

Prophecy:—with dreadful prophecies  
V.A. 923

praises are but prophecies  
Son 106

Prophecy:—I prophesy thy death  
V.A. 671

ke, hero I prophesy  
" 113

Prophetic:—for the prophetic soul  
Son 107

Proportion'd:—a well-proportion’d  
steed  
V.A. 299

Make war against proportion'd  
course of time  
R.L. 774

Proposed:—great treasure is the  
meed proposed  
" 122

Before a joy proposed  
Son 9

Protest:—she doth protest  
V.A. 581

Protestation:—The ... stops  
R.L. 1790

to his protestation urged  
" 184

Protesting:—of all her pure prostat- 
ings  
P.P. 7

Proud:—And rein his proud head  
V.A. 14

Or, base and proud  
" 113

lusty, young, and proud  
" 209

with his proud sight  
" 288

proud rider on so proud a back  
" 390

Being proud, as females are  
" 392

rough bear, or lion proud  
" 854

Clapping their proud tails  
" 923

at such high-proud rate  
R.L. 18

this proud issue of a king  
" 97

proud of such a dignity  
" 437

The flesh being proud  
" 712

To ruinate proud buildings  
" 944

those proud lords to blame  
" 1239

painted drew so proud  
" 1571

under Pyrrhus' proud foot  
Son 86

couplement of proud compare  
" 21

and proud titles boast  
" 25

The rich-proud cost  
" 64

And, proud of many, lives  
" 67

Now proud as an enjoyer  
" 75

Yet be most proud  
" 78

Was it the proud full sail  
" 84

Or from their proud lap  
" 86

though thy proud heart go wide  
" 140

Thy proud heart's slave  
" 141

That is so proud  
" 140

Proud of this pride  
" 131

Proud of subjection  
L.C. 108

a younger proud and wild  
P.P. 2

Proud:—... than garments' cost  
Son 91

Proudest:—as the ... sail doth bear  
" 80

Proudly:—proudly make them cruel  
" 131

Proudly:—When proud-pied April  
" 98

Prove:—she begins to prove  
V.A. 40

prove nothing worth  
" 418

she doth prove  
" 457

That they prove bankrupt  
R.L. 214

the like offences prove  
" 635

Since men prove beasts  
" 1148

Thou single wilt prove none  
Son 8

at least kind-hearted prove  
" 10

where thou mayst prove me  
" 26

and poists better prove  
" 32

what a torment wouldst thou prove  
" 39
Prove—For truth proveth thievish

Prove nothing worthy prove

And prove thee virtuous

Which prove more short

tings of great receipt with ease we prove

thy sweet self prove

which yet men prove

and this by that I prove

but wilt prove P P

to thee I'll constant prove

Unless thy lady prove unjust

will all the pleasures prove

Proved—as may be proved

proved thee my best of love

error and upon me proved

and proved a very wee

Prove—better for my life provide

Proving—Proving from world's vul

Proving his beauty by succession

Provoke—doth provoke a pause

cannot provoke him on

Provoke—provoked my tongue

Provoked—provoked such weeping

Pry—into my deeds to pry

Pry'st—Why pry'st thou through

Public—to a public fast

Become the public plague

Of public honour and proud titles

Nor thou with public kindness

public means which public manners

Publish—And so to publish

doth publish everywhere

Publisher—why is Collatine the publish

Puddle—The sea within a puddle's

Pudding

Puffed—puffs forth another wind

Pulse—holds her pulses hard

Punishment—deserve not

Pupil—Time's pencil or my... pen

Purblind—the purblind hare

Purchase—Which... if thou make

Would purchase thee a thousand

Purchased—Your own dear-pur

Pur—Pur—pure and red remaind

Pur—pure and red remaind

Pur—pure and most loving

Hie preach'd self most pure

all her pure protestings

Purer—Some purer chest to close

Purist—And purest faith unhappily

foresworn

Purge—to purge my impure tale

shun sickness when we purge

Purging—slight all and purging

Purify—in effect is purify

Purify—could weeping purify

Purity—the life of purity

Wooing his purity

Wooing his purity

Pure'd—which pur'd up to the sky

Purloin'd—had purloin'd his eyes

Purple—With purple tears

a purple flower sprung up

And from the purple fountain

The purple pride

Purple-colour'd—with... face

Purpose—the purpose of his coming

hither

this vile purpose to prevent

Yet for the self-same purpose

one thing to my purpose

strongly in my purpose bred

She keeps thee to this purpose

On purpose laid to make the taker

Purpose—I purpose to destroy thee

that purpose not to sell

Purposed—linger out a purposed

overthrow

Yet their purposed trim

Pursue—these fearful creatures

hies pursue him still

yet he hath pursued his fear

Pursuers—stop the loud pursuers

Pursuing—or pursuing no delight

Pursuit—Make slow pursuit

With swift pursuit to venge

Mad in pursuit

In pursuit of the thing

Push—to push grievous

Push'd—Backward she push'd him

Put—puts on outward strangeness

before one leaf put forth

gold that's put to use

put his bonnet on

put fear to value

I could not put him back

She puts the period

Hath put on his shape

is put besides his part

And puts apparel on

doth put this in my mind

Hath put a spirit

hath put on nature's power

Have put on black

To put fair truth

hath Love put in my head

and in it put their mind

put the by-pass peril in her way

put to the smallest teen

love put out Religion's eye

To put in practice either
Quickly—Quickly him they will entice  

Quick—Quick-shiftings—Quick-shiftings an
ties  

Quiet—Into the quiet closure  
shall it keep in quiet  
mustering to the quiet cabinet  
hers quiet interrupted  
for myself no quiet find  

Quiet—Lie quietly, and hear  
Quietus—her... is to render thee  
Quiet—To speak to her  
Quick—In the paper with her quill  

If ever a modern quill  
their character with golden quill  

Quit—Nor youth all quit  
Quit—Heart were quite undone  
quick behind from her breast  
and lusty leaves quite gone  
last, no, quoth she  
quite contrary I read  
dear love, forget me quive  
over—goes my blunt invention quoth  
All my merry jigs are quite forgot  

Quivert—why quivert thou at  

Quoth—... my loathsome trespass  
Quoth—"Ay me," quoth Venus  
I know not love,' quoth he  
canst thou talk? quoth she  
where an it? quoth she  
Fair queen,' quoth he  

Lo! quoth she  
The hear, quoth she  
Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she  
No matter where,' quoth he  
what of that? quoth she  
I am,' quoth he  
inight,' quoth she  
Nay, then,' quoth Adon  
In vain,' quoth she  
In vain,' quoth she  
O Jove,' quoth she  
And yet,' quoth she  
Wonder of time,' quoth she  
Poor flower,' quoth she  

Quoth he, "She took me kindly  
So, so,' quoth he,' these lets  
that he,' I must deliver  
Lucrece,' quoth he,' this night  
Quoth she, Reward not  
Have done,' quoth he  
Thou art,' quoth she,' a sea  
No more,' quoth he;' by heaven  
For day,' quoth she  
"You mocking birds,' quoth she  
To kill myself,' quoth she  
My girl,' quoth she  
O, peace? quoth Lucrece  
Poor instrument,' quoth she  
It cannot be,' quoth she  
Food, fruit,' quoth she  
Few words,' quoth she  
Groom of thine,' quoth he  
You fair lords,' quoth she  
O, speak,' quoth she  
No, no,' quoth she  
O,' quoth Lucretios,' I did give  

Put—with scorn she put away  
though she put thee back  

Put's—put's forth all to use  

Putrifled—that which is so putrifled  

Pyramid—Thy pyramids built up  

Pyrrhus—under Pyrrhus proud foot  

Quake—tributary subject quakes  
saw them quake and tremble  

Quaking—Bids them leave quaking  

Qualified—last by gazing qualified  

Qualify—seem'd my flame to qualify  

Quality—savour, hue, and qualities  

Queen—the love-sick queen began  
Poor queen of love  
leaders to their queen  
Fair queen,' quoth he  
All in vain; good queen  
where their queen  
was the other queen  
The silver-shining queen  
on the finger of a throned queen  
could look but beauty's queen  
on her back, fair queen, and toward  
as his queen a sick one  
the queen of music, makes  
when the fair queen of love  
She, silly queen  
Twixt the turtle and his queen  

Quench—... the maiden burning  
I'll quench them with my tears  
To quench the coal  
ocean quench their light  
with my tears quench Troy  

Quenched—This brand she...  

Quenchless—area balls of... fire  

Quest—A quest of thought's  
and in quest to have  

Quotation—do I question make  
Nor dare I question  
hence a question takes  

arguements and question deep  
and yet do question make  


Quoted—after supper long he questioned  
Quick—O, how quick is love  
bright, and quick in turning  
Now quick desire  
In youth, quick bearing  
nor war's quick fire shall burn  
variation or quick change  
Of his quick objects  

Quicker—these quicker elements are gone  
Quickly—ducks as quickly in  
quickly told and quickly gone  
other kills they quickly  
quickly is convey'd  
did quickly steep  
But quickly on this side  

PUT 234 QUOTU
Quoth—'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine

'Ah, woe, woe,' quoth she

'Once, quoth she, 'did I see

See, in my thighb, quoth she

'Even thus, quoth she

'Even thus, quoth she

'Even thus, quoth she

'Farewell, quoth she

'Aye, quoth he

Race—no dull flesh in his fiery race

Rack—With ugly rack on his celestial face

Radiance—their sickly radiance do amend

Rage—swelleth with more rage

In fell battle's rage

and in a desperate rage

His rage of lust by gazing

more rage and lesser pity

tresson, rape, and murder's rages

blunt rage and rigour roll'd

such signs of rage they bear

In rage they went, recall'd in rage, being past

rage of death's eternal cold

be term'd a poet's rage

replete with too much rage

eternal slave to mortal rage

How with this rage shall beauty

but spite of heaven's fell rage

This said, in top of rage

For when we rage, advice is often seen

Ragged—on a ragged bough

titles to a ragged name

winter's ragged hand deface

Rage-mad—It shall be

V A

132

145

219

424

468

999

1388

1419

1671

Son

13

12

17

11

23

3

64

4

65

3

13

55

160

37

892

6

1

L C

1131

1023

1467

1062

Son

22

6

V A

71

550

238

709

959

965

L C

1788

Son

14

6

Rain—Rain added to a river

Stone at rain releaseth

from tempest and from rain

Like sunshine after rain

breaks the silver rain

now wind, now rain

This windy tempest till it blow up rain

to each his thunder, rain, and wind

to dry the rain on my storm-beaten face

yet receives rain still

with sorrow's wind and rain

Rain—chorus-like her eyes did rain

At last it rains, and busy winds

Rainbow—like rainbow in the sky

Rain'd—Which long have rain'd

Raineth—hush'd before it raineth

Raining—though marble wear with raining

That down thy cheeks are raining

no flood by raining slacketh

Rain—a windy night, a rainy morn-

row

Son

90

7

Raise—did he raise his chin

that burning lungs did raise

Raised—thy unworthiness raised

love in me

Ram—Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall

My ram speeds not

Ram—He ran upon the bear

To Simos' reedy banks the red blood ran

He rose and ran away

Random—hatefully at random

At random from the truth

Ranged—love; if I have ranged

Rank—a river that is rank

add the rank smell of weeds

By their rank thoughts

To blush at speechless rank

Rank—In their pure ranks

Whose ranks of blue veins

that in their smoky ranks

ridges; and their ranks began

till meeting greater ranks

To March in ranks

holds his rank before

Which rank of goodness

above that idle rank remain

Ransack'd—But rob'd and....

Ransom—Pay ing what ransom

are rich and ransom all

Mine ransom yours, and yours

must ransom me

Rape—treason, rape, and murder's rages

For Helen's rape the city

Rare—first-born flowers and all

things rare

feasts so solemn and so rare

thrice more wish'd, more rare

by heaven, I think my love as rare

Rarest—Whose rarest havings made

the blossoms dote

Rarity—the rarities of nature's truth

Beauty, truth, and rarity

Rascal—base bed of some...groom

Rash—Her rash suspect she doth

The reason of this rash alarm

seducing lust, thy rash relick

or ruin his rash desire

Rash—false—O rash—false heat

Rate—to rate the hour

at such high-prov'd rate

they all rate his ill

Rather—but rather famish them

Rather than triumph

And rather make them born

Rave—time against himself to rave

Raven—quills from ancient raven's wings

mistress' eyes are raven black

Ravish—ravish the morning air

doth ravish human sense

Ravisher—treason and the ravisher

Thou ravisher, thou traitor

Ravishment—death and ravishment

that sing'd of ravishment

Raw—though sod in tears, look'd

red and raw
Razed—Is from the book of honour
razed quite            Søn 25  11
    towers I see down-razed    " "  64  3
    Till each to razed oblivion " " 122  7
Read—Nor read the subtle-shining
    secrecies            R L ..... 101
    eyes do learn, do read, do look... " ..... 616
    read lectures of such shame... " ..... 618
    may read the mot afar... " ..... 839
    must be used, read it in me... " ..... 1155
    in them I read such art... " Søn 14  19
    O, learn to read... " " 23 13
    This for a style I'll read... " " 32 14
    quite contrary I read... " " 62 11
    Nay, if you read this line... " " 71 5
    eyes not yet created shall o'er-read... " 81 10
Readily—tread the way out readily            R L ..... 1152
Reading—reading what contents it
    bears            L C ..... 19
    Read—were ready for his pay... " VA 147 89
    Bid thou be ready by and by... " R L 1292
Real—His real habit gave life...        L C ..... 114
Reap—should that harvest reap...        Søn 128 7
Rear—Anon, he rears upright...        V A 279
Reearward—Come in the rearward...        Søn 90 6
Reason—beating reason back...        V A 857
    You have no reason... " " 612
    I perceive the reason... " " 727
When reason is the bawd... " " 792
    past reason's weak removing... " R L 248
    Respect and reason wait... " " 273
    The reason of this rash alarm... " " 473
    reproof and reason beat it dead... " " 489
    spurn'd at right, at law, at reason... " " 880
    reasons for their settled gravity... " Søn 49 8
    To guard the lawful reasons... " " 49 12
    Against thy reasons making... " " 89 4
    my judgement knew no reason... " " 115 3
    Past reason hunted... " " 129 6
    Past reason hated... " " 129 7
    My reason, the physician... " " 147 5
    now reason is past care... " " 147 9
    flesh stays no farther reason... " " 151 8
    prompt and reason strong... " " 122
    Though Reason weep and cry... " " 168
    resolved my reason into tears... " " 290
    Let reason rule things... " " 19 3
    Reason in itself confounded... " " 41
    Love hath reason, reason none... " " 47
Reave—heaves his son of life...        V A 765
Rebel—command thy rebel will...        R L 625
    The guilty rebel for remission... " " 714
    these rebel powers that thee array Søn 146 2
Rebuk'd—So I return rebuked...            " 119 13
Recall'd—In rage sent out, recall'd in rage... " " 1671
Receipt—Desire must venit his re- ceipt... " " 760
    In things of great receipt... " Søn 136 7
Receive—receives her soft hand's print...            V A 333
    Receives the scroll... " " R L 1340
Receive—receives a brand...        Søn 111 5
    receives remembrance of being... " " 121 2
    tables that receive thee more... " " 122 12
    yet receives rain still... " " 135 9
    which did no form receive... " " R L 241
    all strange forms receives... " " 303
    Received—I have... from many... " " 206
Receive'—that which thou... not Søn 8 3
    Or else receivest with pleasure... " " 8 4
    thou my love receivest... " " 40 5
Receiving—Receiving nought by elements... " " 44 13
Recite—world should task you to...        " 72 1
Recketh—What recketh he his rider's angry stir...        V A ..... 283
Reckon—At my abuses reckon up their own...    Søn 121 10
Reckon'd—one is reckon'd none...        " 155 6
Reckoning—Reckoning his fortune R L ..... 19
    but reckoning Time... " Søn 115 215
Recompense—and look for...        " " 23 11
Reconcile—pervert a... maid L C ..... 329
Record—So should my shame still rest upon record...            R L ..... 1643
    The living record of your memory Søn 55 8
    record could with a backward look... " " 55 5
    thy record never can be missed... " " 122 8
    thy records and what we see both lie... " " 123 11
Recounting—recounting it to me...        " 45 12
Recreate—Recreate himself...        R L ..... 1055
Recure—A smile... the wounding...        " 465
Red—white and red than doves...        V A 10
    Making them red and pale... " " 21
    She red and hot as coals... " " 35
    He red for shame... " " 36
    Being red, she loves him... " " 77
    drum and ensign red... " " 107
    not red yet, are they red... " " 116
    Red clacks and fiery eyes... " " 346
    How white and red... " " 432
    Like a red morn... " " 453
    till clapping makes it red... " " 468
    on my wax-red lips... " " 516
    bepainted all with red... " " 901
    mine eyes' red fire... " " 1073
    berets red and ripe-red cherries... " " 1168
    clear unmatched red and white... " R L 11
    claims from beauty beauty's red... " " 59
    the red should fence the white... " " 63
    Argued by beauty's red... " " 64
    First red as roses... " " 258
    And the red rose blush... " " 479
    roses that on both their faces... " " 1352
    The red bloom heir'd... " " 1377
    bears back all boll'n and red... " " 1417
    reedy banks the red blood ran... " " 1457
    Cheeks neither red nor pale... " " 1510
    blushing red no guilty instance... " " 1511
    sod in tears, look'd red and raw... " " 1592
    still pure and red remained... " " 1742
    untainted still doth red abide... " " 1749
    A third, nor red nor white... " Søn 99 10
    more red than her lips' red... " " 130
    roses damask'd, red and white... " " 130
    paled pearls and rubies red as blood L C ..... 198
Redem—Return, forgetful Muse,...        " " 158
    and straight redeem... " Søn 100 5
    Redress—that we may give redress... R L ..... 1693
    broken glass no cement can redress P P 13 10
Redoubl'd—Passion on passion deep- ly is redoubled... " V A 832
Red-rose—in a red-rose chain... " " 110
Reedy—To Simois' redcy banks...        R L ..... 1457
Reek—Her face doth reek
V A .... 555
that from my mistress reeks
Son 130 8

Reek'd—The red blood reek'd
R L .... 1377

Reeking—furnace of soul-reeking
smoke
" .... 729

Reel—be reel'd from the day
Son 7 10

Refigured—ten times refug'red thee
V A .... 10 10
Red—blood of well-refined pen
" .... 528 8
Red—... and now no more reect
V A .... 1130
that she reflects so bright
R L .... 376

Refrain—I could from tears refrain
P P 21 16

Refresh—no rubbing will refresh
" .... 13 8

Refit—rest from her by death
V A .... 1174

Refuge—this refuge let me find
R L .... 1654
Refuse—the very refuse of thy deeds
Son 130 6
Refused—Or be refused to take her
figured
P P 4 10

But one must be refused
" .... 16 9

Refusest—of what thyself refusest
Son 40 8

Recall—I never shall regard
V A .... 377
dep deep regard becames the rage
R L .... 277
creeping thief to some regard
" .... 305
Should an heap of ruins
" .... 1400
emerald, in whose fresh regard
L C .... 213

Region—The region cloud bath
mask'd him
Son 32 12

Register—Dim register and notary
R L .... 765
what new to register
Son 108 3

Thy registers and thee
Son 128 9

O false blood, thou register of lies
L C .... 82

Release—with his fair dote
.... 21 4
every vulgar paper to rehearse
" .... 38 4
as my poor name rehearse
" .... 71 11
your being shall rehearse
" .... 81 11

Regain—For when love reigns
V A .... 649
And there reigns love
Son 31 3
and in their badness reign,
" .... 121 14
In the general bosom reign
L C .... 127
Regain—which in thy reign are made
R L .... 804

beautify's wreck and grim care's reign
" .... 1451

enemies to either's reign
Son 28 5

Regain'd—though in my nature
.... 109 9
And regain'd commanding
L C .... 196
Reign—A and reign his proud head
V A .... 14

the lusty course's reign
" .... 31
Breaketh his reign
" .... 264
master'd with a feather
" .... 392
or reign his rash desire
R L .... 706

Rejected—he of thyself rejected
V A .... 129

Regain—joy bids her rejoll
" .... 977
Rejoicing—more rejoicing to the prime
R L .... 392

Releasing—doth urge releasing
V A .... 256
thy wrath gives thee releasing
Son 87 3

Relenteth—at rain relenteth
V A .... 200

Relenting—In such relenting dew
R L .... 1829

Relief—Within this limit is relieving
enough
V A .... 235

sorrow lends but weak relief
Son 34 11
Reliever—seducing lust, thy rash
.... 629

Released—never relieved by any
V A .... 708

Relieved—all the earth relieved
" .... 484

Religion—put out Religion's eye
L C .... 250

Religions—I hath dear religious love
Son 31 5
Religious love put out Religion's eye
Son 270
Religious—Religious thy noble
L C .... 1126

Remove—doth always fresh remain
V A .... 801
What face remains alive
" .... 1076

Remain—that yet remains upon her
breast
R L .... 463

surviving husband shall remain
" .... 519
lawful polley remains
" .... 529
despite of cure, remain
" .... 762

remains a hopeless castaway
" .... 744

their unseen sin remain untold
" .... 755

in a rough-grown grove, remain
" .... 1323

no semblance did remain
" .... 1430

blobs that do with me remain
Son 35 3
him here who doth hence remain
" .... 39 14

This with thee remains
" .... 74 14

above that idle rank remain
" .... 122 3

with him in thoughts, or to remain
" .... 129 12

much less of shame in me remain
" .... 188

and both in thee remain
P P 8 14

More in women than in men remain
" .... 18 18

If what parts can so remain
P T .... 48

Remain'd—still pure and red
R L .... 1742

which remain'd the fold
Q C .... 343

Remaineth—... in one place
V A .... 885

Remaining—too long with her...
R L .... 1572

Remedy—The remedy indeed to do
me good
" .... 1028

for this sin there is no remedy
Son 62 3

a bath and healthful remedy
154 11

Remember—read this line, ... not
" .... 71 5

an remedy
" .... 122 13

Remember'd—O, be remember'd, no
outrageous
R L .... 607

remem'yer not to be
Son 3 13

For thy sweet love remember'd
" .... 29 15

thee to be remember'd
" .... 74 12

night of woe might have remem'-
" .... 129 9

erase—no what it was
" .... 5 12

I summon up remembrance
" .... 30 2

Remission—rebel for ... prays
R L .... 714

Remorse—some favour, some ...
V A .... 257

have remorse in poor abuses
R L .... 269

Remorseless—In the ... wrinkles
Son 362

Remote—From limits far remote
Son 114 4

Heard remote, yet not asunder
P T .... 29

Remove—never to remove
V A .... 81

I must remove
" .... 186

Remove your siege
" .... 423

fear of this thy will remove
R L .... 614

may not remove nor be removed
Son 25 14

with the remover to remove
" .... 116 4

did thence remove
L C .... 237

a way is placed without remove
P P 18 12

Removed—not removed nor be ...
Son 25 14

But things removed that hidden
" .... 31 8

earth removed from thee
" .... 44 6

And yet this time removed
" .... 97 5

Remover—with the ... to remove
" .... 116 4

Removing—past reason's weak ...
R L .... 248

Renderer—the wronger till he render
right
" .... 943

But mutual render only me for
thee
Son 125 12

her quietus is to render thee
" .... 125 12

when I myself must render
L C .... 221

Renew—b ut her passion's strength
renews
R L .... 1103

Sweet love, renew thy force
Son 56 1

Renew'd—and wish I were renew'd
" .... 111 8
Revenest—if now thou not . . . Son 6 3
Revenant—farewell his great . . . P P 21 48
Rent—by paying too much rent . . . Son 125 6
Reversion—his revenues of their rents . . . " 142 8
in top of rage the lines she rents L C . . . 55
Renewing—Heart's renewing . . . P P 18 7
Repair—Whose fresh repair if now . . . Son 3 3
Which to repair should be . . . " 10 8
lines of life that life repair . . . " 16 9
To this arm let those repair . . . P T . . . 65
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Repel—Reputed majesty's repeal R L . . . 549
Repeal—He doth again repeat . . . " 1848
Repel—must not repel a lover V A . . . 573
Repeat—Though thou repeat, yet I . . . have Son 34 10
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Repentant—wrapt in . . . cold R L . . . 48
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Incapable of more, replete with you . . . " 113 13
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Reply—Thus she replies V A . . . 385
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and he replies with howling . . . " 918
Thus he replies: The colour R L . . . 477
Replies her husband, 'do not take' . . . " 1796
Report—mine is thy good report Son 36 14
have I slept in your report . . . " 83 5
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mine is thy good report . . . " 96 14
Repose—against repose and rest R L . . . 757
The dear repose for limbs . . . Son 27 2
and that repose to say . . . " 50 3
Reposed—might have reposéd still R L . . . 382
Reprehend—think to reprehend her V A . . . 479
reprehends her maiming eye . . . " 1065
Reproach—Reproach, disdain and . . . R L . . . 505
Thou back't reproach against R L . . . 622
to Tarquin's shame . . . " 816
And undeserved reproach . . . " 824
Reproach is stamp'd . . . " 829
dead reproach's debtor . . . " 1159
receives reproach of being Son 121 2
By how much of me their reproach contains L C . . . 189
Reprobate—By reprobate desire R L . . . 300
Reproof—But as reproach and reason . . . 489
Reprove—that I cannot reprove V A . . . 787
Reproving—but denial and . . . R L . . . 242
it merits not reproving Son 142 4
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that baseless reputation . . . " 829
Request—request to know your heaviness . . . " 1283
At this request, with noble Son 1065
Requiem—the . . . lack his right P T . . . 16
Require—services to do till you . . . Son 57 4
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Resembling—idle sounds resembling
parasites V A . . . 848
Resembling well his pale checks " . . . 1169
Resembling dew of night R L . . . 296
Resembling strong youth Son 7 6
Resembling sire and child . . . " 8 11
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Reserve their character . . . " 85 3
Reserved—Reserved the stalk and . . . L C . . . 147
Rescue—when they resign V A . . . 1059
Resistance—. . . made him fret " . . . 69
to resistance did belong R L . . . 1265
Resisteth—now no more resisteth V A . . . 503
Resolution—will be back'd with . . . R L . . . 332
Resilience . . . love, shall be thy . . . " 1193
My resolution, husband, do thou take . . . " 1290
Resolved—She is resolved no longer V A . . . 579
resolved my reason into tears L C . . . 296
Resolving—to obtain his will . . . R L . . . 129
Resound—resounds like heaven's thunder V A . . . 268
Resound—resound P P . . . 18 74
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Graces that to thee resort Son 96 4
Respect—Full of respects V A . . . 911
a true respect should have R L . . . 291
Respect and reason wait . . . " 275
true respect will punish false desire . . . " 1347
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Call'd to that audit by advised re-pects . . . 49 4
Respect—others for the breath of words respect . . . 85 13
What merit do I in myself respect . . . 149 9
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nor mothers' groans respecting R L . . . 431
Rest—beats, and takes no rest V A . . . 647
to be b'ard of rest . . . " 744
the gentle lack, weary of rest . . . " 833
in this hollow cradle take thy rest . . . " 1185
to rest the constant look . . . " 1185
exclaims against repose and rest . . . " 757
Disturb his hours of rest . . . " 974
loves no stops nor rests . . . " 1114
debar'd the benefit of rest Son 28 2
that doth my rest defeat . . . " 61 11
that seals up all in rest . . . " 73 8
in love with love's ill rest P P . . . 1 18
Good night, good rest . . . " 14 1
that kept my rest away . . . " 14 2
each moving sense from idle rest . . . 15 3
Rest—protestation urged the rest R L . . . 1844
And all the rest forgot Son 25 12
a joy above the rest . . . " 91 6
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Rest—I read thy secret friend R L . . . 556
want to rest thy weary head . . . " 1621
So should my shame still rest upon
record . . . " 1643
To eternity doth rest P T . . . 58
Restful—for restful death I cry Son 66 1
Restless—with restless trances R L . . . 974
My restless discord loves . . . " 1124
Resting—For never-resting time
leaves summer on
Son 5 5

Restore—Thou wilt restore, to be
my comfort
" 134 4
mine did him restore
L C .... 301

Restored—All losses are restored
Son 39 11
Reluctant longer to... to... him
V A .... 579
which late this naughty restrains
R L .... 425

Resty—Rise, resty Muse, my love's
sweet face
Son 100 9

Resurvey—And shalt by fortune
once more re-survey
" 32 3

Retention—That poor... could
Revest—Thine, that back retires to rate the
boar
V A .... 706
oft betake him to retire
R L .... 174
by him enforced, retir'd his ward
" 303
That to his borrow'd bed he make
retire
" 573
and flattering thoughts retire
" 641
We will again the meeting
" 1441

Retiring—One poor retiring minute
" 952
Return—Turn, and return
return again in haste
R L .... 321
Let him return, and flattering
return to make amends
" 961
till he return again
" 1859
How can I then return
Son 1 1
Till I return, of posting
" 51 4
Return of love, more blest
" 56 12
Return, Forgetful Muse
" 100 5
Like him that travels, I return again
" 109 6
So I return rebuked
" 119 13

Return'd—messengers... from thee
45 10

Recalling—Revealing day through
G 7 7
Revendy—
R L .... 1086

Revels—Love keeps his revels
V A .... 123
For there it revels
R L .... 713

Revenge—As in revenge or quital
" 236
Revenge on him that made me
" 1180
Her blood, in poor revenge
" 1736
Is it revenge to give thyself
" 1829
We will revenge the oath
" 1441
Revenge upon myself
Son 148 8
Revenge—thou revenged mayst not
R L .... 1194
Be suddenly revenged on my foe
" 1083
And live to be revenged
" 1778

Revengeful—Injustice with... arms
" 1093
Revenue—beds... of their rents
Son 142 8
Revered—well-rewarded welcome
R L .... 934
A revered man that grazed
L C .... 57

Reviewest—When thou reviewest
this, thou dost review
Son 74 5
Revive—coals revives with wind
V A .... 338
Reviveth—love by looks reviveth
" 464
Reviving—For now reviving joy
" 977
Revolt—in thy revolt doth lie
Son 92 10
Revolution—revolution be the same
" 59 12
Revolving—doth Tarquin lie... R L .... 127
Reward—Reward not hospitality
" 575

Rewarded—whose conceconc wound
rewarded
L C .... 1

Rhetic—touche's rhetoric can lend
Son 82 10
heavily rhetoric of thin eye
P P .... 2 1
Rhettfleral—despised... atald V A .... 135
Rhyme—trespassed in rhymes
R L .... 524
more blessed than my barren
rhyme
Son 16 4
In it and in my rhyme
" 17 14

Rhyme—for my love, not for their
rhyme
Son 32 7
shall outlive this powerful rhyme
" 55 2
making beautiful old rhyme
" 106 3
I'll live in this poor rhyme
" 107 11

Rhymer—those old nine which rhy-
mers invent
Son 38 10
Rich—For rich carapisons
V A .... 286
draw his lips' rich treasure
" 552
Rich preys make true men
" 724
Pluck down the rich
" 1159
Of that rich jewel he should keep
R L .... 34
environ of so rich a thing
" 39
But, poorly rich, so wanteth
" 97
bankrupt in this poor-rich gain
" 149
ere rich at home he lands
" 336
Sets you most rich in youth
Son 15 10
with earth and sea's rich gems
" 21 6
to one more rich in hope
" 29 5
And they are rich
" 34 14
So am I as the rich
" 52 1
Than this rich praise
" 84 2
big with rich increase
" 97 8
merchandized whose rich esteem-
ing
" 102 3
So thou, being rich in 'Will
" 135 1
without be rich no more
" 146 12

Rich-built—Of rich-built Lion
R L .... 1224
Richer—Richer than wealth, prowder
than garments' cost
Son 91 10
Riches—And for that riches
" 87 6
And husband nature's riches
" 94 6
Richest—by spirits of richest cost
L C .... 236

Rehealy—of your praise, richly com-
piled
Son 85 2

Rich-prood—The rich-prood cost
" 64 2
Rid—to rid me of this shame
R L .... 1061
outright with looks, and rid my
pains
Son 139 14

Ride—permit the basest clouds to ride
" 33 5
upon your soundless deep doth ride
" 80 10
in the bay where all men ride
" 137 6
her levvd' eyes their carriage
ride
L C .... 22
Well could he ride, and often
" 106
Rider—To tie the rider
V A .... 40
his rider's angry stir
" 283
Save a proud rider
" 300
His rider loved not speed
Son 30 3
his mettlic from his rider takes
L C .... 107

Ridge—Whose ridges with the meet-
ing clouds
V A .... 629
With swelling ridges; and their
ranks
R L .... 1439

Ribulous—makes thee ridiculous
V A .... 988

Rifled—Chastily is of her store
R L .... 692
hath Tarquin rifled me
Son 1028

Right—by the rights of time
V A .... 759
and 'tis thy right
" 1184
from world's minorith their right
R L .... 67
beast that knows no gentle right
" 545
at right, at law, at reason
" 880
the wronger till he render right
" 543
doth me no right
" 1927
By all our country rights
" 1838
your true rights be term'd
Son 17 11
the freedom of that right
" 46 4
And my heart's right
" 46 14

The right of squelches
" 66 8
RIGHT

Sun 88 14

your own dear-purchased right

" 117 6

Lost the right to his right

P T ... 16

That the turtle saw his right

" 34

Right—Can thy right hand

V A ... 153

And right perfection wrongfully
disgraced

Sun 66 7

or changes right or wrong

" 112 8

in others seem right gracious

" 135 7

in this right true

" 137 12

The better angel is a man right fair"

