

**Emund Spencer** (1552 — 1599)

meter

**IX**

Long while / I sought / to what / I might / compare

5

Those pow/erful / eyes, which / lighten / my dark / sight,

5.5

*thesis:*  
*problem* Yet find / I nought / on earth / to which / I dare  
*established*

5

Resem/ble th'im/age of / their good/ly light.

5

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Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;

5

Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;

5

Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;

5

Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;

5.5 / (6?)

*problem*  
*discussed* (octave ends/sestet begins; Spenser blurs the two together)

Nor to / the light/ning, for / they still / persev/er;

5.5

Nor to /the dia/mond, for / they are / more ten/der;

5.5

Nor un/to cryst/al, far /nought may /them sev/er;

5.5

Nor un/to glass, / such base/ ness might / offend / her;

5.5

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*problem*  
*resolved* Then to / the Mak/er self /they lik/est be,

5

*in couplet* Whose light / doth light/en all / that here / we see.

5

attributed to **William Shakespeare** (1564 — 1616)

meter

**130**

<i>thesis:</i>	My mist/ress' eyes / are noth/ing like / the sun;	5
<i>problem established</i>	Coral / is far / more red / than her / lips' red;	5
<i>and discussed</i>	If snow / be white, / why then / her breasts / are dun;	5
<i>in octave</i>	If hairs / be wires, / black wires / grow on / her head.	5
	I have / seen ros/es da/mask, 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.	

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<i>sestet shifts in tone, slightly</i>	I love to hear her speak, yet well I know	
	That music hath a far more pleasing sound;	
	I grant I never saw a goddess go;	

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

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<i>problem resolved in couplet</i>	And yet, / by heav/en, I / think my / love as /rare	5.5
	As an/y she /belied / with false / compare.	5