39

SONNET 39. *1 with manners* with decent modesty (since it is not modest to praise oneself). *2 the better part of me* my soul. *5 for* because of. *6 name* report (as opposed to the reality). *8 That due* that which is owed. *9 absence* separation. *prove* prove to be. *11 entertain* pass pleasantly. *12 doth* MALONE; Q: "dost." *deceive* beguile. *13 to make one twain* to make one person appear to be two. Absence of his friend causes the poet to envision him in his imagination and thus add his friend's presence to his own. *14 hence* away from here.

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 divided live
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st 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

SONNET 40. *1 Take all . . . them all* take all the kinds of love I have: (a) my love for you (b) my mistress whom I love. *3–4 No love . . . this more* the love of my mistress cannot be called true love, and all my love for you was already yours before you took my mistress. *5 for my love* (a) because of love for me, since you must love anything that belongs to me (b) in exchange for my love for you (c) because of my love for her. *thou . . . receivest* you take my mistress. *6 for* because. *usest* employ for sexual purposes. *7 thyself* MALONE; Q: "this selfe." *deceivest* betray, are false to. *8 wilful taste* (a) lustful savouring (b) deliberate enjoyment. *thyself refusest* your better nature would reject. *10 all my poverty* all the little I possess. *12 hate's known injury* that kind of injury of which we know hatred to be capable. *13 Lascivious grace* beauty and charm in lustfulness. *14 spites* outrageous injuries.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call:
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.