144 3

Their view on

L C ... 26

My better angel is a man right fair

P P 2 3

Right—cannot right her cause

V A ... 220

should right poor ladies' harms

" 1694

Rightful—No rightful plea might

plead

R L ... 1649

Rightly—They rightly do inherit

Sun 94 5

Rigol—a watery rigol goes

R L ... 1745

Rigour—ruined with thy rigour

V A ... 954

blunt rage and rigour roll'd

R L ... 1398

then use rigour in my goal

Sun 133 12

Ring—rings sadly in her ear

V A ... 889

rings out the doleful knell

L C ... 1195

her rings a-twain

" 45

a ring of poised gold and bone

" 102 8

My wether's bell rings doleful

knell

P P 18 28

Ringing—Once set on ringing

R L ... 1434

By ringing in thy lady's ear

P P 19 28

Riot—and too full of riot

V A ... 1147

Riot—cannot be a riot

L C ... 11

Ripe—That did my ripe thoughts

" 86 3

Riper—But as the riper should

" 1 3

in growth of riper days

" 102 8

Ripe-red—and ripe-red cherries

V A ... 1103

Rise—Will never rise so he will

kiss her

" 488

for thou shalt not rise

" 718

fear did make her colour rise

R L ... 257

itself to death, rise up and fall

" 466

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet

face survey

Sun 100 9

dear love I rise and fall

" 151 14

Rise—My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Sun 79 1

Rising—the bound rising hillocks

V A ... 237

But rising at thy face

Sun 151 9

Rite—ceremony of love's rite

" 23 6

River—Rain added to a river

V A ... 71

is stopp'd, or river stay'd

" 331

In two slow rivers

R L ... 1738

a river running from a fount

L C ... 283

By shallow rivers by whose falls

P P 20 7

one by one she in a river threw

L C ... 38

Roaring—the violent roaring tide

R L ... 1667

Rob—To rob thee of a kiss

V A ... 723

to rob him of his fair

" 1096

which scurly robs from me

Sun 35 14

He robs thee of, and pays it thee

" 79 8

Robb'd—robbed of his effect

V A ... 1132

But robb'd and ransack'd

R L ... 838

And when the judge is robb'd

" 1672

Robb'd others' beds' revenues

Son 142 8

Robbery—I do forgive thy robbery

" 49 9

And to his robbery had annex'd

" 99 11

Robbing—Robbing no old to dress

" 68 12

Robbing—What robe which the robe

doth hide

" 52 10

Rock—rock thee day and night

V A ... 1186

Huge rocks, high winds

R L ... 335

Lest they get provable

" 7

There will we sit upon the rocks

P P 20 5

Rock'd—and then it faster rock'd

R L ... 262

Rocky—rocky and wreck-threaten-

ning heart

" 590

What rocky heart to water will

not wear

J C ... 221

Rose—Or as the fleet-foot roe

V A ... 561

Or at the roe

" 576

Roll—Deep woes roll forward

R L ... 1118

Roll'd—blunt rage and roll'rd roe

" 1388

Rolling—Rolling his greedy eyelids

" 368

less false in rolling

Sun 29 5

Roman—leaves the Roman host

R L ... 3

welcomed by the Roman dame

" 51

The Roman lord marcheth

" 391

shakes aloft his Roman blade

" 505

Awake, thou Roman dame

" 1628

He with the Romans

" 1811

Courageous Roman, do not sleep

" 1828

To roose our Roman gods

" 1831

The Roman's plainly did give

" 565

Rome—this faithful lord of Rome

" 715

never be forgot in mighty Rome

" 1641

thou wronged lord of Rome

" 1818

Since Rome herself on them

" 1841

country rights in Rome maintained

" 1838

her bleeding body through Rome

" 1841

Rondure—in this huge ..., hens

Sun 21 8

Rose—that beauteous roof to raise

" 10 7

Room—your praise shall still find

room

" 55 10

Root—Would root these beauties as

he roots the mead

V A ... 636

root out the work of masonry

Sun 55 6

Root pity in thy heart

" 142 11

Rose—wither at the colar's root

R L ... 665

of another root are rosted

" 823

take root with precious flowers

" 870

Rose—than doves or roses are

V A ... 10

prisoner in a red-rose chain

" 110

What though the rose

" 574

upon the blushing rose

" 596

Goes on the rose

" 569

war of lilies and of roses

R L ... 71

First red as roses

" 238

white as lawn the roses took away

" 259

And the red rose blush

" 479

thorns the growing rose defends

" 492

beauty's rose might never die

" 1 2

Roses have thorns and silver foun-

tains mad

" 35 2

The rose looks fair

" 54 3

perfumed tincture of the roses

" 54 6

Sweet roses do not so

" 54 11

Roses of shadow, since his rose

" 67 8

canker in the fragrant rose

" 95 2

the deep vermilion in the rose

" 98 10

The rose benefiting on thorns

" 99 7

Save thou, my rose

" 109 14

I have seen roses damn'd

" 130 5

But no such roses see I

" 130 6

with crystal gate the glowing roses

J C ... 280

Sweet rose, fair flower

P P 10 1

make the bed of roses

" 29 9

Rose—And ere I rose was Tarquin

R L ... 1281

He rose and ran away

P P 4 14
ROSE-CHEEK'D

241

SAD

Ruby—taught me thus to .... Son 64 11
Run—Whether he run or fly .... V A ..... 468
Sometime he runs .... ... .... 873
harmony should run .... ... .... 813
through the dark lawnd runs .... ... .... 873
As and she runs .... ... .... 916
This way she runs .... ... .... 905
He runs and chides .... E L ..... 742
let the thief run mad .... ... .... 511
Towards thee I'll run .... Son 51 14
careful housewife runs to catch .... .... 143 1
kiss and clip me till I run away .... P P 11 14
Runn't—So runn't thou after that Son 143 9
Running—a river .... from a lont L C ..... 283
Rush—And forth she rushes .... V A ..... 468
turns she from a rush from where it lies .... E L ..... 318
Rushing—Rushing from forth a cloud .... ... .... 373
Rust—Foul-cankerung rust .... V A ..... 757
Rusty—and yet as iron rusty P P 7 4
Ruth—Looking with pretty ruth P P 182 4
a spectacle of ruth P P 9 11
Ruthless—Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee .... ... 21 22
Sable—sable Night, mother of dread R E ..... 117
My sable ground of sln .... ... .... 1074
sable curls all silver'd o'er Son 12 4
That thy sable gender makes .... ... .... 598
Seek'd—Her house is sack'd P L ..... 1159
Who, like a late-sack'd island .... ... .... 1749
Sacred—Her sacred temple spotted .... 1172
Serving with looks his sacred majesty Son 7 4
Tan sacred beauty .... ... .... 115 7
power to charm a sacred nun L C ..... 559
Soul—at these sad smiles .... V A ..... 929
Which struck her sad P L ..... 262
Sad pause and deep regard .... ... .... 277
Her sad behaviour feels .... ... .... 555
with slow-sad gait descended .... 1081
Sad souls are slain in merry company .... ... .... 1190
Make thy sad grove .... ... .... 1129
So I at each sad strain .... ... .... 1331
stern, sad tunes to change their kinds .... ... .... 1147
in that sad hour of mine .... ... .... 1179
And sort a sad look .... ... .... 1221
To see sad sights moves more .... ... .... 1234
see those far-off eyes look sad .... ... .... 1396
On this sad shadow .... ... .... 1457
set a-work, sad tales doth tell .... 1496
So sober-sad, so weary .... ... .... 1342
in her sad face he stares .... 1495
With sad attention long .... ... .... 1619
Begins the sad dirge .... ... .... 1612
her sad task hath not said .... ... .... 1099
and account of fore-bemoaned mean Son 30 11
and straight grow sad .... ... .... 45 14
Let this sad interim .... ... .... 56 9
like a sad slave, stay and think .... ... .... 57 11
sad mortality o'er-sway .... ... .... 65 2
And the sad augurs mock .... ... .... 107 6
a sad disconsol'd guest .... ... .... 163 12
O, that sad breath L C ..... 326
Herald sad and trumpet be P T ..... 3
SAFETY

Sad-belonging—her sad-belonging
husband saw
Sad-bow—to the saddle-bow

deadly—rings sadly in her ear
and another sadly scowling
pliny-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
thievish dog creeps sadly thence
when sadly she had laid
why hear'st thou music sadly
letters sadly penned in blood

Sadness—Therefore, in sadness, now
I will away
Sad-set—sad-set eyes and wretched
arms
Sad-tuned—to list the ... tale
Sadest—With safest distance
Sage—this sorrow to the sage

depart—regard becomens the sage
Saith—This said, patience chokes
sorrow may be said
if she said 'No'
this said, she hasteth
this said, his guilty hand
this said, he shakes abash
this said, he sets his foot
and yet what he hath said
this said, from her be-tumbled

couch
She would have said
her sad task hath not said
could distinguish what he said

This said, he struck his hand
And yet it may be said
repose thy forces: he it not said
those that said I could not love
the sound that said 'I hate'

This said, in top of rage
to none was ever said
this said, his watery eyes
Have you not heard it said
My—this said blush, here be it said

Sail—as the proudest sail doth bear
Was it the proud full sail
That I have hoisted sail

Saint—This earthly saint, adored

corrupt my saint to be a devil

corrupt my saint to be a devil
To say the never for to saint

Saint-like—Or blot with hell-born
sin such saint-like forms

Saith—Saith that the world
He saith she is modest
'Fondling,' she saith
'Give me my hand,' saith he
'Give me my heart,' saith she
shall I say mine eye saith truth

Saik—And for my sake
and thy children's sake
for his sake spare me
for thine own sake leave me
And for my sake
And for my sake
And for my sake
for my sake to approve her
And both for my sake
watchman ever for thy sake
O, for my sake do you
a friend came debtor for my sake
that languish'd for her sake

Sake—all tyrant, for thy sake
should do again for such a sake
For Adon's sake
my salt tears gone
To their salt sovereign
Salt-waved—Who in a ... ocean
Saltation—Give salvation to my
sportive blood
Salute—Venus salutes him
Salve—Earth's sovereign salve
To this salt make doth
well of such a salve can speak
salve which wounded bosoms fits
Salving—salving thy amiss

Sain—in the self-same seat sits Col-

lute
and if the same
The same disgrace which they

the self-same purpose seek
and back the same grief draw
tyrants to the very same

even by the self-same sky
For that same groan
whether revolution be the same
But those same tongues
still is to the same man

each day say over the very same
That the self was not the same

Sanctified—Or sister sanctified
Saunt—Sadness on the sands
strong pirates, shelves, and sands

Sang—where late the sweet birds

Sap—Green-dropping sap, which she
comparis
To dry the old oak's sap
leaves will wither and his sap decay

Sap check'd with frost

Vaunt in their youthful sap

Sapphire—The heaven-hued...

Sat—the same says to bear

Sat—before him as he sat
again desires her, being sat

Satiety—And yet not cloy thy lips
with leathern satiety

Satire—if any, be a satire to decay

Satisfaction—Nor gives it ... said

Satisfy—all could not satisfy

Saturn—That heavy Saturn laugh'd

Sauce—To bitter sauce did I frame

Sauze—while others sauze

Saury—My saury bane inferior far

Sauce—Since sauce jacks so happy are

Savage—Savage, extreme, rude, cruel

Save—Save a proud rider

Save sometime too much wonder

Save sheaves and cares

Save of their lord

Yet save that labour

save to the eye of mind

Save breed, to brave him

Save that my soul's imaginary sight

Save where thou art not

Save, where you are

Save that to die I leave my love

Save what is had

Save thou, my rose

save in thy deeds
Save—Save the nightingale alone  
P. P. 21 8
Save the eagle, feather'd king  
"  " 11
Say, and saved my life  
"  " 14
Savour—savour, hue, and qualities  
V. A. 747
foregoing simple savour  
Son 125 7
Saw—his eyes, and saw her eyes  
V. A. 357
But when he saw his love  
"  " 383
that helpless heresies saw  
"  " 604
Never saw the beauteous livery  
"  " 1107
The more the mere the blood  
R. L. 1957
he saw them quake and tremble  
"  " 1933
her sad-besholding husband saw  
"  " 1906
I never saw that you  
Son 83 1
Since first I saw you fresh  
"  " 104 8
when I saw myself to win  
"  " 119 4
I never saw a goddess go  
"  " 139 11
when she saw my woeful state  
"  " 145 4
might think sometime it saw  
L. C. 13 10
Each eye that saw him  
"  " 89
Saw how deceits were gilded  
"  " 172
he saw more wounds than one  
P. P. 9 13
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Seem—seem an hour but short
so shall the day seem night
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His face seems twain
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This guilt would seem death-worthy
And seems to point her out
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love's strength seem to decay
May beauty seem bare
make grief's strength seem stronger
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doth beauty beauteous seem
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with loss of thee will not seem so
May still seem have love
To make him seem long hence
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" 1674
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" 1706
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" 1711
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" 1717
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" 1721
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" 1723
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" 1792
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" 1806
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" 3 9
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" 4 4
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" 11 13
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" 138 2
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" 138 3
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" 145 4
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" 145 13
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" 26 5
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" 33 8
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was set  
" 39
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" 43
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" 44
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" 50
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" 55
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" 71
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" 83
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" 84
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" 230
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" 249
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L C 249
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" 251
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" 253
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" 1 9
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" 4 5
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" 4 6
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" 4 7
Then fell she on her back  
" 4 13
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" 6 7
'O Jove,' quoth she  
" 6 14
how often hath she joined  
" 7 7
to please me hath she coined  
" 7 9
She burn'd with love  
" 7 13
She burn'd out love  
" 7 14
She burn'd the love, and yet she  
fol'd the framing  
" 7 15
She bade love last, and yet she fell  
a-turning  
" 7 16
Her stand she takes  
" 9 5
She, silly queen  
" 9 7
'O, love's, quoth she, 'did I see  
" 9
'She, love's, quoth she she  
" 12
She showed hers  
" 13
She told the youngling  
" 11 3
so fell she to him  
" 11 4
'Even thus,' quoth she  
" 11 5
And then she clipp'd Adonis  
" 11 6
' Even thus,' quoth she  
" 11 7
' Even thus,' quoth she  
" 11 8
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" 11 11
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" 14 2
' Farewell,' quoth she  
" 14 5
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" 14 7
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" 14 9
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" 15 7
For why, she sigh'd  
" 15 12
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" 15 12
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" 19 9
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" 19 15
with scorr she put away  
" 19 18
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" 19 19
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" 19 36
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" 19 51
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" 19 52
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" 21 9
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" 21 13
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P T 63
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V A 617
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" 1116
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R L 397
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" 1723
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Son 12 7
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V A 665
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R L 653
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" 1375
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" 1549
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" 598
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R L 472
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" 12 11

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" 18 27

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" 20 6

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20 15

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V A. 104

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L C. 61

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" 929

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9 10

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" 309

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heaven shines but warm  
V A. 621

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" 621

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Son 18 5

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33 9

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" 42 8

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" 55 3

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65 14

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135 8

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P P. 3 10

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" 15 16

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P T. 33

Sloe—borrow'd all their shine  
V A. 488

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729

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" 891

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R L. 101

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" 197

The silver-shining queen  
" 786

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1523

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" 1629

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R L. 1758

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L C. 273

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Son 104 4

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V A. 689

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R L. 579

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" 1442

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Son 24 7

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R L. 1114

To break upon the galleed shore  
1449

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Son 56 10

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60 1

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" 64 6

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shorn away  
68 6

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V A. 22

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" 35

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297

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" 427

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" 412

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" 991

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1312

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1373

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" 43 7

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Son 18 4

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" 83 7

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125 4

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Son 146 5

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18 14

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" 292

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" 299

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380

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" 438

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" 453

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" 524

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690

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" 690

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711

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781

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917

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1008

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992

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1096

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1092

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1106

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1164

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41

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53

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63

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" 74

respect should have  
201

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320

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343

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692

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1

should stain so pure a bed  
684

Her tears should drop  
685

should not peep again  
788

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789

'Why should the worm intrude  
818

wretched blood should spill  
690

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343

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1924

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1315

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1478

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1483

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1547

should bear a wicked mind  
1549

I should not live  
1612

So should my shame  
1643

should right poor ladies' harms  
1694

that should survive  
1765

should his use control  
1781

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1792

that should have slain her foe  
1827

should by time disease  
Son 3

that face should form another  
3 2

to repair should be thy chief desire  
10 8

the times should cease  
11 7

you should prepare  
13 3

So should that beauty  
13 5

your sweet form should bear  
13 8

So should the lives of life  
13 12

So should my papers  
17 9

You should live twice  
17 14

death my days should expiate  
22 4
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R. L. 1322
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Son 118 4
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L. C. 234
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V. A. 175
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Son 584
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Son 762
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Son 86 12
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Son 118 7
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desired
Son 153 11
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Son 138 8
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V. A. 423
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Son 30 3
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L. C. 44
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two songs in the morning \textbf{Son} 8 12

two songs in the morning \textbf{Son} 8 12

two songs in the morning \textbf{Son} 8 12

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two songs in the morning \textbf{Son} 8 12

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Skip—be thou not slack \textbf{P P} 11

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by love so thriveth " ... 456
can so well defend her " ... 472
so he will kiss her still " ... 480
So is her face illumined " ... 486
So thou wilt buy " ... 514
So—and so say you V A ... 533
If you will say so " ... 536
pitch the price so high " ... 551
What wax so frozen " ... 607
so she languishest " ... 609
to withhold me so " ... 612
And more than so, presenteth " ... 631
seeing thee so indeed * ... 667
this to that, and so to so " ... 713
so do thy lips " ... 724
framing thee so fair " ... 744
If so, the world " ... 761
so fair a hope is slain " ... 762
So in myself thyself art " ... 763
for having so offended " ... 819
So glides he in the night " ... 816
So did the merciless " ... 821
Even so confounded " ... 827
twenty times cry so " ... 834
of echoes answer so " ... 840
She says 'Tis so:' they answer all "'Tis so " ... 851
so gloriously behold " ... 857
is so much o'erworn " ... 866
Even so the tuneful " ... 881
everie to be so curst " ... 887
So she at these sad signs " ... 929
each passion labours " ... 969
pleased her bave so well " ... 974
thou art so full of fear " ... 1021
treads on it so light " ... 1028
So, at his bloody hand " ... 1047
each part doth so surprise " ... 1049
she looks so steadfastly " ... 1063
So shall I die by drops " ... 1074
and hath kill'd him so " ... 1110
And so 'tis thine " ... 1181
which is so singular " ... 132
care of so rich a thing " ... 30
being so great " ... 69
in so false a foe " ... 77
that praised her so " ... 79
So guiltless she " ... 89
so wanteth in his store " ... 97
so greets heaven " ... 112
are with gain so fond " ... 154
And so, by hoping more " ... 158
So that in venturing " ... 148
So then we do neglect " ... 152
So Lucrece must I force " ... 182
to so pure a shrine " ... 194
is so vile, so base " ... 202
with so black a deed " ... 226
doth so far proceed " ... 237
with so sweet a cheer " ... 264
so heedful fear " ... 281
So eress him " ... 285
a view so false " ... 292
so their pride doth grow " ... 298
'So, so,' quoth he " ... 530
So from himself " ... 541
Even so, the curtain drawn " ... 574
she reflects so bright " ... 576
themselves so beautify " ... 404
So o'er this sleeping soul " ... 423
So under his insulting falchion " ... 569
'So thy surviving husband " ... 519
being so applied " ... 534
So his unball'd haste " ... 552
So—He with the Romans was esteemed so
wife mistook the matter so
blood so unjustly stained
And so to publish
so gaz'd on now
where is she so fair
who is he so fond
So thou through windows
So great a snm
So thou, thyself
user so destroys it
art so unprovided
thou art so possess'd
so fast thou grow'st
If all were minded so
So should that beauty
Who lets so fair a house
let your son say so
So should the lines
So should my papers
So long as men
So long lives this
So is it not with me
though not so bright
So long as youth
be of thyself so wary
I will keep so chary
So I, for fear
Duty so great, which wit so poor
as mine
So flatter I
Even so my sun
So shall those blots
But do not so
So I must lane
So then I am not lane
For who's so dumb
so sweetly doth deceive
even so doth she abuse
thy shade shines so
so much of earth
by moments so slow
So, either by thy picture
for a prize so dear
So am I as the rich
so solemn and so rare
So is the time
Sweet roses do not so
And of you
So, till the judgement
So, love, be thou
So true a soul is love
your charter is so strong
waiting so be hell
So do our minutes
So far from home
Is not so great
It is so grounded
so gracious is as mine
No shape so true
Self so self-loving
are not so stout
gates of steel so strong
before these last so bad
so as foes commend
that give thee so thine own
So thou be good
cannot be so thy praise
So—for I love you so

Son 71 6

Do not so much

" 71 11

And so should you

" 72 14

So then thou hast

" 75 9

So are you to my thoughts as

" 75 1

so barren of new pride

" 76 1

So far from variation

" 76 2

So all my best is

" 76 11

So is my love still

" 76 14

so oft as thou wilt look

" 77 13

So oft have I

" 78 1

And do so, love

" 82 9

so dignifies his story

" 84 8

nature made so clear

" 84 10

'Tis so, 'tis true

" 85 9

And so my patent back

" 87 8

So thy great gift

" 87 11

to thee I so belong

" 88 13

dost thou so, so ill

" 89 5

so shall I taste

" 90 11

will not seem so

" 90 14

But what's so blessed-fair

" 92 13

So shall I live

" 93 1

so love's face

" 93 2

So are those errors

" 95 13

But do not so

" 96 13

'tis with so dull a cheer

" 97 13

thou forget'st so long

" 100 1

time so idly spent

" 100 6

So thou prevent'st

" 100 14

So dost thou too

" 101 4

Excuse not silence so

" 101 10

So thou art so true

" 104 11

still such, and ever so

" 105 4

So all their praises

" 106 9

So that eternal love

" 108 9

So that myself

" 109 8

could so preposterously

" 109 11

So you o'er-green

" 112 4

In so profound abysm

" 113 11

you are so strongly

" 112 13

might I not say so

" 115 13

Even so, being full

" 118 5

that so fell sick

" 118 14

itself so blessed never

" 119 6

So I return rebuked

" 119 13

which is so deemed

" 120 3

so long as brain and heart

" 122 5

could not so much behold

" 122 9

Her eyes so suited

" 127 10

Yet so they mourn

" 127 13

beauty should look so

" 127 14

To be so tickled

" 128 9

so happy are in this

" 128 13

and in possession so

" 129 9

so as thou art

" 131 1

I dare not so be bold

" 131 7

So, now I have confessed

" 134 3

so that other mine

" 134 3

So him I lose

" 134 12

So thou, being rich in 'Will

" 135 11

that I come so near

" 136 1

so it please thee hold

" 136 11

upon so foul a face

" 137 12

Yet do not so

" 139 13

yet, love, to tell me so

" 140 6

world is grown so had

" 140 11

That I may not be so

" 143 13

So ran'th thou

" 143 9

So—So will I pray

Son 143 13

dalls so costly gay

" 146 4

Why so large cost, having so short

" 146 5

a lease

" 146 13

So shalt thou feed

" 148 6

to say it is not so

" 148 8

eye is not so true

" 148 8

That is so vex'd

" 148 10

That is so proud

" 149 10

swear against the truth so foul a lie

" 152 14

So and the general of hot desire

" 154 7

so breaking their contents

" L C .... 56

So slides he down

" ......... 64

by nature's outwards so commend'd

" ......... 89

so with his authorized youth

" ......... 104

So on the tip of his subduing


tongue

" ......... 120

So many have, that never touch'd

" ......... 141

in honour so forbid

" ......... 159

the sweets that seem so good

" ......... 164

so that their shame did find

" ......... 187

And so much less of shame

" ......... 188

my heart so much as warmed

" ......... 191

so to herself as warmed

" ......... 243

What breas so cold

" ......... 320

would not be so lover'd

" ......... 324

which in his cheek so glow'd

" ......... 324

what fool is not so wise

" P P .... 3 13

Touche so soft still conquer

" ......... 4 8

Yet not so wistly

" ......... 6 12

but not so fair as fickle

" ......... 7 1

so fell she to him

" ......... 11

So beauty blend'd once

" ......... 13 11

The night so pack'd

" ......... 15 9

Air, would I might triumph so

" ......... 17 10

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet

" ......... 17 14

My sighs so deep

" ......... 18 31

Had women been so strong

" ......... 19 23

teach my tongue to be so long

" ......... 19 52

hear her secrets so bewray'd

" ......... 19 54

to hear her so complain

" ......... 21 15

griefs so lively shown

" ......... 21 17

Even so, poor bird, like thee

" ......... 21 27

Keep the observry so strict

" P T .... 12

So they loved as love in twain

" ......... 25

So between them love did shine

" ......... 35

Simple were so well compounded

" ......... 44

If what parts can so remain

" ......... 48

Sob—And now her sobs

" V A .... 222

Sobbing—To whom she . . . speaks R L .... 1088

Sober—Making such sober action

" ......... 1403

To glory to the sober west

Son 152 8

Shack off my sober guards

" L C .... 298

Sober-and—So sober-sad, so weary

" R L .... 1542

Society—pleased with grief's society

" ......... 1111

lace itself with his society

" Son 67 4

Sod—Her eyes, though sod in tears R L .... 1592

Soft—From his soft bosom

" V A .... 81

my flesh is soft

" ......... 142

her soft hand's print

" ......... 333

soft sighs can never grave it

" ......... 376

in my soft lips impris'd

" ......... 511

Not thy soft hands

" ......... 633

In his soft flank

" ......... 1053

tusk in his soft groin

" ......... 1116

to be soft fancy's slave

" R L .... 290

Soft pity enters at an iron gate

" ......... 585

Which on thy soft cheek

" Son 99 4

Leading soft audience

" L C .... 278
Soft—Touche's so soft still conquer  
But soft! enough 

Soften—soften it with their con-

Soften—Soften that wax 

Softly—on a hint he softly smil's  
And softly cried "Awake!

Soft-slow—With soft-slow tongue 

Soil—And the firm soil win 

The soil is this, that thou dost 

Solace—Sorrow changed to solace 

Sold—sold cheap what is most dear 

Soldier—Like soldiers, when their 
captain 

Sole—alter not love's sole effect 

On the sole Arabian tree 

Solemn—This solemn sympathy 

And solemn night with slow-sad 

soft 

Solemn—so solemn and so rare 

Solicited— the eternal power 

Some—some favour, some remorse 

in some mistrustful wood 

Some catch her by the neck, some 

kiss her face 

Some twine about her thigh 

fawn hid in some brake 

some huntsman holloa 

Behind some hedge 

That some would sing, some other 
in their bills 

But some untimely thought 

Some forthsome dash 

Fearing some hard news 

to some regard 

or else some shame supposed 

beheld some ghastly sprite 

some worthless slave 

some gentle gust 

some rascal gown 

some parer chest 

That some imparity 

With some mischance cross'Tarquin 

some desperate instrument 

Some happy mean 

Some dark desert 

I make some hole 

Some present speed 

in her some blemish 

to mourn some newer way 

As if some mermaid 

Some high, some low 

where cares have carved some 

pleasure of some one 

Saying, some shape 

It easeth some 

"For some hard-favour'd groom 

Some of her blood 

And some look'd black 

some watery token shows 

unless some mother 

Make sweet some vial, treasure 

thou some place 

to some other give 

But were some child 

Or some fierce thing 

I hope some good content 

As if by some instinct 

Some—some special instant 

you have some part 

in some antique book 

If some suspect 

desire some virtuous lie 

life hath in this line some interest 

Some fresher stamp 

not some small glory 

fersake me for some fault 

Some glory in their birth, some in 
their skill 

Some in their wealth, some in 

some body's force 

Some in their garments 

some in their hawks and hounds, 
some in their horse 

Some say thy fault is youth, some 

wantonness 

Some say thy grace is youth 

Some in some song 

And in some perfumes 

some say that thee beheld 

think me some untutor'd youth 

Some beauty peep'd through 

For some, untuck'd, descended 

Some In her threaden fillet 

When I want cries some, but 
as some my equals did 

some feeling pity 

smiled or made some moan 

think me some untutor'd youth 

Which is to me some praise 

Take counsel of some wiser head 

some in some practice smell 

Something—Make ... nothing 

add something more 

a something sweet to thee 

Some time—Some time he tros 

Some time he scuds 

That sometime true news, some-
time false doth bring 

Some time he runs among 

And sometime where 

And sometime sorteth 

Save sometime too much wonder 

that sometime threat the spring 

sometime is compacted 

Sometime her grief is dumb 

Sometime 's mad 

Yet sometime Tarquin 

Sometimes too hot 

from fair sometime declines 

When I am sometime absent 

When sometime listy coats 

Some time all full with feasting 

I sometime hold my tongue 

might think sometime 

Some time diverted their poor balls 

Sometimes a blusterer 

Sometimes—Sometimes she shakes 

Sometimes her arms 

Yet sometime falls 

That sometime anger thrus 

Sometimes her level'd eyes 

sometimes they do extend 

Son—Art thou a woman's son 

dearth of daughters and of sons 

reave his son of life 

There lives a son
SON—twixt the son and sire

kill'd my son or sire

R L ..... 232

To see their youthful sons

" ..... 1462

The sire, the son, the dame

crack'd his son's head

" ..... 1477

Then son and father weep

" ..... 1490

unless thou get a son

Son 7 14

let your son say so

" ..... 13 14

when a woman woos, what woman's son

" ..... 41 7

Song—wanton mermaid's songs

VA ..... 777

Her song was teledos

" ..... 841

A nurse's song

" ..... 974

Whose speechless song

Son 8 13

metre of an antique song

" ..... 17 12

on some worthless song

" ..... 100 3

don't dull you with my song

" ..... 102 14

my songs and praises be

" ..... 105 3

For now my song is ended

P P 16 186

and I now hear my song

" ..... 19 50

Sonnet—And deep-brain'd sonnets

L C ..... 269

Soon—So soon was she along

VA ..... 43

soon she steps his lips

" ..... 46

stains and soon bereaves

" ..... 797

as soon decays'd and done

R L ..... 25

to his hand full soon

" ..... 579

Sun lights are blown out

" ..... 947

and it will soon be writ

" ..... 1295

As soon as think the place

Son 44 8

And soon to you

" ..... 120 11

To win me soon to hell

" ..... 144 5

To win me soon to hell

P P 2 5

as soon as straw out-burneth

" ..... 17 14

untimely pluck'd, soon vail'd

" ..... 10 1

kind too soon by death's sharp sting

" ..... 10 4

the night would post too soon

" ..... 15 13

A cripple soon can find a halt

" ..... 19 10

Sooner—Enjoy'd no sooner

Son 129 5

and no sooner had

" ..... 129 6

Sooth—Sooth—and the humour

VA ..... 550

best hat is a soothing tongue

P P 11 1

Sor—heart's deep-seer wounded

VA ..... 432

To one sore eye

" ..... 702

'Gainst venem'd sore

" ..... 916

an eye-sore in my golden coat

R L ..... 265

O unfelt sore

" ..... 828

't his wounds will not be sore

" ..... 1568

sore was the sore

P P 12 1

Sorrow—So of concealed sorrow

VA ..... 333

Sorrow to shepherds

" ..... 453

The night of sorrow

" ..... 481

this night I'll waste in sorrow

" ..... 583

thy death, my living sorrow

" ..... 671

view'd each other's sorrow

" ..... 963

Sorrow that friendly sighs

" ..... 964

sorrow seemeth chief

" ..... 978

Sorrow on love hereafter

" ..... 1135

What following sorrow

R L ..... 186

tis the sorrow to the sage

" ..... 222

what sorrow I shall breed

" ..... 499

most eyes with sorrow shed

" ..... 653

in time of sorrow

" ..... 921

true sorrow then is feelingly suffered

" ..... 1012

warble of her nightly sorrow

" ..... 1069

Old woes, not infant sorrows

" ..... 1096

to herself all sorrow doth compare

" ..... 1192

sad look to her lady's sorrow

" ..... 1221

er face wore sorrow's livery

" ..... 1223

Sorrow—His certain sorrow writ

uncertainly

R L ..... 1311

'Tis but a part of sorrow

" ..... 1328

And sorrow chills, being blown

" ..... 1530

And shapes her sorrow

" ..... 1490

sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell

" ..... 1495

pensiveness and colour'd sorrow

" ..... 1497

the current of her sorrow

" ..... 1569

in sorrow's sharp sustaining

" ..... 1573

she gives her sorrow fire

" ..... 1604

his sorrows, make a saw

" ..... 1672

they sorrow in my sorrow lendeth

" ..... 1455

give his sorrow place

" ..... 1773

Who, mad that sorrow

" ..... 1781

Held back his sorrow's tide

" ..... 1759

My sorrow's Interest; let

" ..... 1797

draw my sorrows longer

Son 25 13

loves are restored and sorrows end

" ..... 39 14

The offender's sorrow bends

" ..... 34 11

my heart hath 'peased this sorrow

" ..... 90 5

And for that sorrow

" ..... 120 2

how hard true sorrow hits

" ..... 120 10

Lest sorrow lend me words

" ..... 140 3

with sorrow's wind and rain

L C ..... 7

Not age, but sorrow

" ..... 74

Paler for sorrow

" ..... 187

for I supp'd with sorrow

" ..... 14 6

Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow

" ..... 15 11

Sorrow—If thou sorrow, he will weep

" ..... 21 53

Sorrowing—Careless of thy

" ..... 21 25

Sorry—that the skies were sorry

R L ..... 1524

Make glad and sorry seasons

Son 19 5

Sort—When they shall have an hour

R L ..... 896

And sorts a sad look

" ..... 1221

I love thee in such sort

Son 36 13

I love thee in such sort

" ..... 96 13

Sorteth—sorteth with a herd of deer

VA ..... 689

Sought—sought still to dry

" ..... 904

from the blessed thing he sought

R L ..... 483

sought with all my might

" ..... 1651

for which I sought to live

" ..... 1453

to imitate the battle sought

" ..... 379

many a thing I sought

Son 30 3

They sought their shame

L C ..... 187

For she was sought by spirits

" ..... 236

Against the thing he sought

" ..... 187

Soul—So o'er this sleeping soul

R L ..... 423

debated even in my soul

" ..... 498

his soul's fair temple is defaced

" ..... 719

to seize the souls that wander

" ..... 882

Or free that soul

" ..... 900

Sad souls are slain

" ..... 1119

my poor soul's pollution

" ..... 1157

My body or my soul

" ..... 1163

So must my soul

" ..... 1159

I may convey this troubled soul

" ..... 1176

My soul and body to the skies

" ..... 1129

Let guiltless souls be freed

" ..... 1482

then he his soul unsheathed

" ..... 1724

the faltering feeble souls

" ..... 1768

vexation of his inward soul

" ..... 1779

And by chaste Lucrece' soul

" ..... 1859

and women's souls amazeth

Son 20 8

In thy soul's thought

" ..... 26 8

my soul's imaginative sight

" ..... 27 9

And all my soul

" ..... 62 2

All tongues the voice of souls

" ..... 69 3
Soul—nor the prophetic soul *Son* 107 1
As from my soul " " 160 4
suborn'd informer! a true soul " " 125 19
If thy soul be still my body " " 136 1
Swear to thy blind soul " " 130 2
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted " " 130 3
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth " " 146 1
Then, soul, live thou " " 146 9
My soul shall fill my body " " 131 7
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath *L C* .... 279
All ignorant that soul that seeks thee *P P* 5 9

