maybe WH really is Milly Henry of Essel of 17,000 mer. Specific charges sonner 129. I Th' expense ... shame the using up of vital spirits in a shameful act. 2 till action until it is expressed in action. 3 full of blame (a) harmful (b) guilty. 4 extreme violent. rude brutal. to trust to be trusted. 10 quest pursuit. 11 in proof when experienced. prov'd, a MALONE; Q: "proud and." 14 the heaven (a) the sensation of bliss (b) 24 neveasing dimensions of sexual irreq. (29) Worse charge: Lust + prompting of revolts inothers itentalizing

Mary be poisoning rumor about Lerer Lord Es " made " Before a yoy proposed behind a drawn Could this be treacheny atameel - of Trish laders - 12 LEs

ness of the human quality expected

128

SONNET 130. While the poet burlesques the elegant hyperboles of contemporary Petrarchan sonnets, he at the same time affirms his love for his mistress in spite of her failure to conform to the impossible ideal of the sonneteers. 1 nothing not at all. 3 dun dark. 4 If hairs be wires Comparison of a lady's hair to the fine golden wire used by Florentine goldsmiths in filigree work was conventional. 5 damask'd variegated (mingled red and white). 8 reeks is exhaled. The verb did not have its present connotation of distaste. II go walk. 12 treads on the ground walks on the earth, like any other mortal woman. 13 love mistress. rare beautiful, splendid. 14 As any ... compare as any other woman who is lied about by means of impossible comparisons.

> heners Prave no

+ July parade

bad breath -

? See 132 Lyer

Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame

Is Just in action; and till action, lust

Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait

Mad in pursuit, and in postession so;

Itherens (he efte "legisty

parez.

On purpose laid to make the taker mad;

Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

(* logn) to shun the heaven that leads men to this hell-

Coopococo 130 tell ghomas Wation 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;

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,

I love to hear her speak; yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound.

As any she belied with false compare.

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground. And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

But no such roses see I in her cheeks

I grant I never saw a goddess go:

Authis the world wellknows; yet none knows well for the

Win? I have seen roses damask'd red and white

Than in the breath that from my mistress recks) sx old? beloved

Fruth other is still great

- Preise in sigte of approve-position of Eng. about the find. Some

The series mores from (4) Human for t divini

or exprisitation