

**William Shakespeare** (1564 – 1616)

**126**

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his fickle hour;  
Who hast by waning grown, 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 delayed) answered 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 slandered with a bastard shame.  
For since each hand hath put on nature's pow'r,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bow'r,  
But is profaned, 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,  
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem.  
    Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
    That every tongue says beauty should look so.

Shakespeare, William *The Sonnets and Narrative Poems:  
The Complete Non-Dramatic Poetry*. Sylvan Barnet, ed.  
New York: Signet Classic, Penquin Books, 1989. Print.

**John Donne** (21 January 1572 – 31 March 1631)

### **Death Be Not Proud**

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

**William Wordsworth** (7 April 1770 – 23 April 1850)

### **The World Is Too Much With Us**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.