Sound—false sound enter there *V A* .... 789
But alike sounds " " 848
This sound of hope " " 576
Unguent sounds, weak *R L* .... 1017
Deep sounds make lesser noise " " 1329
quoth she, 'without a sound" " .... 1464
concord of well tuned sounds *Son* 8 5
a far more pleasing sound " " 130 10
Breathed forth the sound " " 145 2
the sweet melodious sound *P P* 8 9
To whose sound chaste wings obey *P T* .... 4

Sound—But she, sound sleeping *R L* .... 363
sw allow up his sound advice " " 1409

Sound—To sound a parley " " 471
against himself he sounds this doom " " .... 717
wood whose motion sounds " " *Son* 125 2
pipe can sound no deal *P* 18 27

Sounding—heavenly tune harsh-sounding *V A* .... 481

Soundless—upon your ... deep *Son* 80 10

Soundly—But soundly sleeps *V A* .... 786

Sour—that sour unwelcome guest " " .... 449
is sour to taste " " .... 528
This sour informer " " .... 555
turn to bathed sound *R L* .... 867
Were it not thy sour leisure " " *Son* 39 10
the bitterness of absent sour " " .... 57 7

Sourlest—turn sourest by their deeds " " 94 13

Sour-faced—charging the sour-faced groom *R L* .... 1334

Souring—Souring his cheeks, cries " " *Flo* 18 4
In digestion souring *R L* .... 699

Sourly—which sourly roofs from me *Son* 35 14
Will sourly leave her " " .... 41 8

Sovereign—Earth's sovereign salve *V A* .... 28
only sovereign plaster " " .... 919
a sea, a sovereign king *R L* .... 652
Flat on the mountain-tops with sovereign eye *Son* 33 2
sovereign mistress over wrack " " .... 126 5
maladies a sovereign cure " " .... 153 8

Sovereign—To their salt sovereign *R L* .... 650
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch *Son* 57 6

Sovereignty—his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty *R L* .... 39
The sovereignty of either " " .... 69

Space—to die with her a space " " .... 1776
For then, despite of space *Son* 44 3
vow, bond, nor space *L C* .... 264
Distance, and no space was seen *P T* .... 30

Spacious—whose will is large and ... *Son* 133 5

Spare—Spare not to spend *P P* 19 26

Sparing—It shall be sparing *V A* .... 1147
sparing justice feeds iniquity *R L* .... 1687
Spare the deceiver, God to fly " " .... 177

Sparkling—When sparkling stars twire not *Son* 28 12

Sparrow—hatch in sparrows' nests *R L* .... 349

Speak—And kissing speaks *V A* .... 47
Speak, fair; but speak fair words " " .... 238
now she fain would speak " " .... 221
To whom she speaks " " .... 919
teach the fool to speak " " .... 1144
thus speaks advisedly *R L* .... 180
begin ere once she speaks " " .... 567
To whom she sobbing speaks " " .... 1088
patience bid fair Lucrece speak " " .... 1268
I should not live to speak " " .... 1612
forbade my tongue to speak " " .... 1648
'O, speak,' quoth she " " .... 1796
her poor tongue could not speak " " .... 1718
of such a salve can speak *Son* 34 7
Speak of the spring and fasion " " 53 9
you for love speak well of me " " .... 72 10
Speak of my tameness " " .... 89 3
To speak of that " " .... 106 2
What's new to speak " " .... 168 43
I love to hear her speak " " .... 130 9
might speak ill of thee " " .... 149 10

Speaking—... to those that came *R L* .... 1659
presagers of my speaking breast *Son* 23 10
speaking of your fame " " .... 80 4
Speaking of worth " " .... 88 3
 dumb thoughts, speaking in effect " " .... 85 14
credit her false-speaking tongue " " .... 138 7
credit her false-speaking tongue *P P* 1 7

Spear—spear's point can enter *V A* .... 626
with his sharp spear " " .... 1112
for Achilles' image stood his spear *R L* .... 1424

Special—special instant special blast *Son* 32 11
Sparrow—now vila a ... It were *R L* .... 631
to a spectacle of ruth *P P* 9 11
Speech—Which to his speech *V A* .... 452
In speech, it seem'd *R L* .... 1405
To blush as speeches rank *L C* .... 307

Speechless—Which ... woe of his *R L* .... 1674
Whose speechless song *Son* 8 13
can't of these speechless tribes " " .... 169 12

Speed—His all-too-timeless speed *R L* .... 265
the headlong fury of his speed " " .... 501
He in his speed looks " " .... 745
Bid him with speed prepare " " .... 1294
Some present speed to come " " .... 1307
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she dooms " " .... 1395
Promise more speed " " .... 1349
His rider loved not speed *Son* 50 8
In winged speed no motion " " .... 51 8

Speed—when from thee I speed *Son* 51 2
My rams speed not *P P* 18 3

Speeding—O, cruel speeding " " .... 18 25

Speedy—tender smell or ... flight *R L* .... 925
done with speedy diligence " " .... 1853

Spend—spend their mouths *V A* .... 693
to spend the night " " .... 847
Not spend the dowry *V R* .... 938
She hoards, to spend " " .... 1318
Lucrece spends her eyes " " .... 1457
why don't thou spend *Son* 4 1
in the world doth spend " " .... 9 9
Spend—no precious time at all to... Son 57 3
in the praise thereof spends all... P 8 3
thy fadning mansion spend... 146 6
lours't on me, do I not spend... 149 7
To send her living in eternal love... L C 149 328
thus hast... 12 14 P 14 30
Spare not to spend... 10 26
Spend'd—spend'st thou thy fury... Son 100 3
Spend'ing—spending again what... 74 12
Spencer—spencer to me, whose deep... 56 12
charis is such... P P 8 7
Spent—The time is spent... V A 149 295
The night is then sped... P 149 717
shall for him be spent... R L 149 1182
with painted images hath spent... 149 1577
to those already spent... 149 1489
hath thy fair colour spent... 149 1690
what is already spent... Son 76 12
so thy life spent... 100 6
is my invention spent... 100 11
and toasts of brains are spent... 107 14
more than I have spent... 119 14
in their gazing spent... 125 8
a beauty spent and done... L C 149 11
Sphere—out of their spheres been... 56 12
fitted Battery to the spheres intend... Son 119 7
Spied the hunted boar... P 900 149 368
he spied in some blemish... R L 149 1458
in his plain face she spied... 149 1532
Spied a blossoming fair... P P 17 3
Spill—hands such wretched blood... should spill... R L 149 999
Spill'd—on the ground lay spilt'd... V A 149 1157
The night is spent... P 149 1801
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Spirit—Love is a spirit... V A 149 149
and her spirit confounds... 88 149
spirit, life, and bold audacity... L C 149 1346
The spirit of love... Son 56 8
Is it thy spirit... 61 5
My spirit is thine... 74 11
Knowing a better spirit... 86 2
that able spirit affords... 85 7
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught... 86 5
Hath put a spirit of youth... 98 3
figured to thee my true spirit... 108 2
The expense of spirit in a waste... 129 1
Which like two spirits... 144 2
The wondrous spirit a woman... 144 4
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That like two spirits... P P 2 2
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Since spite of him, I'll live... 107 11
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alas, it was a spite... 16 7
Spite—To spite me now... 15 15
Spleen—A thousand spleens... V A 149 907
Aiton used to cool his spleen... P P 6 6
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Sport—learn'd to sport and dance... V A 149 105
where I list to sport me... 149 154
Sporting—Advice is sporting... R L 149 907
Sportive—For sportive words... 149 1813
salutation to my sportive blood... Son 121 6
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Spread—up on the blushing rose... V A 149 590
through all her scions spread... 903 3
The fishes spread on it... 1100 3
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Spreading—Upon a gentle... flower... V A 149
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I Her winged sprint... 1728 3
Spring—The tender spring upon... V A 149 127
Spring doth yearly grow... 111 3
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Thy bashful sport with bursts... R L 149 49
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and cherish springs... 959 3
Wanting the spring... 1455 3
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Speak of the spring... 53 9
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have I been absent in the spring... 98 3
and then but in the spring... 102 5
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Spring—Seeds spring from seeds... V A 149 167
A way he springing... 553 3
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Clear with spring not... 37 3
Springing—If springing things... V A 149 417
Stand—my heart stands armed

Thus stands she 485
And they would stand auspicious 347
he stands disgraced 713
defeats his main stand 1149
these pretty creatures stand 1233
you see grave Nestor stand 1401
that thou dost trembling stand 1599
in them doth stand disgraced 1833
Now stand you on the top

son 16 5
stand against thy sight

son 38 6
although my foot did stand

son 41 5
in hope your verse shall stand

son 9 8
fearfully on thorns did stand

son 25 9
which methinks still doth stand

son 104 11
all alone stands hugely politic

son 124 11
stands least in thy control

son 125 14
by thee blushing stand

son 128 8
To stand in thy spring

son 132 12
that did in freedom stand

l 143
from judgement stand aloof

son 166
these impediments stand forth

son 299
Herts stand weaving

p p 18 41
A woman's may doth stand for

nought

son 19 42
Smear'd—such'st a mark'd on to make his stand 498
Her stand she takes

p p 6 5
Standing—that is standing by

l 282
for standing by her side

l 425
Star—Look, how a bright star

l 815
shining star doth borrow

son 861
stars ashamed of day

son 1032
Where mortal stars, as bright

l 13
No cornother stands did lead

son 120
Which must be lode-star

son 179
But little stars may hide them

son 1098
And little stars shot

son 1525
Not from the stars

son 14 1
And constant stars

son 14 10
the stars in secret influence

son 15 4
are stars within their stars

son 151 1
Till whatsoever star

son 29 9
sparkling stars twire not

son 25 12
the star to every wandering bark

son 116 7
Nor that full star

son 132 7
Co-supremes and stars of love

p p 51
Star—Stands—and there he stands

v a 301
In her sad face he stands

l 1591
Star-gazers—That the star-gazers

v a 509
Staring—The staring ruflian

son 1145
Star—Standing on Priam's wounds

l 1448
Stark—And stood stark naked

p p 6 10
Stare—to Anon he starts

v a 302
Whereat she starts

son 873
Even there he starts

l 348
I did begin to start and cry

son 1679
by this starts Collatine

son 1772
Starteth—From her be-tumbled

son 1037
conch she Thatcher

son 75 10
Stare—of his happy state

l 16
his affairs, his friends, his state

son 45
deer that stands at my state

son 644
low vassals to thy state

son 696
scandal waits on greatest state

son 1006
companions at thy state

son 1966
clothes his wit in state and pride

son 1809
And wear their brave state

son 15 8
State—beweep my outcast state
and then my state
change my state with kings
such interchage of state
Or state itself confounded
I see a better state
the strength of all thy state
to medicine a healthful state
were but the child of state
they would change their state
conspire than thou own state
she saw my woeful state
shouldst not abhor my state
Stately—fill with worm-holes stately monuments

Statute—Statue containing but the
eye
statues, tombs, and stories
war shall statues overturn

Statute—The statute of thy beauty
Stay—much murrain stay

to make her stay
dare not stay the field
with his torch to make him stay
could not stay him
doth Tarquin stay
She stays, explaining
upon his siver down will stay
a little while doth stay
on sightless eyes doth stay
where thou dost stay
It might unused stay
stay and think of wrong,
bound to stay your leisure
still with thee shall stay
no longer than thy love will stay
the thing she would have stay
flast stays no farther reason
what will not stay

Stay’d—or river stay’d
Who with a lingering stay
conceit of this inconstant stay

Stay’d—or river stay’d
but he was stay’d by thee
and there she stay’d

Stay’st—thou stay’st too long

Steelfast—with a steelfast eye

Steelfastly—looks so steelfastly

Steel—Steel thine own freedom
Lest she should steel a kiss
and to steal his breath
Away he steals

Such devils steal effects
Which steals men’s eyes
Yet doth it steal sweet hours
steal thee all my poverty

And steal dead seeing of his living hue
the itching age will steal
to steal thyself away
whence dist thou steal thy sweet
Steam from his figure

Steeleth—through the dark night
he stealth

Steel—How she came stealing
by his stealing
stealing monds from heaven
Stealing unseen to west
Stealing away the treasure

1287
1539
1663
160
726
934
283
1555
20
36
40
67
75
92
99
104

28
19
14
9
10
7

VA
VA
VA
VA

12
11
4
3

63
15
5
2

63
290
112
199
755
98
133
375
376
112
1828

94
1444
277
362
98
1147
1252
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PP

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L.

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442

934
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607
699
889
840
964
1000
1041

1106
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308
582
422
Still—she with vehement prayers
urgeth still
monarchs still are fear'd for love
she counsels still
And therefore would they still
hereafter still be blind
Keep still possession
And therefore still in night
unpractis'd swimmer plunging still
I'll hum on Tanquin still
Excruciating still
eyes wailing still
And still on him she gazed, and
gazing still
should my shame still rest
To necessary yieldings, but still
pure
of her blood still pure
still doth red abode
substance still lives
and adore his beauty still
and still weep
still the world enjoys it
beauty still may live
To give away yourself keeps your-
self still
In my bosom's shop is hanging
still
still farther off
yet I have still the loss
For still temptation follows
ap art present still with me
And I am still with them
praise shall still find room
and be in them still green
may still shine
still with thee shall stay
Why write I still all one
you and love are still my argument
So is my love still telling
You still shall live
Muse in manners holds her still
still cry 'Amen'
May still seem love
Yet seem'd it winter still
Such seems your beauty still
still such, and ever so
Still constant in a wondrous ex-
cellence
that which still doth grow
Still losing when I saw myself
by evil still made better
still will pluck thee back
She may detain, but not still keep,
her treasure
be to my comfort still
am I that vex thee still
yet receives rain still
and love that still
spirits do suggest me still
a fever, longing still
still to endure
in her threaden fillet still did bide
still did wake and sleep
two spirits do suggest me still
touches so soft still conquer chas-
tity
the loss thereof still fearing
I crave'd nothing of thee still
Still—still to strive with men
PP 19 43
Still—pure thoughts are dead and
still
in still imagination
The nurse, to still her child
Stone, still astonish'd with
which methinks still doth stand
Son 114 3
and my lying crying still
143 14
Still'd—still'd with dandling
VA 562
Still-gazing—wonder of . . . . eyes
RL 84
Still—it, the stillitory of thy face
VA 443
Still-pining—But like still-pining
Tantalus
RL 858
Still-slaughter'd—armour of still-
slaughter'd lust
Sting—disdainfully did sting
at the mercy of his mortal sting
honey guarded with a sting
bath neither sting, nor
by death's sharp sting
P P 10 4
Stir—rider's angry stir
VA 283
careless lust stirs up
the triumphant that began this stir
RL 1471
Stirr'd—stirr'd by a painted beauty
Son 21 2
Sifting—at stirring of a feather
VA 302
My winding stilling
Stock—who did thy stock pollute
VA 1063
Stole—But stole his blood
VA 1066
Now stole upon the time
RL 16 D
and he stole that word
Son 79 9
my white stole of chastity
L C 297
Stol'n—the treasure stol'n away
RL 1068
but stol'n from forth thy gate
religious love stol'n from mine eye
Son 31 6
thou wilt be stol'n, I fear
48 13
buds of marjoram had stol'n
99 7
nor red, nor white, had stol'n
99 10
it had stol'n from thee
99 15
Stone—stone at rain relenteth
VA 200
That from the cold stone
RL 1068
For stones dissolved to water
VA 592
no harder than a stone
593
and waste huge stones
Stone him with handen heart's,
harder than stones
978
Like stones of worth
Son 52 7
than unwrest stone
53 4
Since brass, nor stone
55 1
are themselves as stone
94 3
Each stone's dear nature
L C 210
each several stone
216
Stone-still—Stone-still, astonish'd
RL 1730
'Stonish'd—'stonish'd as night-
wanders
VA 825
Stood—How like a jade he stood
VA 391
falleth in the place she stood
1214
upon their whiteness stood
1170
had Narcissus seen her as she
stood
RL 265
for Achilles' image stood his spear
1242
Stood for the whole
1242
Stood many Trojan mothers
1431
both stood like old acquaintance
1395
Stood Collatine and all
1731
like a late-sack'd island vastly stood
1740
waving stood in doubt
L C 97
And stood stark naked
PP 6 10
bounced in, whereas he stood
6 13
Stoop—The grass stoops not  
VA .... 1028
And stoop to honour  
RL .... 574
The cedar stoops not  
" .... 664
Stop—soon she stops his lips  
VA .... 46
stop the loud pursuers  
" .... 688
Each shadow make him stop  
" .... 705
which stop the hourly dial  
RL .... 327
Or stop the headlong fury  
" .... 561
made me stop my breath  
" .... 1180
that stops his answers so  
" .... 1664
The protestation stops  
" .... 1799
to stop posterity  
Son 3 8
should not stop my way  
" .... 44 2
And stops her pipe  
" .... 102 8
Counsel may stop awhile  
LC .... 159
Storm—so what does not rest  
RL .... 1964
what course, what stop he makes  
" .... 109
Stopped—An oven that is stopp'd  
VA .... 331
who, like silences, stopp'd  
" .... 595
Her voice is stopp'd  
" .... 1661
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding  
RL .... 1119
and to flatterer stopped are  
Son 112 11
Story—so what does not rest  
RL .... 92
is rifled of her store  
" .... 692
that breeds the fat earth's store  
" .... 1837
Nature hath not made for store  
Son 11 9
to store thou wouldst convert  
" .... 14 12
engrafted to this store  
" .... 37 8
Increasing store with loss and loss  
" .... 64 8
immured is the store  
" .... 84 3
addeth to his store  
" .... 135 10
Though in thy store's account  
" .... 136 10
to aggravate thy store  
" .... 146 10
But if store of crowns be scant  
P P .... 21 37
Store—O he, she stores  
Son 67 13
as for a map doth Nature store  
" .... 68 13
Storm—Should I could store this storm  
RL .... 566
such black-faced storms  
" .... 1518
Foretell new storms  
" .... 1589
was he such a storm  
" .... 101
Storm-heaven—on my  
Son 34 6
Storming—Storming her world  
LC .... 7
Stormy—But like a stormy day  
VA .... 963
of clay blusterous feather  
" .... 115
Against the stormy gusts of win- 
er's day  
Son 13 11
Story—the story aply sets  
VA .... 710
Their copious stories  
" .... 845
statues, toms, and stories  
" .... 1013
The story of sweet chastity's decay  
RL .... 868
to still her child will tell my story  
" .... 813
Simon whose enchanting story  
" .... 1521
so dignifies his story  
Son 84 8
I can set down a story  
" .... 88 6
tells the story of thy days  
" .... 95 5
any summer's story tell  
" .... 93 7
A plentiful story  
LC .... 2
She told him stories  
" .... 4 5
Story—He stories to her ears  
RL .... 106
Stout—are not so stout  
Son 65 7
Stoutly—but stoutly say "So be it  
RL .... 1299
Stow—in her vaulty prison stows  
the day  
" .... 119
Straggling—And they like strag- 
gling slaves  
" .... 425
Straight—to her straight goes be  
VA .... 264
And straight in pity  
" .... 1091
straight be strucken down  
RL .... 217
Straight—as one shifts, another  
RL .... 1104
straight ensues  
" .... 1299
is blotted straight with will  
" .... 1322
I'll murder straight  
" .... 1634
and straight grow sad  
Son 45 14
and I straight will halt  
" .... 89 3
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight  
" .... 100 5
but despite straight  
" .... 129 5
Straight in her heart  
" .... 145 5
Straight—straight legs and passing  
VA .... 297
strong  
Son 121 11
Bear thine eyes straight  
" .... 140 14
Strain—They all strain courtesy  
VA .... 888
at each sad strain will strain  
RL .... 1151
Strained—What strained touches  
" .... 92 10
Strait—Back to the strait  
RL .... 1670
Strand—And from the strand of  
Dardan  
" .... 1436
Strange—O strange excuse  
VA .... 791
how strange It seems  
" .... 985
the impression of strange kinds  
RL .... 1244
millions of strange shadows  
Son 53 2
and to compounds strange  
" .... 76 4
strange and look strange  
" .... 89 8
frowns and wrinkles strange  
" .... 93 8
nothing novel, nothing strange  
" .... 123 3
Against strange maladies  
" .... 153 8
all strange forms receives  
LC .... 303
Strange—when whom shall strangle- 
ly pass  
Son 49 5
askance and strangely  
" .... 110 6
Strange-ness—puts outward  
VA .... 310
Measure my strangeness  
" .... 524
Stranger—unto every stranger  
" .... 799
never coped with stranger eyes  
RL .... 99
And to find a stranger last  
" .... 159
A stranger came, and on that pillow  
" .... 1620
Strangle—strangle and look strange  
Son 89 8
Straw—I force not argument  
RL .... 1921
a platted hive of straw  
LC .... 8
as straw with fire flameth  
P P .... 7 13
as soon as straw out-burneth  
" .... 7 14
A belt of straw and ivory hands  
" .... 20 13
Stray—Stray lower, where the pleas- 
ant  
VA .... 234
Stray—thy beauty and thy stray- 
ing youth  
Son 41 10
Stream—strive against the stream  
VA .... 772
The petty streams that pay  
RL .... 649
Shall gush pure streams  
" .... 1073
Lucrece' bleeding stream  
" .... 1774
Giling pale streams  
Son 33 4
to the stream gave grace  
LC .... 285
Stream'd—Blue circles stream'd  
RL .... 1587
Street—from forth her fair streets  
" .... 1834
Strength—govern'd him in  
VA .... 42
his stronger strength obeyed  
" .... 43
thus my strength is tried  
" .... 280
with life's strength doth fight  
RL .... 124
her passion's strength認めうs  
" .... 1103
Then little strength rings out  
" .... 1495
Whose strength's abundance  
Son 23 4
And in mine own love's strength  
" .... 23 7
make grief's strength seem stronger  
" .... 148
thou hast the strength of laws  
" .... 49 13
strength by limping sway disabled  
" .... 66 8
the strength of all thy state  
" .... 96 12
Strength—There is such strength
strive to try her strength
Strength exultant—My love is ...
Strengthless—Two ... doves
knit brow, and strengthless pace
Stretched—And stretched metre
Strict—From their strict embrace
Keep the obeying so strict
Strife—... with herself at strife
without friendship and strife
civil home-bred strife
revenge or quittal of such strife
there were no strife
doth force a farther strife
sort an hour great strife to end
... the painter's strife
weep with equal strife
I hold such strife
Strike—... strikes whate'er is in his way
And whom he strikes
thou shouldst strike at it
... to strike him dead
Strike the wise dumb
... strike a poor unhappy doe
Strikes each in each
the deer that thou shouldst strike
Striking—... what needs a second ...
... his beating heart, alarm his striking
Shall tune our heart-strings
Mark how one string, sweet husband
... to another
Stripp'd—they be out-stripp'd by every pen
Stripping—Out-stripping crowds that strive
Strive—... strive to overfly them
... all in vain you strive
ever strive to kiss you
They both would strive
... as he is, he strives in vain
... all the world, and I must strive
... I did strive to prove
... mastering what not strives
... she strive to try her strength
... still to strive with men
Strived—beauty and virtue strived
Striving—As striving who should
... then, striving to mend
... he stroke his cheeks
... curse thee for this stroke
... straight legs and passing ...
never waketh strong
with his strong course
... my will is strong
... strong pirates, shelves, and sands
From me by strong assault
... and they too strong
with circumstances strong
Mine enemy was strong
... with so strong a fear
... by our strong arms
Resembling strong youth
... the strong offence's cross
... your charter is so strong
Nor gates of steel so strong
... what strong hand can hold
which makes thy love more strong
Strong—... gains't, my strong infection
... Divert strong minds
more strong, far greater
replication prompt and reason
strong
... I strong o'er them, and you o'er
me being strong
... had women been so strong
Strong-besieged—to the walls of
... strong-besieged they
Strong-bonded—to the ... eath
Stronger—his ... strength obey'd
... make conquest of the stronger
... make grief's strength seem
stronger
... is no stronger than a flower
Strongest—The strongest body
... The strongest castle
Strongly—but strongly he desired
... my duty strongly knit
... You are so strongly in my purpose
bred
Strong-neck'd—The ... steed
Strong-temp'rd—... steel
Struck—Struck dead at first
His meaning struck her
Which struck her sad, and
... he struck his hand upon his breast
... that struck me dead
... Stricken—straight be, ... down
... he struggles to be gone
... Nag, do not struggle Trees
Struggling—Struggling for passage
... Strum—Show me the strumpet
... Strumpelet—maiden virtue rudely
... sternpelet
... Stuck—stuck over all his face
... Staid—coral clasps and amber studs
... Struck—The stricken lady
... Study—Stud's his biases
... Staff—Stuff up his lust
... Staff'd—Till either gorge be staff'd
... Sturdy—like sturdy trees support me
... Style—Thiers for their style
... thou dost but mend the style
... Mark, his style admir'd
... Subdue—did her force subdue
... Subdued—my nature is subdued
... Subduing—Of his subduing tongue
... Subject—tributary subject quakes
... Where subjects' eyes do learn
... her subjects with foul inscription
... want subject to invent
... To subjects worse have given
... Of their fair subject
... That to his subject lends
... to lend base subjects
... To mar the subject
... Subject—Making it subject
... As subject to Time's love
... Subjection—by their mortal fault
... brought in subjection
... Proud of subjection
... Subornation—perjury and ...
... Suborn'd—Hence, thou...informers
... Subscribe—And Death to me sub...
... subscribes
... 107 10
Subsist—by nature to subsist  

Substance—their substance still lives  

doth such substance give  

If the dull substance  

What is your substance  

Substantial—Footst of thy light's  

flame with self-substantial fuel  

Subtle—Swift subtle post, carrier  

To mock the subtle  

even as subtle Simon  

a plentitude of subtle matter  

some subtle practice smell  

Subtiles-hining—the . . . scerecles  

Subtile—which in my by subtlety  

in the world's false subtleties  

Success—shine sun to . . . flowers  

Succeeding—in succeeding times  

pattern to succeeding men  

Success—greets heaven for his . . .  

Succession—Proving his beauty by  

fearing no such thing  

Son  

Successive—beauty's successive heir  

Such—such time-beguiling sport  

with such distilling showers  

I am such a park  

He held such petty bondage  

Were never four such lamps  

truth, and such a main  

kisses a trouble  

Such nectar from his lips  

with such foul fiends  

thou provokest such weeping  

such a weak and silly mind  

the birds such pleasure took  

at such high-prode rate  

to such a peerless dame  

margents of such books  

and such griefs sustain  

there is such thwarting strife  

Such hazard now  

quittal of such strife  

where such treasure lies  

fearing no such thing  

proud of such a dignity  

Such shadows are  

bitter such an ivory wall  

With such black payment  

darest do such outrage  

of such shame  

hath such nefeful blows  

in such a devil  

such numbers seek for thee  

Such wretched hands such wretched-blood  

would such an office have  

Such danger to resistance  

still urgeth such extremes  

Such harmless creatures  

Such sweet observance  

Making such sober action  

such signs of rage  

such odd action yield  

such black-faced storms  

holl-born sin such sain-like forms  

Such signs of truth  

can lurk in such a look  

But such a face  

Such devils steal effects  

such unity do hold  

Such—such passion her assail's  

Such—seeing such emulation  

Such childish humour  

In such relenting dew  

such murderous shame  

I read such a subtle  

Such heavenly touches  

of such triumph bars  

such wealth brings  

such a beauteous day  

of such a solace can speak  

Such civil war  

I love thee in such sort  

doth such substance give  

Hang on such thorns  

truth of such account  

For such a time  

such interchange of state  

the twilight of such day  

the glowing of such fire  

I stand with such-like sport  

found such fair assistance  

such virtue hath my pen  

And such a counterpart  

but wak'ng no such matter  

Such is my love  

I love thee in such sort  

having such a sly main  

Such seems your beauty  

still such, and ever so  

Even such a beauty  

Such cherubins as your sweet self  

resemble  

At such who, not born fair  

But no such roses  

There is such strength  

was he such a storm  

do again for such a sake  

Such looks as none could look  

with such an earthly tongue  

whose deep conceit is such  

Such-like—In such-like circumstance  

And with such-like flattering  

Suck'd—she had not suck'd  

suck'd an earthly mother  

And suck'd the honey  

Sudden—whereat a sudden pale  

Are on a sudden wasted  

Suddently—be suddenly revenged  

that vade null suddenly  

Sue—sue for exiled majesty's repeal  

And sue a friend  

Suffer—suffer these abominations  

O, let me suffer  

It suffers not in smiling pomp  

paine within and suffer deareth  

Sufferance—patience, tame to . . .  

Suffer'd—. . . . it will set the heart  

I suffer'd in your erime  

Suffering—Suffering my friend  

her suffering ecstasy assuage  

Have of my suffering youth  

in the suffering pangs it bears  

Sufferer—let it then suffer  

to know thee shall suffice  

Suffered—then is feeling sufficed  

in thy abundance am sufficed  

Sugard—Thy sugar'd tongue
SUGGEST

two spirits do suggest me

Suggested—this proud issue

Suggesteth—alarms, mutiny

Suggestion—By their suggestion

Suing—to his eyes suiting

Swells—dwell upon my suit

Tender my suit

where his suit may be obtained

my love-suit, sweet, fulfil

A youthful suit—it was

Which late her noble suit

And in thy suit be humble

Suited—and suit thy pity

Sui—Her eyes so suited

Suitor—suitor 'gins to woo him

Sullen—Still is he sullen

From sullen earth, sings

the sullen belly

Sun—Your day of youth to sullied

night

Sun—Shall sum my count

So great a sum of sums

hath cast his utmost sum

all thy sum of good

pares in combined sums

Summer—a summer's day will seem

in summer's heat

erc summer half be done

perfection of my summer

time leads summer on

Summer's distillation left

In thee summer

And summer's green all girded

courseth thee a summer's day

And summer's lease

thy eternal summer

When summer's breath

Make summer's welcome

summer's honey breath

summer of another's green

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet

this time removed was summer's time

For summer and his pleasures

any summer's story told

in summer's front doth sing

the summer pleasure

shook three summers' pride

was beauty's summer dead

Youth like summer morn

Youth like summer brave

summon—Do summons we part

I summon up remembrance

sum—Even as the sun

The sun doth burn my face

de this descending sun

The sun that shines

between that sun and thee

heavenly and earthly sun

Like the fair sun

sun glorifies the sky

To shame the sun

melts with the mid-day sun

Is tempest after sun

The sun ariseth

Nor sun nor wind

Sun—The sun doth scorn you

sun and sharp air

gaudy sun would peep

golden splendid of the sun

fair and fiery-pointed sun

permit the sun to climb

white sun both melt their snow

Why her two suns

the sun being set

Of those fair suns

By heaven's fair sun

With sun and moon

where-through the sun

the mirth gold at the sun's eye

stain both moon and sun

Even so my sun one early morn

Suns of the world may stain when

heaven's sun staineth

with that sun thine eye

five hundred courses of the sun

the sun is daily new and old

are nothing like the sun

not the morning sun of heaven

The sun itself sees not

fortified her visage from the sun

Then, thou fair sun

Scarcely had the sun

The sun look'd on the world

shine sun to succour flowers

Sunder—seems to part in sundry

Sundry—The sundry dangers

Sung—when he hath sung

And sung by children

dung the dolcifatt ditty

Sunk—brave day sunk in hideous

Sunk—thine own deep-sunken eyes

Sunset—sunset faith in the west

Sunshine—comforteth like

Superior—which their superiors

want

Supp'd—for I supp'd with sorrow

Supposed after supper long he questioned

Suppliant—the humble supplicant's friend

Suppliant—And... their sighs

Supply—No man will... thy want

Support—sturdy trees support me

Support—thou dost not defend me

Suicidal—Be not death

or your affairs suppose

Supposed—there's no death

or else some shame supposed

makes supposed terror true

my unsounded self, supposed a fool

I by having supposed death

Supposed as forfeit

Sweetly supposed them

Supposing—supposing thou art true

Suppress'd—shall not, suppress'd

thus is simple truth suppress

Supreme—Impears supreme of all

the supreme fair

Sure—If they surcease to be

Sure—in sure wards of trust

Q, sure I am, the wits

And to be sure

Surely-like—he learn'd but

Surfeit—Wherein they surfeit
Surfeit—Do surfeit by the eye
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Surfeits, imposthumes, grief
".... 743
Love surfeits not
".... 806
Is but to surfeit
R.L.... 139
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Son 73 13
Surfeit-taking—So, ... Tarquin
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Suspect in the surly sack bell
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Surmise—Tarquin answers with surmise
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Surprise—Let the priest in surplice be white
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R.L.... 106
Survey—he will not every hour....
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".... 100 9
Service for the swan's drinke
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succease to be that should survive
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Son 32 1
Or you survive when I in earth
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Sweet flattery! then she loves
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Of their sweet deaths
Sweet love, renew thy force
My sweet love's beauty
That I in your sweet thoughts
late the sweet birds sang
O, know, sweet love
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I grant, sweet bole
Thy sweet beloved name
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If thy sweet virtue
is to the summer sweet
How sweet and lovely
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They were but sweet
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So your sweet hue
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Nothing, sweet boy
The most sweet favour
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But sweet or colour
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For compound sweet
To be forbid the sweets
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet
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And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell
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Therefore in that I cannot know
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They that have power
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Lilies that fester smell far worse
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car that doth thy lays esteem
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But that wild music burthen
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character
That may express my love
So that eternal love
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So that myself bring water
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That it could so preposterously
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That did not better for my life
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand
bitterness that I will bitter think
Even that your pity is enough
That my soul'd sense
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That all the world besides
And that which governs
And that your love taught it
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lines that I before have writ
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To give full growth to that which
still doth grow
That looks on tempests
Accuse me thus: that I have scant-ed all
That I have frequent been
That—I have holsted sail
ere that there were true needling
The ills that were not, grew
Drugs poison him that so fell sick
of you
That better is by evil still made
That you were once unkind
And for that sorrow which
O, that our night of woe
But that your trespass now becomes
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to this purpose that her skill
That every tongue says beauty
Upon that blessed wood
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recks
That music hath a far more
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Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west
all they foul that thy composition
lack
Beshrwe that heart that makes
my heart
For that deep wound it gives
and all that is in me
confess'd that he is thine
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind
Theu usurer that put'st forth all to use
am I that vex thee still
and me in that one 'Will
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so near
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That hills and valleys
If that the world
That to bear it was great pitty
That to hear her so complain
Every one that flatters thee
If sith one be prodigal
they that fawn'd on him before
He that is thy friend
That definitive music can
That thy sable gender makest
That the turtle saw his right
That the self was not the same
They that 'twas true a twain
That are either true or fair

Thaw'd—wasted, thaw'd, and done
when temperance is thaw'd

The—Even as the sun
of the weeping morn
bied him to the chase
the field's chief tower
Saith that the world
to the saddle-bow
The precedent of pith
the lusty coursers rein
was the tender boy
The studded bridle
The steed is stalled up
To tie the rider
quench the maiden burning
feedeth on the stream
overflow the bank
by the stern and direful
soll'd the god of fight
The kiss shall be thine own
What seed it, 'twas the true a twain
the day seem night
The tender spring
The spring doth yearly grow
trip upon the green
Dance on the sands
draw me through the sky
shoe the horse
fresh beauty for the use
Upon the earth's increase
Unless the earth
By this the love-sick queen
the shadow had forsook them
tired in the mid-day heat
when they blot the sky
The sun doth burn
Shall cool the heat
The sun that shines
The heat I have
darts forth the fire
the worse for one poor kiss
but the eye alone
now on the ground
Within the circuit
the pleasant fountains lie
Sor woes the more increasing
The time is spent
The strong-neck'd steed

The—The bearing earth
The iron bit he crusheth
HIs nostrils drink the air
as if he told the steps
to captivate the fair breeder
Of the fair breeder
would surpass the life
as if the dead the living
To bid the wind a base
the high wind sings
Fanning the hairs
seorns the heart he feels
and bites the poor flies
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With her the horse
unto the wood they hie
And now the happy season
the heart hath treble wrong
the alend of the tongue
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The client breaks
Looks on the dull earth
to the wayward boy
note the fighting conflict
Lightning from the sky
disda'n'd the wooing
that takes him by the hand
once more the engine
palfrey from the mare
Welcomes the warm approach
set the heart on fire
The sea hath bounds
tied to the tree
Throwing the base thong
Traching the sheets
To touch the fire, the weather
being cold
the lesson is but plain
Who plucks the bud
The colt that's back'd
it will not ope the gate
that the sense of feeling
but the very smell
from the stillitory
wert thou to the taste
of the other four
not wish the feast
double-beck the door
disturb the feast
Once more the ruby-colour'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field
woc unto the birds
Even as the wind is hush'd
Or as the wolf doth grin
Or as the berry breaks
like the deadly bullet
the wounding of a frown
The silly boy, believing
Fair fall the wit
on the grass she lies
strikes her on the checks
To mend the hurt
The night of sorrow
Like the fair sun
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky
The crystal tears gave light
Shone like the moon
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in
the fire
from the dangerous year
That the star-gazers
the plague is banish'd
does should double
the ungruen fry forbears
The mellow plum doth fall, the
green sticks fast
Look, the world's comforter
ended in the west
The owl, night's herald
The sheep are gone
The honey fee of parting
The heavenly moisture
fall to the earth
caught the yielding prey
the insulter willeth
pitch the price so high
the sweets of the spoil
as the fleet-foot roe
Or like the foroward infant
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The poor fool prays
The which, by Cupid's bow
make the match
To not the good
The bear! quoth she
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To shame the sun
the curious workmanship
subject to the tyranny
the narrow-eating sickness
heating of the blood
And at the least
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That on the earth
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do the tender leaves
The text is old, the orator too green
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Shooteth from the sky
glides he in the night
Till the wild waves
with the meeting clouds
did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object
jewel in the flood
In the dark she lay
the fair discovery
all the neighbour caves
And still the choir
and outrue the night
to spend the night withal
Sothing the humour
Lo, here the gentle lark
And wakes the morning
The sun ariseth
Who doth the world
The beauteous influence
Musing the morning
she couseth to the cry
the bushes in the way
catch her by the neck
she hears the hounds
The fear wherof
the timorous yelping of the hounds
But the blunt boar
the cry remains
the dogs exclaim aloud
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**The—As the grim lion**

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**THE**

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**THE**
The—The flesh being proud

The guilty rebel
through the length of times
To ask the spotted princess
through the dark night
Bearing away the wound
The scar that will
She bears the load
And he the burden
on the direful night
looks for the morning light
behind the day
The same disgrace
Against the unseen
and the ravisher
to meet the eastern light
permit the sun to climb
ravish the morning air
The life of purity, the supreme fair
The silver-shining queen
Seasoning the earth
Let not the jealous Day
That all the faults
to tell-tale Day
The light will show
The story of sweet chastity
The impious breach
Yea, the filicrate
The nurse, to still her child
The orator, to deck
Will tie the hearers
The branches of another root
read the mot afar
And suck the honey
the worm intrude the maiden bud
The aged man
the harvest of his wits
The sweets we wish for
Even in the moment
wait on the tender spring
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing:
the traitor's treason
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season
to seize the souls
Thou makest the vestal
Thou blow'st at the fire
the humble suppliant's friend
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained
the poor, lame, blind
The patient dies while the physi-
cian sleeps
The orphan pines while the op-
pressor feeds
while the widow weeps
From the creation to the general doom
Betray'd the hours
fine the hate of foes
Not spend the doory
To stamp the seal
To wake the morn and sentinel
the night
To wrong the wronger
To pluck the quills

The—To dry the old oak's sap
the giddy round
the beldam daughters
make the child a man
slay the tiger
tame the unicorn
To mock the subtle in themselves
cheer the ploughman
And the dire thought
the abusing of his time
the thief run mad
The bater is he
The mightier man, the mightier
is the thing
The moon being clouded
'The crow may bathe
with the filth away
But if the like the snow-white swan desire
The stain upon his silver down
past the help of law
The remedy indeed
the self-same purpose
the treasure stol'n away
the guiltless casket
The stained taste
I am the mistress
hide the truth
The well tuned warble
the blushing morrow
Continuance tames the one; the other wild
The little birds
the bottom of annoy
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more
the bounding banks o'erflows
As the dank earth
the diapason bear
singst not in the day
seated from the way
As the poor frightened deer
tread the way
which of the twain
Will slay the other
which was the dearer
When the one pure, the other made divine
the bark peel'd from the lofty pine
batter'd by the enemy
Have heard the cause
unto the knife
The one will live, the other being dead
to the skies
Mine honour be the knife's
wash the slander
And wiped the brish pearl
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set
Even so the maid
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night
the other takes in hand
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
the authors of their ill
the semblance of a devil
all the little worms

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THE
The—the private pleasure

Become the public plague
rings out the dolorous knell
about the painting round
with the blunt swains
In him the painter
give the harmless show
the fear that false hearts
The well-skilled workman
The credulous old Pram
burnt the shining glory
that the skies were sorry
And bid the painter
the picture was belied
in her mind the while
She tears the senseless Siren
the current of her sorrow
Being from the feeling
But now the mindful messenger
come back
raise the seat in the sky
by the bloodless band
by the foe
Begins the sad dirge
shall fit the trespass best
the fault amending
Then be this all the task
In the rest
* For in the dreadful dead
The loathsome act
The lechers in their deed
The adulterate death
And far the weaker
the judge is robbed, the prisoner
dies
Or, at the least
the hopeless merchant
The grief away
the violent roaring tide
Out runs the eye
Yet In the eddy
Back to the street
back the same grief draw
the help that thou
yet let the traitor die
the hateful foe bewray'd
The protestation stops
* What is the quality
with the foul act dispense
The painter's fountain
The face, that map
from the deep unrest
unto the clouds bequeathed
And from the purple fountain
The murderous knife, and, as it
left the place
that the crimson blood
About the mourning
upon the tainted place
If in the child the father's image
lies
And shiver'd all the beauty
conquest of the stronger
the flattering feeble souls
The old bees die, the young possess their hive
the pale fear
The deep vexation
as if the name he tore
The—The one doth call her his, the other his

R L 1793

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make the earth devour

29 1

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger’s jaws

30 2

And burn the long-lived

19 3

To the wide world

19 4

the master-mistress

21 4

Gilding the object

20 6

Is but the scantly rainment

22 6

actor on the stage

23 1

The perfect ceremony

23 6

be then the eloquence

23 9

eye hath play’d the painter

24 1

My body is the frame

24 3

For through the painter

24 5

where-through the sun

24 11

know not the heart

24 14

the marigold at the sun’s eye

25 6

The painful warrior

25 9

Is from the book

25 11

And all the rest

25 12

The dear remorse for limbs

27 9

which the blind do see

27 8

the benefit of rest

28 2

The one by toil, the other to com-plain

28 7

I tell the day

28 9

do blot the heaven

28 10

the swart-complexion’d night

28 12

thou gild’st the even

28 11

Like to the lark

29 11

When to the sessions

30 1

I sigh the lack

30 3

And moan the expense

30 8

The sad account

30 11

But if the while I think

30 12

As interest of the dead

31 7

Thou art the grave

31 9

If hang with the trophies

31 10

hast all the all of me

31 14

the bettering of the time

32 5

the height of happier men

32 8

Flutter the mountain-tops

33 2

the meadows green

33 3

the basest clouds to ride

33 5

And from the forlorn world

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The region cloud

35 12

Suns of the world may stain

33 14

that through the cloud thou break

34 5

To dry the rain

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heals the wound and cures not the disgrace

34 8

yet I have still the loss

34 10

The offender’s sorrow

34 11

bear the strong offence’s cross

34 12

O, give thyself the thanks

38 5

Be thou the tenth Muse

38 9

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise

38 14

all the better part of me

39 2

To entertain the time

39 11

But here’s the joy

42 18

For all the day

43 2

To the clear day

43 7

In the living day

43 10

If the dull substance

44 1

Upon the farthest earth

44 6

As soon as think the place

44 8

The other two
The—The first my thought, the other my desire
The conquest of thy sight
The freedom of that right
But the defendant
all tenants to the heart
The clear eye's moisture and the dear heart's part
now unto the other
And to the painted banquet
Are left the prey
Within the gentle closure
from the thing it was
We other's knowledge of mine
To guard the lawful reasons
the strength of laws
I journey on the way
'Thus far the miles
The beast that bears me
the wretch did know
The bloody spurs
excuse the slow offence
mounted on the wind
So am I as the rich
The which he will not
For blunting the fine point
in the long year set
jewels in the casket
So is the time
the wardrobe which the robe doth hide
and the counterfeit
Speak of the spring and foison of the year
The one doth shadow
The other as thy bounty
The rose looks fair
The canker-blooms
As the perfumed tincture of the roses
nor the gilded monuments
root out the work of masonry
The living record
Even in the eyes
out to the ending doom
So, till the judgement
The spirit of love
like the ocean be
Which parts the shore
Come daily to the banks
may be the view
Upon the hours
chide the world-without-end hour
watch the clock for you
Nor think the bitterness
at your hand the account
The imprision'd absence
the second burthen
courses of the sun
what the old world could say
revolution be the same
the wits of former days
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
once in the main of light
the flourish set on youth
delves the parallels
Feeds on the rarities
eyelids to the weary night

The—The scope and tenour
To play the watchman
the treasure of his spring
The rich proud cost
the hungry ocean gain
the kingdom of the shore
And the firm sov win of the watery main
Against the wreckful siege
The map of days outworn
Before the golden tresses of the dead
The right of sepulchres
The child's eye doth view
the thought of hearts can mend
the voice of souls
the eye hath shown
the beauty of thy mind
the rank smell of weeds
The soil is this
was ever yet the fair
The ornament of beauty
Thy worth the greater
the sweetest buds doth love
the ambush of young days
the surly sullen bell
the world that I am fled
The hand that writ it
Lost in the wise world
O, lost the world
shake against the cold
late the sweet birds sang
the twilight of such day
fadeth in the west
the glowing of such fire
Thou art the best
As the death-bed
The very part
The earth can have
the better part of me
lost the dregs of life
The prey of worms
The coward conquest
The worth of that
showers are to the ground
And for the peace of you
Doubling the fitching age
the world may see my pleasure
Why with the time
ever the same
For as the sun
The vacant leaves
The wrinkles which thy glass
the dumb on high
to the learned's wing
but mend the style
Deserves the travail of a worthier
And in the praise thereof
wide as the ocean is
The humble as the proudest
The worst was this
to all the world must die
The earth can yield me
When all the breathers
even in the mouths of men
The dedicated words
the time-bettering days
The barren tender
The—Immured is the store
by all the Museus filed
to the most of praise
for the breath of words
Was it the proud
Bound for the prize
the womb wherein they grew
The charter of thy worth
The cause of this fair gift
in the eye of scorn
The injuries that to myself
while the world is bent
with the spouse of fortune
Come in the rearward
But in the onset come
At first the very worst
a joy above the rest
the worst of wrongs
When in the least of them
the false heart's history
do not do the thing
They are the lords and owners
The summer's flower is to the
summer sweet
The hearsest weed
dost thou make the shame
a canker in the fragrant rose
Both spot the beauty
the story of thy days
The hardest knife
As on the finger
The hearsest jewel
the stern wolf betray
the strength of all thy state
the measure of the fleeting year
The teeming autumn
the wanton burthen of the prime
the very birds are mute
dreading the winter's near
been absent in the spring
Yet nor the llays of birds, nor the
sweet smell
at the lily's white
the deep vermiUlion in the rose
The forward violet
The purple pride
The lily I condemned
The roses fearfully
Sis to the ear
though less the show
The owner's tongue
and then but in the spring
Not that the summer
did hush the night
The argument, all bare
To war the subject
Have from the forests
the seasons have I seen
When in the chronicle
of the fairest wights
Then, in the blazon
nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world
Can yet the haze
The mortal moon
And the sad augurs mock
Now with the drops
What's in the brain
say o'er the very same

The—Weighs not the dust
Finding the first conceit
Just to the time, not with the time
exchanged
a motley to the view
next may heaven the best
The guilty goddess
like the dyer's hand
doth the impression fill
You are my all the world
That all the world besides
delivers to the heart
hath the mind no part
the rudest or gentlest sight
The most sweet favour
The mountain or the sea, the day
or night
The crow or dove
the monarch's plague
'tis the first
'blot prepare the cup
'tis the lesser sin
blunt the sharpest intents
to the course of altering
Crowning the present, doubting
of the rest
Let me not to the marriage
the remover to remove
It is the star
even to the edge of doom
sail to all the winds
the level of your frown
The constancy and virtue
The fells that were not
and find the lesson true
In the distraction
The humble salve
And the just pleasure
Or, at the least
at the present nor the past
but the child of state
Under the bow
Where toth' inviting time
call the fools of time
I bore the canopy
the outward honouring
In the old age
Fairing the soul
The wry concave
To kiss the tender inward
At the wood's boldness
The expense of spirit
make the taker mad
this the world well knows
To shun the heaven
are nothing like the sun
Than in the breath
Treads on the ground
Thou art the fairest
hath not the power
truly not the morning sun
the grey cheeks of the east
that ushers in the even
To the sober west
The statue of thy beauty
He pays the whole
The sea, all water
the treasure of thy love
Then in the number
The—Yet what the best is take the
best to be

Be anchor'd in the bay
Whereo the judgement
the wide world's common place
in the world's false subtleties
are past the
justified the wrong.
The manner of my pity-wanting
the likeness of a man
In pursuit of the thing
And play the mother's part
The better anger is
The worse spirit
forth the sound that said
the centre of my sinful earth
nurseth the disease
doth preserve the ill
The uncertain sickly
the physician of my love
the truth morally expressed
What means the world
the sun itself sees not
the motion of thine eyes
the lie to my true sight
doth not grace the day
That in the very refuse
The more bear swear against the thing they see
against the truth so foul a lie
The boy for trial needs
the help of bath desired
the bath for my help
the little Love-god
the fire voted
the general of hot desire
list the sad-tuned tale
her visage from the sun
Whereon the thought
The careness of a beauty
the silken figures in the brine
to the spheres intend
To the barred earth
The mind and sight
and gave the flood
the lines she rents
that the ruffle knew
The swiftest hours
in brief the grounds
in the charity of age
The injury of many
occasion of the wind
did enchant the mind
the web it seem'd to wear
noble by the away
Whether the horse by him
by the well-doing steed
the verdict went
'So on the tip of his
the weeper laugh, the laughers weep
He had the dialect
in the general bosom reign
in the imagination set
The gossipy objects which abroad
Than the true gouty
Reserved the stalk
which remain'd the foil
The destined ill
To put the by-past perils
The—Phcek'd in the bud and vailed
in the spring \( P \) \( P \) 10 2
before the fall should be \( \) \( \) 19 6
She told the youngling \( \) \( \) 11 8
the warlike god embraced me \( \) \( \) 11 5
the warlike god unlaced me \( \) \( \) 11 7
As if the boy should use \( \) \( \) 11 8
did not set the seizure \( \) \( \) 11 10
wither'd on the ground \( \) \( \) 13 9
on the doubts of my decay \( \) \( \) 14 4
As take the pain, but cannot pluck
in the self \( \) \( \) 14 12
throw gazes to the east
heart doth charge the watch; the
morning rise \( \) \( \) 15 2
the office of mine eyes
were tuned like the lark
The night so pack'd
the night would post
add to the hours
the fairest one of three
the fair'st that eye could see
was the combat doubful
leave the master loveless, or kill
the gallant knight
Unto the silly damsel
mock'd was the pain
For of the two the trusty knight
was victor of the day
did bear the maid away
the learned man hath got the lady
gay
shack the day
in the motion air
Through the velvet leaves the wind
That the lover
the heavens breath
meetings on the plains
the cause of all my moan
hath chose the dame
And staff'd the deer
The strongest castle
The golden bullet
The wiles and guiles
The tricks and toys
The cock that treads
all the joys in bed
to round me on the' car
all the pleasures prove
the craggy mountains yields
we sit upon the rocks
see the shephers feed
If that the world
In the merry month
Save the nightingale
do the daylight ditty
like the wind
Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree
precursor of the fiend
of the fever's end
Save the eagle
Keep the obscur
Let the priest in surplice
Be the death-divining
Lest the requiem
With the breath
Here the anthem
and the turtle fled

The—Had the essence
"Twixt the turtle
That the turtle saw
in the phoenix' sight
was the other's mine
the self was not the same
To the phoenix and the dove
the phoenix' nest
And the turtle's loyal
Thee—Nature that made thee
'I'll another thee with kisses
as I entreat thee now
Shews thee untrue
then I were not for thee
think it heavy unto thee
a shadow for thee
that sun and thee
not brought forth thee
I'll give it thee again
I have homm'd thee here
To shelter thee from tempest
No dog shall rouse thee
smiles at thee in scorn
I would assure thee
bene would cure thee
I heartily beseech thee
his proceedings teach thee
love by touching thee
to thee be still as much
hundred touches unto thee
But having thee at vantage
shakes thee on my breast
That if I love thee
seeing thee so indeed
To make thee hate
in love with thee
to rob thee of a kiss
Wherein she framed thee
framing thee so fair
will hold thee in disdain
May lend thee light
curse thee for this stroke
b'd thee crop a weed
groan advantage thee
makes thee ridiculous
one doth flatter thee
the other kills thee quickly
I raily on thee
that hath done thee wrong
rock thee day and night
thine eyes betray thee
Thus I forestall thee
hath ensured thee
My will that marks thee
must enjoy thee
to destroy thee
seeing thee embrace him
gave drink to thee
labour hence to heave thee
I did entertain thee
will make thee only loved
When they in thee
Must he in thee
by him that gave it thee
'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up
hands appeal
I will not hear thee
shall rudely tear thee
I mean to bear thee
Thee—Coming from thee

such numbers seek for thee

cry out for thee

have to do with thee

but he was stay'd by thee

Would purchase thee

my honour lives in thee

to flatter thee

smile at thee

I will not poison thee

To implacably well

should thee behold

shall I bequest thee

my hand shall conquer thee

Those tears from thee

give thee that due

to thee shalt live

must be tomb'd with thee

to thee thy summer

to breed another thee

ten times regurged thee

Leaving thee living in posterity

defy but sweetly guide thee

Sings this to thee

The world will wall thee

form of thee hast left behind

Make thee another self

live in thine or thee

She carved thee for her seal

when he takes thee hence

of thee this I prognosticate

compare thee to a summer's day

and this gives life to thee

But I forbid thee

as she wrought thee

me of thee defeated

she prick'd thee out

when in thee time's furrows

beauty that doth cover thee

myself, but for thee will

to gaze therein on thee

To thee I send this

how I do love thee

I was a pilgrim to thee

For thee and for myself

still farther off from thee

Happily I think on thee

the while I think on thee

that hidden in thee lie

parts of me to thee did give

evermore acknowledge thee

run out for thee

I love thee in such sort

that best I wish in thee

that cannot write to thee

And he that calls on thee

when I praise thee

That due to thee

I cannot blame thee

Thee—Although thou stealst thee

lead thee in their riot

tempting her to thee

That she hath thee

If I lose thee

in dreams they look on thee

By looking on thee

to see till I see thee

dreams do show thee me

removed from thee

Are both with thee

embassy of love to thee

messengers return'd from thee

and they with thee

Thee have I not

When I shall see thee drown

being made from thee

which from thee I sped

Since from thee going

Towards thee I'll run

shadows like to thee do mock

that thou sent'st from thee

For thee watch I

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise

Those parts of thee

give thee that due

that give thee so thine own

still with thee shall stay

was consecrate to thee

Too base of thee

and this with thee remains

Thy vassal will show thee

will give thee memory

Shall profit thee

invoked thee for my Muse

under thee their poesy

is thine and born of thee

Yet what of thee thy deed

He robs thee of, and pays it thee again

He lends thee virtue

No praise to thee but what in thee doth live

Since what he owes thee

gives thee releasing

My hands in thee

For how do I hold thee

Thus have I had thee

And prove thee virtuous

my loving thoughts on thee

Doing thee vantage

to thee I so belong

For thee, against myself

Compared with loss of thee

And having thee

chose out thee

graces that to thee resort

that in thee are seen

I love thee in such sort

From thee, the pleasure

his pleasures wait on thee

it had stolen from thee

gives thee all my might

for't lies in thee

I teach thee how

to thee my true spirit

proved thee my best of love

of thee, thy record

Thee—Of thee all these things}

by the grave and thee

and she in thee

Thine image dies with thee

larger given thee to give

nature calls thee to begone

must be tomb'd with thee

In thee thy summer

to breed another thee

ten times regurged thee

Leaving thee living in posterity

defy but sweetly guide thee

Sings this to thee

The world will wall thee

form of thee hast left behind

Make thee another self

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She carved thee for her seal

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And he that calls on thee

when I praise thee

That due to thee

I cannot blame thee

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to thee my true spirit

proved thee my best of love

of thee, thy record

Thee—Of thee all these things
THEIR

Thee—To live with thee
they cannot hear thee
they will not cheer thee
Even so, poor bird, like thee
Every one that flatters thee
He will help thee
He with thee doth bear a part

Theft—and complain on thee
ransack'd by injurious theft
murder and of theft
But for his theft

Their—айд their plenty
their elbows and their hips
gather'd in their prime
Hers for their smell
by their own direction
Open'd their mouths
wither in their prime
borrow'd all their shine
true leaders to their queen
let their crimson liveries
their verdure still endure
birds to their nest
Their lips together
take counsel of their friends
bounds mistake their smell
pursuers in their yell
their clamorous cry
do they spend their mouths
their loud alarms
Their light blown out
Their copious stories
from their strict embrace
Finding their enemy
their captain once doth yield
clapping their proud tails
Shaking their scratch'd ears
began to turn their side
their office and their light
By their suggestion
from their dark beds
their colours fresh and trim
on the others golden gills
some other in their bills
Their virtue lost
their lives shall not enjoy
upon their whiteness stood
Their mistress mounted
Holding their courage to Paphos,
where their queen
hup which their superiors want
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it
then their shield
from world's minority their right
Yet their ambition
In their pure ranks
from their parling looks
unloose it from their bond
that their father had not been
Mine eyes forego their light
with their opposite persuasion
flatter'd by their leader's jovial show
And as their captain, so their
pride doth grow
construes their denial
till their effects be tried
By their high treason
the period of their ill
Their—Laurence to their sight

had sheathed their light
Save of their lord
Swell in their pride
bind them down to liking
Left their round turrets
Where their dear governess
confusion of their cries
fly from their lights
Thy kinmen hang their heads
the author of their obloquy
bequeath not to their lot
not their own infamy
from their bidding
Hinder their present fall
with their continual motion
Their own transgressions
That from their own misdeeds
To their salt sovereign, with their
fresh falls' haste
and thou their slave
Thou their fair life
loathed in their shame
And by their mortal fault
Parrel till their will
To have their unseen sin
For they their guilt
Let their exiled
That in their smoky ranks
makes short their pilgrimage
To cross their arms and hang
their heads
To mask their brows and hide
their infamy
of their own behests
Who in their pride
Their father was too weak
To hold their cursed-blessed
as their pages
the glittering golden towers
alter their contents
lose their mildness
in their wildness
tune their morning's joy
their sweet melody
To change their kinds
doth melt their snow
quench their light
Their gentle sex
down their eyes or break
their hearts
authors of their ill
Their smoothness, like a goodly
greet their faults' books
rent to their shame
guilt within their bosoms lie
beholds their blame
both their faces blazed
gleam'd forth their ashy lights
in their faces
Their face their manners most
expressly did
did their ears entice
And in their rage
When their brave hope
To see their youthful sons
And to their hope
That through their light

Their—and their ranks began
shooth their foam
she their books doth borrow
shot from their fixed places
Where their glances fell wherein they
view'd their faces
To think their doleour
The lechers in their deed
Knights, by their oaths
We are their offspring
The young possess their hive
Anword their cries
such emulation in their woe
To the ground their kneesthey bow
Leese but their show; their sub-
stance still lives
Vaunt in their youthful sap
And wear their brave state
yellow'd with their age
eye more bright than theirs
thy love's use their treasure
want to grace their art
favour with their stars
their fair leaves spread
their pride lies buried
They in their glory die
Who all their parts
Their images I loved
not for their rhyme
Theirs for their style
in their rotten smoke
Who lead thee in their riot
And by their verdict
their marks buds disclose
But, for their virtue only is their
show
Of their sweet deaths
barest to their end
oversways their power
Then, churls, their thoughts, al-
though their eyes were kind
showing their birth
their poesy disperse
Of their fair subject
And their gross painting
Reserve their character
Making their tomb
have done their sprite
glory in their birth, some in their
skill
in their wealth, some in their
body's force
Some in their garments
Some in their hawks and hounds,
some in their horse
owners of their faces
of their excellence
turn sorrest by their deeds
Which for their habitation
after their lords' decease
Or from their proud lap
lose their dear delight
I see their antique pen
So all their praises
mock their own presage
their spheres been fitted
Which in their wills
reckon up their own
By their rank thoughts
Your page appears to contain a mix of printed text and what looks like scanned images, making it difficult to read and interpret accurately. Without a clearer view of the text, I'm unable to provide a proper transcription.
THEMSELVES—If pleased themselves

of day, themselves withdrew

to rest themselves betake

keep themselves enclosed

themselves so beautify

do seldom to themselves appear

which they themselves behold

Which not themselves

in themselves beguiled

Grieving themselves to guess

beauties do themselves forsake

And in themselves their pride

Die to themselves

are themselves as stone

now crown themselves assured

though they themselves be bevel

All aids, themselves made fairer

To themselves yet either

Then—Then with her windy sighs

Then, why not lips on lips

then wink again

Then mightst thou pause, for then

I were not for thee

Then woo thyself

and then his hand

Then be my deer

Then, like melancholy

was then between them

then love's deep groans

and then I chase it

Incorporate then they seem

But then woos best

O, had she then gave over

Then, I say, I suspend

Then shall then see

then the story aptly ends

O, then imagine this

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon

And then my little heart

then he had spoke

then join they all together

Then, gentle shadow faint

and then they reprehend

then would Adonis weep

why then I know

What needeth then

Then virtue claims

call'd it then their shield

For then is Tarquin

so then we do neglect

Then where is truth

Then looking scornfully

Then my digression

Then white as lawn

and then it faster rock'd

Why hunt I then

*Then, childish fear, avaunt

Then who fears sinking

How can they then

*Then Love and Fortune

Then had they seen

Then Colchite again

then force must work

*Then, for thy husband

do not then ensnare me

Then kings' misdeeds

then most doth tyrannize

And then with lank

*So then he hath it

Then—How comes it then

O, hear me then

True sorrow then

Then let it not

And then they drown their eyes

Then call them not

For then the eye

Then little strength rings out

and then she longs

Then be this all the task

and then I'll slay their thee

And then against my heart

let it then suffice

Then live, sweet Lucrece

And then in key-cold

Then son and father weep

Then jointly to the ground

Then being ask'd

Then, beastous niggard

Then how, when nature calls

Then, were not summer's

Then let not winter's

Then what could death do

Then of thy beauty

then you were

Then the conceit of this

and then believe me

Then look I death

How can I then be elder

be then the eloquence

Then happy I

Then may I dare to boast

then not show my head

then begins a journey

For then my thoughts

How can I then return

and then my state

That then I scorn

Then can I draw an eye

Then can I grieve

O, then vouchsafe me

So then I am not lame

ten times happy me

hast thou then more

Then, if for my love

then she loves but me alone

then do mine eyes best see

Then thou, whose shadow

For then, despite of space

No matter then although

then no longer glad

then my eye doth feast

my poor beast then find

Then should I spar

Then can no horse

Then, churls, their thoughts

Then thou alone kingdoms

then should make you woe

So then thou hast but lost

Then better'd that the world

Then thank him not

Then if he thrive

Then others for the breath

Then lack'd I matter

worth then not knowing

Then hate me

Then need I not to fear

Then do thy office, Muse

and then but in the spring

THEMSELVES

300

THEN

Then—Then with her windy sighs

Then, why not lips on lips

then wink again

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And then with lank

*So then he hath it
Then—Were it not sinful then Son 108 9
Then, in the blazon " 106 5
Then give me welcome " 110 13
Pity me then and wish " 111 8
Pity me then, dear friend " 111 13
Yet then my judgement no, and then I say " 115 5
Then might I not say so " 115 13
which I then did feel " 120 2
you to me, then tender'd " 120 11
then her breasts are dun " 130 3
let it then as well beseen " 132 10
Then will I swear " 132 15
But then my friend's heart " 133 10
Then cannot not then use rigour " 133 12
Then in the number " 135 9
And then thou lovest me " 136 14
Then, soul, live thou " 146 9
there's no more dying then " 146 14
then love doth well denote " 148 7
No marvel then " 148 11
Then, gentle cheater " 151 3
O, then, advance of yours L C .... 225
'How mightly then you are " .... 233
Whose sights till then " ..... 282
Then thou, fair sun P P 3 19
then it is no fault of mine " 3 12
Then fell she on her back " 4 13
Then must the brave be great " 8 5
And then she clipp'd Alonis " 11 6
Then, lullaby, the learned man " 16 15
And then too late " 19 15
you had not had it then " 19 24
Then live with me " 20 16
Then farewell his great renown " 21 48
Then—There is no heaven by holy them " 19 45
Then—the galled shore, and than P L .... 1440
Thence—thence doth little harm V A .... 196
And when from thence " ..... 227
As if from thence " ..... 488
He carries thence incaged " ... 582
creeps sadly thence P L .... 735
He thence departs " .... 745
And bids it leap from thence " ..... 760
no water thence proceeds " ..... 1552
that thence her soul " ..... 1724
to bear dead Lucrece thence " ..... 1830
thence thou wilt be stol'n Son 48 13
why should I haste me thence Son 48 13
of her (he feigns thence " 86 12
nothing thence but sweetness " 93 12
Thence cometh it that my name " 111 5
And almost thence my nature " 111 6
But thence I learn " 118 13
And thence this slander " 131 14
would not break from thence and did thence remove " 134 34
Thence—There thy beauty lies V A .... 119
where are but twain " ..... 123
if there he came to lie " ..... 245
There Love lived, and there he " ..... 246
and there he stales " ..... 301
and left Adonis there " ..... 322
For there his smell " ..... 361
false sound enter there " ..... 739
There lives a son " ..... 865
And there another " ..... 915
And there all smother'd up in shade " ..... 1033
There—to persuade him there V A .... 1111
There shall not be " ..... 1187
for his being there P L .... 111
there's no death supposed " ..... 133
there is such thwarting strife " ..... 143
if there be no self-trust " ..... 158
there is no hate " ..... 397
shriek to see him there " ..... 397
Even there he starts " ..... 348
there were no strife " ..... 405
yet, winking, there appears " ..... 453
And, lo, there falls " ..... 653
For there it rovels " ..... 710
lies panting there " ..... 727
She there remains " ..... 744
Let there bechance him " ..... 976
and there we will unfold " ..... 1146
and there she'sd " ..... 1275
lamentable objects there " ..... 1373
There might you see " ..... 1380
there would appear " ..... 1382
And here and there " ..... 1390
There pleasing might you see " ..... 1401
imaginary work was there " ..... 1422
plead for justice there " ..... 1649
and confounds him there Son 5 6
Nor draw no lines there " ..... 19 10
And there resign love " ..... 31 3
that often they respect " ..... 36 5
In their riot even there " ..... 41 11
If there be nothing new " ..... 59 1
there is no remedy " ..... 62 3
Ther lives more life " ..... 83 13
For there can live no hatred " ..... 93 5
have any wrinkle graven there " ..... 109 10
and there appears a face " ..... 109 13
conceit of love there bred " ..... 109 13
I have gone here and there " ..... 110 1
ere that was true needing " ..... 118 8
is there more delight " ..... 130 7
And will, thy soul knows, is ad- mitted there " ..... 136 3
there's no more dying then " ..... 146 14
there is such strength " ..... 150 7
Came there for cure " ..... 154 13
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Even there resolved my reason " ..... 296
There my white stole " ..... 297
she touch'd him here and there P P 14 7
that often they had been " ..... 6 3
There a may is placed " ..... 18 12
I see that there is none " ..... 18 54
and chiefly there " ..... 19 25
There is no heaven " ..... 19 45
There will we sit upon the rocks " ..... 20 6
There will I make thee " ..... 20 9
There are none " ..... 21 11
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Thereby—That . . . beauty's rose Son 1 2
her seal, and meant thereby " ..... 11 13
Therefore—Therefore no marvel V A .... 399
And therefore hath she " ..... 755
Therefore, despite of " ..... 751
Therefore, in sadness " ..... 807
And therefore would be " ..... 1087
Therefore that praise R L .... 82
Who, therefore angry " ..... 388
And therefore would they still " ..... 782
Therefore—...now I need not fear R L ..... 1092
And therefore still in night " " 1095
And therefore are they form'd " " 1241
And therefore Lucrece swears " " 1452
O therefore, love, be of thyself Son 22 9
and therefore to be won " " 41 5
therefore to be assailed " " 41 6
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love " " 51 10
Therefore are feasts " " 52 5
And therefore mayst without attain't " " 82 2
And therefore art enforced " " 82 7
And therefore to your fair " " 83 2
And therefore have I slept " " 83 5
Therefore so that I cannot " " 93 6
Therefore, like her, I sometime " " 102 13
Therefore my verse to constancy confused " " 105 7
Therefore to give them " " 122 11
and therefore we admire " " 123 5
Therefore my mistress' eyes " " 127 9
Therefore I lie with her " " 138 13
therefore from my face " " 139 11
Therefore I'll lie with love P P 1 13
Therein—And therein hearts up R L ..... 226
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and therein dignified " " 101 4
and therein show'st " " 136 3
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These forceless flowers " " 152
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And these mine eyes " " 503
Would root these beauties " " 536
Pursue these fearful creatures of all these maladies " " 745
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And therefore to be won R L ..... 278
These poor forbiddings could not " " 54 323
these lets attend the time " " 339
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred " " 411
blow these pitchy vapours " " 550
If all these petty ills shall change " " 656
So shall these slaves be king " " 659
These means, as frets upon an instrument " " 894
these pretty creatures stand " " 1233
These many lives confound " " 1489
These contraries such unity do hold " " 1558
These water-galls in her dim elements " " 1586
will suffer these abominations Son 22 9
Yet in these thoughts " " 32 4
These rude lines Or any of these all " " 37 6
Or these days do please these curious days " " 38 13
These present-absent with swift motion glide " " 45 4
These quicker elements are gone " " 45 5
more bright in these contents in these black lines as seen " " 55 3
Tired with all these " " 66 1
These—Tired with all these, from these would I Son 66 13
before these last so bad " " 67 14
Before these bastard signs " " 68 3
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this blessed league to kill
From this fair throne
So o'er this sleeping soul
which late this mutiny
this tumult to behold
This moves in him
enter this sweet city
this rash alarm to know
he commits this ill
to this night
All this beforehand
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This said, he sets
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Tarquin fares this night
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Who this accomplishment
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I could prevent this storm
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to rid me of this shame
This said, from her
But this no slaughterhouse
To clear this spot
This bastard graft
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By this, lamenting Philomel
If in this blemish'd fort
convey this troubled soul
'This brief abridgement
shall oversee this will
This plot of death
By this, mild patience
This is too curious-good, this
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By this short schedule
To shun this blot
Even so this pattern
in this work was had
To this well-painted piece
On this sad shadow
that began this stir
'This lord of wrath
this mild image drew
This picture she advisedly perused
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Which all this time
this moody heaviness
And now this pale swan
Then be this all
This—This night I will inflict
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She utters this
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And by this chaste blood
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This—This said, his guilty hand
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this huge rondeur hems
Yet eyes this cunning
this written ambassage
Desiring this man's art
but this loving thought
with this growing age
A dearer birth than this
with this disgrace
Yet him for this my love
and even I in this
engrafted to this store
Whilst that this shadow
This wish I have
Even for this
That by this separation
thou hastad this more
lay on me this cross
This told, I joy
To 'cide this title
And this sly hand
put this in my mind
this powerful rhyme
That, hence, this world out
You live in this
Let this sad interim
To this composed
And for this sin
This thought is as a death
How with this rage
This—O, none, unless this miracle

So she保持 the to this

*This* as—as this queen on him

**PP** 6 12

Was this a lover

**7** 17

my lady at this bay

**11** 13

Causer of this

**13** 8

To this troop come thou not near

**13** 9

From this session interdict

Then steth this concordant one

**13** 46

Whereupon it made this thesis

**11** 49

To this urn let those repair

**11** 65

Thither—And thither fled

**Sa** 133 12

To make me wander thither

**PP** 14 10

Thong—Throwing the base thong

**VA** ..... 395

Thorn.—I know what thorns

**RL** ..... 492

against a thorn thou best

**12** 1153

Roses have thorns

**35** 2

Hang on such thorns

**54** 7

on thorns did stand

**99** 8

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn

**PP** 17 12

Lean'd her breast up-til a thorn

**21** 10

Thorny—The thorny boughs

**VA** ..... 629

Thorough—her bleeding body thro' ough Rome

**RL** ..... 1851

Those—those fair lips of thine

**VA** ..... 115

if those hills be dry

**7** 9

Love made those hollows

**7** 243

As those poor birds

**7** 694

Of those fair arms

**7** 812

Those eyes that taught

**7** 989

if none of those

**RL** ..... 14 44

To those two armies

**7** 76

That much covert

**7** 134

Or as those bars

**7** 327

For those thine eyes betray thee

**7** 458

To those that live

**7** 1294

Of those fair suns

**7** 1299

those proud lords to blame

**7** 989

Those tears from thee

**7** 1271

those far-off eyes look sad

**7** 1385

that those shrunk pipes have fed

**7** 1455

no god to lend her those

**7** 1461

To see those borrow'd tears

**7** 1549

Those round clear pearls

**7** 1533

to those—already spent

**7** 1589

Speaking to those that came

**7** 1689

lends to those are free

**Sa** 4 4

Those hours that with gentle

**7** 2 1

Which hapless those that pay

**7** 9

Let those whom Nature

**7** 11 9

As those gold candles

**7** 21 12

Let those who are

**7** 812

And all those friends

**7** 3 4

Ah, but those tears

**7** 34 13

So shall those bles

**7** 36 3

Than those old nine

**7** 8 10

Those pretty wrongs

**7** 41 1

By those swift messengers

**7** 45 10

how happy you make those

**7** 57 12

And all those beauties

**7** 65 6

In him those holy antique

**7** 68 9

Those parts of thee

**7** 69 1

But those same tongue

**7** 69 6

Upon those boughs

**7** 73 3

Those children nursed

**7** 77 11

have those vices got

**7** 69 8

So are those errors

**7** 96 9

you pattern of all those

**7** 98 12

Those lines that I before

**7** 115 1

Even those that said

**7** 115 2

To trust those tables

**7** 122 12

This soil is this

**69** 14

Yet this thy praise

**70** 11

From this vile world

**71** 9

Nay, if you read this line

**71** 9

you look upon this verse

**72** 9

may seem false in this

**73** 13

This thou perceivest

**74** 3

in this line some interest

**74** 5

When thou reviewest this

**74** 5

And that is this, and this with thee

**74** 14

And of this book this learning

This worst was this

**80** 14

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**81** 12

This silence for my sin

**83** 9

Than this rich praise

**84** 2

The cause of this fair gift

**87** 7

And I by this will be

**88** 9

hath 'scaped this sorrow

**91** 13

Wretched men to this alone

**91** 13

All this away

**91** 14

of this large privilege

**93** 15

And yet this time

**97** 5

Yet this abundant issue

**97** 9

For fear of which, hear this

**104** 15

And in this change

**105** 14

Of this time

**106** 19

of this most balmy time

**107** 9

live in this poor rhyme

**107** 11

And thou in this shalt find

**107** 13

this wide universe I call

**109** 13

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**114** 2

taught it this alchemy

**114** 4

If this be ever

**117** 4

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**119** 8

Unless this general evil

**121** 13

This I do vow and this shall ever be

**123** 13

To this I witness

**124** 13

She keeps thee to this

**126** 7

so happy are in this

**128** 13

All this the world

**129** 15

lead men in this bell

**129** 14

And thence this slander

**131** 14

seeing this, say this is not

**137** 11

And to this false plague

**137** 14

Now this ill-wresting world

**140** 11

Yet this shall I never

**144** 15

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**146** 7

Is this thy body's end

**146** 8

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**150** 1

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**150** 5

Proud of this pride

**151** 10

this advantage found

**153** 2

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**153** 5

This brand she quenched

**154** 9

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**154** 13

these voluble recorded

**L C** ..... 3

This said, in top of rage

**.....** 55

Towards this afflicted fancy

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**.....** 134

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Lo, this device was sent me

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This wielder of watery eyes

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**.....** 300

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**PP** 3 3

that on this earth doth shine

**3** 10

Exhale this vapour vow

**3** 11
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<tr>
<th>THOSE—Do I envie those jacks</th>
<th>Son 128</th>
<th>5</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>with those dancing chips</td>
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<tr>
<td>As those whose beauties</td>
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<td>As those two mourning eyes</td>
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<td>not from those lips of thine</td>
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<td>as thou lovast those</td>
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<td>Those lips that Love's own hand</td>
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<td>Those that can see</td>
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<td>those impediments stand forth</td>
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<td>These thoughts, to me like oaks</td>
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<td>Where all those pleasures live</td>
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<td>he should not pass those grounds</td>
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<td>To repair</td>
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<td>THOU—Vouchsafe, thou wonder</td>
<td>VA</td>
<td>13</td>
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<td>If thou wilt deign</td>
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<td>secrets shalt thou know</td>
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<td>If thou wilt chide</td>
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<td>why art thou coy</td>
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<td>thou unask'd shalt have</td>
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<td>What seest thou in the ground</td>
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<td>Art thou ashamed to kiss</td>
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<td>mayst thou well be tasted</td>
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<td>Thou mightst thou pause</td>
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<td>Thou canst not see</td>
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<td>That thou shouldst think</td>
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<td>Thou wast begot</td>
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<td>why shouldst thou feed</td>
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<td>thou art bound to breed</td>
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<td>when thou thyself art dead</td>
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<td>thou dost survive</td>
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<td>makest thou to be gone</td>
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<td>Art thou obdurate</td>
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<td>Art thou a woman's son</td>
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<td>that thou shouldst condemn me</td>
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<td>if this urn let those repair</td>
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<td>THOU—thou hast no eyes to see</td>
<td>VA</td>
<td>399</td>
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<td>at random dost thou hit</td>
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<td>Hast thou but bid</td>
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<td>thou pluck'st a flower</td>
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<td>'Dost thou drink' tears, that thou</td>
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<td>grov'nest such weeping</td>
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<td>Why hast thou cast</td>
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<td>thou art so full of fear</td>
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<td>treasure hast thou lost</td>
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<td>what canst thou boast</td>
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<td>That, thou being dead</td>
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<td>'Since thou art dead</td>
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<td>Thou art the mendad</td>
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<td>Thou shalt charge me</td>
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<td>Thou see'st our mistress</td>
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<td>if thou mean to chide</td>
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<td>Where thou with patience</td>
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<td>If thou deny</td>
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<td>And thou, the author</td>
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<td>'But if thou yield</td>
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<td>as thou hast pretended</td>
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<td>Thou look'st not like deceit</td>
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<td>a stone thou art</td>
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<td>Hast thou put</td>
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<td>Thou wrong'st his honour</td>
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<td>Thou art not what thou seem'st</td>
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<td>Thou seem'st not what thou art</td>
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<td>thou dost do such outrage</td>
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<td>What darest thou not when once thou</td>
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<td>art a king</td>
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<td>thou perfors must bear</td>
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<td>'And wilt thou be</td>
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<td>Wilt thou be glass</td>
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<td>Thou back'st reproach</td>
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<td>'But if thou yield</td>
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<td>how canst thou fulfil</td>
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<td>thou didst teach the way</td>
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<td>That thou shalt see</td>
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<td>'Thou art,' quoth she</td>
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<td>and thou their slave</td>
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<td>Thou nobly base</td>
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<td>Thou didst falsely</td>
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<td>Thou loathed in their shame</td>
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<td>Since thou art guilty</td>
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<td>Or if thou wilt</td>
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<td>'O Night, thou furnace</td>
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<td>'Tis thou that executest</td>
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<td>Thou seest the wolf</td>
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<td>thou point'st the season</td>
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<td>'Tis thou that spare'st at right</td>
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<td>Thou makest the vestal</td>
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<td>Thou blow'st the fire</td>
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<td>Thou smother's honesty, thou</td>
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<td>murder's troth</td>
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<td>Thou foul abettor! thou notorious</td>
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<td>sawd</td>
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<td>Thou planteast scandal</td>
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<td>Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou</td>
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<td>false thief</td>
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<td>'When wilt thou be</td>
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<td>Whom wilt thou sort</td>
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<td>Thou grant'st no time</td>
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<td>thou art well appaid</td>
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<td>'Guilty thou art</td>
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<td>Thouarest all</td>
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<td>the hours thou gavest me</td>
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<tr>
<td>'Why work'st thou mischief</td>
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<td>Unless thou couldst return</td>
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<td>wouldst thou one hour come back</td>
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<td>Thou—Grant, if thou wilt, thou art</td>
<td>Thou—Thou ceaseless lackey</td>
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<td>believed of many</td>
<td>beloved of many</td>
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<td>Son 10</td>
<td>Thou none loveth</td>
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<td></td>
<td>&quot;  10 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>thou none loveth</td>
<td>For thou art so possess'd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>&quot;  10 5</td>
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<td>thou stick'st not to conspire</td>
<td>thou stick'st not to conspire</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  10 6</td>
<td>As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast</td>
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<td>thou grow'st</td>
<td>thou grow'st</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  11 1</td>
<td>from that which thou departest</td>
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<td>thou mayst call thine when thou</td>
<td>&quot;  11 2</td>
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<td>from youth convertest</td>
<td>which youngly thou bestow'st</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  11 3</td>
<td>Thou dost love</td>
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<td>thou shouldst bounty</td>
<td>of that fair thou owest</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  11 4</td>
<td>thou wander'st in his shade</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou shouldst print more</td>
<td>to time thou grow'st</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  11 5</td>
<td>blust thou the lion's paws</td>
<td></td>
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<td>That thou among the wastes</td>
<td>&quot;  19 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>thou wouldst convert</td>
<td>seasons as thou did'st</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  12 10</td>
<td>&quot;  19 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou art more lovely</td>
<td>And do whate'er thou wilt</td>
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<td>&quot;  18 2</td>
<td>&quot;  19 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hest thou, the master-mistress</td>
<td>wert thou first created</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  20 2</td>
<td>youth and thou are of one date</td>
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<td>And thou, all they, hast all</td>
<td>&quot;  22 2</td>
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<td>If thou survive</td>
<td>be elder than thou art</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  32 1</td>
<td>Thou gavest me thine</td>
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<td>Why didst thou promise</td>
<td>&quot;  23 14</td>
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<td>&quot;  34 1</td>
<td>where thou mayst prove one</td>
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<td>Thou through the cloud thou break</td>
<td>please him thou art bright</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  34 10</td>
<td>&quot;  28 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>which thou hast done</td>
<td>thou gild'st the even</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  35 1</td>
<td>Thou art the grave</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou with public kindness</td>
<td>&quot;  31 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>honour me</td>
<td>And thou, all they, hast all</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  36 11</td>
<td>If thou survive</td>
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<td>Unless thou take that honour</td>
<td>&quot;  32 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  36 12</td>
<td>why didst thou promise</td>
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<tr>
<td>As thou being mine</td>
<td>&quot;  34 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  36 14</td>
<td>Thou through the cloud thou break</td>
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<td>While thou dost breathe</td>
<td>&quot;  34 10</td>
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<td>&quot;  38 2</td>
<td>though thou mayst prove one</td>
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<tr>
<td>When thou thyself dost give</td>
<td>please him thou art bright</td>
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<td>&quot;  38 8</td>
<td>thou gild'st the even</td>
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<td>Be thou the tenth Muse</td>
<td>Thou art the grave</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  38 9</td>
<td>&quot;  31 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>When thou art all</td>
<td>which thou deservest</td>
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<td>&quot;  39 2</td>
<td>&quot;  39 8</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>which thou deservest</td>
<td>wouldst thou prove</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  39 9</td>
<td>&quot;  39 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And that thou teachest</td>
<td>&quot;  39 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What hast thou then more than thou</td>
<td>What hast thou then more than thou hast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  40 2</td>
<td>thou mayst true love call</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thou hast</td>
<td>&quot;  40 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thou mayst true love call</td>
<td>before thou hast this more</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  40 4</td>
<td>thou my love receivest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thou my love receivest</td>
<td>&quot;  40 5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>for my love thou use</td>
<td>for my love thou use</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;  40 6</td>
<td>if thou thyself deceivest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>if thou thyself deceivest</td>
<td>&quot;  40 7</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Although thou steal thee</td>
<td>Although thou steal thee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  40 14</td>
<td>follows where thou art</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>follows where thou art</td>
<td>&quot;  41 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentile thy art</td>
<td>&quot;  41 5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  41 5</td>
<td>Beauceous thou art</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thou mightest my seat forbear</td>
<td>&quot;  41 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  41 9</td>
<td>Where thou art forced</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where thou art forced</td>
<td>&quot;  41 12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That thou hast her</td>
<td>That thou hast her</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  42 1</td>
<td>Thou dost love her, because thou dost love her, because thou dost love her</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  42 6</td>
<td>&quot;  42 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou then, whose shadow shadows</td>
<td>Thou then, whose shadow shadows</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doth</td>
<td>doth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  43 5</td>
<td>for doth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>where thou dost stay</td>
<td>&quot;  44 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>when thou art gone</td>
<td>which thou dost stay</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;  44 10</td>
<td>when thou art gone</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that thou in him dost lie</td>
<td>&quot;  46 5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THOU

THOU—so dost thou too

Son 101 4

wilt thou not haply say
" 101 5
wilt thou be dumb
" 101 9
thou age unbrid
" 104 13
And thou in this shall find
" 107 13
thou mine, I think
" 108 7
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art
my all
" 109 14
No, Time, thou shalt not
" 123 1
What thou dost foist
" 123 6
And take thou my oblacion
" 125 10
thou suborn'd informer
" 125 13
O thou, my lovely boy
" 125 1
As thou goest onwards
" 125 6
Yet fear her, O thou mimion
" 129 1
How oft, when thou, my music
" 129 1
when thou gently sway'st
" 125 3
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art
" 131 1
For well thou know'st
" 131 3
Thou art the fairest
" 131 4
In all that, O thou black
" 132 13
thou harder hast engrossed
" 133 6
Thou canst not then use
" 133 12
And yet thou wilt
" 133 13
Thou wilt restore
" 134 4
But thou wilt not
" 134 5
For thou art covetous
" 134 6
The statue, O thou beauty thou wilt
" 134 6
Thouurer, that put'st forth
" 134 10
thou hast both him and me
" 134 13
thou hast thy 'Will
" 135 1
Wilt thou, whose will is large
" 135 5
So thou, being rich
" 135 11
And then thou lovest me
" 136 14
Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou
thou
" 137 1
hast thou forged hooks
" 137 7
Tell me thou loveth elsewhere
" 139 5
What need'st thou wound
" 139 7
Be wise as thou art cruel
" 140 1
I may not be so, nor thou belied
" 140 13
compare thou thine own state
" 142 3
then shalt find it merits not as
" 142 4
so as thou lovest those
" 142 9
If thou dost seek to have what
thou dost hide
" 142 13
myst thou be denied
" 142 14
So rum'n'st thou after that
" 143 9
But if thou catch
" 143 11
thou mayst have thy 'Will
" 143 1
If thou turn back
" 143 14
Why dost thou pine
" 146 3
Dost thou upon thy fading
" 146 6
Then, soul, live thou
" 146 9
So shalt thou feed on death
" 146 13
thou keep'st me blind
" 148 13
Canst thou, O cruel
" 149 1
On whom frown'st thou
" 149 6
Nay, if thou lour'st on me
" 149 7
Those that can see thou best
" 149 14
thou this powerful might
" 150 1
Whence hast thou this
" 150 5
thou shouldst not abhor
" 150 12
For, thou betraying me
" 151 4
In loving thee thou know'st
" 152 1
But thou art twice forewarned
" 152 2
thou register of lies
" L C ..., 52
witness dost thou bear
" ..., 53
For thou art all
" ..., 966

Son 47 11
" 48 5
" 48 7
" 48 10
" 48 12
" 48 13
" 49 5
" 49 9
" 49 13
" 51 3
" 55 5
" 61 3
" 61 5
" 61 13
" 69 14
" 70 1
" 70 5
" 70 8
" 70 9
" 70 14
" 73 1
" 73 5
" 73 9
" 73 13
" 73 14
" 74 5
" 74 9
" 77 4
" 77 7
" 77 10
" 77 13
" 78 9
" 78 11
" 78 13
" 79 9
" 79 11
" 79 14
" 82 1
" 82 5
" 82 11
" 87 1
" 87 2
" 87 9
" 87 10
" 88 1
" 88 4
" 88 8
" 89 1
" 89 14
" 90 1
" 90 3
" 90 9
" 91 13
" 92 2
" 92 9
" 92 14
" 93 1
" 93 5
" 95 1
" 95 4
" 96 4
" 96 11
" 96 12
" 96 14
" 96 14
" 97 12
" 99 2
" 99 4
" 100 1
" 100 3
" 100 11

So, love, be thou; although to-day
thou dost fill
Des't thou desire
thou send'st from thee
whilst thou dost wake
that thou dost common grow
That thou art blamed
So thou be good
And thou present'st
Thou hast pass'd
Then thou alone
thou mayst in me behold
In me thou see'st
In me thou see'st the glowing
This thou perceivest
thou must leave
When thou reviewest this, thou
dost review
So then thou hast
learning mayst thou taste
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth
and thou shalt find
oft as thou wilt look
thou dost not mend
But thou art all my art
thou thyself dost pay
I grant thou wert not
thou art as fair
Thou truly fair wert truly
Farewell! thou art too dear
thou know'st thy estimate
Thyself thou gavest
to whom thou gavest it
When thou shalt be
though thou art forsworn
That thou in losing me
Say that thou didst forsake
whom thou dost hate
hate me when thou wilt
If thou wilt leave me
that thou mayst take
thou art assured mine
Thou canst not vex me
Thou mayst be false
supposing thou art true
dost thou make the shame
thou thy sins inclose
Thou makest faults graces
mightst thou lead away
If thou wouldst use
As thou being mine
And, thou away, the very birds
whence the dial thou steal
thou hast too grossly dyed
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st
Spend'st thou thy fury
So thou prevent'st his scythe

But, thou, to whom
Thou, best of dearest
thou art not, though I feel thou art
thou mayst come and art
thence thou wilt be stol'n
thou shalt strangely pass
To leave poor me thou hast the
strength
From where thou art

THOU
THOU

When thou impressest

When thou wilt inflame

Thou being a goddess

thou a heavenly love

Then, thou fair sun

Celestial as thou art

Because thou lovest the one

Thou lovest to hear

For why thou left'st me nothing

And yet thou left'st me more

thou didst bequeath to me

thou stay'st too long

Thou for whom Jove

that thou shouldest strike

And when thou comest

thou lovest her well

thou to choose anew

be thou not slack

thou mourn'st in vain

Thou and I were both

Whilst thou hast

If thou sorrow

If thou wake

But thou shrieking harbinger

come thou not near

And thou treble-dated crow

 thou givest and takest

SAID thou goest.

Though—though not in lust

Though mine be not so fair

though of a man's complexion

though a thousand bark

Though nothing but

though thy horse be gone

Though I were

Though neither eyes nor ears

though the rose have prickles

though seeming short

Though weak-built hopes

Though death be adjunct

Yea, thou I die

though marble wear with raining

Though men can cover crimes

though my words are brief

His face, though full of cares

Though woe be heavy

though none it ever cured

Her eyes, though sod in tears

Though my gross blood be staint'd

though they with winter

Though yet heaven knows

though not so bright

though enemies to either's reign

And though they be

Though thou repent

Though in our lives

Which though it alter not

Though I feel thou art

though mounted on the wind

Though you do any thing

though waiting so be hell

thy love, though much

though my lover's life

Though I, once gone

Though words come hindmost

though thou art forsworn

though new-fangled ill

though alter'd new

Though to itself

Though—though more weak in

seeming

though less the show appear

Though absence seem'd

though in my nature reign'd

though rapt lips and cheeks

though they themselves be bevel

Her audit, though delay'd

Though in thy stores' account

though I know she lies

Though not to love

though thy proud heart

though I mistake my view

O, though I love what others

Though slackly braided

though in me you behold

unruly though they be

Though Reason weep, and cry

though our drops this difference

bore

though I know she lies

Though to myself forsworn

though excellent in neither

What though her frowning brows

What though she strive

though she put thee back

Thought—of her thoughts began

VA

my thought, my busy care

Whose vulture thought

The thought of it

in thoughts unlikely

In likely thoughts

His high-pitch'd thoughts

But some untimely thought

For unstrain'd thoughts

pure thoughts are dead and still

controls his thoughts unjust

And die, unhallow'd thoughts

with good thoughts makes dis-

Pension

Within his thought

from the heaven of his thought

That his foul thoughts

Thoughts are but dreams

is as a thought unact'd

and flattering thoughts retire

So let thy thoughts

Even in this thought

And the dire thought

smile at thee in secret thought

of duty with thought's feathers flies

hath overslip'd her thought

O, change thy thought

In the soul's thought

For then my thoughts

Yet in these thoughts

of sweet silent thought

but this loving thought

with thoughts of love

Which time and thoughts

If the dull substance of my flesh

wore thought

For nimble thought

thought kills me, that I am not

The first my thought

A quest of thoughts

And in his thoughts

than my thoughts canst move
Thought—with my jealous thought Son 57 9
I should in thought " 58 2
This thought is as a death " 64 13
the thought of hearts can mend " 69 2
Then, churls, their thoughts " 69 11
In your sweet thoughts " 71 7
So are yen to my thoughts " 75 1
I think good thoughts " 85 5
But that is in my thought " 85 11
Me for my dumb thoughts " 85 14
That did my ripe thoughts " 86 3
loving thoughts on thee " 88 10
Whate'er thy thoughts " 93 11
Gone is the own thoughts " 110 3
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She thought he blush'd " ..... 1354
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it hath thought itself so blessed " 110 6
and thought thought so bright " 147 13
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A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways " ..... 957
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A thousand crosses keep them " ..... 912
A thousand thousand friends " ..... 963
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A thousand groans " ..... 131 10
A thousand errors note " ..... 141 2
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With a thousand fragrant posies " ..... 20 10
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and made her thrall R L ..... 725
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Thralled—bow of discontent Son 124 7
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Three beauteous springs " ..... 104 5
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Through all her sinews spread " ..... 1191
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* What is thy body
Sith in thy pride
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy
false dart
hearing him, thy power
for thy mortal vigour
ruin'd with thy rigour
Thy weal and woe
author of thy slander
Thy coward heart
this was thy father's guise
' Here was thy father's bed
and 'tis thy right
in this hollow cradle take thy rest
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Thy never-conquer'd fort
Thy beauty hath ensnared
By thy bright beauty
For in thy bed
with thy life's decay
And in thy dead arms
So in thy living husband
Thy kinsmen hang their heads
Thy issue blur'd
Shalt have thy trespass
I rest thy secret friend
'Then, for thy husband and thy
children's sake
End thy ill aim before thy shoot
be ended
* My husband is thy friend
Beat at thy rocky and
* How will thy shame
thy vices bud before thy spring
If in thy hope
thy will remove
in thy name command thy rebel will
draw not thy sword
Thy princely office
When pattern'd by thy fault
To view thy present trespass
death-worthy in thy brother
thy rash reeler
from thy doting cyne
That thou shalt see thy state
into thy boundless flood
the ocean of thy blood
shall change thy good
Thy sea within
in thy sea dispers'd
and they thy fouler grave
they in thy pride
* So let thy thoughts, low vassals
to thy state
To be thy partner
Muster thy mists
And let thy misty vapours
thy black all-hiding cloak
of thy housey place
which in thy reign are made
sepulchred in thy shade
in thy weak live
Thy—which thy chaste bee kept
of thy honour's wrack
Yet for thy honour
thy guilt is great
And in thy shady cell
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy
to grief
Thy secret pleasure
Thy private feasting
Thy smoothing titles
Thy sugar'd tongue
Thy violent vanities
Thy bears hours
keep them from thy aid
They buy thy help
' Why hath thy servant
with thy hours
in thy pilgrimage
shun thy wrath
defend thy loyal dame
wrong thy true affection
did thy stock pollute
at thy state
thy interest was not bought
from forth thy gate
leave thy peeping
Mock with thy tickling beams
with thy piercing light
Make thy sad grove
at thy languishment
thou hearst thy part
To keep thy sharp woes
shall be thy boast
Myself, thy friend, will kill my-
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that down thy checks
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thy Lucrece thou wilt see
I'll tune thy woes
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Thy eye kindled the fire
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To—to rob thee of a kiss
To charm the sun
To cross the curious workmanship
subject to the tyranny
To lend the world his light
To bury that pesterity
gold that's put to use
to be barr'd of rest
longs not to groan
the mingle beauty to danger
bawl to last's abuse
Love to heaven is fled
to your wonton talk
bound him to her breast
to spend the night withal
as thou dost lend to other
hasteth to a myrtle grove
she consents to death
to make her stay
Hasting to feed her fawn
to be so curt
to surprise her heart
to rate the boar
To whom she speaks
to the ground and bow
To strike beauty and to steal his smell to the violet
thou hast no eyes to see
strike him dead
all other eyes to see
sought still to dry
doth labour to expel
to turn their tide
To wash the soul face
Not to believe
Death is not to blame
call'd him all to nought
to his hateful name
To be of such a weak
To save his death
As falcons to the lure
To creep forth again
To the disposing of her troubled
sembl'd with him to bleed
her joints forgot to bow
eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart
To—And to Collatium
larks to aspire
To praise the clear
came to more fame
to such a peerless dame
To set forth
To quench the coal
golden age to gild
thus to use it
makes them still to fight
To those two armes
his barren skill to show
to her princey guest
open'd to the light
He stories to her ears
And every one to rest
yet ever to obtain
persuade him to abstaining
Despair to gain
Is but to surfeit
to nurse the life
we leave to be
To obtain his lust
To find a stranger just
To slanderous tongue
wrakes to stain and kill
Betake him to retire
To his lustful eye
And to the flame
I force to my desire
To darken her
so pure a shrine
To home to knighthood, and to shining arms
to my household's grave
to be soft fancy's slave
To cipher me
To wish that I
To wait a week
To gain to toy
but to touch the crown
This vile purpose to prevent
This blur to youth, this sorrow to
the sage
to betray my life
to work upon his wife
Forced it to tremble
to the unjust
appeal seeks to the heart
marcheth to Lucrece' bed
To some regard
to have him heard
shriek to see him there
To make him stay
This glove to wanton tricks
To add a more rejoicing to the
prime
more cause to slug
to pray he doth begin
ambiguous to the hour
The powers to whom
to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud
To wink, being blinded
league to kill
Lucrece to their sight
seems to part in sunder
To want his bliss
To be admired
<table>
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<tr>
<th>To—to adorn the day</th>
<th>R L</th>
<th>To—to cipher what is writ</th>
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<td>to still her child</td>
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<td>leading to his hand</td>
<td>4.13</td>
<td>to deck his oratory</td>
<td>8.12</td>
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<td>to make his stand</td>
<td>4.36</td>
<td>to Tarquin's shame</td>
<td>8.16</td>
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<td>to the quiet cabinet</td>
<td>4.38</td>
<td>to attend each line</td>
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<td>this tumult to behold</td>
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<td>to him allotted</td>
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<td>Like to a new-skill'd bird</td>
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<td>was pure to Collatine</td>
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<td>to batter such an ivory wall</td>
<td>4.57</td>
<td>to disdain him</td>
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<td>Wounding itself to death</td>
<td>4.64</td>
<td>his treasure to behold</td>
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<td>To make the breach</td>
<td>4.66</td>
<td>to be master'd</td>
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<td>to sound a parley to his heartless foe</td>
<td>4.69</td>
<td>To hold their cursed-blessed fortune</td>
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<td>this rash alarm to know</td>
<td>4.71</td>
<td>turn to loathed sours</td>
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<td>seek to show</td>
<td>4.73</td>
<td>to seize the souls</td>
<td>8.82</td>
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<td>I come to scale</td>
<td>4.74</td>
<td>Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief</td>
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<td>If thou mean to chide</td>
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<td>turns to open shame</td>
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<td>to this night</td>
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<td>to a public fast</td>
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<td>to a ragged name</td>
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<td>to gaze on beauty</td>
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<td>to bitter wormwood taste</td>
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<td>to embrace mine infancy</td>
<td>5.04</td>
<td>great strides to end</td>
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<td>I purpose to destroy thee</td>
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<td>Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd</td>
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<td>5.16</td>
<td>have to do with thee</td>
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<td>I mean to place him</td>
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<td>As well to hear</td>
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<td>to a great good end</td>
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<td>have come to me</td>
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<td>bequeath not to their lot</td>
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<td>To all sins past and all that are come to</td>
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<td>To the rough beast</td>
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<td>to the general doom</td>
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<td>to her planning</td>
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<td>slave to false delight</td>
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<td>Which to her oratory</td>
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<td>thou gavest me to repose</td>
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<td>That to his herrow'd bed</td>
<td>5.73</td>
<td>To endless date</td>
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<td>And stoop to honour, not to foul desire</td>
<td>5.74</td>
<td>Time's office is to fine</td>
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<td>gave drink to thee</td>
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<td>To eat up errors</td>
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<td>To strike a poor unseasonable doe</td>
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<td>To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light</td>
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<td>labour hence to heave thee</td>
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<td>To stamp the seal</td>
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<td>To soften it</td>
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<td>dislike to water</td>
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<td>To wrong the wronger</td>
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<td>to do him shame</td>
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<td>To ruinate proud buildings</td>
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<td>To all the host of heaven</td>
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<td>'To fill with worm-holes</td>
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<td>To feed oblivion</td>
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<td>To blot old books</td>
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<td>all that brood to kill</td>
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<td>He learned to sin</td>
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<td>To spoil antiquities</td>
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<td>to themselves appear</td>
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<td>'To show the beldam daughters</td>
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<td>To make the child a man</td>
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<td>To slay the tiger</td>
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<td>To their salt sovereign</td>
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<td>To tame the unicorn</td>
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<td>Add to his flow</td>
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<td>To mock the subtle</td>
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<td>To cheer the ploughman</td>
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<td>to the base shrub's foot</td>
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<td>return to make amends</td>
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<td>To make him curse</td>
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<td>To be thy partner</td>
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<td>against himself to rave</td>
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<td>To living death</td>
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<td>of time's help to despair</td>
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<td>To cloak offences</td>
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<td>to live a loathed slave</td>
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<td>to close so pure a mind</td>
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<td>And time to see</td>
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<td>to meet the eastern light</td>
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<td>Disdain to him disdained scraps</td>
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<td>wrath on thy bed</td>
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<td>to see his friends</td>
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<td>to blush with me</td>
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To—
to mark how slow
Have time to wait
to good and bad
Teach me to curse him
every hour to kill
to so base a slave
To shame his hope
servants to shallow fowls
To trembling clients
to do me good
is to let forth
to rid me of this shame
to scratch her wicked foe
To find some desperate instrument
To make more vent
to end a hapless life
by Tarquin's faithless to be slain
I sought to live
not fear to die
To clear this spot
to her lady's literary
to living infamy
To burn the guiltless casket
To flatten thee
come to growth
Till life to death
To hide the truth
to pour my impure tale
To ugly hell
light to all fair eyes
shames herself to see
To point her out
To whom she sobbing speaks
hath nought to do
And to herself all sorrow
To drown in ken of shore
To see the salve
to pleasing ears
To keep thy sharp woes
To imitate thee well
to affright mine eye
To true languishment
To creatures stern sad tunes, to
change their kinds
which way to fly
To live or die
'To kill myself
be nurse to none
To myself I was nearer
To Tarquin I'll beareth
'Tis honour to deprive
bequeath to thee
to the skies and ground
To those that live
Yield to my hand
to her mistress lies
to her lady's sorrow
Their guilty sex to weep
Grieving themselves to guess
these proud lords to blame
tenants to their shame
to do her husband wrong
Such danger to resistance
To the poor counterfeit
'The more to blame
To know your heaviness
that one hath power to tell
by and by to hear
To—
prepare to carry it
she prepares to write
Health to thy person next vouch-safe't afford
Some present speed to come
She boards, to spend when he is
by to hear her
better so to clear her
To shut this blot
To see sad sights
interprets to the ear
'At Ardea to my lord
to his as fast
courtesies to her low
To see her shame
To talk in deeds
no words to gage
'tis stale to sigh, to weep
To mourn some newer way
she calls to mind
the city to destroy
To kiss the turtoys how'd
To show the painter's strife
the Greeks to fight
pur'd to the sky
To swallow up
To jump up higher seem'd to mock
The mock
seem to pelt and swear
save to the eye
to be imagined
march'd to field
To see their youthful sons
And to their hope
joy seemed to appear
true herready banks
To imitate the battle
To break upon the galled shore
To this well-painted piece
To find a face
changed to black
To the heldam's woes
To answer her
To ban her cruel foes
To lend her those
To give her so much
To plague a private sin
And friend to friend
To pencill'd pensiveness
To Persian shepherds lent
Onward to Troy
seem'd to scorn his woes
To hide deceit
seem'd to welcome woe
To me came Tarquin armed
To see those bother'd tears
To burn thy city
Only to flatter fools
To burn his Troy
to that unhappy guest
To think their dolour
to those already spent
to ask her how
to answer his desire
to let them know
To hear her words
To tell them all
it hath to say
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<th>Task</th>
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<th>Sonnet</th>
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<td>To—might be done to me</td>
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<td>thy liking to my will</td>
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<td>to start and cry</td>
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<td>should not live to speak</td>
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<td>my tongue to speak</td>
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<td>came evidence to swear</td>
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<td>to make mine own excuse</td>
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<td>To accessory yeldings</td>
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<td>begins to blow</td>
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<td>Back to the straight</td>
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<td>To push grief on</td>
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<td>to my sorrow lendeth</td>
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<td>Speaking to those</td>
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<td>honourable faiths to me</td>
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<td>to venge this wrong</td>
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<td>To chase Injustice</td>
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<td>began to promise aid</td>
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<td>to her Imposition</td>
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<td>Living brave</td>
<td><strong>1698</strong></td>
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<td>honour to advance</td>
<td><strong>1705</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>at once began to say</td>
<td><strong>1709</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>to give this wound to me</td>
<td><strong>1722</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which seems to weep</td>
<td><strong>1746</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
<td>to this end</td>
<td><strong>1755</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>If they succeed to be</td>
<td><strong>1766</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>And to his protestation</td>
<td><strong>1772</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>And live to be revenged</td>
<td><strong>1778</strong></td>
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<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Begins to talk</td>
<td><strong>1783</strong></td>
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<td>to make it more</td>
<td><strong>1789</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Began to clothe his wit</td>
<td><strong>1809</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>To check the tears</td>
<td><strong>1817</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>set thy long-experienced wit to school</td>
<td><strong>1829</strong></td>
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<td>to give thyself a blow</td>
<td><strong>1833</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>To slay herself</td>
<td><strong>1827</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>to bear thy part</td>
<td><strong>1830</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>To rouse our Roman gods</td>
<td><strong>1831</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Her wrongs to us</td>
<td><strong>1840</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to end his vow</td>
<td><strong>1843</strong></td>
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<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>And to his protestation</td>
<td><strong>1844</strong></td>
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<td>to the ground</td>
<td><strong>1848</strong></td>
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<td>to this advised doom</td>
<td><strong>1849</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>to bear dead Lucrece thence</td>
<td><strong>1850</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To show her bleeding body</td>
<td><strong>1851</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>to publish Tarquin's foul offence</td>
<td><strong>1852</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>38</td>
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<tr>
<td>To Tarquin's everlasting banishment</td>
<td><strong>1855</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>46</td>
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<tr>
<td>constructed to thine own bright eyes</td>
<td><strong>Son 1 5</strong></td>
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<td>32</td>
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<tr>
<td>to thy sweet self too cruel</td>
<td><strong>1 8</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>herald to the gaudy spring</td>
<td><strong>1 10</strong></td>
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<td>To eat the world's due</td>
<td><strong>1 14</strong></td>
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<td>38</td>
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<tr>
<td>To say, within thine own</td>
<td><strong>2 7</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>were to be now made</td>
<td><strong>2 13</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>40</td>
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<tr>
<td>to stop posterity</td>
<td><strong>3 8</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>remember'd not to be</td>
<td><strong>3 13</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>lends to those are free</td>
<td><strong>4 4</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>43</td>
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<tr>
<td>given thee to give</td>
<td><strong>4 6</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>44</td>
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<tr>
<td>calls thee to be gone</td>
<td><strong>4 11</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
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<tr>
<td>lives th' executor to be</td>
<td><strong>4 14</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>46</td>
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<tr>
<td>to the very same</td>
<td><strong>5 3</strong></td>
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<td>To hideous winter</td>
<td><strong>5 6</strong></td>
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<td>to breed another thee</td>
<td><strong>6 7</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>To be death's conquest</td>
<td><strong>6 14</strong></td>
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<td>to his new-appearing</td>
<td><strong>7 3</strong></td>
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<td>51</td>
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<tr>
<td>Music to hear</td>
<td><strong>8 1</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>sweet husband to another</td>
<td><strong>8 9</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>53</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sings this to thee</td>
<td><strong>8 14</strong></td>
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<td>54</td>
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To—want subject to invent

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Son</th>
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<tr>
<td>paper to rehearse</td>
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<tr>
<td>cannot write to theo</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>7</td>
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<td>to oulstep long date</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>to mine own self bring</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>That due to theo</td>
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<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>To entertain the time</td>
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<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>how to make one twain</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>To bear love's wrong</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>and therefore to be won</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>therefore to be assailed</td>
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<tr>
<td>to break a twofold truth</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>tempting her to thee</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>being false to me</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>my sake to approve her</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the clear day</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>When to unseeing eyes</td>
<td>43</td>
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<tr>
<td>to see till I see thee</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>To leap large lengths</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>embassy of love to thee</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sinks down to death</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>recounting it to me</td>
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<td>How to divide</td>
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<td>To vide this title</td>
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<td>tenants to the heart</td>
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<td>And to the painted banquet</td>
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<td>to heart's and eye's delight</td>
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<td>14</td>
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<td>trust bars to thrust</td>
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<tr>
<td>To that to use</td>
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<td>to whom my jewels trifles are</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>Cal'lld'to that audit</td>
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<td>To guard the lawful</td>
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<td>To leave poor me</td>
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<td>13</td>
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<td>Since why to love</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>14</td>
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<td>and that repose to say</td>
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<td>to hear that weight</td>
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</table>

More sharp to me than spurring to his side | 50 | 12 |
+ give him leave to go | 51 | 14 |
+ bring him to his sweet up-locked | 52 | 2 |
+ To make some special | 52 | 11 |
+ Being had, to triumph, being | 52 | 14 |
+ lack'd, to hope | 52 | 14 |
+ Die to themselves | 54 | 11 |
+ out to the ending doom | 55 | 12 |
+ Come daily to the banks | 56 | 11 |
+ time at all to spend | 57 | 3 |
+ Nor services to do | 57 | 4 |
+ of seven hours to crave | 58 | 3 |
+ to stay your leisure | 58 | 4 |
+ taine to sufferance | 58 | 7 |
+ To what you will; to you it doth belong | 58 | 11 |
+ Yourself to pardon | 58 | 12 |
+ I am to wait | 58 | 13 |
+ To this composed wonder | 59 | 10 |
+ To subjects worse have given | 59 | 14 |
+ hasten to their end | 60 | 2 |
+ crawls to maturity | 60 | 6 |
+ for his scythe to mow | 60 | 12 |
+ And yet to times | 60 | 13 |
+ to the weary night | 61 | 2 |
+ shadows like to thee do mock | 61 | 4 |
+ into my deeds to pry | 61 | 6 |
+ To find out shames | 61 | 7 |
+ To play the watchman | 61 | 12 |
+ to age's steepy night | 63 | 5 |
+ slave to mortal rage | 64 | 1 |
+ confounded to decay | 64 | 10 |
+ To—thus to ruminate

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Son</th>
<th>64</th>
<th>11</th>
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<tr>
<td>But weep to have that which it</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>fears to lose</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>As, to behold desert</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Save that, to die</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>14</td>
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<td>Beggar's of blood to blush</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>to show what wealth</td>
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<td>13</td>
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<td>To live a second life</td>
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<td>7</td>
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<td>to dress his beauty new</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>To show false Art</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>To thy fair flower</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>To tie up envy</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>Give warning to the world</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>with vilest worms to dwell</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>task you to recite</td>
<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>To do more for me</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>no more to shame</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>to love things nothing worth</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>To love that well</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>was consecrate to thee</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>of thee to be remembered</td>
<td>74</td>
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</table>
+ So are you to my thoughts as food to life | 75 | 1 |
+ showers are to the ground | 75 | 2 |
+ to be with you alone | 75 | 7 |
+ To new-found methods and to compound strange | 76 | 4 |
+ progress to eternity | 77 | 8 |
+ Commit to these waste blanks | 77 | 10 |
+ To take a new acquaintance | 77 | 12 |
+ on high to sing | 78 | 5 |
+ ignorance aloft to fly | 78 | 6 |
+ to the learned's wing | 78 | 7 |
+ Ne spurn to thee | 79 | 12 |
+ To make me tongue-tied | 80 | 4 |
+ Inferior far to his | 80 | 7 |
+ your epitaph to make | 81 | 1 |
+ to all the world must die | 81 | 6 |
+ tongues to be your being | 81 | 11 |
+ married to my Muse | 82 | 1 |
+ enforced to seek anew | 82 | 7 |
+ And therefore to your fair | 83 | 2 |
+ That to his subject | 84 | 6 |
+ You to your beauteous | 84 | 13 |
+ To every hymn | 85 | 7 |
+ And to the most of praise | 85 | 19 |
+ whose love to you | 85 | 11 |
+ by spirits taught to write | 85 | 5 |
+ to whom thou gavest | 87 | 10 |
+ to set me light | 88 | 1 |
+ that to myself I do | 88 | 11 |
+ to thee I so belong | 88 | 33 |
+ to set a form | 89 | 6 |
+ my deeds to cross | 90 | 2 |
+ To linger out a purposed | 90 | 8 |
+ than high birth to me | 91 | 3 |
+ to steal thyself away | 92 | 1 |
+ Then need I not to fear | 92 | 5 |
+ state to me belongs | 92 | 7 |
+ Happy to have thy love, happy to die | 92 | 12 |
+ still seem love to me | 93 | 5 |
+ have power to hurt | 94 | 1 |
+ to temptation slow | 94 | 4 |
+ is to the summer sweet | 94 | 9 |
+ Though to itself | 94 | 10 |
+ turn to fair that eyes can see | 95 | 12 |
+ graces that to thee resort | 96 | 4 |
+ To truths translated | 96 | 8 |
To—issue seem'd to me
And to his robbery
eat him up to death
To speak of that
power to lend base subjects
Sing to the ear
be a satire to decay
beauty's truth to lay
To make him much
And to be praised of ages yet to be
To make him seem long
I was wont to gree it
a scope to show her pride
striving to need
To try the subject
For to no other pass
and your gifts to tell
To me, fair friend, you never can
To yellow autumn turn'd
To one, of one, still such
to constancy confined
varying to other worlds
your worth to sing
Have eyes to wonder, but lack
tongues to praise
dreaming on things to come
forfeit to a confined doom
and Death to me subscribes
to his heart true spirit
What's new to speak, what new
to register
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles
seem'd my flame to qualify
Just to the time
To leave for nothing
a motley to the brow
To whom I am confined
Even to thy pure and most
equall to cure me
To know my shame
Nothing else to me, nor I to none alive
To critic and to flatterer stopped
are
which governs me to go about
delivers to the heart
it shapes them to your feature
To make of monsters
to his beam resemble
And to his palato
Divert strong minds to the course
To give full growth to that which
still doth grow
Let me not to the marriage
the remover to remove
to every wandering bark
even to the edge of doom
dearlest love to call
And given to time
to all the winds
I did strive to prove
To make our appetites
To prevent our maladies
sickly to shun sickness
To bitter sauces did I frame
To be diseased
in love, to anticipate
To—grow to faults assured
And brought to medicine
Applying fears to hopes and hopes
to fears
I saw myself to win
rebuked to my content
To weigh how once
And soon to you
'Tis better to be vile
When not to be receives
to my sportive blood
even to eternity
by nature to subsist
Till each to razed oblivion
they dear love to score
Therefore to give them
To trust those tables
To keep an adjunct to remember
thee
Were to import forgetfulness
To me are nothing novel
born to our desire
To Time's love or to Time's hate
To this I witness call
Weren't aught to me
keeps thee to this purpose
is to render thee
To kiss the tender loward
To be so tickled
me thy lips to kiss
rude, cruel, not to trust
to make the taker mad
in quest to have, extreme
To shun the heaven that leads men
to this hell
I love to hear her speak
my dear doting heart
To make love grow
To say they err
swear it to myself alone
And to be sure
to the sober west
To mourn for me
my heart to grow
my heart to grow
I to torture me alone
But slave to slavery
thus to be crossed
mortgaged to thy will
To be my comfort still
surety-like to write for me
that put'st forth all to use
And 'Will' to heed
To thy sweet will
To hide my will
addeth to his store
add to thy 'Will
Swear to thy blind soul
something sweet to thee
dost thou to mine eyes
take the worst to be
To put fair truth
And to this false plague
not to have years told
call not me to justify
forbear to glance thine eye
Though not to love, yet, love, to
tell me so
is pleased to love
To base touches prone
To—desire to be invited | 326  | 326  
| 141  | 7 
| 141  | 8 
To visit any sensual feast and vassal wretch to be | 141 12 
| 142 12 
| 142 13 
| 143 1 
| 143 6 
| 145 7 
| 145 11 
| 144 5 
| 144 7 
| 144 11 
| 145 3 
To me that languish'd taught it thus now to greet From heaven to hell to aggravate thy store appetite to please the physician to my love to say it is not so thy service to despise my heart to sway | 146 10 
| 147 4 
| 147 5 
| 148 6 
| 148 10 
| 149 2 
| 150 3 
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| To win me soon to hell | 2 5 
| To charm a sacred nun when they to assail began signals to your exerted | 2 6 
| To leave the battery | 2 7 
| To my sweet design | 2 8 
| To that strong bonded oath | 2 9 
| To the stream gave grace | 2 10 
| To water will not wear | 2 11 
| To Appear him, as he to me | 2 12 
| Applied to castles | 2 13 
| To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes | 2 14 
| Or to turn white | 2 15 
| love not to have years told | 2 16 
| To win me soon to hell | 2 17 
| To say it is not so | 2 18 
| To stand in thy affairs | 2 19 
| to make me love swearing | 2 20 
| but to misuse thee | 2 21 
| And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness | 2 22 
| To swear against the truth | 2 23 
| still to endure | 2 24 
| wood, to live to keep | 2 25 
| My spirits to attend | 2 26 
| L C 3 
| to list the sad-tuned tale | 2 27 
| her napkin to her eye | 2 28 
| to the spheres intend | 2 29 
| To the orb'd earth | 2 30 
| To every place at once | 2 31 
| And, true to bondage | 2 32 
| appall'd not to wet | 2 33 
| seal'd to curious secrecy | 2 34 
| often 'gan to tear | 2 35 
| desires to know | 2 36 
| his hearing to divide | 2 37 
| Fresh to myself | 2 38 
| Love to myself, and to no love beside | 2 39 
| it was to gain my grace | 2 40 
| sweet to do, to do will aptly find | 2 41 
| began but to appear | 2 42 
| web it seem'd to wear | 2 43 
| May and April is to see | 2 44 
| To appetiments and to ornament | 2 45 
| To make the weeper laugh | 2 46 
| To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain | 2 47 
| To serve their eyes | 2 48 
| pleasures to bestow them | 2 49 
| To put the by-past perils | 2 50 
| to make our wits more keen | 2 51 
| to satisfaction to our blood | 2 52 
| To be for bode the sweets ever brokers to defiling | 2 53 
| That's to ye sworn to none was | 2 54 
| put to the smallest teen | 2 55 

That is, to you to your own command and to your audit comes To spend her living what labour is't to leave so to herself contrives brought me to her eye Not to be tempted And now, to tempt all that to me belong to physic your cold breast to charm a sacred nun when they to assail began signals to your exerted To leave the battery to my sweet design to that strong bonded oath to the stream gave grace to water will not wear To Appear him, as he to me Applied to castles To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes Or to turn white love not to have years told To win me soon to hell my saint to a devil both to each friend To me that languish'd taught it thus now to greet From heaven to hell to aggravate thy store appetite to please the physician to my love to say it is not so thy service to despise my heart to sway To make me give the lie to my true sight thee how to make me love to be beloved of thee to know what conscience is to my gross body's treason thy poor drauge to be To stand in thy affairs to my love swearing but to misuse thee And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness To swear against the truth still to endure would the life to keep My spirits to attend to list the sad-tuned tale her napkin to her eye to the spheres intend To the orb'd earth To every place at once And, true to bondage appall'd not to wet seal'd to curious secrecy often 'gan to tear desires to know his hearing to divide Fresh to myself Love to myself, and to no love beside it was to gain my grace sweet to do, to do will aptly find began but to appear web it seem'd to wear May and April is to see To appetiments and to ornament To make the weeper laugh To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain To serve their eyes pleasures to bestow them To put the by-past perils to make our wits more keen to satisfaction to our blood To be for bode the sweets ever brokers to defiling That's to ye sworn to none was put to the smallest teen
To—To leave the master loveless  PP  16 6
To put in practice either  "  16 7
of whom both to gain  "  16 10
sick to death  "  17 7
To the pinck thee  "  17 12
so apt to pluck a sweet  "  17 14
that won't to have play'd  "  18 29
Procure to weep  "  18 32
in our doleful plight  "  18 33
known to us poor swarm  "  18 45
thy tale to tell  "  19 7
thy person forth to sell  "  19 12
to try her strength  "  19 19
taught her thus to say  "  19 22
And to her will frame  "  19 25
Spare not to speak  "  19 26
thou to choose anew  "  19 34
To proffer though she put  "  19 36
still to strive with men  "  19 43
To sin and never for to saint  "  19 44
stick to round me on th' car  "  19 51
To teach my tongue to be so long  "  19 52
To hear her secrets  "  20 54
To live with thee  "  20 20
That to hear it was great pity  "  21 12
That to hear her so  "  21 34
are hard to find  "  21 34
wherewith to spend  "  21 36
be addict to vice  "  21 43
to women be bent  "  21 45
certain signs to know  "  21 57
To whose sound chaste wings obey  PT  4
To this troop come thou not near  "  8
To themselves yet either neither  "  43
To the phoenix and the dove  "  50
chorus to their tragic scene  "  52
To eternity doth rest  "  58
To a world unknown  "  58
To this turn let those repair  "  21 57
Toad—Or toads infect fair fountains  RL  850
To-day—Which but to-day  Sun 56 3
although to-day thou fill  "  56 5
Kind is my love to-day  "  105 5
Together—such lamps . . . mix'd  VA  489
Their lips together glued  "  346
mingled both together  "  392
join they all together  "  971
and all together lost  RL  147
All which together  "  589
shall together thrive  Sun 14 11
age and youth cannot live togeth-  "  589
Sea division grow together  PP  12 1
Till—Weary with toil, I haste me  Sun 27 1
The one by toil, the other  "  28 7
How far I toil, still farther  "  28 8
In sequent toll all forward  "  60 4
Toll'd—forgot for which he toild  "  23 12
Token—some watery token shows  RL  1748
Told—as if he told the steps  VA  277
told and quickly gone  "  122 120
woful words she told  "  1126
if it should be told  RL  1284
more than hear them told  "  1324
mourners most expressly told  "  1397
This told, I joy  Sun 45 13
still telling what is told  "  76 14
we before have heard them told  "  138 12
loves not to have years told  PP  1 12
Told—She told him stories  PP  4 5
She told the youngling  "  11 3
Told'st—that thou told'st me  VA  614
Tomb—in a tomb so simple  "  214
statues, tombs, and stories  "  1013
so fond will be the tomb  Sun 3 7
It is but as a tomb  "  17 3
give life and bring a tomb  "  32 3
Making their tomb the womb  "  83 4
outlive a gilded tomb  "  101 11
and tombs of brass are spent  "  107 14
Toomb'd—must be tomb'd with thee  "  4 13
To-morrow—shall we meet . . .  VA  555
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To-morrow sharpen'd in his former  "  4
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To-morrow see again  "  56 7
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My tongue shall utter all  "  1075
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With soft-slow tongue  "  1220
so much grief and not a tongue  "  1463
with my lamenting tongue  "  1465
And from her tongue 'can lurk  "  1537
with one poor tired tongue  "  1617
forbid my tongue to speak  "  1648
dare not speak  "  1714
dumb arson upon his tongue  "  1785
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More than that tongue  "  23 12
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But those same tongues  "  69 6
And tongues to be  "  81 11
and in my tongue  "  99 9
That tongue that tells the story  "  95 5
The owner's tongue doth publish  "  1785
I sometime hold my tongue  "  102 13
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That every tongue says beauty  "  127 14
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for thou art much too fair " " 6 13
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Sometimes too hot " " 18 5
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Too base of thee " " 74 12
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of all too precious you " " 85 2
Farewell, thou art too dear " " 87 1
be a gainor too " " 88 3
Lest I too much profane 
thou hast too grossly dyed " " 93 5
So dost thou too 
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my angel be turn'd fiend
my angel be turn'd fiend

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Turning mortal for thy love
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Turtle—Phoenix and the turtle fled
'Twixt the turtle and his queen
That the turtle saw his right
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Tushes—tushes never sheathed
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Task—the task in his soft grain
Tutor—Thy eyes' shrewd tutor
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Twain—there are but twain
If thou wilt make twain
His face seems twain
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that we two must be twain
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So they loved, as love in twain
How true a twain

'Twas—why, 'twas beautiful and hard
'Twas not their infirmity
'Twain—crusheth 'twixt his teeth
'Twain from consentence

Twenty—one long as twenty
Is twenty hundred kisses
under twenty locks
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twenty echoes twenty times
When I break twenty

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'Twice—That twice she doth begin
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Twilight—the twilight of such day
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'Twixt—Twixt crimson shame
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As 'twixt a miser
creep in 'twixt vows
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Show'd like two silver doves
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tain " " 121 13
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mee P P 17 13
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untainted do allow Son 19 11
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cheeks unto her maid seem so " " 1217
unto the clouds bequeathed " " 637
turns now unto the other Son 47 2
I have been call'd unto L C ..... 181
I post unto my pretty P P 15 9
Unto the silly damsel " " 16 8
Untold—To have their unseen sin re-
main untold R L ..... 753
let me pass untold Son 158 9
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Untriumph'd—changing course .... Son 18 8
Untrue—speak well of me untrue " " 72 10
thus makes mine untrue " " 113 14
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Turned—With untuned tongue R L ..... 1214
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ored youth Son 138 3
think me some untutored youth P P 1 3
Unused—Thy unused beauty Son 4 13
And kept unused " " 9 12
an eye unused to flow " " 30 5
it might unused stay " " 48 8
Upon—Drick up the monarch's plague Son 114 2
most kindly drinks it up " 114 10
reckon up their own " 121 10
built up with newer might " 123 2
Eat up thy charge " 116 8
votary took up that fire " 154 5
But yield them up L C ..... 221
dried up the dewy morn " 6 7
Up-heaveth—faintly she ..... V A ..... 482
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Up—Upon—Upon thy trip upon the green " 127
Th' tender spring upon thy seize love upon thy left " 158
mind keeping up L ..... 665
Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed " 169
dwells upon thy suit " 206
Upon his compass'd crest now Upon splendid hill " 272
He looks upon his love " 307
beams upon his hairless face are fix'd " 487
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Upon fresh beauty, blotting " 796
Leaves Love upon her back " 814
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Upon his heart she looks " 1083
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upon their whiteness stood " 1170
Upon the world dim darkness doth display R L ..... 118
Now stole upon the time " 162
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yet remains upon her breast " 463
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Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel " 756
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weep upon the tainted place " 1746
served a dumb arrest upon his tongue " 1789
struck his hand upon his breast " 1842
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy Son 4 2
war upon this bloody tyrant " 16 2
And look up upon myself " 29 4
Upon the farthest earth " 44 6
Upon the hours " 57 2
lives upon his gains " 67 12
you look upon this verse " 71 9
hang more praise upon deceased I " 72 7
Upon those hours which shake " 73 8
did call upon thy aid " 79 1
upon your soundless deep doth ride " 80 10
upon misprision growing " 87 11
UPON

Upon—Upon thy side against myself
I'll fight
Upon thy part I can set down a story
constant upon that offence
set a form upon desired change
For it depends upon that love
stamp'd upon my brow
and upon me proved
upon your dearest love to call
thou dost folt upon us
Upon that blessed wood
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain
put fair truth upon so foul a face
lays upon my heart
upon thy fading mansion spend
live thou upon thy servant's loss
that I do fawn upon
Revenge upon myself
Upon her head a platted hive
Upon whose weeping margint
slides he down upon his grazed hat
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurst
was yet upon his chin
curb the sport of his proofs
And long upon these terms I hold
Upon the moment
Upon the lute doth ravish
upon a steep-up hill
that hangs upon a tree
There will we sit upon the rocks
Upon that blessed wood
Made me think upon my own
Up-prick'd—His ears up-prick'd
Uprear—against myself uprear
Upright—Anon he rears upright
Uproar—Unto a greater uproar
Up-till—Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn

Urchin snout—And .... boar
Urge—arms doth urge releasing
we palte our palate
urge not my aniss
Urged—What have you urged
protestation urged the rest
Urged—Shut with vehement prayers
urges still
still urge such extremes
Urging—Urging the worser sense
Urn—To this urn let those repair
Us—let us part
Do summons us to part
torments us with defect
Her wrongs to us
let us divided live
What thou dost foist upon us
By blunting us to make our wits
your victory us all congest
known to us poor swains
sport from us is fled
Us—like use of the same
fresh beauty for the use
gold that's put to use
sorrow should his use control
deserved thy beauty's use
That use is not forbidden
thy love's use their treasure
Use—That to my use it might
every alien pen hath got my use
that put'st forth all to use
Use—and use good dealing
thus to use in the fight
when he cannot use it
why dost thou use
for ornament doth use
spirit doth use your name
words which writes use
If thou wouldst use the strength
use rigour in thy garden use
Use with power with power
should use like loving charms
Use his company no more
Used—How Tarquin must be used
Was used in giving gentle doom
Which, used, lives
might be better used
The hardest knife, ill used
Adon used to cool his spleen
That nothing could be used
Useless—And .... barns the harvest
User—the user so destroys it
Usest—for my love thou usest
User—that user's in the even
Usurer—Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use
Usurp—Usurps her cheek
Usurp'd—on earth usurp'd his name
Usurer—Who, like a foul usurper
Usury—use is not forbidden usury
Like usury, applying wet to wet
Utmost—hath cast his utmost sun
Utter—My tongue shall utter all
She utters this: 'He, he, he, fair lords
Uttering—and uttering foolish things
Uttering bare truth
Vacant—The vacant leaves
Yale—When that shall vade
Yaded—untimely pluck'd, soon ....
and vaded in the spring
Lost, vaded, broken
vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh
Vadless—gloss that vaded suddenly
Vail—He vails his tail
Vail'd—She vail'd her eyelids
Vain—But all in vain
is bestow'd in vain
And all in vain you strive
'In vain I sail at Opportunity
In vain I sail
In vain I spared
In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
he strives in vain
a vain and doubtful good
thou mourn'st in vain
Vainly—Thus vainly thinking
from the truth vainly express'd
Thus vainly thinking
Vale—from a sistering vale
Valiant—makes her absence valiant
Valley—hills and valleys, dales and fields
Valley-fountain—In a cold ....
view—disturbed, heedfully doth view

To view thy present trespass with each thing she views

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view

I loved, I view in thee they view things unrespected that the world's eye doth view

View'd—view each other's sorrow Which Tarquin view'd Wherefor they view'd their faces

Viewest—and tell the face thou View—that's worth the viewing

Vigour—for thy mortal vigour

Vile—disregation is so vile, so base this vile purpose to prevent That what is vile how vile a spectacle it were, Ho! how comes it then, vile Opportunity

From this vile world to be vile than vile esteemed.

Vilest—with vilest worms to dwell Villain—the honey . courts Vile—who will the vine destroy Violated—taste of violated troth Violent—Thy . vanities can never

Violet—These blue-vein'd violets smell to the violet the violet past prime

Virgo—by a virgin hand disarm'd

Virte—Their virtue lost beauty and virtue strived

When virtue brag'd, beauty would

Virtue would stain o'er Then virtue claims from beauty which virtue gave the golden age be like to the fairest

Virtue, Thy . virtue is lost

That dying virtue:

And talk'd of virtue

When virtue is profaned What virtue breeds When Truth and Virtue

Vila's pack-horse, virtue's snare But, for their virtue

virtue rudeely strumpeted He lends thee virtue such virtue hath my pen If thy sweet virtue virtue of your love:

and thy dear virtue hate

Virtuous—shows like a . . . deed Where like a virtuous monument With virtuous wish devise some virtuous lie And prove thee virtuous

Visage—his visage hide Which fortified his visage For on his visage Yet show'd his visage

Vision—Nor his own vision holds

Visit—to come and visit me

Voice—churlish, harsh in voice

Thy mermaid's voice

Voice—volleys out his voice it is Adonis' voice Her voice is stopp'd her voice controlled and voice damned up with woe All tongues the voice of souls Of others' voices this double voice accorded thy voice his dreadful thunder

Volley—volleys out his voice

Vomit—must vomit his receipt

Votary—The fairest votary took up

Vouchsafe—Vouchsafe, thou wonder V next vouchsafe t' afford O then vouchsafe me Not once vouchsafe to hide

Vow—Dismiss your vows breach of holy welllock vow the fatal knife to end his vow And that deep vow Creep in twixt vowels

In act thy bed-vow broke For all my vows are oaths knew vows were ever brokers of my holy vows afraid All vows and consecrations vow, bond, her space Vows for thee broke My vow was earthly My vow was breath Exhale this vapour vow Vow, alack! for youth unmeet

Vow—that now he vows a league That he may vow against myself I'll vow This I do vow if not to beauty vowed That vow's chaste life to keep if to not beauty vowed

Vowing—In vowings now hate For every vulgar paper which vulgar scandal

Vulture—Whose vulturet thought feeds his vulture folly

Wag'd—Wagg'd up and down Wait—to wait his death to wait a week beggar waits his case wait the abusing of his time The world will wait thee new wait my dear time's waste

Wait'd—must be wait'd by Collatine

Waiting—begins a waiting note calm look, eyes waiting still is of my waiting chief

Wait—girdle with embracing flames the waist Wait—wit waits on fear wait on wrinkled age wait on the tender spring wait on them as their pages scandal waits on greatest state I am to wait his pleasures wait on thee

Waited—It shall be waited

Waiting—though waiting so be hell

Wake—And wakes the morning and troubled minds that wake

22
Wake—wakes to stain and kill  
Will he not wake  
She wakes her heart  
To wake the morn  
thou dost wake elsewhere  
still did wake and sleep  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep  
Waken'd—in your waken'd hate  
Waking—by dreadful fancy  
Yet, fowl night-waking cat  
To keep thy sharp woes waking  
but waking no such matter  
Wake—curtains as being close, about he walks  
Be absent from thy walks  
thy fingers walk with gentle gait  
My mistress, when she walks  
Walk’d—the lion walk’d along  
Wall—to batter such an ivory wall  
to want his bliss consacr’ed wall  
Through crystal walls  
the walls of strong-besieg’d Troy  
peut in walls of glass  
Painting thy outward walls  
Wander—the souls that.... by him  
to make me wander thither  
Wander, a word for shadows  
Wanderer—was night-wanderers of ten are  
Wander’st—thou .... in his shade  
Wandering—Night-wandering weasels shriek  
a wandering waep hath crept  
to every wandering bark  
Wane—last as thou shalt wane  
Waning—wealth and ease in waning age  
Who hath by wanning grown  
Want—how .... of love tormenteth  
which their superiors want  
and all, for want of wit  
to him  
drains for want of skill  
nothing wants to answer  
cunning want to grace their art  
want subject to Invent  
Want nothing that the thought  
No want of conscience  
Want that was see, but  
unripe years did want conceit  
No man will supply thy want  
Wanteth—so wanteth in his store  
that even in plenty wanteth  
Wanting—Wanting the spring  
in wanting words to show it  
this fair gift in me is wanting  
manner of my pity-wanting joint  
Wanton—to toy, to wanton  
the wanton mermaid’s song  
to your wanton talk  
moralize his wanton sight  
‘This glove to wanton tricks  
O modest wantone! wanton modesty  
Bearing the wanton barb’ren  
Playing in the wanton air  
Wantonly—and play as wantonly  
Wantonness—Some say, thy fault is  
youth, some wantonness  
War—direful god of war
Was—was the other queen

What is the bed her other fair hand was
was it newly bred
For it was lent thee
was pure to Collatine
was too weak
he was stay'd by thee
I was a loyal wife
thy interest was not bought
which was the dearer
to myself was nearer
How was I overseen
'Madam, ere I was up
Myself was stirring
was Tarquin gone away
God wot, it was defect
in this work was had
the painter was so nice
imaginary work was there
Was left unseen, save
Of what she was
The painter was no god
In Simon's was abused
the picture was belied
Mine enemy was strong
That was not forced; that never was inclined
For she that was thy Lucrece
'That life was mine
what once I was
'Tarquin' was pronounced
for she was only mine
'She was my wife
with the Romans was esteemed so
nor no remembrance what it was
he was but one hour mine
All mine was thine
How careful was I
from the thing it was
in character was done
what beauty was of yore
slander's mark was ever yet the fair
which it was nourish'd by
pain was consorted to thee
The worst was this; my love was my decay
Was it the proud full sail
Was it his spirit
I was not sick
time removed was summer's time
Our love was new
When I was wont to greet
that before was well
was beauty's summer dead
that I was false of heart
When I was certain
that there was true needing
from me was I bold
No, it was builded
black was not counted
that I was thy ' Will
Was used in giving gentle doom
Was sleeping by a virgin hand
weeping margent she was set
it was to gain my grace
She was new lodged
on his visage was in little drawn
thinks in Paradise was sown

Was—was yet upon his chin
If best were as it was
For maiden-tongued he was
was he such a storm
And was my own foe-simple
to none was ever said
but me'er was harmed
but mine own was free
why, 'twas beautiful and hard
was sent me from a mun
For she was sought
My vow was earthly
My vow was breath
Hot was the day
't why was not I a flood
Was this a lover
Fair was the morn
there was the sore
It was a lording's daughter
Long was the combat doubtful
alas, it was a spite
more mickle was the pain
was wounded with disdain
was victor of the day
Love, whose month was ever May
faith was firmly fix'd in love
Thy like ne'er was
That to hear it was great pity
Number there in love was slain
Distance and no space was seen
Either was the other's mine
Property was thus appalled
That the self was not the same
Neither two nor one was called
It was married chastity
Was—to wash the foul face
wash the slander of my ill
Wash'd—cheeks over-wash'd with woe
Wasp—a wandering,... hath crept
Wast—Thou wast begot
And wast afraid to scratch
Where thou wast wont
Thou wast not to this end
Waste—I'll waste in sorrow
Waste and huge stones
how thy precious minutes waste
faster than Waste lives waste
Waste—makest waste in niggarding
But beauty's waste
among the wastes of time
my dear time's waste
more short than waste or ruining
in a waste of shame
Waste—to these waste blanks
Wasted—wasted in such time-be-guiling
should not be wasted
wasted, than'd, and done
the chronicle of wasted time
Wasteful—wasteful Time debauch
When wasteful war
Wasting—Poor,... monuments
Wat—by this, poor Wat
Watch—mine eyes to watch
And they that watch
watch the clock for you
For thee watch I
Watch—base watch of woes
Watch—My heart doth charge the watch

Water—That also vex'd with . . . Son 148 9

Watchman—To play the watchman " 61 12

Watchword—which gives the . . . R L . . . 370

Water—She bathes in water V A . . . 94

in water seen by night " . . . 492

As air and water " . . . 654

stones dissolved to water R L . . . 592

And grave like water " . . . 755

no water thene proceeds " . . . 1552

to burn his Troy with water of earth and water wrought Son 44 11

bring water for my stain " . . . 193 8

The sea, all water " . . . 135 9

Love's fire heats water, water cools " 154 14

That flame through water L C . . . 287
to water will not wear " . . . 291

or of weeping water " . . . 394

Water-drops—huge stones with little water-drops R L . . . 959

Water-gall—These water-galls in her dim element " . . . 1553

Watery—In her watery nest " . . . 1641

a heavenly rigeold goes " . . . 1745

some watery token shows " . . . 1748

win of the watery main Son 64 7

his watery eyes he did dismount L C . . . 281

Wave—peering through a wave V A . . . 86

wave like feather'd wings " . . . 306

Till the wild waves " . . . 819

Whose waves to imitate R L . . . 1438

Like as the waves make Son 69 1

Waved—Who in a salt-swallowed ocean R L . . . 1231

Waver—wavered in doubt L C . . . 97

Wax—what wax so frozen V A . . . 505

No more than wax R L . . . 1245

Softer than wax P T . . . 7 4

Waxed—Whereat a waxen torch R L . . . 178

men have marble, women waxen, minds " . . . 1240

From lips new-waxen pale " . . . 1603

Waxeth—never waxeth strong V A . . . 420

Wax-red—on my wax-red lips " . . . 516

Way—his lips another way " . . . 50

which way shall she turn as water thene ways she seeks " . . . 477

what'er is in his way " . . . 623

indenting with the way " . . . 704

discovery of her way " . . . 828

the bushes in the way " . . . 871

just in his way " . . . 879

This way she runs " . . . 965

hearse a thousand ways " . . . 967

unwilling portal yields him way R L . . . 309

force must work my way " . . . 513

thou didst teach the way " . . . 620

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What breast so cold
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And when from thence
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When, lo, the unback'd breeder
When it is barr'd
When the heart's attorney
when he saw his love
But, when his gluton eye
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When he did frown
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And when thou hast on foot
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When virtue brag'd
When beauty beam'd
When he was assembl'd
And when great treasure
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When he himself
When heavy sleep
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When thus thy vices
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When they in thee
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When most unseen
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When virtue is profaned
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Weary with toil
with travel tired
in disgrace with fortune
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With what I most enjoy contented
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And with old woes new wall
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Hung with the trophies
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Compare them with the bettering of the time
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Authorizing thy trespass with compare
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Kill me with spices
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attend time's leisure with my moi
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with swift motion slide
with two alone
oppress'd with melancholy
pierced with crystal eyes
heart in love with sighs
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
art present still with me
And I am still with them and they with me
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With Tima's injurious hand crush'd
With lines and wrinkles
Increasing store with loss and loss
with store
How with this rage shall beauty
Tired with all these
Tired with all these
with infection should be live
And with his presence grace

With—lace itself with his society
with outward praise is crown'd
with vilest worms to dwell
compounded am with clay
even with my life decay
mock you with me
Consumed with that
still with thee shall stay
this with thee remains
to be with you alone
all full with feasting
with the time do I not glance aside
And arts with thy sweet graces
graced be
Reserve their character with gold-evering
gulls him with intelligence
With mine own weakness being
best acquainted
Join with the spite of fortune
Compared with loss of thee
vex me with inconstant mind
thy looks with me
with base infection meet
big with rich increase
'tis with so dull a cheer
laugh'd and leap'd with him
As with your shadow I with these
did play
with his colour fix'd
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Now with the drops
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With thy sweet fingers
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Wound me not with thine eye, but
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With—Use power with power
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Still outright with looks
with too much disdain
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To any sensual feast with thee alone
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Woong his purity with her soul
To pride
she alter'd with an end
frantic-mad with evermore unrest
consequence with true sight
vex'd with watching and with tears
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Revenge upon myself with present moan

With insufficiency my heart to sway
With others thou shouldst not abhor
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With sealed silk feat
with his bearing to dirkle
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With safest distance I mine honour shielded
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With twisted metal amorously implied
With the annexes of fair gems enrich'd
With objects manifold
With wit well blazon'd
Hallow'd with sighs
with bleeding groans they pine
With British current downward flow'd
glazed with crystal gate
But with the inundation
with the garment of a Grace
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in love, and love with me
Wooing his purity with her fair pride
With young Adonis
with many a lovely look
with such an earthly tongue
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And with her lips on his
cabin hang'd with care
for I supp'd with sorrow
donneye with delight her ditty
soleace mix'd with sorrow
Were I with her
love with love dill fight
was wounded with disdain
Thus part with arms extending
Fraughted with gall

With—Smooth not thy tongue with
filed talk
with scorn she put away
Serve always with assured trust
Dissembled with an outward show
still to strive with men
When time with age shall them
attaint.
Live with me
With a thousand fragrant posies
with leaves of myrtle
With coral clasps
Then live with me
To live with thee
And with such-like
He with thee doth bear a part
With the death thou givest

W ithal—spend the night withal
that his hands shakes withal
I, sick withal, the help

Withdraw—themselves withdrew
Wither—they wither in their prime
To wither in my breast
wither at the cedar's
His leaves will wither
Wither'd—against the . . . flower
As flowers dead lie wither'd

Wither—Thy loves withering
Withhold—to withhold me so
Within—Beauty within itself
Within the circuit
Within this limit
Come not within his danger
Within my bosom
within her bosom it shall dwell
Within whose face
Within his thought

Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heard
Within your hollow-swelling
within their bosoms lie
Within thine own bud
within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Within the gentle closure
Within the knowledge
within that pen'do's dwell
Within his bending sickle's compass
within the level of year's frown
soul as hell within
are within my brain
pine within and suffer dearth
Within be fed, without

dead within an hour

Without—End without audience
without ten women's wit
eyes of men without an orator
Without the bed her other
without or yea or no
quoth she, 'without a sound'
Without this, folly
travel forth without my cloak
Without thy help
the world-without-end hour
Without accusing you
Without all ornament
Without all bath
mayst without attain't overlook
had, without be rich no more
As it was, or best without

WITH

| 359 |

WITHOUT

| 98 |
In the rearward of a conquered woe
strains of woe which now seem
woo

O, that our night of woe,
becoming of their woe
and proved, a very woe

That season’d woe had pelleted
shrinking undistinguishing woe
grounds and motives of her woe

*But, woe is me

Woeful—a woeful ditty
the woeful words she told
A woeful hostess breaks not
she saw my woeful state

Woeful—My woeful self

Wolf—Or as the wolf doth grin
the wolf would leave his prey
no noise but wolves and wolves’

The wolf hath seized his prey

Thou setst the wolf

might the stern wolf betray

Woman—Art thou a woman’s son
but of no woman bred

and never woman yet

without the woman's wit

moved with woman’s moans

And let mild women

men have marbie, women waxen, minds

Poor women’s faces

Poor women’s faults

Make weak-made women

A woman’s gentle heart

as is false women’s fashion

and women’s souls amazeth

And for a woman wert thou

pricked thee out for women’s pleasures

when a woman wos, what woman’s son

a woman colour’d ill

a woman colour’d ill

A woman I foresaw

More in women than in men

Had women been so strong

gave that woman work

A woman’s nay doth stand

Think women still to strive

One woman would another vext

If to women he be bent

Womb—Whose hollow . . . resounds

From earth’s dark womb

Thy sea within a puddle’s womb

so fair whose undes’l’d womb

the womb wherein they grew

Like widow’d worms

whose concave womb reworded

Won—Won in the fields

And he hath won

and therefore to be won

Son 41

Wonder—Avaunt in his wonder
a gazier late did wonder

*Wonder of time

In silent wonder

too much wonder of his eye

woman of your frame

Nor did I wonder

Harvest to wonder

that sees thee without wonder

But in them it were a wonder

Wondering—Wondering each other’s chance

Who wondering at him

Not wondering at the present

Womon—at vantage—dread

the painter for his wondrous skill

in a wondrous excellence

which wondrous scope affords

Wont—Where thou wast wont to rest

When I was wont to greet it

that wont to have play’d
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<td>Then woo thyself</td>
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<td>did ne'er invite, nor never woo</td>
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<td>began to woo him</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>At the wood's boldness</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>Making dead wood more blest</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>12 8 2</td>
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<td>Wood—pestilence and frenzies wood</td>
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<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>Wooling his purity</td>
<td>P P</td>
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<td>Even at this word</td>
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<td>the woeful words she told</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>haste her words delays</td>
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<td>That simple word of words</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1105</td>
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<td>though my words are brief</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1309</td>
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<td>With words, till action might be—</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>come them</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>being blown with wind of words</td>
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<td>but lid his words to gage</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>loss of Nestor's golden words</td>
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<td>And bitter words to ban</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>She lends them words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1498</td>
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<td>Whose words, like wildfire</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>discharge one word of woes</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>long to hear her words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1610</td>
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<tr>
<td>' Few words,' quoth she</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>In me mose woes than words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1615</td>
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<td>live to speak another word</td>
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<td>heart-easing words so long</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1782</td>
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<td>Weak words, so thick come</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1784</td>
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<td>For sportive words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>did his words allow</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1845</td>
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<td>wanting words to bow it</td>
<td>S o n</td>
<td>26 6 6</td>
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<td>That every word doth almost tell</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>dressing old words new</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>and he stole that word</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>The dedicated words</td>
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<tr>
<td>In true plain words</td>
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<tr>
<td>whilst other write good words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>Though words come hindmost</td>
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<td>the breaths of words respect</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>90 10</td>
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<tr>
<td>varying to other words</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>105 10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Last sorrow lend me words, and words express</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>140 3</td>
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<td>and words merely but art</td>
<td>L C</td>
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<tr>
<td>a word for shadows like myself</td>
<td>P P</td>
<td>11 14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Words are like the wind</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>21 33</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wordless—so greats heaven</td>
<td>R L</td>
<td>112</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wore—livery that he wore</td>
<td>V A</td>
<td>1107</td>
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<tr>
<td>and wore out the night</td>
<td>R L</td>
<td>123</td>
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<tr>
<td>her face wore sorrow's livery</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>123</td>
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<tr>
<td>Work—her best work is rain'd</td>
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<tr>
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<td>R L</td>
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<td>Thus treason works</td>
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<td>force must work my way</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>in this work was had</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>imaginary work was there</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>So Laurence set a-work</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1496</td>
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<tr>
<td>with gentle work did frame</td>
<td>S o n</td>
<td>5 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>To work my mind, when body's</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>27 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>work's expired</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>27 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>the work of masonry</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>55 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>In others' works</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>To what it works in</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>Which works on leases</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>Works under you</td>
<td>L C</td>
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<td>guiles that women work</td>
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<td>R L</td>
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<td>workmanship of nature</td>
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<td>Look, the world's comforter</td>
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<td>all the world amazes</td>
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<td>lend the world his light</td>
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<td>the world will hold thee</td>
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<td>Look, how the world's poor people</td>
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<td>Alas, poor world, what treasure</td>
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<td>This weary of the world</td>
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<td>fortress'd from a world of harms</td>
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<td>Proving from world's minority</td>
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<td>Upon the world dim darkness</td>
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<td>the world's fresh ornament</td>
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<td>Pity the world</td>
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<td>To eat the world's due</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>1 14</td>
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<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
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<td>bath in the world an end</td>
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<td>You are my all-the-world</td>
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" 37 4
ten times more in worth
" 35 9
On thy worth with manners
" 29 1
Like stones of worth
" 82 7
Praising thy worth
" 69 14
mine own worth do define
" 62 7
In all worths surmount
" 82 8
Thy worth the greater
" 70 6
to love things nothing worth
" 72 14
The worth of that
" 74 13
But since your worth
" 80 5
Finding thy worth a limit
" 82 6
Speaking of worth, what worth in
you doth grow
" 83 8
Worth—The charter of thy worth
Son 87 3
thy own worth then not knowing
" 87 9
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" 103 3
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" 106 12
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" 116 5
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L C ... 210
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" 262
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" 52 13
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Son 80 11
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" 100 3
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R L ..... 635
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" 1257
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" 1303
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Son 26 12
Worthy perusal stand
" 38 6
Most worthy comfort
" 45 6
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" 72 4
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" 150 9
rule things worthy blame
P P 19 3
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R L ..... 1345
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V A ..... 41
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" 144
and now she fain would speak
" 221
She would, he will not
" 226
would surpass the life
" 289
Would thy worth as I am
I would assure thee
" 371
bene would care thee
" 372
O, would thou hast not
" 428
my ears would love
" 483
thy outward parts would move
" 435
Yet would my love to thee be
" 442
Would they not wish
" 447
Would root these beauties
" 636
would breed a scarcity
" 703
And would say after her
" 852
would he put his bonnet on
the gaudy sun would peep
" 1088
The wind would blow it off
" 1059
More would I found a weep
" 1099
They both would strive
" 1092
he would not fear him
" 1094
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" 1096
wolf would leave his prey
" 1097
That some would sing
" 1102
Would bring him mulberries
" 1103
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Virtue would stain that o'er
" 56
that would let him go
" 76
Would with the sceptre straight
be stricken
" 217
And they would stand
" 347
This guilt would seem
" 663
what he would lose again
" 688
And what they would they still in
darkness be
" 752
queen he would detain
" 786
Collatine would else have come to
me
" 916
Would purchase thee a thousand
Son 963
who so base would such an office
in night would cloister'd be
" 1099
at that would do it good
" 1117
mine own would do me good
" 1274
She would request to know
" 1288
Would—she . . . not blot the letter R L . . . 1322
of Troy there would appear " . . . 1352
That one would swear " . . . 1363
It seem'd they would debate " . . . 1421
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as if her heart would break " . . . 1716
would make the world away Sm 11 8
would bear your living flowers " . . . 16 7
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How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made " . . . 43 9
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the place where he would be " . . . 44 8
thy picture's sight would bar " . . . 46 3
from these would I be gone " . . . 66 13
I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot " . . . 71 7
Unless you would devise " . . . 72 5
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Because I would not dull you " . . . 102 14
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and crowns and wrinkles strange " 93 8
any wrinkle graven there " 100 10
Nor give to necessary wrinkles " 105 11
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Yet was he service " 112
yet are they red " 116
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yet his proceedings teach thee " 406
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day should yet be light " 1134
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' Yet die I will not " 1177
Yet with the fault " 1279
| Yet—Yet save that labour | R L | 1290 |
| And yet the duteous vassal | | 1569 |
| yet show'd content | | 1565 |
| but yet defiled | | 1545 |
| and yet not wise | | 1550 |
| yet I seldom sleep | | 1574 |
| in her poison'd closet yet endure | | 1659 |
| Yet in the eddy | | 1699 |
| yet let the traitor die | | 1686 |
| that yet her sad task | | 1699 |
| Yet sometime 'Tarquin | | 1786 |
| Yet neither may possess | | 1794 |
| yet clasp not live | | 849 |
| Yet mortal looks adore | | 7 7 |
| And yet methinks I have | | 14 2 |
| maiden gardens, yet unset | | 16 6 |
| Though yet, heaven knows | | 17 3 |
| Yet do thy worst | | 19 13 |
| Yet eyes this cunning want | | 24 13 |
| Yet in these thoughts | | 29 9 |
| Yet him for this my love | | 33 13 |
| yet I have still the loss | | 34 10 |
| Yet doth it steal | | 35 8 |
| But yet be blamed | | 40 7 |
| And yet, love knows | | 40 11 |
| yet we must not be foes | | 40 14 |
| but yet thou mightst | | 41 9 |
| And yet it may be said | | 42 2 |
| And yet to times in hope | | 60 13 |
| was ever yet the fair | | 70 2 |
| Yet this thy praise | | 70 11 |
| Yet be most proud | | 78 9 |
| Yet what of thee | | 79 7 |
| eyes yet not created | | 81 10 |
| yet have devised | | 84 9 |
| for my sin you did impute | | 83 9 |
| and yet I know it not | | 92 14 |
| And yet this time | | 97 5 |
| Yet this abundant issue | | 97 9 |
| Yet nor the lays of birds | | 98 5 |
| Yet seem'd it winter still | | 98 13 |
| Yet none could see | | 99 14 |
| of ages yet to be | | 101 12 |
| which yet are green | | 104 8 |
| Ah, yet doth beauty | | 104 9 |
| Can yet the lease | | 107 3 |
| but yet, like prayers | | 108 5 |
| Yet then my judgement | | 115 3 |
| Yet fear her, O thou milenion | | 119 5 |
| Yet so they mourn | | 127 13 |
| yet none knows well | | 129 13 |
| yet well I know | | 130 9 |
| And yet, by heaven | | 130 13 |
| Yet, in good faith | | 131 5 |
| And yet thou wilt | | 133 13 |
| and yet am I not free | | 134 14 |
| yet receives rain still | | 135 9 |
| Yet what the best is | | 137 4 |
| Yet do not so | | 139 13 |
| yet, love, to tell me so | | 140 6 |
| yet not directly tell | | 144 10 |
| Yet this shall I never know | | 144 13 |
| Yet who knows not | | 151 2 |
| which yet men prove | | 155 7 |
| Found yet mole letters | | 68 C | 47 |
| I might as yet have been | | 75 5 |
| was yet upon his chin | | 92 |
| Yet should his visage | | 96 |
| Yet, if men moved him | | 101 |

| Yet—yet their purposed trim | L C | 118 |
| 'Yet did I not | | 148 |
| and yet do question make | | 321 |
| Would yet again betray | | 328 |
| yet not directly tell | | 2 10 |
| Yet not so wildly sleep | | 6 374 |
| and yet, as glass is, brittle | | 7 3 |
| and yet as iron rusty | | 7 4 |
| Yet in the midst of all | | 7 11 |
| yet she fold'd the framing | | 7 15 |
| and yet she fell a-turning | | 7 16 |
| and yet no cause I have | | 10 7 |
| Yet yet thought let me more | | 10 412 |
| Yet at my parting sweetly | | 14 7 |
| Yet not for me | | 15 16 |
| too young, nor yet unswed | | 19 6 |
| Yet will she blush | | 19 53 |
| Hearts remote, yet not asunder | | 39 |
| To themselves yet neither neither | | 43 |
| Yield—died, passage yield | V A | 452 |
| And yields at last | | 566 |
| captain once doth yield | | 893 |
| captive vanquished doth yield | R L | 75 |
| portal yields him way | | 309 |
| But if thou yield | | 626 |
| Yield to my love | | 663 |
| Yield to my hand | | 1210 |
| they such odd action yield | | 2165 |
| The earth can yield me | | 81 17 |
| to razed oblivion yield | | 122 7 |
| But yield them up | | 221 |
| will yield at length | P P | 19 21 |
| the craggie mountains yields | | 20 4 |
| Yielded—nor being desired yielded | L C | 149 |
| Yielding—caught the yielding prey | V A | 1079 |
| Which with a yielding latch | R L | 339 |
| and her for yielding so | | 1036 |
| To accessory yieldings | | 1653 |
| Yoke—yokes her silver doves | V A | 1190 |
| no bearing yoke they knew | R L | 409 |
| Unless thou yoke thy liking | | 1633 |
| Yoking—her arms she throws | V A | 222 |
| Yore—what beauty was of yore | V A | 68 14 |

| You—I pray you hence | V A | 382 |
| 'You hurt my hand | | 421 |
| 'if any love you owe me | | 523 |
| 'Good night,' and so say you | | 555 |
| If you will say so, you shall have | | 555 |
| a kiss | | 596 |
| 'you crush me; let me go | | 614 |
| You have no reason | | 612 |
| 'you will fall again | | 769 |
| the kiss I gave you | | 771 |
| all in vain you strive | | 772 |
| like you worse and worse | | 774 |
| 'If love have hurt you | | 775 |
| 'What have you urg'd | | 787 |
| You do it for increase | | 791 |
| ever strive to kiss you | | 1982 |
| you need not fear | | 1983 |
| The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth kiss you | | 1034 |
| thoughts, before you blot | R L | 192 |
| be you mediators | | 1929 |
| 'You mocking birds,' quoth she | | 1121 |
| be you mute and dumb | | 1123 |
| There might you see | | 1359 |
| You might behold | | 1388 |
| you see grave Nestor stand | | 1401 |
You—And swear I found you where you did er I name him, you fair lords " 113 8 98 10 2 14 83 9 837 260 " 6 1 13 10 P 5 104 12 3 1 1769 " 1 114 P 11 41 276 5 83 8 14 112 1 12 8 114 1 1 83 1 12 6 84 19 120 9 102 6 14 2 86 222 14 104 11 103 71 10 10 863 13 10 8 4 5 106 8 112 257 230 5 277 151 9 1 19 14 2 115 14 187 85 120 9 8 14 R 3 100x780 Ton Or When And And That Unless For that task should Than To for That Be Save, When till Where You Shall and you you And you imitated shadows and Can Time You dear you that you belong what he not what you live should you after you makes you take upon this verse And mock you with me task you to recite that you should love For in me Unless you would devise That you for love nor me nor you And so should you So are you to my thoughts And for the peace of you to be with you alone must from you be took I always write of you And you and love are still my when I of you do write Or you survive When you entombed

You—You still shall live Son 81 13 that you did painting need " 83 1 you did exceed " 83 3 That you yourself, being extant " 83 6 worth in you doth grow " 83 8 my sin you did impate that you alone are you " 83 9 but be that writes of you " 84 7 That you are you " 84 8 what in you is writ " 84 9 You to your bounteous blessings " 84 13 Hearing you praised " 85 9 whose love to you " 85 11 of all too precious you " 2 From you have I been absent " 98 1 Drawn after you, you pattern " 98 12 and, you away " 98 13 dull you with my song " 102 14 your own glass shows you when you look in " 103 14 you never can be old " 104 1 For you were " 104 2 Since first I saw you fresh " 104 8 Ere you were born " 104 14 as you master now " 106 8 all you prefiguring " 106 10 do you with Fortune chide " 111 1 So you o'er-green my bad " 112 4 You are all-the-world " 113 7 You are so strongly " 112 13 Since I left you " 113 1 replete with you " 113 13 being crown'd with you " 114 1 I could not love you " 115 2 Now I love you best " 115 10 that so fell sick of you " 116 14 That you were once unkind " 120 1 For if you were " 120 5 you've pass'd a hell of time " 120 6 soon to you, as you to me " 120 11 saying 'not you " 145 14 though in me you behold L C .... 71 offences that abroad you see ..... 151 183 There is to you, my origin " 222 I their altar, you enpatron me ..... 224 What me your minister, for you obeys ..... 229 Works under you ..... 230 How mightily then you are ..... 253 and you o'er me being strong ..... 267 their shafts to you extended ..... 276 that you make 'gainst mine ..... 277 you had not had then P P 19 24 Have you not heard it said ..... 19 41 Young—young, and so unkind V A ..... 187 lusty, young, and proud ..... 39 200 and barded young ..... 419 love makes young men thrill ..... 837 Make the young old ..... 1162 to be master'd by his young R L ..... 863 the young possess their hive ..... 1769 in my verse ever live young Son 19 14 the ambush of young days ..... 70 9 thinking that she thinks me young " 38 1 Love is too young to know " 38 1 Of young, of old L C ..... 128 Who, young and simple " 320 that she thinks me young P P 1 5 says my love that she is young " 1 9
Your—feasting on your sight, 

thou dost use your name, 

that speaks of your fame, 

But since your worth, 

On your broad main, 

your shallowest help, 

upon your soundless deep, 

your epiphant to make. 

From hence your memory, 

Your name from hence, 

Your monument shall be 

tongues to be your being shall re-

therefore to your fair no painting set. 

I slept in your report 

in one of your fair eyes, 

Then both your poets 

where your equal grew, 

you to your beauteous blessings, 

makes your praises worse 

while comments of your praise 

But when your countenance, 

As with your shadow 

Look in your glass 

Than of your graces and your gifts 

Your own glass shows you 

when first your eye I eyed 

Such seems your beauty 

So your sweet hue 

your worth to sing 

Even that your pity 

Your love and pity 

and praises from your tongue 

shakes them to your feature 

And that your love 

as your sweet self resemble 

your great deserts repay 

your dearest love to call 

your own dear-purchased right 

farthest from your sight 

level of your frown 

in your waked’st hate 

and virtue of your love 

bring full your meeter-loving sweet-

I suffer’d in your crime 

that your trespass 

Let it not tell your judgement 

must your obligations be 

to your own command 

What me your minister 

and to your audit comes 

I pour your ocean all among 

Must for your victory 

to physie your cold breast.

Your—No longer yours than you 

Yourself—Busy yourselves in skill-

contending schools

Q, that you were yourself 

No longer yours than you your-

self here live.
| Youth:—Yourself again, after your- |
| Yourself—Yourself again, after your- |
| self's decease | Son 13 7 |
| And fortify yourself | " 16 3 |
| Can make you live yourself | " 16 12 |
| To give away yourself keeps your- |
| Self still | " 16 13 |
| judgement that yourself arise | " 55 13 |
| That you yourself may privilege | " 58 10 |
| Yourself to pardon | " 58 12 |
| That you yourself, being extant | " 83 6 |
| Youth:—his youth's fair fee | VA ..... 393 |
| My youth with his | " 1120 |
| This blur to youth | RL ..... 222 |
| My part is youth | " 278 |
| Eater of youth, false slave | " 927 |
| In youth, quick hearing | " 1389 |
| Thy youth's proud livery | Son 2 3 |
| Resembling strong youth | " 7 6 |
| when thou from youth convertest | " 11 4 |
| Sets you most rich in youth | " 15 10 |
| change your day of youth | " 18 12 |
| So long as youth and thou | " 22 2 |
| To see his active child do deeds of |
| youth | " 37 2 |
| and thy straying youth | " 41 10 |
| the flourish set on youth | " 60 9 |
| on the ashes of his youth | " 73 10 |
| Some say, thy fault is youth | " 96 1 |
| thy grace is youth and gentle sport | " 96 2 |
| a spirit of youth in every thing | " 98 3 |
| Youth:—These blenches gave my |
| heart another youth | Son 110 7 |
| scythed all that youth begun | LC ..... 12 |
| Nor youth all quit | " 13 |
| with his authorized youth | " 104 |
| art in youth and youth in art | " 145 |
| of my suffering youth | " 178 |
| did I see a fair sweet youth | PP 9 9 |
| Cradled age and youth | " 12 1 |
| Youth is full of pleasance | " 12 2 |
| Youth like summer morn | " 12 3 |
| Youth like summer brave | " 12 4 |
| Youth is full of sport | " 12 5 |
| Youth is nimble | " 12 6 |
| Youth is hot and bold | " 12 7 |
| Youth is wild | " 12 8 |
| youth, I do adore thee | " 12 9 |
| Vow, alack! for youth unmeet | " 17 13 |
| Youth so apt to pluck a sweet | " 17 14 |
| Youth:—beauteous and lovely youth | Son 54 13 |
| she might think me some untu- |
| tor'd youth | " 138 3 |
| she might think me some untu- |
| tor'd youth | PP 1 3 |
| Youthful:—To see their .... sons | RL ..... 1392 |
| Vaunt in their youthful sap | Son 15 7 |
| when his youthful morn | " 63 4 |
| A youthful suit,—it was | LC ..... 79 |
| Zealous:—Intend a .... pilgrimage | Son 27 6 |
VENUS AND ADONIS

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had 'toll'd his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him, 5
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are; 10
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need 15
A thousand hidden secrets shalt thou know;
Here come and sit, where never serpent kisses,
And, being set, I'll another thee with kisses;

A and yet not choy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty;
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good;
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty coursor's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With heavy appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens,—O, how quick is love!—
The steel is staked up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove;
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
Now doth she stroke his check, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips, 24

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the madden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks;
He saith she is inmodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast, 55
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dêw'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce it will overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he bears and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortall hand she swears 80
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truee with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her checks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
VENUS AND ADONIS

[LINE 93-204.]

Venus

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn;
'O, pity,' can she cry, 'thimberhearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His bared'ried shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest; 106
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that spoil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,— 116
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine;
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? 120

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight;
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean. 125

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time. 130

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despoil'd, rheumatic and cold, 135
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not
for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my narrow burning;
My smooth, moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt. 140

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph with long dishellov'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen;
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me;
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee? 155

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook. 160

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Paints to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse;
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours where they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.' 185

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears. 190

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun. 195

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind. 200
'What am I, that thou shouldst confound me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute;
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. 210

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contending but the eye alone,
Though like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.' 215

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.
Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band; 225
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feel where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Gaze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie,' 230

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful rough,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.' 235

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each check appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie, 240
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits? 245
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a check that smiles at thee in scorn!
Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away, 250
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse'
Away she springs, and hastens to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud; 255

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.
Impensively he leaps, he bounds, 260
And now his waven girls he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow wound resounds like heaven's thun-
der;
The iron bit he cruncheth 'tween his teeth, 265
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which sorefully glisters like fire, 270
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Aton he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye.' 275

Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering ' Holla' or his ' Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one 290
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hipp'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long;
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he sculls far off, and there he stares;
Aton he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares
And whe'r he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings, 305
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind; 310
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Surmises at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He rails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent; 315
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.
His testy master goeth about to take him; 320
When, lo, the unbuck'd breeder, full of fear, 329
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there;
As they were mid, unto the wood they hie them, 330
Out-stripping cows that strive to over-dry them.

All swm with chafing, down Adonis sits, 325
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blst;
For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong
When it is hard'd of the abundance of the tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swalloweth more rage;
So of concealed sorrow may be said:
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair check feels;
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
print, 355
As apt as new-fell'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them! 355
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes would still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing;
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorous-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily pris'ned in a gird of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe;
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver dowers that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's hane would cure thee.'

Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it?" 365
Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steal it, 375
And being stell'd, soft sighs can never grave it;
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame!' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'
Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a coal that must be co'd;
Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire;
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

Now like a jake he stood, tied to the tree,
Servibly master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee;
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a bore, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it:
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bad before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be so jot diminished,
They wither in their prime; prove nothing worth;
The celt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Losest his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

'You hart my hand with wringing; set us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unsynding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate;
Dismiss your vows, your fidged tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.

'What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, ' hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hast not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing;
'Had I no eyes but cars, my eyes would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible;
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breatheth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unWelcome guest,
Should by his staling in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-coloured portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul faws to herdmens and to herdors.

This ill presage advis'dly she marketh;
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words began.

And at his look she flately felleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent;
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He claps her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marredit;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Hast not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light.

Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?" quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drend'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?'
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again;
Thy eyes shrud tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure?;
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year?
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buy's my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summons us to part, and bid good-night.

Now let me say "Good-night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'

'Good-night,' quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is;
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoint'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew;
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought;
He with her plenty pressed, she faint with
dearth, 545
Their lips together glean, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never sate;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Payling what ransom the insolent willeth; 550
Whose vulture-thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage; 554
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrath.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being taun'ted with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression? 556
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;
Affection fainst not like a pale-faced coward,
But then wos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd;
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast, 575
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart;
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incased in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quo'th she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose, 590
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
Ho on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter; 593
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy. 599

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her musing,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw. 604
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be;
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved. 610

'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

' Thou hadst been gone,' quo'th she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised; thou know'st not what it is
With Javelin's point a curiish swine to gore.
Whose tushes never showeth he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way;
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes shay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd, 625
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being iringful, on the lion he will venture;
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes, 629
As careful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he ought osteno that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyes,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes; 634
'But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath ought to do with such foule fiends;
Come not within his danger by thy will; 639
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou distast name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright? 645
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

' For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

1 "This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  655
This canker that eats up Love’s tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissonant Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, thy death should fear; 659

2 And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them drop with grief and hang the head. 663

3 What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That trouble at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination;  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow. 670

4 But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe which no encounter dare;  
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds. 675

5 And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care 681
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles;  
The many musits through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

6 Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep, 685
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-logging conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
Danger devisest shifts; wit waits on fear; 690

7 For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffling hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled 695
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths; Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skyes. 699

8 By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his fooes pursue him still; 700
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick (that bears the passing-bell. 705

Then shall thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indented with the way;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch, 710
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never relieved by any. 715

9 Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise; 720
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hast’t me morality,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every wo.

10 Where did I leave?” ‘No matter where,’ quoth he;  
‘Leave me, and then the story aply ends; 730
The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth she.

11 ‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;  
And now ‘tis dark, and going I shall fall.’ 735
‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all. 740

12 But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss. 745
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudly and forlorn, 750
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

13 Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason, 755
For stealing noulds from heaven that were divine;  
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven’s despite,  
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

14 And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities 760
And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery;

15 As burning fevers, aces pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 765
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;  
Surfeits, imposthunces, grief and damn’d despair,  
Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

16 And not the least of all these maladies 770
But in one minute’s light brings beauty under;  
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done, 775
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun. 780

17 Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-taking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal; the lamp that burns by night 785
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

18 What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 790
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

19 So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do stay,  
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-canker ing rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begots.

' Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you was bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For, know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Last the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his beaksummer to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate no love, but your deepest love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse;
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upheld upon beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which, as the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter cometh ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a gluton dies;
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of grief;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawn runs space;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distrest'd.
Look, how a bright star shooeth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embark'd friend.
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath drop'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonis'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Hasting lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbor caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled;
' Ay me,' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a waiting note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrill, and old men die;
How love is wise in folly, foolishly:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tellious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, those last erasing short;
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport;
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.
She says 'Tis so;' they answer all 'Tis so,'
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnishi'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow;
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright.
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love;
She hearkens for his bounds and for his horn;
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she saesteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a mileth doe, whose swelling dugs do ache
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the bounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.
For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remained in one place, 885
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courage who shall cope him first.
This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 890
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part;
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basefly fly, and dare not stay the field.
Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy; 895
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless noise,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;
A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she unreads again;
Her more than haste is meted with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.
Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a bound,
And asks the weary calliff for his master;
And their another licking of his wound, 915
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.
When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the wokin volleys out his voice; 921
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleating as they go.
Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies, 925
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophesies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930
'Ha! fav'rous'ly thyrant, ugly, macare, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet? 936

1 'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

3 'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke; 945
They bid thee crop a weal, thou pluck'st a flower;
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Wilt thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.
Here overcome, as one full of despair, 955
She ral'd her eyelids, who, like sluices stop'd
The crystal tides that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again. 960
O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain, 965
Signs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.
Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief; 970
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.
By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well;
The dire imagination she did follow 975
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.
Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980
Yet sometimes fails an orient drop beside.
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she somethird drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems 985
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous; 990
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.
Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him all to nought;
Now she add's honours to his hateful name;
VENUS AND ADONIS

She elepès him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no!' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the bear, that bloody beast,
Whose knows no pity, but is still severe:
Then, gentle shadow, — truth I must confess, —
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault; the boar provoked my tongue;
Be reckon'd on him, Invisible commander.
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander;
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wall his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.'

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
The coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul bear's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and scen'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus note'st;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead;
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad; that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be;
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adonis dead!'
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!'
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue's music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you;
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth kiss you;
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep; and straight,
In pity of his tender years, They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar, Who saw downward eye still looketh for a grave,
No'Er saw the beaufeous liver ey that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave.

If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp-spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine Sheathed unaware the task in his soft groin.

If I had been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, 'o, two lamps, burntout, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty rob'ld of his effect;

'O wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bad, and be blasted, in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'extraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile;
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;

It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dispersion 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontent,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, choque'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death;
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes;
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Last-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatine bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lucks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To raise the clear unmatchèd red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his heauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-prond rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame, 20
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun! 25
An expired date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own? 35

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be;
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, dishonifully did sting 40
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those;
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver grows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, 50
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame;
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intuited,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield:
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assaileth, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white; 65
Of either colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield 75
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong;
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret flames fear;
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecy
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light. 105

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Worn in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory; 110
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greats heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear; 116
Till solemn Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending weariness with heavy sprint;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night;
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake, 125
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sordy dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the need's succeed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond, 130
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and case, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one wegage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage; 145
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we have to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious, foul infamy,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have; so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must dothing Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust; 156
And for himself himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-love?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light, 164
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leaped' from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too oft betake him to retire,
Bitten away by brain-sick rude desire. 175

His falchion on a dint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be sole-star to his lustful eye; 180
And to the flame thus speaks advis'ely:
's As from this cold drit I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pole with fear he doth premedicate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate 185
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:
'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine; 191
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleaness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine;
Let fair humanity abhor the deed;
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonneur to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be so faintly's slave!
True value still a true respect should have;
Then my degisson is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat; 203
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.'

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buy's a minute's mirth to wall a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

‘If Collatinus dream of myintent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

‘O what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither flight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

‘Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or guilt of such strife;  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

‘Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known;  
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving;  
I’ll beg her love; but she is not her own;  
The worst is but denial and reproving;  
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus graceless holds he disputation  
Tweed frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ‘She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Pearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

‘And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,  
Until her husband’s welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood  
Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

‘Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dread-  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display’d,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay’d.

‘Then, childish fear, avault! debating, die!  
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;  
Sad pause and deep regard besecms the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage;  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies’?

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost choked by resisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine;  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And thereon heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter’d by their leader’s founcl show,  
Staff’d up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly lot,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece’s bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;  
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;  

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia’s glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
As who should say, ‘This glove to warrant tricks  
Is not incured; return again in haste;  
Thou see’st our mistress’ ornaments are chaste.’

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial;  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

‘So, so,’ quoth he, ‘these lets attend the time,  
Like little fronts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rousing to the prime,
And give the snipe birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the price of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, big's winds, strong pirates, shields,
and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come un o the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impity hath wrought,

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.
But in the midst of his unfurthright prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quothe he 't must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution;
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight,'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee he opens wide,
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors he copied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head;
By their high treason is his heart mislaid;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.
Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bares our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light;
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzeth them, or else some shame sup-
pose;
But blind they are, and keep themselves en-
closed.
O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have repos'd still;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight.
Must send her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rose cheek lies under,
Coozing the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swellings on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entomb'd is;

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality;
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.

These words in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his willful eye he tirod.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion waffeth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins;

And they, like straggling slaves for pilage fighting,
Oblurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting;
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commands the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her hand;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governance and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset;
And fright her with confusion of their cries;
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Imagine her as one in dead of night—
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis, but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes.
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feed her heart, poor citizen! distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who e'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.'

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.'

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall bleed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Goucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose cocked beak threats if he mount he dies;
So under his insulting falshion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucretia,' quothe he, 'this night must enjoy thee;
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I shew him, seeing thee embrace him.'

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurt'd with nameless bastardy;
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.'

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend;
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied
His venom in effect is purified.'

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit; bequest not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blumish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice's dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white blind under the gripes sharp claws,
Feasts, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dust mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but daily,
While in his bold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth,
Her sad behaviour feeds her vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plainting;
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raising.
Her play-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest elegance with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.
She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By kighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.
Quoth she, 'Beware not hospitality'
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee;
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;
All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
That wrong'd his honour, wound't his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.
How wilt thou shame be seeded in thine age,
When thou thy vices bid before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What dares thou not when once thou art a king?
O, he remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love;
With foul offenders thou performest must bear,
When in thy thee the like offences prove;
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
And will thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou hast in reproach against long-living land,
And makes fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will;
Draw not thy sword to guard thy fly.
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill,
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way.'

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smoother;
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliever;
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire;
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doleful eye,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret;
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's wouah is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thon their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride;
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state!—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee;
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate;
Instead of love's coy touch, shall secretly tear thee;
That done, despightfully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'
This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lambries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controlled.
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold;
For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her pitious charmes in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.
But she hath lost a dearer thing than life;
And he hath won what he would lose again;
That forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain;
Pure Chastity is ridded of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or raging hawk
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devour's his will, that lived by foul devouring.
O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend In still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.
And then with lank and lean discolor'd check,
With heavy eye, knitt brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and weak,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced;
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins master troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul Insurrection
Have litter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual;
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing health,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thiefish dog creeps sadly thevene;
She like a weared lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-brending cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!

Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will shine from under my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Yes, the illicitrate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspill'd;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That as is clear from this attainst of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,

How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful woe,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft,
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ranseck'd by injurious theft;
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disclaim him;
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bad?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that offers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,

But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless bars the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue broods inequality devours;
We have no good that we can say is ours
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou seest the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spin'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makes the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth;
Thou soul aho! thou notorious baw'd!
Thou plantest scandal and displac'd lust;
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feast to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When will thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When will thou sort an hour great strides to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they never meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy licentious hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy sad;
They buy thy help, but Sin never gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well apprised
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE 387
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perfidy and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle pest, carrier of grisy care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nurtrest all and murder'st all that are;
O, hear me then, injurious shifting time! 930
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betrayed the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Canceld my fortunes, and enchanted me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fane the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowsry of a lawful bed,
Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wngrer till he render right,
To ruin proud buildlings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;
'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;
'To show the behold daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the sublme in themselves beguilled,
To cheer the ploughman with inceaseful croses,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends;
O, this dread night, wouldest thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless hackety to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquins in his flight;
Devise extremes beyand extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night;
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trance,
Afflict him in his bed with heird rum groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him mean; but pity not his means;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stone.
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wildcr to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loath'd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alas doth live
Dissain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling eruine
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill;
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill;
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsmans to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd or begetts him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
Guats are unnoted where soever they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow souls!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators;
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I caw with mine infancy,
In vain I spurn at my confin'd despict;
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-heild blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath sought to do what's done by night.'

Thus caviis she with every thing she sees;  
True grief is fond and testing as a child.  1004
Who wayward once, his mood with mought agree;  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other, wild,  
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renewes,  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues;  
Sometimes her grief is dumb and hath no words;  
Sometimes 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her means mad with their sweet melody;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company;  1110
Grief best is pleased with grief's society;  
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  1114
He ten times plies that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows;  1119
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes en-tomb  
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you nate and dumb;  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests;  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair;  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear;  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Terens descent'st better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bearst thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;  
Who, if it wink, shall therecon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-ment.  1141

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their
kinds; 1147
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Whilly determining which way to fly; 1150
Or one encompass'd with a wilewing maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's
debtor. 1155

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'a slack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion,
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes
one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer, 1163
When both were kept for heaven and Collatin?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemy; 1171
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring Indamy;
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatin
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured. 1185
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 1191
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revivest mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me: 1195
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make;
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disburzed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatin, shalt oversee this will; 1205
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's soul dead, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say 'So be it,'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 1212
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoesarily calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress lies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece's checks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.
Her mistress she doth give damere good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her holy's sorrow, 1221
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-ecclips'd so, 1224
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But at the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops'gan wet
Her circed eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
Who in a salt- waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling; 1234
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their
hearts. 1239

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill;
Then call them not the authors of their ill, 1244
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil,
Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep; 1250
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep;
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks.
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kill'd;
Not that devours, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy of blame. O, let it not be hold
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfild!
With men's abuses; those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view, 1261
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong;
Such danger to resistance did belong;
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeft of her complaining;
‘My girl,’ quoth she, ‘on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

‘But tell me, girl, when went’—and there she stayed—
Till after a deep groan—Tarquin from hence? ’

‘Madam, ere I was up,’ replied the maid,
‘The more to blame my sluggard negligence;
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose Tarquin gone away.

‘But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
‘O, peace!’ quoth Lucrece; ‘if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less.
For more is it than I can well express;
And that deep torture may he called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;—
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:—

Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: ‘Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that unrighteous thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford,—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief:

Here sobs she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lost he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-cuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see and sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part of woe doth bear.'
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
‘At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast;
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems;
Extravagant still urge'st such extremes.

The homely villain court'stis to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush’d to see her shame;

When, silly gown! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect,
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely;
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest books, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red faces in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the doutsous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis state to sigh, to weep and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skillful painting, made for Praxia's Troy;
Before which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd

LINE 1264-1372.] THE RAPE OF LUCRECE 391

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE 391
A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife;
The red blood reck'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious hours.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begravity with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust;
Thus sweet observance in this work was had.
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Hall towards, marching on with trembling paces,
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either clefts either heart;
Their face their manners most expressely told;
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight;
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white,
Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
And jovially listening, but with trembling graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boil'n and red.
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for les of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind;
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieg'd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to inuite the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Laocoon come,
To find a face where all distress is stild.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud feet lies.

In her the painter had anthropized
Timg's ruin, beauty's wretch, and grim care's reign;
Her checks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she had no semblance did remain;
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes have fed;
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Laocoon spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the baldman's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but eires,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.

'Poor instrument, ' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woe with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.'

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe;
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?'

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here many Hector faints, here Trolls swoons,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unavised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives compact;
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
'Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'
Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
.Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell 1496
To pen'dil' pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501
That pitiful looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Ouward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill 1506
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbur, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Checks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510
That blushing red no guilty instance gave.
Nor ash pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil, 1515
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust.
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after saw; 1522
Whose words, like wild fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilios, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces. 1530

This picture she advis'dly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill; 1535
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quothe she, 'that so much guile,'
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look,'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took; 1537
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind;
For even as subtle Sinon here is painted, 1541
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had faint'd,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled 1545
With inward vice; as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise? 1550

For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, 1556
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.' 1561

Here, all enraged, such passion her assaults,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;
At last she smillingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quothe she, 'his wounds will not be sore.' 1568

Thus ebb's and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for light, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining; 1573
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their doleful others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece slain in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distain'd eye 1586
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky;
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazeth in her sad face he start's; 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Both staid, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Mett far from home, wondering each other's chance. 1596

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What meowth ill crent
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost troubling stand?
Sweet love, what spirit hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attire'd in discontent?' 1601
Unmask, dear deare, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
At length address'd to answer his desire, 1606
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords 1669
With sad attention to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
Few words," quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me my woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say: 1618
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free. 1624

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falshion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And soily cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict." 1631

"For some hard-fav'rd groom of thine," quoth
Ice,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
1636
The lechers in their deed; this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infancy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never he forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak, 1646
And far the weaker with so strong a fear;
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there;
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
1650
That my poor beauty had par'd him his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

'O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find; 1654
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse.
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To necessary yeldings, but still pure
Doth in her prayer's closet yet endure.'
Line 1725-1837] THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed;
That knife she did half it from the deep unrest. 1725
Of that polluted prison where it breathed;
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her blood,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And babbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood 1740
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and contagious face
Of that black blood a watery rigid goes, 1745 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untinted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrid.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors, 1750
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dina and old, 1755
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive. 1760
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the lingering, feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her apace; 1770
Till nay, nay shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul 1779
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips doth thron
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid 1784
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er; 1790
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the chain they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
 Replies her husband; 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be war'd by Collatine.'

'O, quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours still'd
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things;

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disgrace,
And arn'd his long-bi'd wits advisingly
To check the tears in Collatinn's eyes.
' Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise;
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1821
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations, 1829
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced.
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that blindly the earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome mainta infield,
And by chaste Lucrce's soul his late complaining
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest. 1844
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;

And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom, 1849
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrce thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence;
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment. 1855

SONNETS

1
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-subsistual fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud hiruest thy content,
And tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glut be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

2
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 tatter'd weed, of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasures of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
If much more praise deserv'd 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.

3
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unac'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

4
Unthriftiness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost decree.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

5
Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfaith which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap-check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'erthrown and barreness every where;
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prison pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were supply'd,
Nor is it, nor so memorable what it was;
But flowers distil'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

6
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distil'd;
Make sweet some vial; treasure some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times regurgit thee;  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?  
Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

7  
Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:  
But when from highest pitch, with weary ear,  
Like feeble age, he reclinh from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted  
From his low tract, and look another way;  
So then, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

8  
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why loveth thou that which thou receivest not gladly,  
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

9  
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou comnest thyself in single life?  
Ahn! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wall thee, like a maidless wife;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

10  
For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so un provident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lov'est is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking the beauteous roof to ruinate  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

11  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove;  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.  
As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-  

12  
When I do count the clock that told the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable car's all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and briskly bear'd,  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweet and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
Save brood, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13  
O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself bore live;  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifts; dear my love, you know  
You had a father; let your son say so.

14  
Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of droughts, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find.
SONNETS

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
Then this huge strain of present thought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vain in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight.
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrav you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in thy decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unseet,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit;
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fitt'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
That age to come would say this poet lies:
Such heavenly touches ever touch'd earthily faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights he term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in thy rhyme.

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;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
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.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the Lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her 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 what'ere thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her falling 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.

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 of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplet of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and seas' rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge roundure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air;
Let them say more that like of hearnay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's farrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from fatal ill.
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SON. 22–30.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides 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 say
The 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 right.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love’s fine wit.

24

Mine eye hath play’d the painter and hath stell’d
Thy beauty’s form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein ’tis hid,
And perspective is best painter’s art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom’s shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

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 famouse’d for fight,
After a thousand victories, once fell’d,
Is from the book of honour raze quitted,
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.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knelt,
To thee I send this written amissage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter’d loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect;

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

27

Weary with toil, I haste to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body’s work’s expired;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealons pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul’s imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in glistiny night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr’d the benefit of rest?
When day’s oppression is not eas’d by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress’d
And each, though enemies to other’s reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven;
So flattering I the swart-complexion’d night,
When sparkling stars twi’re not thou gildst the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief’s strength seem stronger.

29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootsless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Feature 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 bark 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.

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, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,
And weep afresh love’s long-since cancel’d woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish’d sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemoan’d moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
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Burth if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

31
Thy bosom is endear'd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there remains love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obscure tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
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.

32
If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though thou dost outstripst by every pen
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

33
Fall many a glorious morning have I seen
Flutter 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 splendour on my brow;
But, out, alas! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdained;
Sun's of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

34
Why didst 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 through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face;
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and 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.

35
No more be grieved at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker life in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commences;
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an necessary needs must be
To that sweet chief which purely robs from me.

36
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those plots that do with me remain,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name;
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37
As a decrepith father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,
I make my love engraven to this store;
So then I am not lume, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed;
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

38
How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give theself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhythmers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.
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30
O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divide life's
5
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou desporest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

40
Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hast before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hast this more.
Thou hast then increased mine ill,
3
I cannot blame thee for my love thou wast;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;

41
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To hear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Ludicrous grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Killed with me; yet we must not be foes.

42
That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly:
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chieft,
A love in loss that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
5 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I lovèd her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I in thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,

43
When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things un respected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unsheathing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
5
By looking on thee in the living day.
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

44
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
5
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
That but, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my morn;
Receiving nought by elements so slow

13
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

45
The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
5
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sink down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me;
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

46
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
5
A closet never piersed with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled

47
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part;
As thus: mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

47
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other;
When that mine eye is famisht'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth moan,
With his love's picture then my eye doth feast,
6
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part;
SONNETS

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truer bars to thrust,
That to my use it might not unused stay.
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast.
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensonce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part;
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend.'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee;
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his side;
Which heavily he answers with a groan.
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed;
From where thou art why should I haste me hence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know;

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.

52

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feats so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carecanel.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
As or the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special best,
By now unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring and season of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

54

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-blossoms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tinture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds doth unclothe;
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 duaths are sweetest odours made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse disills your truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeard'd 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 yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

53
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeling is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might;
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with full-
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad intermission like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted now
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thine; more wish'd, more rare.

57
Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

58
That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, hide each check,
Without according you injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Your pardon to self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, laboured for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done,
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toll all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And dells the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61
Is it thy will thy image should be kept
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumber should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake;
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere;
From me far off, with others all too near.

62
Sin of self-love possessest all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beauteous and charming'd with tain'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

63
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen, 6
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64
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 watery 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.

65
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality oversways 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 wreakful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alas,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who is spelt of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

66
Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd to jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely Strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping swain disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And captive good attending captain ill;
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

67
Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace imperty,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

68
Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepolchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

69
Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy fair well-worn with outward praise was worn;
But those same tongues, that gave thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds;
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

70
That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woe'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged;
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

71
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 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.
O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

That time of year thou mays't in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As he the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

But be contented; when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee;
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me;
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a retch't knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains,

So are ye 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
Doubleth the bidding age will steal his treasure;
Now counting heat 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.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperses.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance ask to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee;
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracest be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He leads thee virtue, and he stol'st that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

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

81
Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You shall still live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

82
I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attain't overlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair, truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

83
I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, might well show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

84
Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confusion is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polished form of well refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hinde-most, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86
Was it the proved full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhaire,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compers by night
Giving him aid my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

87
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon mistrust growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

88
When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too.
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
SONNETS 407

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

80
Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and acquaintance loose.
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow devote,
For I must never love him whom thou dost hate.

90
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered wo;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the once come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem wo,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

91
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 and 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 garments 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.

92
But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assur'd mine own;
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 hath 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 blest-fair that bears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

93
So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd now;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moos and frownes and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whatever thy thoughts or thine heart's workings be.
Thy looks should nothing hence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

94
They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces;
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outrivets his dignity;
For sweetest things do oftest smell after weeds.

95
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweet dust dost thou sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispresse but in a kind of praise;
Namely thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot;
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

96
Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throneed queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97
How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
That greetings have I felt, what dark days seen
What old December's harshness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The tending autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton barren of the prince,
Like widow'd wonds after their lord's decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd 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.

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Thath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in colour 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 vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

99

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 condemn'd for thy hand,
And bards of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful enker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

100

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to bend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers thee so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despis'd every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his seye and crooked knife.

101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.

Make answer, Muse; will thou not happy say:
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never internec'd.'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

102

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring.
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hatch the night,
But that wild music barthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue;
Because I would not dull you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I cled,
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 perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd;
For fear of which, hear thou, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

105

Let not my love be call'd idlatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show;
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
SONNETS

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind;
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

106
When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but profecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;

Nor, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

107
Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Sunk as a flax in warms that were confined.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Icertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes;
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he shall grudge me no more days in hours
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

108
What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;

Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.

So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkled place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

109
0, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;
That is my home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be staid,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110
Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blences gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

111
O, for my sake do you with Fortune oibe,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receivs a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of cisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112
Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shame's and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.

In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides mettacks are dead.

113
Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part;
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
SONNETS

5

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the menarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alechemy,
To make of monsters and things indigist
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every had a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most knishly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is grieving,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burn cherish.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt yew and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st latents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

116

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 remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fix'd 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 and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's 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.

117

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have holsaid sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

114

Think, lie that I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alechemy,
To make of monsters and things indigist
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every had a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most knishly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is grieving,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

118

Like as to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of sadness
To be diseased, ere that there was true need.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

119

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbsick soul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
Now have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this masling fever!
O, benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gained by ill thrice more than I have spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of weep might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransom yours, and yours must ransom me.

121

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receiv'd reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing;
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are trailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
SONNETS

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own;
I may be straight, though they themselves be level;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

122
Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full characterized with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to rashed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be mis'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more;
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

123
No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change;
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost fast upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124
If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in shining pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereeto th' inviting time our fashion calls;
It bears not policy, that hecule,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic.
That it nor grows with heat nor drown'd with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

125
Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Loss all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thieves, in their gazing spent?

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

126
O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by wanton growing, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

127
In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the soul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem.
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

128
How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry cord with that minde ear confounds.
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
Over whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129
The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despiest straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

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, 5
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; 10
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, trends on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties promptly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold, 5
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceed.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven 5
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Dohth half that glory to the sober west.
As those two mourning eyes become thy face;
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

133

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken, 5
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart dwell;
Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard; 10
Thou canst not then use rigour in my soul;
Yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
And myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still;
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, 5
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that he as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my own infirmity.
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,' 5
And 'Will' to hoot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More then enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, 10
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seen right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sun, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store; 15
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will' One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

136

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,' 5
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none;
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be; 15
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

137

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks, 5
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face? 10
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now trans-ferred.
138
When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties,
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-sounding tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say I not I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told;
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

139
O, call not me to justifie the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'est elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries;
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

140
Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad cares believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belled,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

141
In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base tongue's prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone;
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal warrant to be;
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

142
Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving.
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee;
Rest pitty in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

143
Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not pitying her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind.
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

144
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evill
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my soul to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145
Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus to know to greet;
'I hate,' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Both follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she throw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

146
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls soovely gay?
SONNETS

5

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

147

My love is as a fever, longling still
For that which longer useth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desire now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madman's are,
At random from the truth vailly expressed;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aight?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keepest me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

149

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hath thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou frown'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present mean?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise;
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintive story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The encress of a beauty spent and done;
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of scar'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had concided characters,
Lanquidng the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shricking undistinguish'd woe,
In lamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Some time river'd and their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes tend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did ride,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maiden she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess beg's all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posted gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet mae letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With slieded silk缎 and affectedly
Enswathed, and sealed to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here?'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,—
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—
Towards this afflictid fancy vastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
If that from him there may be sought applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit,—it was to gain my grace,—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly defiled.

'His brownye locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurst,
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that tenderless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without

415
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

[LINE 99-217.]

'This qualities were beauteous as his form, for maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free; had women moved him, he was such a storm. As oft 'twixt May and April is to see, When winds breathe sweet, untruly though they be.

His rudeness so with his authorized youth Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say, "That horse his mettle from his rider takes;" Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes, Whether the horse by him became his deed, Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went; His real habitude gave life and grace To appertainings and to ornament, Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case; All aids, themselves made fairer by their place, Came for additions; yet their purposed trim Pictured not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue All kind of arguments and question deep, All replication prompt and reason strong, For his advantage still did wake and sleep; To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep, He had the dialect and different skill, Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted, To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain In personal duty, following where he haunted; Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have granted, And dialogue for him what he would say, Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get, To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind; Like fools that in the imagination set The goodly objects which abroad they find Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd; And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them;

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand, Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart. My woeful self, that did in freedom stand, And was my own foe-simole, not in part, With his art in youth, and youth in art, Threw my affections in his charmed power, Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did, Demand of him, nor being desired yielded; Finding myself in honour so forbid, With safest distance I mine honour shielded; Experience for me many bulwarks builded Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent The destined ill she must herself assay? Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content, To put the by-past perils in her way? Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay; For when we rage, advice is often seen By blunting us to make our wills more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood, That we must curb it upon others' proof; To be forbid the sweets that seem so good, For fear of harms that preach in our behalf; O appetite, from judgement stand aloof! The one a palate hath that needs will taste, Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue," And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew, Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling; Knew vows were ever brokers to deluding; Thought characters and words merely but art, And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city, Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid, Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity, And be not of my holy vows afraid; That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; For feast of love I have been call'd unto, Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

'All my offences that abroad you see Are errors of the blood, none of the mind; Love made them not; with acture they may be, Where neither party is nor true nor kind; They sought their shame that so their shame did find; And so much less of shame in me remains By how much of me their reproach contains.

'Among the many that mine eyes have seen, Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd, Or my affection put to the smallest teen; Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd; Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd; Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free, And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me. Of pearl, of pearls and rubies red as blood; Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me Of grief and blushes, aply understood In bloodless white and the encrinus'd mood; Effects of terror and dear modesty, Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

'And, lo, behold these talents of their hair, With twisted metal amorously impleach'd, I have received from many a several fair, Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd, With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd, And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

'The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard, Whereeto his invis'd properties did tend; The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend; The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend With objects manifold; each several stone, With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.
"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with headlong groans they pine;
And supplicate their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine.
Leaving soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth." 280

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights 'till then were lettell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace;
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular hair?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinguish hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenteous of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either saptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his love came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, yefl'd in them, did win whom he would maim;
Against the thing he sought he would exclain;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed should he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betrayd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid?" 27
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

1

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she's
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.

But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

2

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

3

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is;

If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

4

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.

But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer;

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

5

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed;
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can compass.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,

To sing heaven's praise with such an earthy tongue.

6

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tendance for Adonis made

Under an oyster growing by a brook,

A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen;

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,

And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wildly as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood;
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'
7
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty;
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her;
None fairer, nor none failer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

12
She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She hate love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

8
If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great!twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.

Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phæbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

11
Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Flam'd with more, and more was she increase;
Fairer than any that e'er was increase;
For all she was but half her self.

Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy she should not pass those grounds;
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed her; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing flod, and left her all alone.

10
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd! soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, shlock, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp cutting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will;
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still;
Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night;
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, and solace mix'd
with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That lik'd of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight;
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsels!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain;
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Sped a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air;
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
And when thou comest thy tale to tell, Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, Lest she some subtle practice smell,— A cripple soon can find a halt;— But plainly say thou loves her well, And set thy person forth to sell.  

What though her frowning brows be bent, Her cloudy looks will calm ere night; And then too late she will repent That thus dissembled her delight; And twice desire, ere it be day, That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength, And ban and brawl and say thee nay, Her feeble force will yield at length, When craft hath taught her thus to say: 'Had women been so strong as men, In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways; Spare not to spend, and chiefly there Where thy desert may merit praise, By ringing in thy lady's ear; The strongest castle, tower and town, The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust, And in thy suit be humble true; Unless thy lady prove unjust, Press never thou to choose anew; When time shall serve, be thou not slack To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wives and guiles that women work, Dissembled with an outward show, The tricks and toys that in them lurk, The cock that treats them shall not know. Have you not heard it said full oft, A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men, To sin and never for to saint; There is no heaven, by holy then, When thee with age shall them attain. Were kisses all the joys in bed, One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear,— Lost that my mistress hear my song; She will not stick to round me on th'ear, To teach my tongue to be so long; Yet will she blush, here be it said, To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

Live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys, dales and fields, And all the craggy mountains yields, There will we sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers, by whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses, With a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers and a kirtle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move, Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.  
If that the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee and be thy love.

21  
As it fell upon a day In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made, Beasts did leap and birds did sing, Trees did grow and plants did spring; Every thing did blush, the nightingale alone, Save the nightingale alone; She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Lean'd her breast up-til a thorn, And there sung the dolafulst ditty, That to hear it was great pity; 'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry; 'Tere, tere! by and by; That to hear her so complain, Scarcely could I from tears refrain; For her griefs so lively shown Made me think upon mine own. Ah, thought I, thou mournest in vain! None takes pity on thy pain; Senseless trees they cannot hear thee; Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee; King Pandion he is dead; All thy friends are lap'd in lead; All thy fellow birds do sing, Careless of thy sorrowing. Even so, poor bird, like thee, None alive will pity me. Whist! as fickle Fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguil'd. Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery. Words are easy, like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find; Every man will be thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend; But if store of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call, And with such-like flattering, 'Pity but he were a king;' If he be addicted to vice, Quickly him they will cut off; If to women he be bent, They have at commandment; But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown; They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more.
The Phoenix and Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever’s end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdect
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather’d king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
’Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none;
Number there in love was slain.

Hears remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
’Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right

Flaming in the phoenix’ sight;
Either was the other’s mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature’s double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supræces and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix’ nest;
And the turtle’s loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity;
’Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be
Beauty brag, but ’tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

The end.